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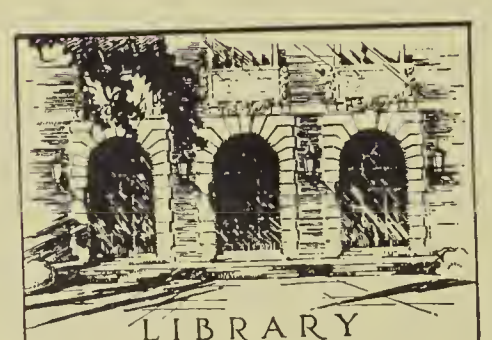

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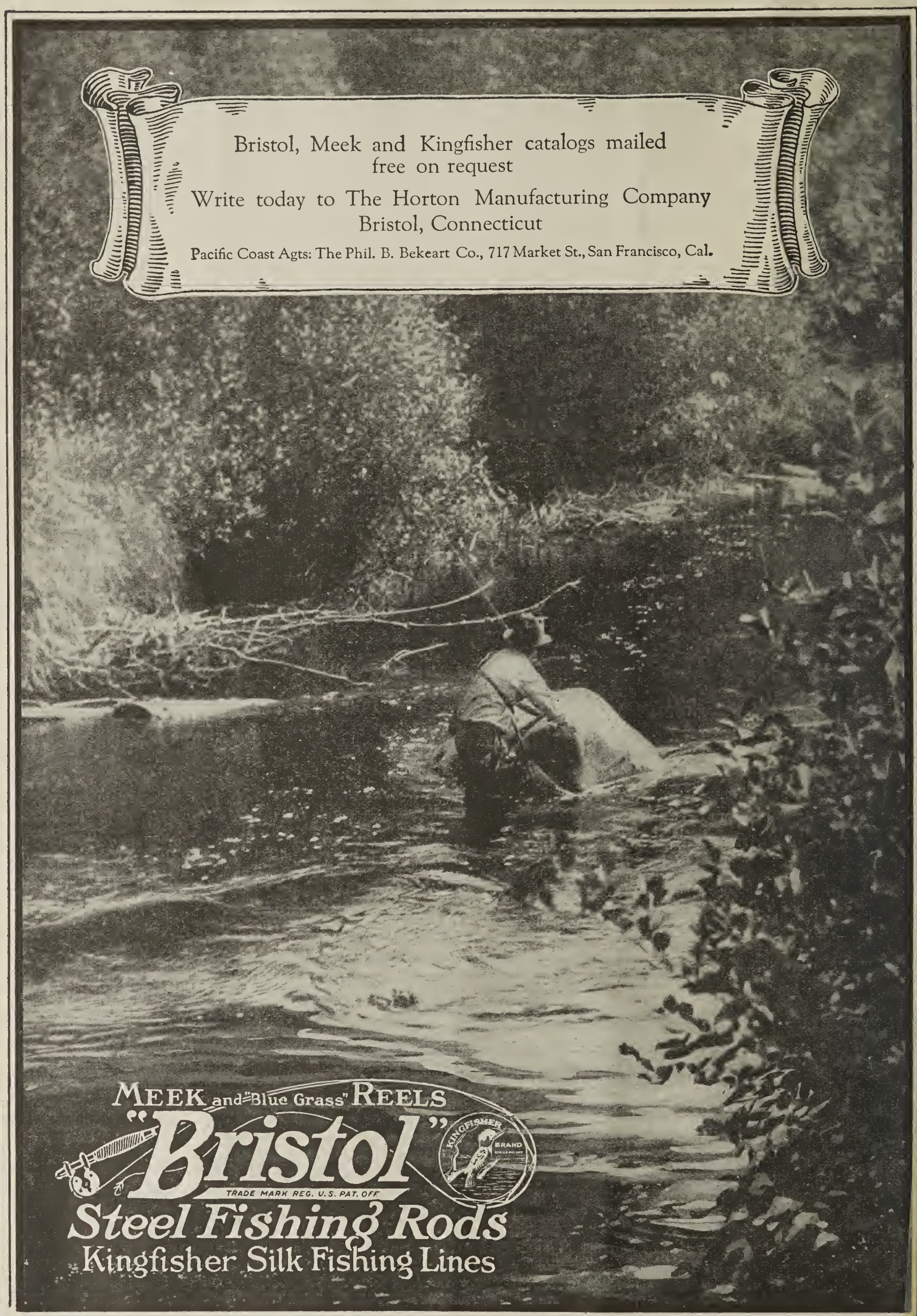
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THE MONSTER BEAR OF ALASKA

THE STORY OF A SUCCESSFUL HUNT AMID THE WIDE VALLEYS AND SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAINS OF THE NORTH

By JOHN D. THEES

EVER the lure of the hunt leads men to desolate regions where the brown bears roam. Those who have followed their trails over the wind-swept tundra of the Alaska Peninsula feel forever after the satisfaction that comes from having been in close contact with the primal forces of nature.

LAST spring Mr. Charles King, my companion on many a big game hunt, and I went to the Alaska Peninsula to hunt the big brown bears. The year previous we had engaged our guides and we had every reason to believe that we would have a successful trip, provided we were willing to give the hard work which goes to make a success of any undertaking.

After a pleasant trip along the Alaska coast we finally landed on the beach where we were met by our packers and all hands put on packs and started for our main camp which we reached after some four hours of mushing over the flats.

The first thing we did after we arrived on the ground was to fix up our sleeping-quarters by securing a good quantity of dry grass, which we spread over the tops of broken off branches of alders. Over that we placed our short air mattresses, which we were very much pleased with, and on top of all our sleeping-bags. We had no complaint to offer so far as comfortable sleeping-quarters were concerned.

The following day we went out on the flats, King having Victor Wilsgard and I Oscar Langsmith as guide. Both men proved to be very willing and competent fellows, and always seemed to anticipate the little attentions which help to make camp life more enjoyable.

After a two hour mush, one of the guides saw a bear and King very generously said to me: "He is yours, Jack. I killed the last grizzly in British Columbia, so the first bear here is yours."

The binoculars showed that the bear was working up-stream along a creek toward us. The wind was blowing from the bear to us. Oscar and I worked part way down-stream toward him, leaving King and Victor to view the proceedings from an elevation a short distance back on the flats. It was slow work waiting for Brownie to come to us, as he was in no hurry, and seemed to want to investigate every turn of the stream, and nip a little vegetation here and there, but finally he came within 300 yards of us, and we saw he would not do, as he was not over a four-year-old, so we passed him up.

A bear camp among the alders on the Alaska Peninsula

In the afternoon we went over some other territory and saw the same bear lying on the snow intently watching a porcupine, but evidently not interested enough to disturb him. On my return to camp at 6.30 I found I had developed blisters on each of my heels, due to putting on new shoes, and wearing them too long a time before breaking them in.

THE following four days we did very little outside of short trips as the wind was blowing in the wrong direction, but it had its compensations, as it gave my heels a chance to heal, and with judicious use of adhesive tape I had no further trouble with them.

On our fifth day in camp we had our first taste of what in that country is called a "Wooley." The storm started about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and the wind and rain gradually increased in violence until I couldn't see how the tent could possibly stay up, so at 2 A. M. I got up and dressed myself, as I had no desire to try to dress after the tent had gone down, with everything scattered to the four winds. Fortunately, the guides had anchored it securely and it stayed "put." That day about noon it had blown itself out, but while it lasted it surely was not conducive to sleep. The next day we left our main camp for a camp our guides had in Head Valley, and after a five-hour mush we reached it. On the way over we had a very interesting exhibition of a blind fox trying to locate us. He heard us but could not tell just where we were and he swung around in a large half circle for all the world like a setter trying to locate a

bunch of birds. His tail was held straight out, although there was no action to it, and his head was carried as nicely as any bird dog I ever saw. He ranged within twenty yards of us, but as the wind favored us he did not get our scent.

After lunch we started out to give the flats a "look over" for bear signs, and, after an hour of mushing our parties separated and shortly afterward Oscar picked up a bear shuffling along the lower edge of the mountain range where it met the flat. The wind we found would favor us if we moved quickly, so we lost no time in trying to head him off. He had several patches of alders to go through, but our hopes ran high each time he reappeared in the open spaces separating them. As the distance between us lessened, we saw that this fellow was not going to be "passed up" as he surely was large and of good color. He finally disappeared in the bunch of alders along which we were working, but we hoped he would come out of these, so I could get a shot at him. We were now most careful not to step on any dry twigs and quite ready for our first meeting with the king of the bear family.

Our hopes were soon realized by his coming out of the alders, and as I threw myself on the ground he detected the motion and stopped broadside, turning his head to see what it was. His hesitation was my opportunity and I put a bullet back of his shoulder that sent him down on his rump facing me. I am sure that one would have been enough, but Oscar called for another, and I gave it to him in the chest, and still another as he pitched toward the alders, for we did not want the job of skinning him out in there, as it is a physical impossibility for two men to move those huge fellows one inch, except to roll them over. On going up to him we saw he was dead and pacing off the distance we found it measured about eighty yards. After taking his measurements we decided to wait until the following morning before skinning him out, as we wanted a picture of him, and, not expecting action so soon, had not brought the camera along.

The next morning was spent in going out to our kill and skinning him out, and mushing in with the skin, which we estimated weighed about 135 pounds. It surely was a man's job packing a ten-foot green hide over the flats for three miles.

While skinning out my bear we found that he had been in a fight. He had the imprint of the toe nails of a bear's front foot right through his skin, two holes in his throat, a three-inch rip on his side, and a smaller one on his belly, besides being minus one of his fighting tusks. All the holes in his hide being in a state of suppuration.

Oscar skinning out the big bear

THE next morning we started for a valley which branched off from Head Valley and on entering it we found the track of a huge bear in fresh snow. Without doubt it was made by a larger bear than the one I had killed two days before, but before taking up this trail we decided to go up the valley a little farther. Not being rewarded up there, Oscar and I came back to our big track, but the sun in the meantime had played havoc with it and totally effaced all traces.

On leaving that valley we saw a female and two yearlings, but did not disturb them, and shortly afterward we saw a bear about a mile away. He looked fairly good as a prospect, so playing the wind carefully we got up to within about one hundred yards of him. To do so we had to go into the same bunch of alders he was in, and fortunately we found a boulder which elevated us eight or nine feet and gave us a chance to see further than we otherwise would have been able to. This bear just wouldn't get in any position where we could get a good look at him, and I was just about to shoot over him to try and start him down our way when I saw another one higher up and some 300 yards to the right running toward the first bear. When he came within fifty yards of him he gave a couple of loud whiffs and soon they were together and both started feeding. It was snowing and blowing very hard now, and it was not very long before we were both chilled through to the bone. There was no chance of working up to them in the alders, as they were altogether too thick, so we just had to wait until the squall passed on. When we saw them again during a let-up they did not appear to be very large, so we lost interest in them. We backed out of our position and we hope they will survive a few years longer to attain more growth.

On our way back to camp we saw another female and two cubs, and as I had a commission from the American Museum of Natural History to secure a group, I gave them a good looking over, but the color was not good enough on the mother, being a dirty yellow, so I did not try for them. I noticed afterwards that quite a few, including the two nine-footers of the morning, were of that light color.

When half way across the flat, Oscar spotted a bear at the foot of the mountain ahead of us, and through the binoculars he seemed to be a good one, so we made our "sneak" on him, but when we got to where he should have been, we could not find him. The country was covered with small patches of alders, and after moving about a bit we found we had gone beyond him, as he had scented us, and when we finally saw him again he was running away. Possibly I might have hit him, but he was not over eight feet so I did not try.

THE next week was spent in the main camp, with contrary winds and no results and we finally decided to go over to Head Valley camp, and see what King was doing and hunt from there. There was territory enough there for both parties if we hunted different sections.

About four o'clock one afternoon we saw a bear about two miles off on the flats, and although the wind was a trifle on the "fish-tail" order we thought we might get within shooting distance. It was a hard proposition to find him when we got to where we thought he should be, as the ground was very flat, with some cover. Oscar finally located him at about 200 yards, taking a nap, and on my inquiry, "Is he a big one?" assured me he was.

We crawled along carefully for another 100 yards and saw that he was taking it easy, but raising his head every

two or three minutes and using that great organ for protection, his nose, to tell him if danger lurked about. I could not get a good sight on him as he was lying down, so I crept up another 20 yards where I was a trifle higher, and the next time he lowered his head I squeezed the trigger. He turned a complete somersault, ran twenty feet and dropped, and when we got to him he was dead. We were disappointed, however, as he only measured seven and a half feet. It is an extremely hard thing when a bear is in the alders or lying down to approximately tell within a couple of feet just how large he is.

Our time was now getting short and I was extremely anxious to secure another large male, as well as a female and cubs for the museum, but the wind was always against us, blowing steadily from the south, and not giving us a chance to work a certain valley which ran into the main one, and which we had reason to believe would be productive of results. Twice we went down to it, but each time we found that the wind was drawing right into it.

On one of those visits we saw an extraordinary sight. King had been up this valley and had told of seeing a female with five offspring, three being cubs and two yearlings, but he did not get near enough to determine if they were all of one litter.

While we were waiting at the mouth of this valley hoping for a change of wind we saw the same group, but had the good fortune to get within about 300 yards of it. It certainly was a rare treat to see that mother watching over her brood. She was a huge beast, by far the largest female that Oscar had ever seen and if it had not been for her family she certainly would have been taken for a large male and a good trophy. With the binoculars we enjoyed watching them feed, and noticed the care the mother gave her cubs. She was always coming out of the alders, and getting the young ones back in cover again. Oscar and I made up our minds they were all yearlings, as the two that were a trifle larger were probably males. We wished her long life and we hope that such a good breeder will long escape the bullet of too ardent a hunter. She was the lightest colored bear of any we had seen; one might almost have called her color a dirty polar.

The home of the Alaska brown bear

The large bear killed in Head Valley

WE now had some rough weather for a few days and did not move far from camp. One day, after lunch, I took a nap but was awakened by Oscar coming to the tent and excitedly calling me, to hurry and get my gun, as there was a big bear just a short distance from camp. He had seen him while he was cleaning out the last skull. It did not take me long to get into my boots and hunting-coat and start up after him, but here the unexpected happened. There had been a steady wind blowing from the south for a week but in the space of fifteen minutes after I started for the bear it died out completely, and then it shifted to the north, but we still had a chance to get to the leeward of him. We finally came to a place where we could get a good view and found there were two bears, one a dirty yellow, and the other a good brown, the latter the larger of the two.

We worked around until we were about opposite them, but they were about 500 yards above us. We had good cover to use in working past them and if the wind did not play us false we felt we had a good chance to get the larger one. We had to pass a small draw, however, and as we did so we felt that the wind was being sucked up into it. When once again we got sight of our bears, they were both mushing it for the top of the range in the direction of Pavlof volcano, as they had got our wind. The large brown would stop every 200 yards or so and look back; he was, I judged, some 800 yards away, and I felt it was no use trying for him at that distance, so we decided to let the bears go and take the chance of trailing them the next morning, as we knew they had not seen us.

In another half hour the wind was coming strong again from the south.

(*Continued on page 36*)

THE RUNNING OF BLACK JOHN

THE STAYING POWERS OF TWO GREAT HOUNDS ARE PUT TO TEST WHEN OLD RED IS STARTED IN MINGO SWAMP

By J. Z. McCONNELL

ONE morning last fall as I was looking over my mail, I found the following letter:

Indiantown, S. C.

"Dear Sir:—

I hear that you have in your pack of dogs one that is considered fast. I also have one that *I* consider fast. Suppose we get them together?

The Mingo section is about half way between us, and I'm told that foxes are plentiful down there. To add a little zest to the occasion, I will, if you say so, tie a new hundred dollar bill to the collar of Siren, my bitch, you doing the same with your dog, and we will run down on the following conditions: The dog leading by not less than one hundred yards at the end of the first hour after the "jump," by not less than two hundred yards at the end of the third hour, and still leading, regardless of distance, at the death, to take both dog and money from the loser.

To insure fairness, you will select one man who knows your dog well—tongue and color, and I will do the same for mine. These two will select, at the place of meeting, a third who is thoroughly familiar with the section of the proposed chase, to guide, and keep in touch with the dogs as often as necessary to decide the race.

If you have any sporting blood in you, tie the "tin" to the dog, name the time and place and let's turn 'em loose.

Joe Shaw."

I scratched my head, and read the letter again. I am not a gambler, but his sarcastic "tie the 'tin' to the dog" hit me hard, and I fell for it, for I knew I had two good dogs, or, at least, *I* thought so. One was a blue-speckled bitch called Patty, the other a large black and tan, a cross between an English deerhound and a bloodhound, that I called Black John.

Now Black John was not over fast, but his staying powers I had, so far, never seen equaled. A friend on an adjoining plantation had given him to me because the negroes on the place had, he thought, ruined him running rabbits. He had tried it with me the first night I took him out, but never again. I picked him up with a cowwhip I had carried for that purpose, and kept it up until he promised to quit, and he did. And so it happened that, being thwarted in his first love, he turned his attention with zeal and fidelity to the pursuit of fox and deer. It was Black John I would pit against his Siren.

I wrote him the following letter:

"Dear Sir:

Replying to yours of the 3d inst. I will admit that I have one or two fairly good dogs. I will also admit that I have yielded to the temptation to take both your "tin" and your dog.

The terms named in your letter would seem to indicate unbounded faith in the *staying* powers of Siren as well as her speed, so suppose we change the terms somewhat, so as to make it the lead dog in a long chase? I have a dog named Black John that I think will be leading when the sun comes up, and still leading when it sets, should the fox be going still. If you are willing to wager on the dog 'taking and holding the lead after three hours,' should the chase go that long, meet me at Harvey Nelson's near the post office Tuesday night, October 15th at 8 o'clock and bring the pup.

Yours truly, etc."

Those who have followed a pack of hounds in full cry on a frosty moonlight night and have listened to the music of their voices will be glad to feel again the magic thrill as they read this story of a great race and a wonderful dog.

That last word would, I thought, fetch him, and it did. Two days later I got this terse reply:

"Dear Sir:—I've never seen Siren drop out. Terms accepted. Will meet you time and place and will bring the 'pup.' Yours, etc., Jas. Shaw."

I went out in the back yard and whistled for the dogs. Patty first and then Black John came running up and I looked them over. Neither too lean nor too fat—just right for running. I called Black John to me and said:

"Old Boy, I'm going to pad your collar in a few days with some valuable material, and I want you to *hold* it. If you fail me now, you'll never hear me call Black John any more."

He looked up at me, moving his head from side to side and wagging his tail as much as to say, "I don't know that I understand what you say, but I'm always ready when you say go."

TUESDAY eve came clear and cold. The fox hunt had been talked about for more than a week, and some of the men had gone down to Mingo that morning to have their horses rested up for the hunt. Mine, an ugly little Texas brute with a glass eye, was good for forty miles between meals, so I did not set out until the afternoon.

I had sent my dogs on ahead in a wagon with instructions to Nelson not to feed them until I came, as I wanted them to be fed very lightly before the start. Jim Sayers and Joe Thomas, two friends of mine in Mingo, had sent me word that they would bring their dogs and join the hunt.

Soon after I got to Nelson's the crowd began to gather, each man talking about the various dogs of his acquaintance; the speed of this one; the endurance of that one, the tongue of another one.

"I tell you what, fellers," spoke up Jake Johnson, "you may talk about your *fast* dogs, your sticking dogs and your fine-blooded dogs, but when you want to hear *music* in the bunch, just listen for my dog Sandy; he'll carry it to 'em all on the tongue."

"Shucks, Jake," said John Morris, "Sandy's tongue in the crowd we'll have to-night will sound like a ten cent fife in Sousa's Band."

A loud laugh followed this at Jake's expense and he subsided.

"How many of you have ever heard my dog, Black John, running?" I asked. Only two or three in the Mingo section had ever seen him in a chase. "Well," I said, "if any of you have ever read 'The Hound of the Baskervilles,' by Conan Doyle, you will *hear* him to-night if we run."

In truth Black John's tongue was, to me at least, his only defect. Deep-chested, powerfully built, he towered above the average hound as the mastiff over the spaniel and, once the wire edge was off and he had settled into his pace, his long, loud, wailing cry sounded almost uncanny.

"Toot, toot, toot—too-o-o-o-t; toot, toot, toooot." The mellow notes of the huntsman's horn floated clear and sweet to us; then past us—on and on, and died away in the distance. The galloping hoofbeats of horses drew nearer and nearer 'till, at the bend in the moonlit road, twelve horsemen rode into view, while just behind a motely crowd of dogs brought up the rear.

"Hello, boys," spoke up a strange voice. "I believe every mangy dog on the route has joined my pack as we came along."

"Wanted to see the fun, too, I guess."

Nelson knew every fox hunter in a radius of thirty miles. He called him up and introduced us.

"Did you get my reply?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered, "and as the crowd is about ready to ride, let's arrange the preliminaries."

It was agreed that Nelson should hold the stakes, as the dogs might get wet and ruin the money, and that Joe Thomas, Jim Smith and Nelson were to act as judges. The crowd gathered 'round us. This was the first that some of them knew of the wager.

"We are all here now and ready, where shall we put in?" asked Joe

Thomas. . Some suggested one place, some another. Nelson spoke: "I'll tell you where to go; down to the Britton Old Fields on Mingo swamp. There is a red fox down there that drifted in from somewhere, and these dogs of ours can't even annoy him, so as we have both wind and speed to-night let's try Old Red."

No sooner said than assented to, and we turned our horses toward the Old Fields.

ONLY one dog among the newcomers had struck my fancy as we rode along: a snow-white bitch with the exception of her ears, both of which showed black and glossy in the moonlight. I noted that she was long of limb, deep in the chest, slim-bellied—the living, moving picture of *speed*.

"Shaw's Siren," said Nelson. My heart beat faster. Would Black John ever pass her in a race? We reached the edge of the Old Fields.

"Go, boy! He'll hunt for 'em!"

Twenty-seven dogs turned loose; thirty-three men on horseback, some talking, some listening for a "strike."

"I tell you, boys, if we jump Old Red to-night, we needn't hurry our horses until he has made his first round," said Joe Thomas. "Why?" I asked. "Because," he replied, "every time we've run him, he's taken the same route, about a fourteen mile circuit down by Morrisville and back, and has so far shaken them all off before the end of the second trip." "He won't have time to 'shake' to-night, he'll have to run,'' said Shaw, dryly. He had no doubt about his beautiful white bitch.

"How will we know," I asked, "whether we've jumped Old Red or not?"

"I can tell you in fifteen minutes," replied Thomas, "whether"—yow! yow! Two short, sharp cries off to the right about a quarter of a mile away.

''Siren's struck,'' said Shaw.

"Bow! bow! bow-u, bow-u"—another took up the scent and the cry, then another and another as the trail grew warmer, until the fields began to ring. Suddenly, above the blending of the tongues near at hand as they warmed to the work—beyond, half a mile away, there rose a hoarse gutteral cry. "How, how, how, u, how-u-u."

The leading dogs of the trailing pack stopped to listen, and listening knew Black John was running. The watches marked 8.30. But for a few straggling yelps here and there, the trailing pack had hushed. They were making for the "jump," while farther away there still rose and fell at regular intervals the cry of the big black hound.

Five minutes passed and "bow! yow!" Siren had joined him, and just a second later another tongue—Patty had joined him, too. And now, as seconds went by, new tongues were added to the rising, swelling notes of music, such as man may never make.

"Come on, boys," called Thomas, "we may beat them to Cassell's Ford. That's where he'll cross if it's Old Red, and I think it is."

"How far is it to the Ford?" I asked.

"Four miles," he replied.

The clattering of the hoofbeats on the frosted earth shut out all other sound until Joe Thomas stopped us short to listen.

"Yes," he said, "they're headed that way, and nearly there. Let's ride," and away we went, some cantering, some galloping, some trotting. We reached the Ford to find the dogs two miles ahead and going like the wind. Again we halted a moment for a blowing spell for the horses, and as the rolling volume of sound died away in the distance Nelson spoke: "If there are any horses in the crowd good for forty miles between now and sunrise, follow me. I know his route. The rest of you can wait around, or join us when we come back, an hour or two from now. He'll cross again at the forks of the swamp, about seven miles up, and come back on the other side."

Seven men rode out to follow. Striking into a blind road leading up the swamp, Nelson stuck spurs to his horse and we were gone.

Over bushes, under bushes, over logs, under leaning trees, over ditches, now high in air as your horse rose to clear a log, now with your head bent down by the side of your horse's neck to avoid a limb—on over the frosted carpet of leaves and straw—on through the moonbeams and shadows of a calm, still night, on and on, and now, as we slackened a bit, not far away, there struck once more on the straining ear the blood-stirring cry of the chase.

Then on again and faster now, until the yelping, flying pack comes into view. They all still held on fairly well, but now, as we slackened down at the heels of the pack, we could all plainly distinguish two ringing tongues ahead. Siren and Patty were leading, Black John just twenty steps behind.

AT last the Forks were reached and crossed, and back we went while the steady unbroken cry of the pack, and the yells of the hunters echoed and died away in the silent forest. Back to Cassell's Ford and back to the Old Fields, and on past them, the other hunters dropping in as we passed them. At ten o'clock, after one hour and thirty minutes running, a few of the dogs dropped out. A sudden turn, a momentary break in the cry of the leaders, and away we went again. "Old Red, the scent is hot, you'll hardly shake them now," I thought. A semi-circle of five or six miles and back to the Ford. At ten thirty, after two hours running, the fox took another sudden turn, this time down instead of up the swamp. Again Joe Thomas spoke: "Boys, that's a devil of a tack he's on now, thick as hops. Nelson, you and Jim Smith follow me so that if he runs down there for an hour we can see which dog's ahead. When they turn back, you fellows spread out about a quarter of a mile from the bridge and watch for the leaders. If he can't dodge them down here in the thicket he's a goner, but he'll try the same old route up the swamp. We will cut in ahead of them if they turn back and be back here when they come across. You all know the dogs the bet is on; the white bitch with black ears and the big black dog with that devilish tongue."

Every dog along the route had joined the pack

The cry passed beyond our hearing now, but not for long, for presently we heard them once more and this time they were headed back toward us.

"Mind, now," cautioned Shaw, as we began scattering on the road, "not a word until the fox crosses the road or you'll turn him back. After he is over you may yell yourselves hoarse if you want to."

As the cry drew nearer, Thomas, Nel-

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FISHING AND HUNTING PRESIDENTS

OF THE TWENTY-NINE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES FROM WASHINGTON TO HARDING, TWENTY-THREE WERE HUNTERS OR FISHERMEN

By ALEXANDER STODDART

PRACTICALLY all of our Presidents have been fond of outdoor recreation, and all but six were devotees of the rod and gun.

Two Presidents wrote books on the subject of fishing and hunting and were frequent contributors to the magazines —Grover Cleveland, who collected his articles and issued them between covers, calling them "Fishing and Shooting Sketches," and Theodore Roosevelt, who began with his "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman" and thereafter wrote many books on the pursuit of big-game animals and fishes.

Without question Roosevelt was the greatest hunter of the Presidents, other Presidents confining themselves to hunting in the United States, whereas the twenty-sixth President hunted big game in South America, Africa and Canada, there falling before his rifle practically all the important game animals found in those countries.

He was in danger often; in the Quebec wilds he was charged by an infuriated bull moose and only the power of his gun and his ability to hit the mark saved him from death.

Underwood & Underwood

Grover Cleveland swinging on a duck

Probably the greatest of fishing Presidents was Grover Cleveland, twenty-second and twenty-fourth President; the next best fisherman being Chester Alan Arthur, his predecessor in office, who, up to within three years of his death, held the record of having killed the largest salmon in the Restigouche.

The fact that no one of the many biographers of the first President has done justice to the character of Washington, who was a fisherman among fishermen, led George H. Moore to go through George Washington's diaries, which resulted in the publication, for private circulation, of a monograph entitled "Washington as an Angler," the study being dedicated to another good fisherman, Grover Cleveland.

Cleveland read the book with interest and he wrote to Dr. Moore that from its perusal he was pleased to learn that the "only element of greatness heretofore unnoticed in the life of Washington is thus supplied."

He adds: "I am a little curious to know whether the absence of details as to the result of his fishing is owing to bad luck, a lack of toleration of fish stories at that time among anglers, or to the fact that even as to the number of fish he caught, the Father of his Country could not tell a lie."

The Washington diary, extracts of which Mr. Moore used for his study of Washington as an angler, covers the years of 1787 and 1789. The newspapers of that day stated that "on Monday last (July 30, 1787), his Excellency, George Washington, set out for Moore Hall, in order to visit his old quarters at Valley Forge."

For many years in this country, before fishing became a respectable recreation, and acknowledged as such, men with fishing proclivities not to be denied camouflaged their fishing trips by going off on "official business;" not that the Father of his Country had to do that, but others as devoted to angling as the first President have found it very convenient to do so. It creates less talk. Now, however, recreation is regarded as a part of life that is essential to big business and happiness and no apology is necessary for the captain of industry, or an executive to indulge in his favorite pastime, his return visits being looked forward to with interest, for invariably they are accompanied by good yarns and occasionally with a part of the catch.

The trip to Valley Forge reported by the newspapers came as a result of the adjournment of the Federal Convention assembled in Philadelphia during the summer of 1787, Washington being its President. The convention had been in session for two months, discussing the proposed constitution and the major work being accomplished, the convention appointed a committee of detail to whom they referred the results of their previous action. How Washington spent this week is told in his diary as follows:

"Monday, 30th July.—In company with Mr. Governr Morris went into the neighborhood of the Valley Forge to a Widow Moore's a-fishing, at whose house we lodged.

"Tuesday, 31st July.—Before breakfast I rode to the Valley Forge and over the whole Cantonment & Works of the American Army in the Winter of 1777-8, and on my return to the Widow Moore's found Mr. and Mrs. Rob. Morris. Spent the day there fishing, etc., & lodged at same place.

Wednesday, August 1.—Returned abt 11 o'clock with the above company to Philadelphia.

"Friday, 3d Aug., 1787.—Went up to Trenton on a fishing party with Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Morris & Govr Morris. Dined and lodged at Colo Sam Ogden's. In the evening fished.

"Saturday, 4th (Aug., 1787).—In the morning and between breakfast and dinner fished. Dined at Gen. Dickinson's and returned in the evening to Colo Ogden's.

"Sunday, 5th. (Aug., 1787).—Dined at Colo Ogden's and about 4 o'clock set out for Philadelphia—halted an hour at Bristol and reached the city before 9 o'clock."

As Washington has told so briefly, all too briefly, about that week's a-fishing, and not at all about his feelings and impressions when he returned to visit Valley Forge, where the Continental Army spent the winter of 1777 and 1778, where his army suffered cold and hunger because of the poverty of the Government and the incompetency of the Commissary Department, let us dwell further upon this flood mark of American history, when the tide was ebbing.

It was here that Washington and

Baron Steuben drilled, trained and reorganized the Continental Army, making it a well disciplined body of troops, which later gave such good accounts of itself. To-day some of the old breastworks and other remains of the Army's encampment and occupation are still to be seen. The house used by General Washington as his headquarters has been restored and is now a museum. Incidentally it might be mentioned there is now at Valley Forge a beautiful Washington Memorial Chapel, containing a mosaic of Washington, with thirteen memorial windows depicting American history, conceived and carried into fulfillment by the Rev. W. Herbert Burk.

An advertisement in the Pennsylvania Gazette of Feb. 2, 1791, four years after Gen. Washington visited "Widow Moore's a-fishing," tells about the ancient homestead. It states:

"Moore Hall. To be rented. Mansion House, farm and mill, in the township of Charlestown, in the county of Chester, situated on the River Schuylkill, distant twenty-three miles from Philadelphia. Two hundred acres. Mill on a never-failing stream called Pickering. Feb. 1, 1791."

The "Widow Moore" lived three miles from Valley Forge. Her husband, who died at the close of the War for Independence, was characterized as "the most conspicuous and heroic figure in the county of Chester" in his day and generation.

Now, let us concern ourselves for a moment with the fishing party, all old friends.

There was Gouverneur Morris, who resembled the first President so much that he stood as the model for Houdon's figure of Washington. When the Continental Army was at Valley Forge, Governeur Morris spent some time there as one of the committee that had been appointed to examine, with Gen. Washington, into the conditions of the troops. He was also chairman of the committee of five in 1779 whose duty it was to consider dispatches from the American commissioners in Europe, and whose report formed the basis of the treaty of peace. Moore calls him "the inspired penman of the Federal Constitution."

Then there was Robert Morris, the financier of the War for Independence, who gave to the Government the full credit of the firm of Willing and Morris, at the beginning of the Revolution one of the largest and most prosperous among the commercial houses of the "City of Brotherly Love." And Mrs. Robert Morris, whose beautiful smile Gilbert Stuart, the foremost painter of his time, preserved in a portrait.

> "No good fisherman was ever a bad man, and history will bear out the assertion that the best Presidents have been the best fishermen."—From the dedication of "Washington as an Angler, with Extracts from His Diaries, 1787-1789," by the late George H. Moore, librarian of the old Lenox Library of New York.

Another was General Philemon Dickinson, whose country seat, "The Hermitage," was the resort of distinguished men who passed through Trenton. It was this same Gen. Dickinson, who near Somerset Court House, N. J., Jan. 20, 1777, with 400 raw troops waded waist-deep through a river to make the attack, an attack that was successful. Dickinson was second to General John Cadwalader in his duel with General Thomas Conway. In 1778, a cabal developed against Gen. Washington, which threatened to be formidable. Conway wrote anonymous letters containing false assertions and spoke untruths against General Washington designed to injure him as Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army. Cadwalader challenged Conway, fought him, and shot him through the mouth.

Conway fell on his face, but raised himself and remarked to his adversary: "You fire with most deliberation, General, and certainly with a good deal of effect."

Conway, in what he thought were his last moments, wrote to Washington an apology "for having done, written, or said anything disagreeble to your Excellency."

Colonel Samuel Ogden, another of the fishing party, was a worthy representative of the grand army of the American Revolution, who helped to lay the foundation of the Republic. Of the last member of the fishing party, the "Widow Moore," her husband, in his will, wrote of her—"happy woman, a pattern of her sex, and worthy the relationship she bears to the Right Honorable and noble family from whence she sprang."

Underwood & Underwood

Roosevelt and Dr. Lambert off for a bear hunt

It is regrettable that Washington did not write something about the fishing during that week, but distinguished as the party was, no records are available. Did the party catch trout, black bass, rock bass, white perch, yellow perch or pickerel, or all of them?

But of another fishing trip described briefly by Washington, we have some sidelights. Let the Father of his Country he heard first. This fishing trip was made when General Washington was on "great northern and western tour." The scene was Portsmouth, N. H., the time, Nov. 2, 1789. The fishing party went to the outer harbor beyond the fort and the lighthouse, where, as he says himself:

"Having lines, we proceeded to the Fishing Banks, a little without the Harbor, and fished for cod, but it not being a proper time of tide, we only caught two, with which, about 1 o'clock we returned to town."

Now Washington was a modest an-

gler, for he caught one of the cod, although he did not mention the fact in his diary. Incidentally he lost his balance when a cod let go suddenly, fell into the bait pail, and got a black eye.

Colonel Samuel Cogswell, of General Washington's staff, let the world know of the incident through a letter to his wife.

"It let go so sudden," wrote Colonel Cogswell, "that General Washington was precipitated down squarely on the bait pipkin (pail), which held clams. He also got hit on a corner of 'Squire Langdon's hat, which resulted, by the time they landed, in a black eye.

"His Excellency rose again with characteristic grace and dignity, veiling both disappointment and discomfiture in smiles.

"For this mean trick the gods compensated him with a lusty codfish—the first and best catch of the excursion — just a moment after his clammy downfall."

One more story concerning the first President, or, rather, a guest, and we will leave America's first Commander - in - Chief. Once when Baron Steuben was visiting the Washingtons after the Revolution, Mrs. Washington asked the Baron how he occupied his time.

"I read and play chess, my lady," said the Baron, "and yesterday I was invited to go a-fishing. It was understood to be a very fine amusement. I sat in a boat two hours, though it was very warm, and caught two fish."

Naturally, Mrs. Washington asked: "What kind?"

The Baron replied: "Indeed, I do not recollect perfectly, but one of them was a whale."

"A whale in the North River?" exclaimed his hostess.

"Yes, on my word, a very fine whale, as that gentleman informed me. Did you not tell me it was a whale, Major?"

"An eel, Baron," responded the Major.

"I beg your pardon, my lady," Baron Steuben protested, "but the gentleman certainly called it a whale. But it is of little consequence. I shall abandon the trade, notwithstanding the amusement it affords."

"No good fisherman was ever a bad man, and history will bear out the assertion that the best Presidents have been the best fishermen," wrote Moore in dedicating "Washington as an Angler" to Grover Cleveland.

IT might not be amiss at this point to name the fifteen Presidents who were anglers. They are, named as they served the Nation, George Washington, Martin Van Buren, John Tyler, Zachary Taylor, Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Ulysses Simpson Grant, James Abram Garfield, Chester Alan Arthur, Grover Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft and Warren Gamaliel Harding.

Those who were both fishermen and hunters include Washington, Tyler, Taylor, Pierce, Lincoln, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland and Roosevelt.

The hunters, among the Presidents, who did not indulge in angling, were: Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, William Henry Harrison, James Buchanan, Rutherford Burchard Hayes, Benjamin Harrison and Woodrow Wilson.

Underwood & Underwood

President Harding with some of his Florida catch of fish

Those Presidents not fond of either of these recreations were John Adams, James Madison, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, James Knox Polk, and William McKinley.

Of the fishing Presidents, Cleveland stands out foremost, the generation of yesterday recalling Arthur. Roosevelt is associated in the public mind more as a hunter, his fishing coming later in life, although he "ironed" a manta, second in size to that of Russell J. Cole's, whose record devilfish is preserved by the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. Taft is recalled for his delight in black bass fishing and Harding's capture of the acrobatic tarpon is still fresh in the public mind.

Of Cleveland, the most amusing and entertaining stories are told. Here is one of his gems told to Richard Watson Gilder:

An old darky who risked his life, when out fishing, to save a small darkey, was asked whether the boy was his own.

"Oh, no, sah; he not my son," replied the darkey.

"Well, was he some relative that you risked your life for him?"

"Noh, sah; he no relative; no sah."

"Then why did you plunge in in that reckless way and fetch him out?"

"Well, sah, the fact is, sah, that that boy had the bait."

Cleveland had a congenial group of fishing companions. They included Joseph Jefferson, the creator of the immortal Rip van Winkle; E. C. Benedict, Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, affectionately called "Fighting Bob," Jethro Mitchell and others. It was to Joe Jefferson that Cleveland, in his will, presented "my best Kentucky reel."

One day, E. C. Benedict, Joe Jefferson and President Cleveland were fishing together in Buzzards Bay for squeteague, the same fish known in New York as weakfish and in the South as trout.

The squeteague were biting actively and Jefferson was "horsing" them in.

Cleveland admonished him: "For God's sake, Jefferson, don't yank them so!"

In a most injured look and tone of voice, Jefferson replied: "Well, they yanked me first!"

Cleveland was a most resourceful angler and studied the habits of fish. He was one of that small group of anglers who enjoyed fishing for the fish that would not bite as much or more so than angling for those that would bite freely. When other men in the party became discouraged, not so with Cleveland. He never allowed anything to interfere with his fishing. That was one of the reasons for his ability to catch fish when others could not.

Once when his companions gave up fishing, Cleveland continued, changing his lures. Finally he landed a fine fish.

"What did you get it on?" one of the non-fishing companions asked.

"On my restaurant fly," the patient fisherman replied.

"Why do you call it that?" asked his questioner.

"Because the fish can get anything he likes on it," replied Cleveland.

It was a fly with all the colors of the rainbow, its feathers being of every shade and size.

When fishing, Cleveland cared little about his personal appearance, as the following story indicates.

An angler, fastidiously dressed, met Cleveland clad in oilskins and a slouch hat, addressing him as follows:

"Hello, boatman, you've certainly got a good catch. What will you take for the fish?"

"I'm not selling them," he replied.

"Well," persisted the angler who was dressed in fashionable togs, "what do you want to take me out fishing tomorrow?"

"I can't make any engagement except for the season," was the reply. "Will you give me as much as I made last year?" (*Continued on page* 28)

THIS MONTH IN THE OUTDOORS

WINTER IS BECOMING MORE AND MORE POPULAR WITH SPORTSMEN AND JANUARY HAS MUCH TO OFFER IN THE WAY OF RECREATION

THESE are the days of winter sports: hunting, for certain game; fishing, for various species; trapping, skiing, tobogganning, snowshoeing, skating, hockey, tramping, casting and camping.

The rabbit season is open in a number of states, also the duck and goose season south of the Mason and Dixon line and north of it on Long Island, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Connecticut and Delaware. Fishing is permitted in Southern states for various fresh water species and for the angler there is no closed season on the salt water game species to be found at this season of the year. In the Northern fresh waters, in nearly all the states, fishing is permitted through the ice for pickerel and crappies.

The out-of-doors is claiming more recruits year by year as its advantages become known. Nowadays in the newspapers, at this time of year, one reads side by side the advertisements calling one to the Florida, California and Southern resorts alongside of which one reads of the lures and attractions of Montreal, Quebec and the Northern country with its charms where snow is now on the ground, ice is a foot thick and the zero weather invigorating.

The college outing clubs—and what club in the North has not its outing club?—have carried the gospel of the winter outdoors into many a state and the winter season is now looked upon not with fear and trepidation but with pleasure. In the ten years of its existence, the outing club of Dartmouth has in its membership more than a third of its entire student body.

Midwinter Camping

I RECALL that several years ago, when Dr. Joseph W. Droogan, who writes so authoritatively and entertainingly on the outdoors under the *nom de plume* of "Tamarack," asked me to go with him on a snowshoe hike following a trap line in the lower Adirondacks, a journey following paths that he knew so well as a youth, I wondered how I would stand sleeping in an open tent, with the temperature below zero, or hovering around that figure, and I hesitated. But Dr. Droogan called it nonsense; it was the sort of experience that I needed in order properly to edit a Rod and Gun column. I went. I had a lot of fun. I changed my ideas about midwinter camping, found many new joys, wrote half a dozen articles of a thousand words or more on the subject and spread the gospel of the out-of-doors in midwinter.

I got the hang of snowshoeing five minutes after I laced them on; Dr. Droogan's injunction of "walking naturally" being followed after several spills and I carried the pack on my back after the wagon trail west of Speculator ended and kept up with Dr. Droogan and the guide, for which he had so much affection, James Sturges.

From day to day we snowshoed, never meeting a person after we left the first camp, except the game warden of the district. Going in and coming out, we slept in one of Jim's shacks, at other times that week we camped at night in the woods, cutting the ice out of the ground before making the night's bed. Strangely to me, I found under the ice, the grass as green as if it was midsummer.

We carried no gun, and what is more interesting in these days when the Eighteenth Amendment is uppermost in most people's minds and talk, no liquor. Dr. Droogan and Jim Sturges enjoyed immensely the signs they read in the snow of deer, rabbit, partridge (ruffed grouse), and other birds and animals that had left their tell-tale marks. Oftentimes they would follow silently, when they were not sure, but ultimately both men would agree, and it would give them pleasure to find that the other fellow had checked him up aright.

A day spent following a game warden on his day's work, another day spent fishing through the ice for pickerel, another day tramping through the winter woods changed my whole idea of the outdoors in cold weather and robbed the midwinter woods of its terrors. Today, I look back upon it as an adventure hoped some day to be duplicated.

Forest and Stream begins with this issue a new department telling sportsmen where to go and what to do throughout each month of the year. It is not to be a mere directory but is intended to be a newsy department of interest to men who fish and hunt.

It is compiled by Alexander Stoddart, who was Rod and Gun editor of the New York *Press*, the *Sun*, and the New York *Herald* for the twenty years from 1900 to 1920.

Tarpon Bite in Florida

TARPON, the acrobatic king of silver, which lures men and women to its Southern haunts, is responsible, in a large measure, for the advertising that Florida receives as a winter resort. Since A. W. Dimock published his interesting and fascinating book, with its remarkable pictures of tarpon leaping, it is the secret ambition of every angler, man and woman, who goes South, to hook a tarpon.

Every year you find more men and women at South Boca Grande, St. Petersburg, Miami, Charlotte Harbor, Fort Myers, Long Key, St. James City, Tarpon Springs, Homosassa, Sanibel Island, Bradentown, Marco, Cayo Costa and other places along the eastern and western Florida coasts, all seeking tarpon.

Among the men who seek tarpon only on their Florida vacation, each one has a desire to surpass the record that has stood for years, that of B. W. Crowninshield, of Boston, who from sunrise to sunset, took twenty-five tarpon. The record was made at South Boca Grande in 1916, Mr. Crowninshield had thirty-one strikes, and lost but six fish. That in itself is a wonderful record. Of the first twenty strikes, he landed eighteen tarpon. Has that record ever been surpassed? It should be remarked in passing that the fish invariably were released to go back and record their strange adventure among others, to tell them of the thrill of fighting a hook, with an animal of similar size on the other end, heavier in weight and living above the surface.

Incidentally the movement is spreading in Florida waters of fishing with a barbless hook, which requires more skill to bring the fish to the boat and does not injure the fish for future usefulness and sport of the angler.

Fred A. Bishop of New York has done much by way of addresses and writings to tell of catching tarpon with a plug. He regards plug casting for tarpon as an art. The pioneer of this type of angling is T. N. Burket, of Lincoln, Nebraska. In Florida waters, Mr. Burket has taken a tarpon of 112¼ pounds casting with a 1,702 Heddon minnow and a fifteen thread line. The rod used was a five-foot, one-piece, bamboo rod, which weighed a fraction over ten ounces.

Joseph W. Stray of Brooklyn, who is an advocate of the barbless hook, has taken on the flats of Charlotte Harbor, Florida, a 55-pound tarpon on shoemaker's flax sewing thread, which, when tested on a testing machine at Useppa Island, broke repeatedly under a strain of from ten to sixteen pounds.

Deer Hunting in the South

EXCEPT in certain Southern states, such as Virginia, Florida, Arkansas, Louisiana and Mississippi, the deer season is over. (Deer may be killed on January 3rd and 10th in New Jersey.) Of recent years the tendency in the Southern states has been to curtail the

(*Continued on page* 30)

TRAPPING THE THREE RIVER ZONE

ACTUAL EXPERIENCES OF A TRAPPER DURING A PERIOD OF SEVERAL YEARS IN THE WILDS OF NORTHERN ALBERTA—Part Two

By RAYMOND THOMPSON

WHEN the freighter left me at Kimberly Lake I had so much to do for the next few days that I hardly had a chance to become lonesome. My trap-lines had all to be gone over and grub packed into a side camp at Moose Lake, about half-way between the cabin at Kimberly and the Baptiste. The weather had been so bitterly cold that practically nothing was "moving" in the line of furbearers. Presently it started to snow and for several days I was confined to my camp, venturing out each day only to run a short line of traps about the lake.

Then it was that I realized what an awful thing solitude was. For days there was hardly a breath of life. The snow had ceased and again came the intense cold. The great spruce trees about the cabin bowed silently under the load of smothering white—everything was white except the interior of my little cabin. Very little progress could be made even on snowshoes and I waited impatiently for the last fall to settle, at least enough to give it a bottom. The surface of Kimberly Lake was a great bare floor, unsoiled by the footprints of man or beast. Not even the raucous call of the raven disturbed the silence. Once I saw a great golden eagle soaring over the lake and watched him intently till he sailed out of sight.

Where were the wolves that had once howled so freely, where the ravens that had quarreled over my poison baits, and whence had gone the great horned owls that were wont to make the night hideous with their uncanny shrieks? Gone—all gone! I was ALONE. When one considers the fact that I was but nineteen years of age it is no wonder that I got lonesome up there in the solitude! Indeed it has since seemed a marvel to me that I stuck with it.

During February I was down at the Baptiste for two weeks and caught a few foxes within two or three miles of the ferryman's cabins. One day while running a short line below the crossing I saw a silver fox sitting on a ledge not more than thirty feet above me. As is usually the case, I had no gun with me but that taught me a lesson that I have never since forgotten — one should ALWAYS be prepared. In trapping or hunting one can never know when a rare opportunity will present itself.

Mr. Thompson continues the story of the trapper and tells how it feels to be alone in a vast land of white; how the solitude of the wilderness pressed down upon him during the long days of winter.

You will be interested in the ways of the fur-bearers and the methods of trapping them which he describes so naturally.

While practically an amateur at the trapping game, I nevertheless had pretty good luck with anything I tackled that year. Foxes I found not at all hard to catch, providing one used a little common judgment. One of my favorite sets was against stones or uprooted trees along the banks of the river or at the edge of a lake. I used essence of skunk with a little anise oil and found it made an ideal scent for luring foxes. That winter foxes traveled in trails quite a bit, especially in crossing the Baptiste River. These trails were merely a series of holes that the animals made in the surface as they progressed in leaps. It was a simple matter to conceal a couple of traps in the spot where the fox would light and I made several catches in this manner. The greatest drawback was in the fact that the snow had a tendency to drift considerably, thus often keeping the traps from working effectively.

Another thing that bothers the trapper a great deal is the thawing of the snow at this time of year, for as the wet snow freezes during the night it clamps the working parts of the steel trap in an icy grip and thus puts this instrument of capture out of commission. There is a decided tendency among trappers to forever lay the blame on the weather and it is a fact that such conditions have a large share in one's success or failure. When it is intensely cold the furbearers do not travel much and when it is real warm the traps are apt to get out of working order. Then there are times when it is more than usually difficult for the trapper to make his rounds owing to heavy falls of snow or warm "Chinook" winds. Progress is almost an impossibility when the snow is deep and soft; it clings to the bottom of either snowshoe or ski.

AT last the snow began to leave down in the warmer valleys and the ice on the lakes and streams started rotting. I was looking forward to spring for various reasons; outside of the fact that I longed for the sight of the bare friendly earth, I hoped to make quite a little out of the spring trapping. Trapping in this country does not end till in June, up to which time the fur of the beaver, otter, 'rat and bear is quite prime. The quality of the "amphibians'" furs is retained because of the extreme coldness of the water up till that period, and as Bruin does not leave his winter home until late in April and sometimes the forepart of May it is readily understandable that his coat should, too, be of good quality for some time.

En route to Mile Twenty-seven with the dog team

Things did not start off with a rush, as I had expected. The first disappointment that I met with was the fact that all the muskrats had disappeared! On Kimberly Lake I had trapped them until the second cold snap and when I quit I was certain there were at least a hundred or so left. On Moose Lake there had been a large number of houses and I hadn't touched a single one except to

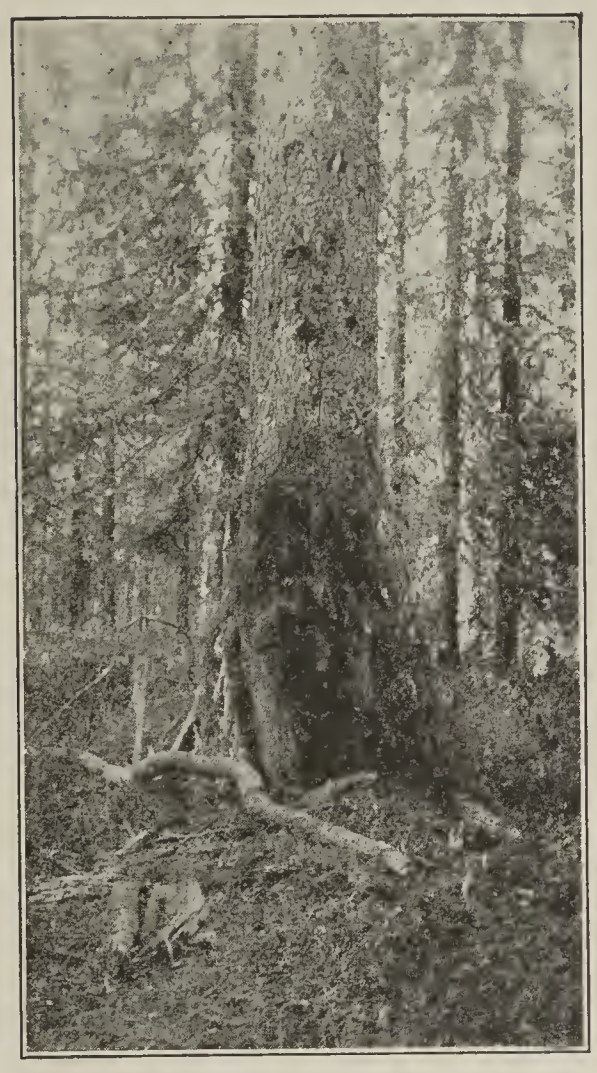
catch a large mink that had dug a hole in from the outside. I had estimated that my probable catch at Moose Lake would be anywhere from one to two hundred fine spring 'rats, but I never saw a single one there! The only thing that I could figure as having happened to them was that they were all frozen in their bank dens. I saw but one 'rat that whole spring and it came right out of a big beaver house, it had lived through the bitter cold spell with a family of its large amphibian cousins.

Well, there was no use trapping 'rats that "wasn't," so after I had wasted a week's valuable time in this direction, I turned my attention elsewhere. On my return to the Kimberly Lake cabin I found that a bear had been paying me a visit and had tried his darndest to get in via the hole in the roof from whence it had projected the smoke-piece belonging to my stove. I was somewhat nervous that night—you know how a fellow feels when he wishes something will happen and hopes to the high moon that it won't—all in the same think! Anyway, if that bear did happen around that night he must have got a sniff of the high explosives for he didn't poke his head in at the window. The next day I made my first deadfall and thought it was strong enough to kill an elephant.

All winter long I had been carrying a .35 automatic and as yet had drawn blood on nothing but spruce partridges and rabbits. At least a dozen times I had shot at brush wolves and once got a crack at a big lynx as he sprang into the brush but it seemed as though it just wasn't the gun for me. In testing it out at two hundred yards, neither Old John nor myself could hit a toboggan, the bottom of which faced us squarely. Old John had a .303 Ross, using the .303 British, and with it I placed three shots in an eight-inch bull placed on the toboggan. I think the barrel of the .35 must have been strained for there certainly was no excuse for it to shoot as it did, otherwise.

The day I was building the deadfall, as a residence for Mr. Bear, another trapper came along from up toward the head of the Little Smoky. He had a dog with him that resembled a small black bear, except that he was a little too gray in color. This trapper took a fancy to my .35 and I likewise realized what a great aid his dog would be to me as a pack animal. It took us a long time to make the deal, but when it was put through he had my rifle and I had four beaver skins, two skunks, a mink, and the dog.

Realizing that I couldn't do much without a rifle I went down to the Baptiste and borrowed Old John's .303. When I got back the bear had been in the deadfall but had escaped with only the loss of a few hairs which he had left on the "dead" log when backing out. I think he must have figured my contrivance as some new back scratcher. I reset the trap and weighed it with additional logs.



A pen set for marten

The author's cabin on the Athabasca

During the winter I had located a number of beaver dams up on the Marshead Creek and had this place figured out as a one best bet. Packing my "bear dog" and myself to the limit I hit out for the head of this stream. About this time it started to rain. Whenever it wasn't raining it was snowing or a combination of the two. To say life was miserable is putting it rather mildly. The only shelter I had was a pitifully small square of canvas and after it had been raining for a few hours this started to leak in spots.

About the only thing I did on this trip was to shoot a large cinnamon. I managed to set out a few beaver traps but it seemed as if beaver weren't moving about much, at least not where my traps were. At length I got disgusted and pulled back down to Kimberly, deciding to wait a while for the weather to settle.

The bear had been to my trap again and a second time had set it off without losing his hide. When I reached the cabin it was snowing a little and after investigating the trap I cooked some dinner. Overcome by drowsiness (owing to the comforting warmth of the cabin and the fact that I had slept but little of late) I went to sleep, leaving the door slighly ajar. I was awakened by a sharp bark from the dog. I sprang to my feet and grabbed the rifle as I rushed to the door. There, not more than thirty yards away, stood a black bear. I shot him in the hips as he turned to run and he didn't go far. This bear was not very large and I could hardly imagine how he had escaped from under the tremendously heavy deadfall. Indeed, it is astonishing what weight these animals will bear on their powerful shoulders.

However, there proved to be another bear thereabouts. I had reset the deadfall and during the following night a bear had been there but he had exercised good judgment and climbed over the top instead of going under the "dead" log.

I figured this last bear a rather educated fellow so tried another "stunt" on him. I had an old single-barrel shotgun, open bore, and set it out for Bruin. I had the gun fastened securely and had crotched sticks arranged so that when the brute pulled on the bait he would get the full charge in his chest. It worked all right in a way, but it was a blamed poor way, for the bear walked so far away, after receiving the charge, that I didn't find him until he had rotted.

I made several more trips up toward the head of the Mile 70 Creek and each time managed to get a number of flat-tails. There was a small lake not far from Kimberly that had been inhabited by a family of beavers, but when I got through with them there was only one left. During the whole of the spring trapping period I saw but three men besides Old John, so one can readily imagine what kind of a wilderness I was trapping in. Very few Indians or breeds ever happened down that way at that time, though in later years they have created havoc with the once numerous tribe of beavers. Beaver and lynx are the two main catches of Indians. In

(*Continued on page 27*)

METHODS OF WINTER FISHING

THE ICE-FISHERMAN SHOULD MAKE A CAREFUL STUDY OF THE MOVEMENTS OF FISH DURING THE WINTER MONTHS

By ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

THERE are many anglers who cannot possibly see any joy in ice fishing. They cannot understand how any other person or persons can go forth and cut a hole in the ice of lake or stream and stand there or sit there for hours waiting for a bite, and often, it is true, coming back with nothing to show for their attempt but red noses and icicles clinging to their clothes. But there is a fascination to it and a host of men look forward to the winter fishing with as great an enthusiasm as fly-fishers wait upon the coming of the trout season, when the fish are rising well and they can use their beloved winged lures. Indeed, there are ice-fishers who disdain to spend valuable time in the summer on the waters, who prefer the cold days to come a thousand times over and who have made a special study of fishing as it applies in the season of ermine and crystal.

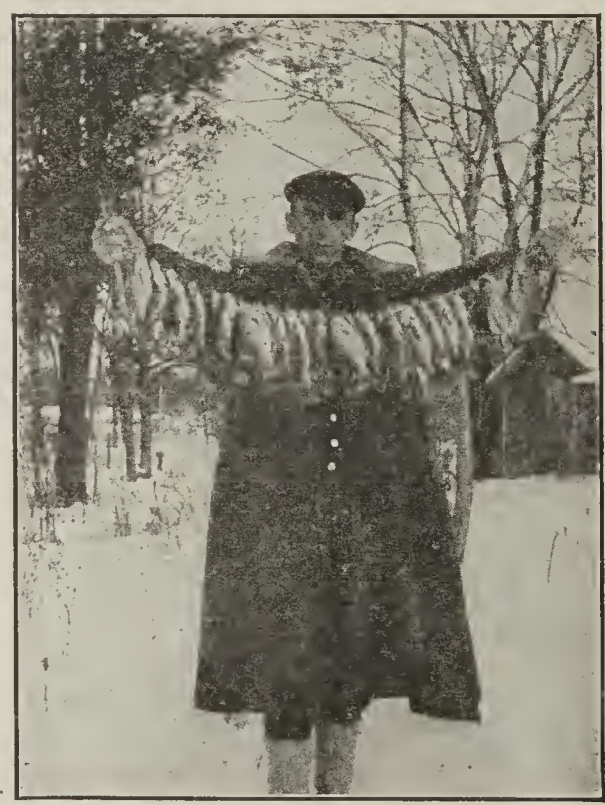
Your man who has not tried the game will think that it is merely a matter of cutting a hole in the ice somewhere, any depth, bait up with a minnow, drop it down and pull up the fish. Or the doubting one will believe, perhaps, that the fish have all gone to bed and not even the choicest morsels will bring them to life. And yet the man who actually catches fish in the winter through the ice must know the places where the fish keep themselves, their movements, the best times during the day to try for them—these and a hundred other things that all go to make the sport worth while. Unless these things are known one will have little success even in the best waters. To know a lake, therefore, is one of the prime points of knowledge that the ice-fisher must have at his command.

It is generally believed that fish refuse bait in the winter; that they go into hibernation. Now it is true that many species of fish *do* go into hibernation and these, of course, cannot be taken on the hook through the ice. Brook trout for instance sink themselves in the mud and remain there till spring. But lake trout are abroad and are caught often in great numbers in the winter season in the North. The black basses, both the small-mouth and the large-mouth, go into hibernation sometime in late November and early December (depending, of course, upon the state of the weather) and are not so easily taken with hook and line. They seek the shelter of rocks and underwater cliffs, as often as not in deep water. On the warmer days of the winter they are abroad at times, but this is very rare indeed. The pickerel, pike and muscallonge after their prodigious feasting during the autumn when they are laying in fat will remain somewhat dull during the month of December and a part of January but from the middle of January on to spring they are very active. February is the banner month for these three fish when one is ice-fishing. This is especially true if the weather turns mild. Ice-fishing during a February calm is some-

Ozone-laden air that instills new life in the blood and sweeps the cobwebs from the brain surrounds the ice-fisher, and the roaring fire on the bank warms him with its ruddy glow.

Read how you may find sport during the dull days of winter.

thing to look forward to and the ice-fisher, among them all, knows what to expect. The sunfishes are also moving about in the winter and there are times when one may catch a limit in short order. The perch are active all through the winter. But it takes the so-called crappie and calico bass to win first place in the estimation of the man who indulges in fishing through the ice. The crappie is not only active the whole



Crappies

winter through, but is active apparently at all hours from daybreak to midnight. He fights well and comes often in one and even two-pound weights. Added to the above is the fact that as a pan-fish the crappie is second to none. Ice fishing would win as a sport if only for the crappie alone!

The crappies are generally caught by aid of live minnows, mud minnows, chubs and shiners. The minnows that are taken from lake or pond water are by far the best in that they do not need water so well aerated as that demanded by the stream minnows. Unless the minnows taken from a stream are provided with water that is well supplied with oxygen they do not do very well and if crowded in a bucket they will suffocate and die. Mud minnows, however, are exceedingly tenacious as well as active and make one of the best lures that one can put on his hook. The best size to use for crappies is one about two inches in length. A minnow under that length has not sufficient vitality.

The man who fishes in the winter and looks forward to the sport with the same amount of enthusiasm that the angler looks forward to the summer season prepares himself with minnows in the autumn. Some even have large tanks made of galvanized iron with a system for keeping the water fresh. With minnows in the winter selling for fifty to seventy-five cents a dozen it well pays one to put in a supply. But it is possible to obtain minnows even in the dead of winter if one knows where they have schooled up. Usually in the brooks and streams one is most apt to find them in the deep holes and by cutting open the ice they may be brought forth in suitable numbers to make a happy day's fishing possible. If you strike a deep hole on a creek that has minnows in it, cut a hole three feet or more across to work through. Obtain a hoop, or employ a heavy wire bent around like a hoop. Sew mosquito netting to this to form a net with a fair sized pocket hanging in the center. Use black netting as this is more inconspicuous; white netting will often frighten the minnows. To lure them over the net drop crumbs down over its center. Sooner or later they will move in over the net when it can be lifted up by means of a cord connected to four cords which are attached at various points around the hoop. If you find it hard to obtain these minnows by day go there at night and shine a light in the water. The light will attract them over the net. In small, muddy ponds and lakes with very little outlet or inlet one can cut through and find swarms of these minnows, the sort known as mud minnows. Being possessed of great vitality they are, of course, the best for use.

THE best lure for the pike, pickerel and muscallonge is the perch, as they feed a great deal on that specie. A six-inch perch is not a bit too large for the purpose; indeed, it is the best size to be had. The hook to be used should measure an inch across the bend and be made of very durable material. The trouble is that most of those who go

A crowd of ice-fishermen on a northern lake. Some have erected little huts containing stoves

out for these large fish use hooks of inferior material, some in fact that straighten out when the fish gets to tugging at the line. It is a matter of debate with most anglers where the hook should be seated on the perch to best engage the mouth of the fish. If a large single hook is used, and the perch is a large one, the hook should be worked in right back of the dorsal fin but not so deep that the backbone is touched. When the fish seizes the lure the first impulse of the man with the line is to set the hook, believing the fish has a firm hold on it. If this is done the lure and hook are often seized from the fish. It should be remembered always that when one of the members of the pike family hits the lure (and it is easy to tell when a pike takes it by the suddenness of it all) he should be permitted to run with it. Do not fear, he will not let it go. After a run he will turn it in his mouth to gorge it. A few minutes after that is the best time to strike and a catch is inevitable.

In pike fishing on the ice there are some points to observe, which, unless they are followed up, will result in much trouble. First of all the line. It should be well-tested Cuttyhunk, and, if you are on grounds where large specimens are caught annually see that your line tests to thirty or thirty-five pounds at least.

In ice fishing there is not the opportunity for playing the fish that is possible when one has a rod, but then again neither is it a matter of pulling him in by main strength. The fish must be permitted to run, taking out line as he goes, then he must be worked back and allowed to run again if he so wills. After a little of this (depending upon his size) he will weaken and may be brought in to the hole. When his head appears, about the handiest thing one can have is a small calibered rifle, a shot from which, aimed to hit the back of the head will finish him off. If you have ever tried to pull a large pike through a hole in the ice you have indeed tackled a tough proposition. It is far better to make use of the gun. There are some who have tried bringing them out by the aid of both the hook gaff and the clincher or automatic gaff but have failed. And some have even used a spear on them when brought in but there is no implement equal to the rifle with its deadly small bullet. Of course, a small .22 pistol answers the purpose just as well.

Not only should the hook and line be durable, there must be a wire leader on the end of the line to prevent the sharp fangs of the fish from getting in contact with the silk or linen that composes the line. The leader may be fourteen to sixteen inches in length and may be made by twisting copper wires together to form a whole. And another point that should be remembered: when cutting the hole do not cut it more or less V-shaped as most do, and as often leave the opening small at the bottom and wide at the top. Make the hole more like a V upside down, the two sides sloping away. Trim off all the sharp edges around it. The line working across these is often severed.

If day fishing for the pike, when constant watch is being kept over the line, it should be remembered that the line must be ready for the something that happens just about as speedily as one can think. The line should never be held coiled on a stick as one does when fishing for crappies, but laid out on the ice in a suitable length, seventy-five feet at least. Then by holding the line tight one feels the strike and then lets the line run out through his gloved hand, until the time comes when the hook should be set. I say through the "gloved" hand because many an ice fisher's hand has been burned by a line that has been permitted to run through it unprotected. One does a stunt like that once and then never tries it again.

THE fascination in winter fishing for the pike and muscallonge is that you can never tell when you are going to get the largest finny one in the water you are fishing. I believe it is agreed that the largest members of the pike family are caught during the winter season of the year. In any event some of the finest of the family are then brought to the surface. The place to fish for them must be carefully studied out and the time also ascertained. For instance, one may have the best luck in catching them in the early morning; again it will be late afternoon, it all depends.

The pike inevitably use channels or passages between lakes as runways and naturally that is one of the best places to find them. One should seek the center of the channel about thirty feet or so from its mouth and, of course, it is as well to fish in one lake in this respect as in the other since the fish is attracted while making the passage between. Sometimes one may fish right in a channel. If this is done (the water being deep enough) keep out a trifle from the mouth of it as previously directed. Channel fishing is probably best for the pikes, but they are also to be found around the mouths of inlets and outlets.

Generally one fishes in from fifteen to twenty feet of water. The perch lure is permitted to swim wherever it wills. Pike are also prone to visit the small bays connected with lakes. If these bays are connected with the lake by a thin strip of water forming a passage they will be sure to come through there. This, and the mouths of channels are good places to put down a fish house.

Pike also pass around the points of peninsulas in going into bays. The deep

(*Continued on page* 38)

SHORT RANGE SHOTGUN PATTERNS

AN ANALYSIS OF THE DISTRIBUTION OF SHOT AT RANGES VARYING FROM FIVE TO TWENTY YARDS SHOWS INTERESTING RESULTS

By C. S LANDIS

FEW rabbits, quail or grouse are killed at the standard range of forty yards in proportion to those that are shot at—and very often missed—at five to fifteen yards. This article tells why a knowledge of short range patterns is so important to everyone who goes field shooting.

FOR many years one of the favorite amusements of shotgun shooters has been the shooting of long-range patterns. Some do it to determine the closest and most even shooting loads to use for duck, trap, or block shooting; others, merely to see how close their guns will pattern in 24 or 30-inch circles at 40 yards. A few move back to 50, 60, or 70 yards, or even greater distances, to determine whether their guns would be at all likely to hit a duck or a goose, if they held properly, at these ranges.

There is still another class who simply cannot resist the impulse to put a pattern on a dead tree, an old barndoor, or a cake of ice, just to see something happen, and to break the deadly monotony of tramping around without any immediate hope of shooting at game. The shotgun shooter simply must see the dirt fly occasionally; if he finds no game he provides artificial targets and gets busy.

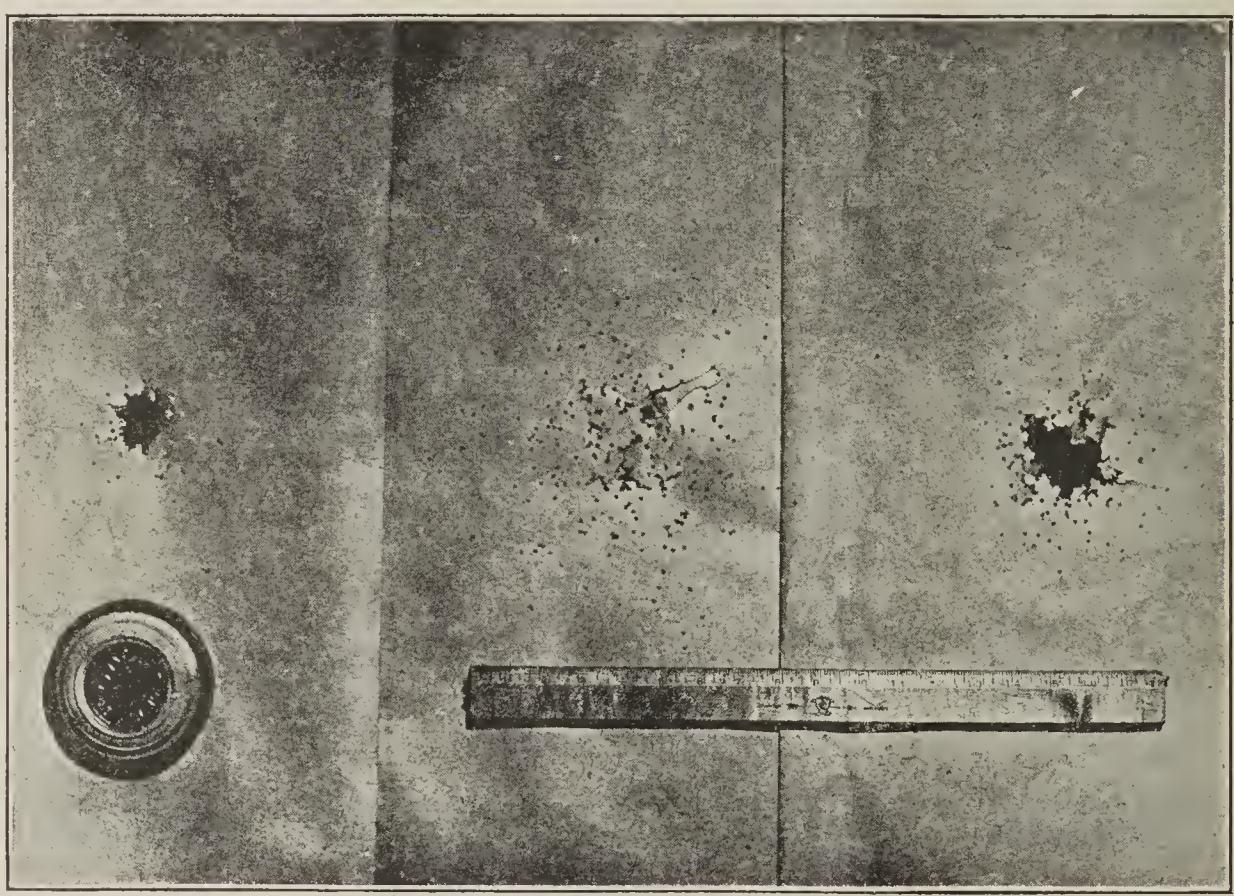
To a good many people this seems like nothing whatever but a waste of ammunition, but it isn't. The shooter gradually acquires a mind picture before he shoots, of just what is going to happen. Instead of thinking of a shotgun pattern as a number of neat little black dots in a 30-inch circle carefully drawn on a nice white piece of paper, he thinks of it as something that registers the passage of a shot charge that is two or three feet wide and ten or fifteen feet long and which makes things fly when the gun cracks. He's got the right idea. There is just as much difference between the shape of a real shotgun charge and the vertical imprint of it secured at 40 yards, as there is between a side view of a dachshund dog and the "pattern" he would make if he sat down on a newly painted floor.

If "patterns" could be readily obtained that would show the form and motion of the long, irregularly shaped flying mass of shot that looks like a flying swarm of bees—strung out at most ranges so that the length of the mass is three to five times its height or width, instead of merely showing it as the holes in a sieve, it would be so very much more interesting and instructive.

Our old friend, Noah Webster, who has had a few things to say about English "as she should be writ'" defines a shotgun pattern as "the distribution of shot on a target at which a shotgun is fired."

This definition of a shotgun pattern allows us a lot of latitude, and consequently we can call practically any imprint left by a charge of shot, a shot pattern.

Notice that a pattern may be taken at any angle to the line of fire, at any distance from the gun, and that the sheet of paper, block of wood, or whatever it is that records the imprint of the shot charge, need not be placed at right angles to the line of fire.



Short range patterns with a duck load

Left: Five yards, improved cylinder bore. Center: Ten yards, improved cylinder. Right: Five yards, strong modified. Load: 28 grains Infallible, 1¼ oz. No. 6 Chilled.

IN securing information about shot patterns and ballistic information about the behavior of shot charges, let us for once forget all about our old standard range of 40 yards and its nicely drawn 30-inch circle. We will adopt the Indians' method of sneaking up a bit closer on the game and see what happens in the way of shot patterns at 5 to 20 yards.

No doubt each of you has a somewhat hazy memory of an old abandoned barn or a covered bridge or an old dead tree that used to serve as the "standard" testing range for the neighborhood.

I recall an old red covered bridge that did duty across a creek about a mile from my boyhood home. Apparently, every gunner that ever crossed that bridge, helped to ventilate its battle-scarred sides; for an irregular line of two to three inch holes, and perforated spots dotted the whole length of it—just head high. There wasn't a shooter in that neighborhood who didn't know exactly what any shotgun, from the wildest-shooting, bored-out musket, to the closest-shooting, extra-full-choke single gun used for shooting at wooden blocks at turkey matches, would do at five yards. He couldn't help but observe the results if he ever went hunting in Armstrong Valley—and he could not do that unless he lived there, without crossing the bridge.

After a couple of generations of Fords had bounced the dust out of the old red bridge, the county commissioners decided that they might as well make sure that they would be remembered by future generations of Republicans, so they replaced the ballistic range with a more modern concrete structure the most notable feature of which is a Keystone shield containing their names.

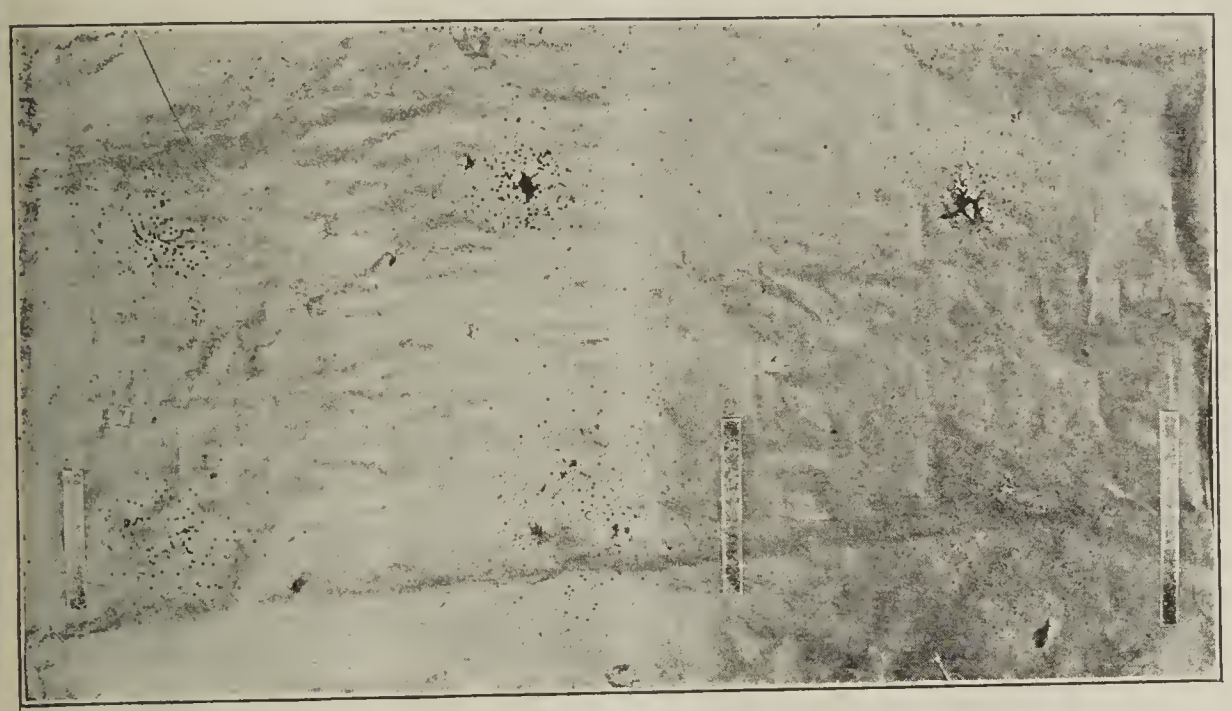
One of the defects of a concrete wall is that it often returns with compound interest, whatever is shot against it, so now the boys in that neighborhood write to the ammunition factories for their ballistic information, and, as much of this is obtained at the standard ranges of 100 feet, or at 40 yards, our coming generations in the old home town will have much to learn about short-range shotgun shooting.

AN ever-increasing proportion of our hunters buy full choke guns for field shooting because of the universal craze for extra-close, long-range patterns. They never stop to realize that few rabbits, quail, or grouse are killed at forty or fifty yards in proportion to those that are shot at—and very often missed—at five to fifteen yards. Before deciding that you *are not* one of those who shoot at game at such "easy" ranges, go out and *measure* at least ten distances of five to fifteen yards each, have at least half of them in briars and brush, or across or along small brushy creeks or runs, and see whether it is not true that a 25-yard shot in a briar patch or chopping is *nearly always out of sight*. A couple of years of experience in timber land surveying has given me a good deal more respect for the length of a 100-foot steel chain than most shooters possess. Therefore, I stand pat on the assertion that the kind of pattern a shotgun will throw between five and twenty yards is very much more important than what it will do at forty yards—if the gun is used for quail, rabbit or grouse shooting.

This is because at least one-half of the chances in most cases, particularly when hunting without a dog, are within these ranges—at least for the first shot or two. You either take a snap shot at these ranges or you don't shoot at that bird or rabbit.

The disadvantage of using a close-pattern is self-evident. Due to the high muzzle velocity of all shot, even 8s or 10s, practically every shot in the pattern at five to fifteen yards will kill small game if it hits a vital spot, so will the wads for that matter, if you're close enough; and the small pattern will miss a heap of game that the wide pattern will gather in.

At close ranges, like five or ten yards, full choke patterns contain practically a solid mass of metal two to four inches in diameter at five yards, and five to eight inches in diameter at ten yards. Whatever is centered with such a mass of projectiles is not only killed but is also so badly mangled that it ceases to be game to anyone except a game warden. An improved cylinder-bored, 12-gauge gun, on the other hand, throws 5-yard patterns of 3 to 4½ inches in diameter and 10-yard patterns of 9 to 13 inches. At fifteen yards the proportions are as 9 or 10, are to 15 or 17. The photographs shown herewith—of patterns made with strong-modified and improved-cylinder barrels of the same gun will show more clearly the relative spreads of the two most effective types of boring for average field shooting. They show the great superiority of the more open pattern for close-range shooting.



The effect of a change in the size of shot upon 10-yard shotgun patterns

Upper row, left to right: Improved cylinder patterns made with Nos. 7½, 6, and 4 shot. Lower row, left to right: Choke patterns made with Nos. 7½, 6, and 4 shot. Notice how much closer the large shot shoot, particularly in the open-bored barrel.

If the area of the pattern is increased 50 to 100 per cent naturally the chances of hitting a swiftly-moving object are increased almost in the same proportion, and the chances of having something left to pick up are also greatly in your favor.

Small shot, particularly if they are being driven at high velocity, or if loaded in large charges like 1¼ ounces in a 12, or 1 ounce in a 20, will throw *wider* patterns than large shot, particularly in the more open bored barrels. Such patterns will also be somewhat more patchy, at least at short ranges, than those made by, let us say, 1⅛ ounces in a 12. The nice looking short-range patterns are those made by loads like 3 drams, 1⅛ ounces of chilled 6s. Such loads throw very few wild shot.

Suppose we are hunting cottontail rabbits in a dense mass of grass, leaves or brush that is at least knee deep. Every country boy knows how hard it is to see even—much less kill a rabbit under these circumstances. If the grass is waist high and is very fine and stands thickly on the ground, a rabbit ten feet from the shooter and running straight away from him, is practically as safe from a full-choke gun as if he were ten miles off. The reason is that you can't see a rabbit, and all you do see is the motion of the *tops* of the grass. The man who shoots a 3-inch pattern is out of luck under these circumstances. The net result of such shooting is usually a disgusted and quite emphatic "damned if I didn't miss another one."

A high velocity charge of *fine* shot fired from a cylinder-bored gun will be the only real solution of such a problem—if you insist on eating what's left of the rabbit. You get the maximum shot spread; there is plenty of velocity and pellet weight to make clean kills; and the result is a very much larger percentage of kills.

(*Continued on page* 31)

The effect of distance upon pattern

Upper Row: Five, ten, and fifteen-yard patterns; improved cylinder bore, 12 gauge. Lower Row—Five, ten, and fifteen-yard patterns; strong-modified choke, 12 gauge. Load: 3 drams E. C., 1¼ oz. No. 7½ Chilled.

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THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL WILL BE TO studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and a refined taste for natural objects. August 14, 1873.

LOOKING BACK FIFTY YEARS

FIFTY years ago—only a few years after Gettysburg and Lincoln—when the eyes of the nation were turned forward and men began to think of building once more, there came FOREST AND STREAM.

During these fifty years those who have guided its growth, those who have been responsible for its distinct achievements had always before them the ever constant ideal of a magazine whose influence upon the nation would be inspiring.

Today FOREST AND STREAM takes a brief glance back upon the fifty milestones it has passed and reads upon each the inscription. It takes a modest pride in the definite, positive, realization of its work and feels the contentment that comes to those who review a task well done.

We seek no idle praise in these reminiscences. We are taking an inventory as rigid as that of a banker or a merchant. What have we done?

Yellowstone Park was established and is the foundation of our National Park System. Whenever the hand of the spoiler was stretched forth, public sentiment was aroused and a battle fought to save this great playground from the ravages of commercial interests.

The Audubon Society was founded in 1886 and from a modest beginning has now grown to world-wide importance with a permanent endowment fund of $675,000, eighty-two nesting reservations in various sections of the country and 1,700,000 children enrolled in junior clubs, who are supplied with educational literature.

The Glacier National Park was created after a vigorous campaign of education extending over a period of twenty-five years—from 1885 to 1910.

The Migratory Bird Law was originally outlined by the Honorable George Shiras 3rd, who published his remarkable brief in FOREST AND STREAM, proving conclusively that the Federal Government had police control over the taking of migratory birds that passed through the states. It is recognized as the greatest piece of legislation ever passed in the interest of sportsmen.

The Sale of Game Was Stopped through the untiring efforts of FOREST AND STREAM. The announcement that the game of the country belonged as much to posterity as it did to the present generation, and should not be offered for sale in the market place came as a thunderbolt to pot hunters and men who wantonly destroyed wild life. It took many years to educate the people into seeing that only by judicious conservation could sport be assured for the coming generation of gunners.

Pause a moment and think of the vastness of these and see what such achievements have meant in the growth of this America in which we live.

Have more men left the workshop and the counting room and gone into the outdoors to know the joy of nature and, to learn her inspiring lessons? Are there more men who know the place of bird and fish in the great plan of life, and understand them with sympathy? Are there more open spaces, more trees, more grass and more flowers? Is there more room for the sun to shine and for the laughing waters to play and thus to gladden the heart of man? If there is, our accounting is a proper one and we have justified ourselves.

And in looking back it is a good time to speak of temptations. Many have come to us with persuasions to deviate just a little bit from the positive gleam of the ideal we had set before us. To dress our magazine and put between its covers an atmosphere and an influence which might have meant more in dollars and cents and less in the great results achieved! Yes, it would have meant more, but then it would not have been FOREST AND STREAM and there would not have been these inscriptions on the milestones to record the achievements that have been wrought for man and youth.

The years of the future open before us like a broad vista. There is still much to be done. On every hand the enemies of open spaces and clear streams are planning their continued assaults.

Millions of young men—your boy and the other man's boy—are growing into manhood; they are growing in the midst of conflicting influences. Some are good and some are bad. Among the good ones there is the ever constant one of FOREST AND STREAM. These things call to us. They call to us to continue our work, to continue our teachings, to continue our battling for those future generations—that they too may feel the thrill of nature and may know the wholesome joy of the outdoors. It is to this battle that we are dedicated. It is for this ideal that we are pledged to work as constantly as the sun shines in the heavens, for the preservation of wild life, and the open spaces for man and boy; for the building of a literature and a song of these, so that man may once more know youth, so that man may feel the great kindred spirit that exists between him and the beast in the forest and the fish in the water.

FOREST AND STREAM has been the soul of the outdoors and it has kept that soul clean, wholesome and pure.

To continue this work is our task for the future. To continue building these milestones and these traditions—and if at the end of another fifty years we can give an accounting as clean and as wholesome, as positive and as inspiring as the one we are now making, then our work shall not have been in vain and the good that comes from it shall have been wrought in the heart and memory of man.

THE BURSUM BILL

IF THE Bursum Bill, which passed the Senate in September and is now recalled, should become law, the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico would be wiped out and another act of injustice would be added to the already long list of crimes against the Indian. The bill is an insidious piece of legislation in that it was seemingly framed to settle the disputed titles of non-Indian claims to Indian patented lands; but is in fact an encroachment on these lands since it takes as proof of boundaries the

Joy Survey made in 1914-16. This Survey showed every small cabin, ranch, or field within Indian boundaries; giving to each claim such dimensions as the claimant chose to define verbally. The Joy Survey was made for the purpose of determining the exact status of conditions as they existed and not for the purpose of proving title to the lands in dispute.

The United States Government has since 1830 maintained a Bureau of Indian Affairs for the express purpose of handling such disputes between the Indian and the whiteman, but the Bursum Bill would take this matter out of their hands and place it under the jurisdiction of the federal courts. It would in fact make a clean sweep of all disputed land and transfer it to the whitemen, taking whatever verbal claim they might put forth as prima facie evidence of possession.

The Bursum Bill was framed by Secretary Fall and introduced by Senator Bursum of New Mexico. Secretary Fall wrote to the Senate Committee that the bill was an administrative measure and the Bureau of Indian Affairs has been hoodwinked into endorsing the bill which would remove the only reason for the existence of such a bureau. Aside from the inconsistency involved, the danger to the Pueblo is eminent. It would mean the end of internal harmony in their tribal life. For three centuries Spanish, Mexican and American rule has striven to preserve self-government among the Pueblos. Each Pueblo governor today treasures the silver-topped cane presented by Abraham Lincoln to his predecessor in office in token of the final and complete ratification of the Pueblo land grants and of their right to self-government.

If this bill should become law, it would mean the absolute destruction of the Pueblo, as it explicitly states that they shall have only as much water for their fields as they possess at the present moment, and no more. That means very little, as whitemen living near them have gradually encroached upon their water rights until at the present time the Indians have not enough water to insure the most meager of crops that barely keep them from starving; and this year due to an unusual drought, their ditches are so dry that they have not raised enough sustenance for a single family.

It would seem that the present state of affairs has been brought about and the Bursum Bill made possible because of a lack of policy on the part of the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the Department of Justice. Because of political or private greed do we propose to wipe out a race of eight thousand Pueblo Indians which is a survival of an archaic world—artists in ceremonial dances, in music, in poetry, in pottery, in weaving and in many fine arts—that we, as a nation, pay homage to? If not write to your Senator today and tell him that you oppose the Bursum Bill. Senate 3855.

NINETEEN TWENTY-THREE

THE year juts passed has been one of remarkable activity among those fond of the outdoor life of forest and stream. Among other things it has witnessed a longer outdoor season than usual, showing that our people are realizing that outdoor life is not now a sort of summer resort or picnic affair.

In the vicinity of the cities, holidays in early spring found parties tramping the hills and woods, garbed in comfortable old clothes, carrying packs containing materials for the mid-day lunch beside a tiny campfire. Late autumn saw more of these abroad where in other years none were seen. Young and old, men and women, composed these parties. And the summer witnessed such activity afield and afloat and by motor as has never before been known. The time is passing when our people can say they are unfamiliar with their own suburbs save in occasional views through car windows. For years the steady concentration of our best young people in the large cities has been the subject of adverse comment by educators, lecturers, writers. Today it cannot be denied that the movement toward the country is the logical result of a revulsion against too close confinement within brick walls girt about by paved streets.

THAT MILAN PISTOL MATCH

DURING the summer of '21 we got together an eleventh-hour rifle team, hastily equipped a few Springfields with heavy barrels and target sights, went over to France and gave Switzerland the first defeat she has sustained for almost twenty years. The Swiss claimed that our victory was entirely due to our "highly-specialized equipment," a most ridiculous alibi, and everyone knew they would come to the next international match loaded for bear.

Last August thirty of our best riflemen met on the Marine Corps Range at Quantico, Va., and held the stiffest tryout in the history of American marksmanship; demanded the very best in men, rifles and ammunition, and got it; a perfect demonstration of "Preparedness." And we won the World Championship—by a very narrow margin. U. S. 5,132, Switzerland 5,120, a lead of exactly 12 points. We also won the International Individual; Stokes, U. S., 1,067; Lynhard, Switzerland, 1,065; a margin of only 2 points. The Swiss lost because they shot as individuals, not as a team, and their star performer got all tangled up in a sling and thus lost just enough points to permit our boys to win.

Our Pistol Team consisted of Dr. I. R. Calkins, Major J. A. Considine, U. S. A., Karl T. Frederick, Alfred P. Lane, J. S. Palmore and Paul A. Raymond, and the official announcement of their departure on August 30th contained this significant paragraph:

"Dr. R. H. Sayre, who is the dean of the pistol shooting game in the U. S., made all arrangements to handle a real snappy tryout at the Marine Corps Range at Quantico, Va. When the morning of the tryout arrived all Dr. Sayre had to show for his trouble were not quite enough shooters on hand to make a team and a fistful of telegrams and letters of regret sent him by prominent shooters who for one reason or another could not attend. In other words any pistol shot able to make 480 or better, judging from his record, who showed up at the tryout, would have received one first-class trip to Milan, Italy, free of charge."

On September 17th the Swiss and the Italians shoved our pistol team down into third place, and since then not a single report of the International Pistol Shoot has been published in this country. If our team had come home, kicked open the front door and frankly admitted their defeat that is all there would have been to it, but instead they sneaked up the back stairs between midnight and morning and since then have been acting as though they never heard of such a thing as an international pistol shoot; a most regrettable display of poor sportsmanship.

There have been quite a few international shooting matches held during the past fifty years and we Americans have consistently won more than our share of the laurels: did it with all three weapons—rifle, pistol and shotgun. And the plain, unattractive truth forces any reasonable man to admit that an occasional defeat is good for us, because we are continually telling the world that we can beat anyone, at any game, any place, and at any time.

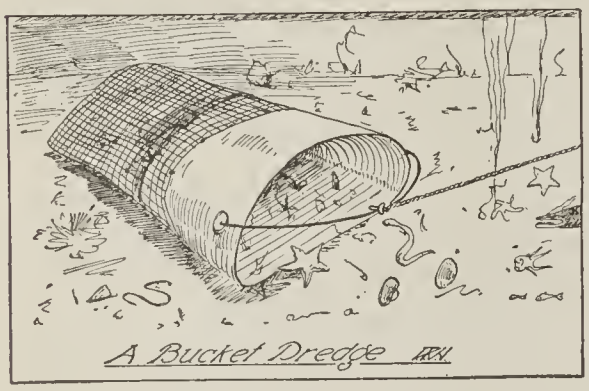
A BUCKET DREDGE

WHAT wonders are to be found at the bottom of the sea. Deep-sea divers, coming back from extreme depths, tell tales of what they have seen that taxes our imagination. But exploring the ocean beds is both expensive and highly dangerous.

We can, however, examine the bottom of the old mill pond, and though it remains motionless and silent, sleeping under a mossy blanket of green algae, the creatures living in its murky depths are both interesting and varied. If you don't believe it, make a bucket dredge as shown, some afternoon, run the old flatboat out of its hiding-place and see.

The dredge itself is made by knocking the bottom out of some pail, no longer useful, and attaching to the rear part a sack made either by cutting wire screen to fit or a gunny sack. For most purposes the screen sack will be better. It pulls through the water easier and collects the fine material.

Screen which is one-quarter inch mesh or smaller will be suitable. Lap the edges together and sew with twine or small wire. Then slip this over the bottom of the bucket until about one-third of the way over the pail. Punch several



small holes along its upper edge and fasten in place with small wire, running through the holes and meshes of the sack. Then bend the pail so that one side of it is almost flat, as shown. When you have tied a small rope to the pail, the dredge is ready for use. The dredge is dropped into the water and slowly pulled along, whatever being loose on the bottom being scooped up. Now and then the dredge is raised and the contents sorted. What is to be saved for the aquarium is put into a pail of fresh water and the rest dumped overboard.

A READER.

WE are depending upon the friends and admirers of our old correspondent Nessmuk to make this department worthy of his name. No man knew the woods better than Nessmuk or wrote of them with quainter charm. Many of his practical ideas on camping and "going light" have been adopted by the United States Army; his canoe has been preserved in the Smithsonian Institution; and we hope that all good woodsmen will contribute to this department their Hints and Kinks and trail-tested contrivances.—[EDITOR.]

A PHOTOGRAPH ENLARGING OUTFIT

THE owner of a small camera need not go without large realistic prints if he is willing to spend a little time in the construction of an enlarging apparatus. The ordinary enlarging box is made with special lens within to properly bring out the enlarged details. Yet, by simply reversing the plan, a camera may be used for this purpose instead. It may be better understood if we propose to let the negative be the object or view to be photographed. Then, since the image will be a negative, that is, light where shadow normally is, and vice versa, the image, as it falls upon the screen behind the camera lens, which in this case is the sensitive enlarging paper, will be positive. And the fact that focusing can be done, to a large extent, with the focusing attachment on the camera, much construction detail is done away with.

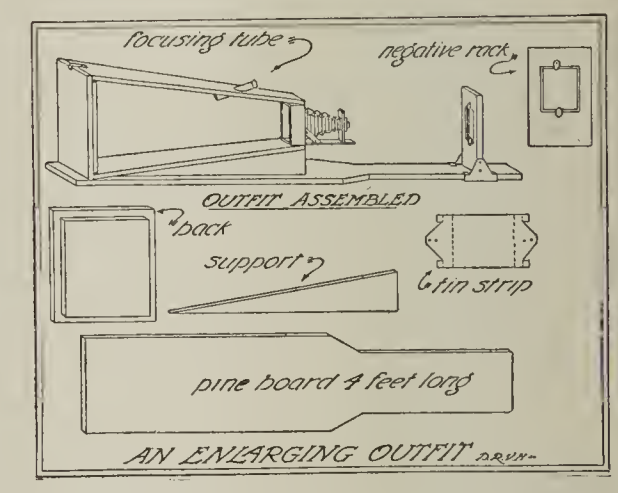
The exposing box itself is a box with inside dimensions equal to the outside dimensions of the camera box, at one end and widening to eight by ten or ten by twelve inches at the other end, inside dimensions. It is forty inches long. The side pieces are cut from soft pine and the edges carefully fitted together and glued. It is essential that all joints are absolutely tight so that no light can get in. The method of fitting the camera will be taken up shortly.

The baseboard which is shown is also of pine, four feet long and the width of the rear end of the enlarging box at one end. The other tapers from about the middle to six inches. After being cut to shape the edges are smoothed down with sandpaper.

When the box and baseboard have been prepared, the box is mounted upon two taper strips, also of one-inch material, so that a line running through the center of the box will be parallel to the baseboard. These taper boards are cut in the manner shown in the drawing marked "support." They are nailed or glued, or both, to the baseboard and the box fastened to them by small finish-nails which are driven through the lower side of the box into the upper edges.

It will be seen that the front end of the baseboard supports the vertical negative holder. This holder, made of soft wood, is held in place by a single strip of tin, cut to shape, and slides back and forth. This feature is provided to help in the focusing of the image at the back of the box.

The negative holder is six inches wide and about eight inches high. A rectangular opening is cut in it the size of the negatives to be used and a flange left at the back side. Then when the negative is inserted from the front and the two buttons turned down, it will be securely held. The buttons may be made of tin, cut to shape and held with small brads.



Select a smooth sheet of tin four inches wide and ten inches long. Mark two lines, denoted by the dotted lines in the drawing, with a pencil or sharp nail, and bend on these lines so that the ends turn at right angles to the strip. Then with a pair of old shears cut each end into the shape shown.

IN mounting the negative holder, slide the tin strip under the baseboard, which will just fit between the upturned ends, and then bend the prongs, two on each end, down onto the upper side. Shell screws are put through the holes

indicated and turned down into the edges of the holder as shown in the assembled drawing. If properly put together, the holder can now be moved back and forth and will remain upright and rigid. The edges of the tin should be smoothed off and oil added if necessary.

The remaining item to assemble is the cover for the back of the box. This is made from two pieces of one-inch board. One is cut slightly smaller than the inside dimensions of the rear opening and the other the size of the outside dimensions. Both are nailed together, the grain of the wood of one running crossways with that of the other. To prevent warping, they should be glued also and placed under a heavy object to set. Two pieces of cork spring bent as shown and fastened one to the top of the box and the other at the bottom, will hold it in place.

One other feature which should be added is the tube in the top through which the operator sights when focusing the image on the back. This may be the handle from an old tin dipper or a sheet of tin rolled into a tube and soldered. A hole is bored through at an angle and the tube run through. If the fit is rather tight no other means of fastening will be necessary. A cork should be provided to exclude all light when an exposure is made.

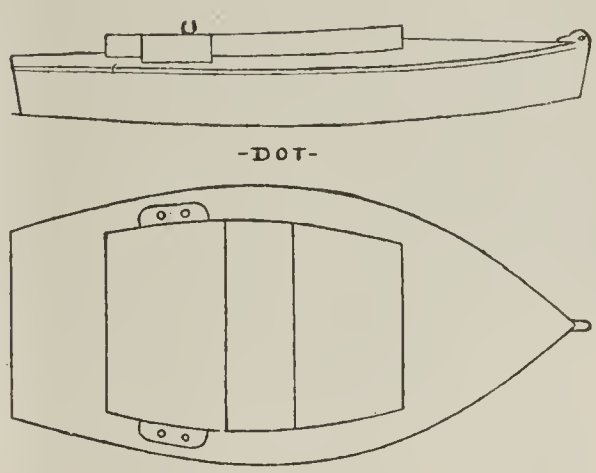
Now set the camera in the opening and line up with the center of the negative holder. If the fit is rather loose, two or three layers of a strip of black cloth is wrapped about it. This will prevent possible marring of the camera box and at the same time prevent light from entering. This adjustment need not be very accurate, for a slight change can be easily made if, when sighting through the tube, the image is a little off center.

To use the outfit, place a negative in the holder, turn the apparatus toward a strong light and with the shutter of the camera open and the camera back off, sight through the tube. Then work the camera bellows out or in until the image is sharply focused. To change the size of the image, move the negative holder back or forward. The enlarging paper, usually a bromide paper, is held in place on the box back with thumb-tacks. The light used may be artificial and the length of exposure can be best determined by two or three trials. If you have some black paint handy give the inside of the box one or two coats.

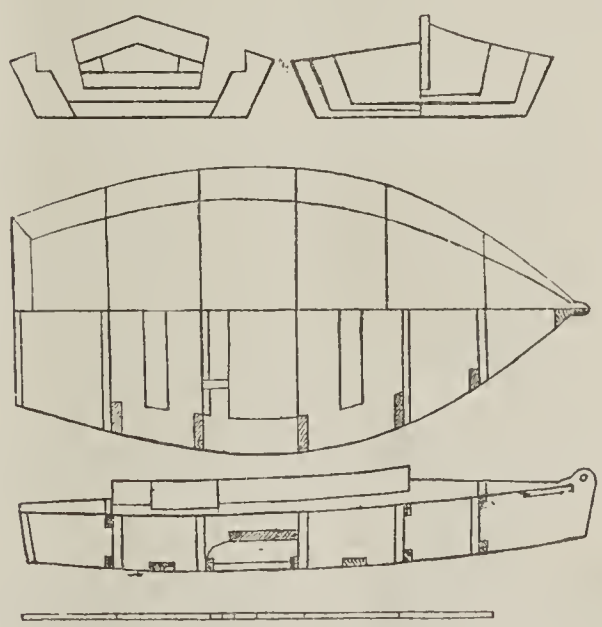
DALE R. VAN HORN.

A HANDY LITTLE DUCK-BOAT

THE success, comfort and safety of the duck hunter depends largely on his boat. The most common types are long, narrow and open, a cross between a canoe and a skiff, adapted to the meadow, swamp and inland waters; and



the wide, flat, sneak-boat type, for the numerous bays and open waters along the coast. Around Cape Cod neither of these seem to fit although both would come in handy. Few can or care to have two boats, nine-tenths of the value in specially made boats is divided between labor and profit; so many build their own along their pet ideas.



Most of us have an inborn desire to build boats and it is assumed that being a duck hunter is a guarantee of at least average ability and unlimited patience, which are the prime requisitions of amateur boat building. The plan herewith gives a fair idea of one that was built at slight expense either for materials or tools and has been in constant use for more than a dozen years.

Its dimensions are as follows. Length 74″, beam 36″, draught 3″, capacity 400 lbs., weight 58 lbs. Its bottom, sides and deck are made of ½″ cedar, frames 1″ chestnut and transom and seat 1″ spruce.

It behaves well in rough, open water, will carry a good load, can be dragged or pushed through very shallow water, is handy to set out decoys with and to shoot from either on the water where the birds pay no attention to it, or on the bank where it is very easily concealed, and light enough to be launched quickly to pick up the birds. It is of the simplest type to build.

It is not necessary to exactly reproduce the design, as slight modifications will hardly be noticed in the performance of the finished boat if the general outline is followed. In planning this boat, cardboard models were made on an inch scale, given a coat of shellac and tested in water. Though somewhat crude, these tests conveyed an excellent idea as to expected performance. One in particular, that of placing a small bottle of shot on the center, which was found by balancing the model on a pin, and by adding a few pellets until the model capsized, plainly showed the carrying power of the different designs. The model as adopted being considered as the smallest practical one-man duck-boat, although able to carry two men and a dog, and it has since fulfilled all expectations.

As simplicity of construction makes for lightness, the cross frames were spaced one foot apart, making five in all. No. 2 and No. 5 are alike, as are No. 3 and No. 4 and are simplicity itself. The bottom pieces of No. 2 and No. 4 face the bow while those on No. 3 and No. 5 face the stern.

A sewing machine crate furnished the chestnut for these frames which has proven tough and has held its fastenings. All frames are one inch thick. The bottom pieces are 1½ inches wide. The deck beams and side pieces of No. 1 and No. 2 and No. 5 are 3 inches wide. Side pieces of No. 3 and No. 4 are 4 inches wide.

The transom or stern board and the seat are of spruce, 9 inches wide and 1 inch thick The stern or bow piece is of bakmatak and all in one piece.

(*Continued on page 32*)

LETTERS, QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

WHITE-FOOTED MICE

Dear FOREST AND STREAM:

IN our early camping days we stretched a wire between the tent poles on which to hang our clothing with the idea that they were thus protected from mice and rodents. That they might walk a wire never entered our heads. For years the plan was a success. Then came a surprise. One morning my partner told me that while lying awake the night before he had seen a mouse run up the front tent pole and out upon the wire upon which my coat was hanging and then back down the pole again and that it repeatedly made the trip. In a most patronizing tone I accused him of having eaten something for supper which did not agree with him. He promptly came back with the proposition that I investigate my coat. I would find a hole in the shoulder from which some of the padding had been removed. His confidence was somewhat upsetting but still I could not believe that a mouse could walk that wire. I made the search and sure enough there was the hole and the padding had been removed. The evidence seemed conclusive.

To make assurance doubly sure, during the day I fastened a narrow board on the wire and on it set a spring mouse trap. The next night we caught the thief, a white-footed mouse, and nothing further could be said. The wire was a small galvanized one, perfectly smooth, without kinks, stretched tightly, the board at least two feet from the tent pole and nothing between the two but the wire. My partner said the mouse ran up the pole and out upon the wire with as much ease as though on the ground. It still sounds impossible to me.

In talking to an old woodsman he told me that these mice could walk the wire from *the under side,* their bodies hanging downward. Whether this is true I do not pretend to say, but the one story sounds no more improbable than the other. Indeed, that they might cling to the wire from underneath would seem more probable than that they could run along on top.

Our next experience with white-footed mice was in the same tent at the same spot, though another year. A loose bundle was pulled from under the bed and a mouse nest fell out and six pink baby mice were spilled in every direction, while the old mother ran off. Soon she returned, picked up one of the babies exactly as a cat carries a kitten, in her mouth, and took it off. Soon she was back after another. This continued until five had been taken away. When the bundle was spilled, a newspaper was lying on the floor, one corner of which blew up and under it rolled one of the babies. The paper then settled into place leaving no sign of what was under it. When the mother had carried away the five she returned for the last. She searched most carefully for it, back and forth and around, repeatedly crossing the paper. Finally she nosed under the paper and disappeared shortly to appear with the baby in her mouth and away she went *to return no more.* Could she count? Did she know she had six babies? How did she find it concealed as it was? Somehow she knew there was another.

In our Michigan cabin, built in the timber, we continually find caches of acorns, sometimes under the bedclothes in beds in constant use, under the blankets on the couch, or on spare beds; always in a good, snug place for a winter store. Whether put there by squirrels, flying squirrels or mice we did not know. If by the two former it would seem probable that we would sometimes see them at their work, or at least hear them. The mice seemed the more likely cause, but we could not figure out how an animal no larger than a mouse could carry an acorn almost an inch long and over half an inch across. The mystery was explained when we saw a white-footed mouse run along a log of the cabin with an acorn in his mouth. It is still a mystery how he carried a round, hard, slick object the size of an acorn.

Last summer I had occasion to light a fire in an old cook-stove which for some time had been sitting out in the timber. I filled up the firebox with kindling and wood and lighted it. The oven door was ajar and as soon as it commenced to warm up a white-footed mouse ran out. Soon she returned and went into the oven from which she shortly emerged with a pink baby in her mouth. She ran off some ten feet and deposited the little one in a hole at the root of a tree. Then back she came for another. By this time the stove was beginning to warm up quite imperceptibly. In she went, however, without hesitation, and was quickly back with a second. This time, however, she did not take it to the hole but only took it a few feet where she left it and went back for another. She transferred the whole family to the spot where she had left the second baby and after all were safely there she then moved them to the hole where the first one had been taken. Why did she change her plan and move the last ones but a short distance and immediately move them again to the hole? I can see nothing except that she realized she did not have time to carry them all to the hole in the first place; that to save them she must get them out in a hurry. To me it looks as though she did some reasoning.

L. O. VAUGHT, Illinois.

AIREDALE AND RABBIT

Dear FOREST AND STREAM:

RABBIT and Airedale; scurry and bounce; yelp and follow!

According to natural law, that is the relation between Airedale and rabbit. Natural law sometimes misses its guess. Billy Airedale, poor little chap, came from a commercial kennel. He was just as badly off as a city boy who has not expanded into country events and sympathies. When Billy dreams it doesn't represent any Freudian complex relating to some shock which he received when a pup. It is more likely a dream of Airedale heaven, in which cats are going up eight trees at once.

After the prelude comes my story. I was standing near the steps of the farm-

(*Continued on page* 33)

In the February Number

The Big Game of North China, by *Arthur de Carle Sowerby*—a comprehensive description of a game country that is becoming increasingly popular with sportsmen. *A Coon Hunt in Nebraska,* by *L. V. Douglas*—tells of exciting sport with the hounds. *The Last Wolf in the Adirondacks,* by *Frederick A. Potter. Winter in Our Game Covers,* by *W. J. Schaldach. Some Trout and Bass Lures,* by *Edward T. Whiffen. A Quail Hunt in the South,* by *F. A. Beauchamp.* A good gun article by *C. S. Landis.* and many more stories that sportsmen will delight to read.

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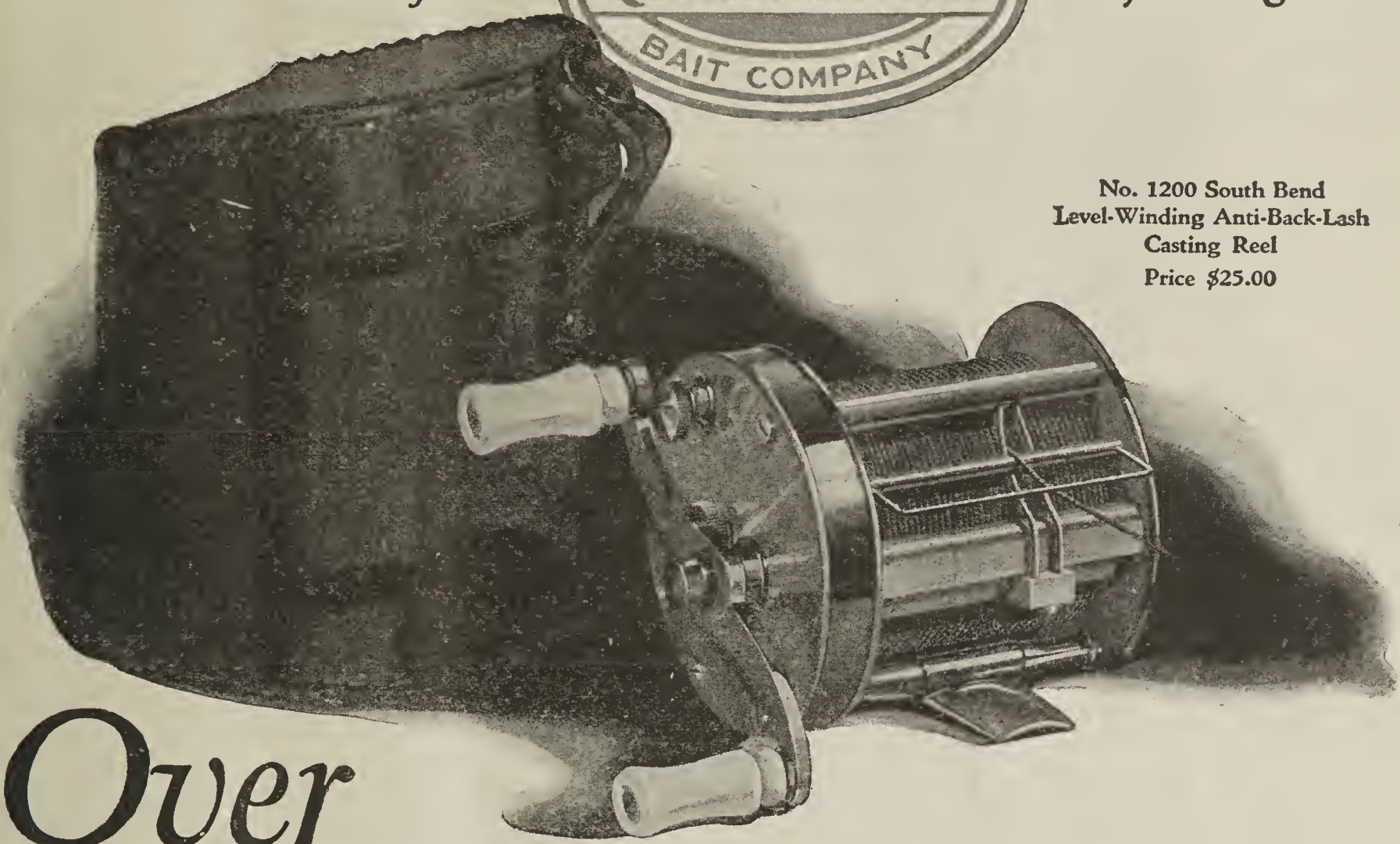

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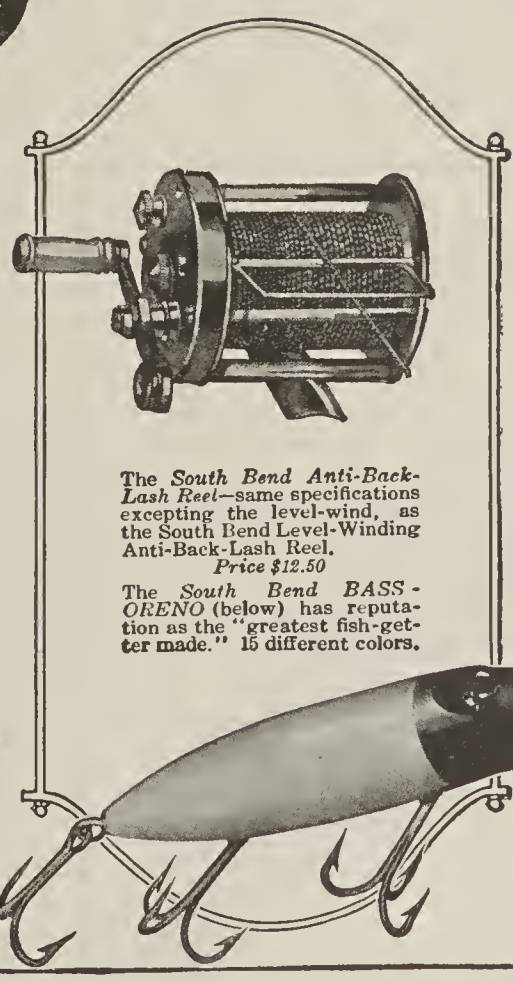

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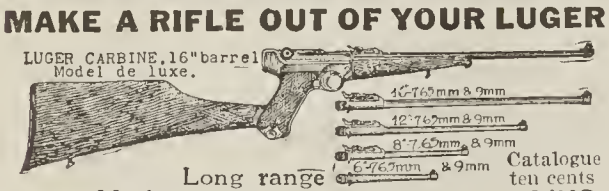

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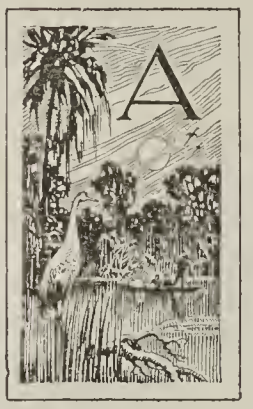
A DUCK HUNT IN HAITI

WATER BIRDS IN GREAT VARIETY ARE ENCOUNTERED DURING A MID-WINTER SOJOURN

By J. DRYDEN KUSER



A TELEPHONE bell rings and you struggle to awake amidst a mass of mosquito netting. You stumble across the bare floor to learn it is two-thirty; and pause to wonder why you care what hour it is. You remember—you are in Haiti and it is a duck-hunt morning in January. By the light of the setting moon you discover first one puttee and then another, and a half hour later finds you crawling into a Ford filled with guns, shells, food, a couple of thermos bottles (for Haiti is still "wet") and other paraphernalia.

About an hour after you have left Port-au-Prince and joggled along the country, which has changed from cultivated and irrigated cane fields to cactus desert, you leave the main road and branch off on a clearing through the cactus. Soon you stop and there is much blowing of the horn. After about ten minutes or so this results in the straggling in of several native blacks.

Each picks his man and starts through the underbrush to the edge of Troucaiman, a reed and mangrove filled fresh-water lake. Here lie in the mud shore several "dug-outs" (primitive canoes dug out of one piece of tree trunk about 7 feet long by 1½ feet wide). You crawl in the front of your particular dug-out, the native stands in the rear and poles you off into the blackness.

It takes but a few moments to lose track of where your companions have gone, and all you see are shadows of water birds rising out of the water in front of you; others flapping lazily by or darting across your path. The moon has set and only the lighter blackness of the eastern sky tells you that another hour will see sunrise.

Gradually, very gradually, you are able to distinguish shape and size in the shadows about you. First, beating along with much noise, just above the water, you know the "poule d'eau," as they are called by the natives. These represent three species, the American coot, the purple and the Florida gallinules, in the order of their abundance. Locally, they consider them good game, and your guide will always insist that you shoot them. They are not bad to eat, as a matter of fact, but for sport, shooting them is like catching a sparrow after having put the proverbial salt on its tail.

The larger, slower shadows which you have seen now begin to divide themselves into black shadows and white shadows (if we can ever call a shadow white). You see, from then on, the hundreds and hundreds of white shadows of American egrets, and a few of the smaller snowy egret. Here in the heart of Haiti, there is no Audubon Society to protect them; but, thankfully, there are practically no plume hunters to worry them.

The darker shadows of the same size are, of course, herons, mostly the Louisiana, but with great-blue, an occasional black-crowned night, and many of the familiar green heron, the little "shitepoke" of our summer marshes.

A flock of smaller birds rush by like bullets, and not at first recognizing them, you ask your guide.

"Cecele, cecele!" he cries excitedly.

This means the blue-winged teal, of which you see more later, and are lucky enough to get one bird out of the next flock, which comes nearer to you.

A winding road over the mountains in Haiti

Pretty soon your little skiff can be plied no longer through the oozing mud, and you crawl out and have to keep wading fast to prevent sinking too deep into the half foot of water and many feet of black slime. But it is only a few steps to crouch down in your position on a tussock, and await the flights of the ducks, which are just commencing to feed before the sun has risen over the distant hills of San Domingo.

ALL around you the place is now alive with the sounds of awakening birds. Flocks of several dozen little Dominican grebes (they are considerably smaller than our pied-billed) are bobbing in and out of the water, while solitary and spotted sandpiper and killdeer dart about. Overhead but not very near are flocks (they always go in flocks, unlike the herons and egrets) of the white and glossy ibis, but which, upon sighting you, give their warning squak and the whole flock swerves away.

Now come the ducks. The Bahaman pintail, a beautiful bird with bright red patches upon white cheeks and brilliant green in the wings, will come singly or in pairs. The redhead and lesser scaup appear, usually higher, and in flocks; while an occasional ruddy (known to the Haitians as *"Cucurem"*) flies by. But you are more apt to find this small species swimming about in the water behind some mangroves.

Occasionally another dug-out will come near, with a native come to inspect his primitive but ingenious wicker fish-traps. His competitors, the osprey and kingfisher, are also ever on guard to secure their prey by a swift dart from air to water.

It is ten o'clock before you realize it, and with only four ducks and fourteen less shells, you climb into your dug-out and are poled back in the tropical sun to a welcome drink and sandwich under the shade of a Ford top.

Before your brief repast is finished another party of hunters comes ashore and notes are compared with them.

"Here," says one, "is a peculiar bird which I shot. Upon picking it up out of the water, it cut me, and I found it has spurs on its wings!"

You, being the ornithologist, walk over and discover one of the few spur-winged birds of the world, the Mexican jacana. Together with it are several baldpate, which later prove to be quite common.

Now comes your opportunity, while the others are still talking over the shells that didn't go off and the birds that flew too high, to sneak down to the edge of the lake and see what birds are there. The continual whining note from the bush on the right first attracts your attention. You sneak up and discover that it is that peculiar tropical bird, the ani, with high beak, black and about the size of a grackle. You may also see there either of two common birds of the same family, the Haitian lizard cuckoo and the mangrove cuckoo. And just below you hear a familiar call, and out peeps a yellow-throat.

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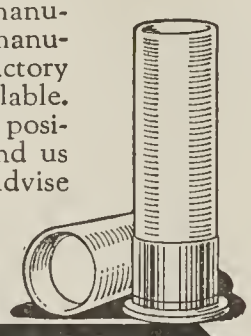


CORK TEX
The New WAD Endorsed by SCIENCE

It is now time to start back for Port-au-Prince so you regretfully leave Troucaiman and wend your way back through the cactus desert. On every side are crows (*Corvus leucognaphalus* positively identified), and numbers of the ani. But I have said nothing of the two commonest birds of Haiti. They are everywhere and remind you of one another in their general habit of perching on the top of a tree or a pole and in their gray color. They are the Haitian mockingbird and the gray kingbird. You cannot go two hundred yards along the road that you do not see an individual of one or another, and this is particularly so in the plains country. Two smaller birds are almost as common, the grassquits, yellow-faced and black-headed, and the song of the former is almost indistinguishable from that of the chipping sparrow; in fact, the grassquits take the place of our American sparrows all along the roads.

The car stops quickly, and everyone is over the side in a moment, banging away at a flock of guineas, which are fast disappearing in the cactus. These birds are descendants of the common guineas brought in by the French over a century ago. When the French evacuated Haiti the guineas were left and they became acclimated and for generations have now been wild. They are excellent game and delicious food. The proper way to hunt the guinea is to get out in the cactus-less plains before dawn and have a couple of dogs, which tree the birds until you are generally within gunshot.

THE rest of the ride brings you several new birds—a flash of green means that a narrow-billed tody has passed, the unmistakable flight of a woodpecker means you have seen a Haitian woodpecker, and the Haitian grackle, Haitian oriole and two kinds of doves, the mourning and Cuban ground and the white-winged pigeon form the more interesting.

Just before you reach town you run into what may be called "the English sparrow of Haiti." It is that little-known bird, the palmchat, which seems to stay about the towns and has one note of an English sparrow and another of a starling. The birds are always hanging in some grotesque position, reminding you of a crossbill. They are generally in flocks, often thirty being in a single tree together, and usually eating the seeds of some native trees.

Your ride is over. You have visited a choice part of Haiti, but there is a lot that remains unseen. If you go into the interior you will see flocks of the Haitian parrot. If you go out in the harbor you will see the brown pelican and the man 'o war birds, and at any time you may see either variety of the beautiful palm tanagers and all of these common American warblers: black and white, Cape May, yellow-throated, black-throated blue, palm, prairie, redstart, myrtle and Louisiana waterthrush.

There are other birds which you will find eventually if you are long in Haiti, and much that is new about those you have already seen.

Two nights later you sit on your veranda and eat your guinea or duck to the call of a chuck-wills-widow.

BLUE JAY AND STARLING TRACKS

BARE winter with its loneliness is the season to be interested in tracks. The white landscape may stretch from horizon to horizon under the touch of an icy north wind, without sign of wild life, but it is seldom that the white page of snow is not marked with the footprints of bird or beast.

In the village, tracks left by rabbit and squirrel, so like yet clearly different, run here and there among the footpads of cat and dog. In the woodland, one

Blue jay and starling tracks

may cross the clean-cut trail of a fox, or find marks left by the broadly spread toes of the ruffed grouse, now fringed with comb-like teeth, a sort of nature's snowshoe. The tracks of mice, resembling those of a miniature rabbit or squirrel, appear along the wayside, disappearing in some hole, and wherever one may tramp are marks left by small ground-feeding birds, so much alike as to be puzzling or impossible to differentiate.

When our old friend the blue jay descends to the snow his feet strike side by side, and he progresses by leaps. There may be a foot's distance between the take off and where he strikes the snow again. A blue jay's footprint is very narrow, the antithesis of the spreading toes of such true ground birds as quail and grouse. The diagramatic sketch of a jay track in snow shows a very long hind-toe mark, suggesting that the hind toe may be dragged in landing.

Now that the introduced European starling has become numerous in the Northeast, its are among the most abundant bird tracks on winter snows or shores. It walks in place of hopping, and its recognizable footprint, though much smaller, suggests that of the crow. The sketch of a starling track herewith, like that of the blue jay, is in proportion to a one-inch scale.

There is a fascination in the study of tracks; playing detective, as it were, on creatures of the wild, even in places far too civilized for any big game to remain.

J. T. NICHOLS.

TRAPPING THE THREE RIVER ZONE

(*Continued from page* 13)

catching the beaver they use some very odd methods, among which may be mentioned snaring and breaking open the houses. This latter method is extremely unfair, as at certain times of the season it leaves the beavers without a home other than their bank retreats.

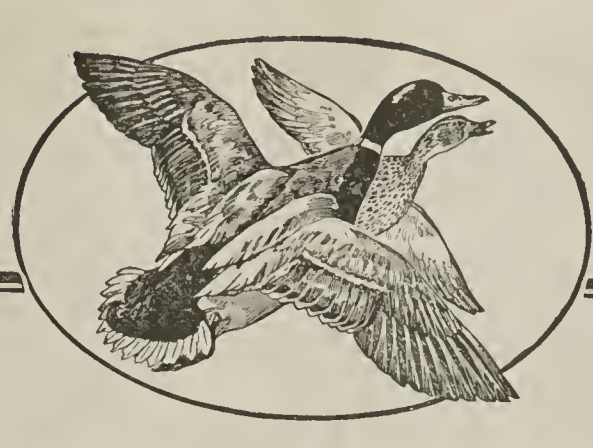
When I finally pulled down to the Baptiste I was delighted to find that a fur buyer was there and after considerable haggling, sold him my entire catch, averaging $4.00 and bears $8.00. Not a very big price, but such is the life of a trapper!

AFTER I had left the Baptiste that spring I was somewhat disgusted with the trapping trade; I had caught quite a large number of furs, but was disappointed in the price I realized from them. When I landed in Edmonton the World War was on full tilt and there was a great cry for recruits. After looking at it from various angles I decided that it was up to me to take a crack at the Hun. I enlisted in the 202nd (Sportsmen's) Battalion, and left for Sarcee Camp, near Calgary.

While in training at Sarcee I had the good luck to run across a young fellow named Forrest Adair, who had trapped a number of miles south of me the previous winter. We lived over our trapping experiences a great many times. I will never forget the first march we took. It was during fair time in Calgary. We had to march seven miles in the morning, having the remainder of the day off and coming home in the cool of the evening. On the way back to camp a number of the new recruits played out. We had nothing but our rifles to carry and I was astonished that men could stand so little. Once a lieutenant asked me, with solicitude too, if I thought I could hold out, being on my first march! I smiled to myself and wondered what he would think had he but known that I had walked all the way from the Athabasca to Edson, a distance of fifty-three miles over rough mountain trails, in exactly fourteen hours, and that less than two weeks previously!

After I returned to my home in Washington I was soon planning another trip to the Baptiste. I was delighted to see my folks, but after a month had passed I felt the urge to return to the wilderness smiting me worse than ever. Once my poor mother saw that I was determined to go back, she put her own feelings to one side and assisted me in every way possible. In reading accounts of the various explorations into unknown regions I cannot

(*Continued on page* 34)



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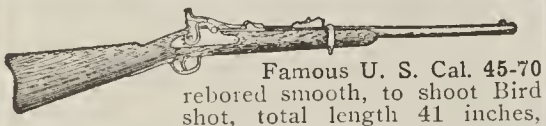

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HUNTING AND FISHING PRESIDENTS

(*Continued from page* 10)

"You're a smart fellow," replied the angler in costly attire, "but a good fisherman. What did you make last year?"

"Oh," replied the man in oilskins, "about $1,000 a week. I was President of the United States."

Cleveland was a sportsman. He never took undersized fish and he never fished for the "limit." Cleveland would never take more than twelve fish in a day. John Uri Lloyd, who fished with Cleveland, says the President always carried a measuring-stick, throwing back into the lake all fish less than twelve inches in length.

In "A Word to Fishermen," in his "Fishing and Shooting Sketches," Cleveland shows the value of conservation when practiced. He writes:

"On no account should edible fish be caught in such quantities as to be wasted. By restraining ourselves in this matter we discourage in our own natures the growth of greed, we prevent wicked waste, we make it easier for us to bear the fall between decent good luck and bad luck, or no luck, and we make ourselves at all points better men and better fishermen.

"We ought not to forget these things as we enter upon the pleasure of our summer's fishing. But in any event let us take with us, when we go out, good tackle, good bait and plenty of patience. If the wind is in the south or west, so much the better, but let's go, wherever the wind may be. If we catch fish we shall add zest to our recreation. If we catch none, we shall still have the outing and the recreation—more healthful and more enjoyable than can be gained in any other way."

BEFORE Arthur became President, he was fond of going to eastern Canada, the home of the salmon. After he became President, he confined his fishing to streams within the borders of the United States. He fished in Florida for black bass, but liked to spend vacations at the Thousand Islands, angling for black bass and mascalonge.

An interesting story of one of these trips is related by Julian Ralph, who was sent by the *New York Sun* to record the President's doings.

"We lived at the same hotel with him," wrote Ralph, "and in the mornings he used to share with us the mascalonge or the bass he had caught on the previous day. And once it came about that he waited upon me as if he had been the humblest man in the land.

"With another correspondent I had been kept up late at night telegraphing, and then had stayed up later still over a midnight supper. When we came to the hotel it was past midnight and the entire house—except the windows of the President's suite of seven rooms—was dark and lifeless. His windows were still brilliantly lighted, for it was his habit to work or read until very late at night.

"We tried all the doors, and when we came to the last one President Arthur opened it and let us in. We apologized profusely, but he only smiled and said that his negro boy was very tired and gone to sleep, he thought he would rather let us in himself than disturb the servant.

"'You have found very agreeable society here,' he said.

"'No,' we replied, 'we have been telegraphing.'

"'Don't tell me that,' he insisted, 'you telegraph only about me, and I have not done anything in twenty-four hours. I prefer to envy you, and to believe that you have found some one's society very charming.'"

When President Arthur was in Florida, he heard much of the size of the large-mouth black bass in interior Florida waters. So one day with his Secretary of the Navy, William E. Chandler, and another friend, they arrived in Kissimmee City. Here they were met by a guide. Boarding one of the queer little vessels that ply the lake, they sailed to the entrance of a creek where the President got into a canoe-like boat with the guide and started for the home of the bass. No others went along. For six hours, the President and the unknown but recommended guide were gone. When they returned, much to the relief of Mr. Chandler, the President brought with him four or five black bass. It seems that the bass were not in a biting mood that day, but President Arthur at last found a fly that would tempt the fish and on a day when the "bass wouldn't bite," something all fishermen will understand, President Arthur made them bite. He may have accomplished his purpose by making the fish so angry that they struck at the fly, and being an expert, hooked the fish.

Judge Taft likes black bass fishing best and enjoys fishing for them in the Thousand Islands, at Murray Bay, saving many a fish from a watery grave. Judge Taft can also tell yarns (what fisherman cannot?), and one of his amusing ones concerns Frank Cushman of Washington, whom he quotes as follows in telling of the depths reached in the hard times following the panic of 1893.

"Out here," goes the story, "we didn't have anything to eat but clams. Our streets were paved with clams. We had buckets of clams sitting around the house. It was all we had to eat. Bankers, ministers of the gospel, lawyers—everybody ate clams. I ate so many clams myself that my stomach would rise and fall with the tide."

Of the Presidents which liked hunting, Washington was partial to deer; Jefferson to deer, turkey, opossums and raccoons; Jackson to deer and turkey; Tyler and Taylor to deer; Pierce was fond of 'coons; Buchanan of quail (called partridge in the South), and Lincoln to turkey.

Hayes had a similar bent; Garfield delighted in ducks and quail, Cleveland was at home with ducks and shore birds as well as upland game, not despising the humble rabbit; Benjamin Harrison confined himself to ducks and partridge, being partial to red-heads and mallards.

Wilson, who, before he became spokesman in his second administration for the whole world and until he broke down at Wichita, Kansas, in September of 1919, on his Western tour explaining to his countrymen the League of Nations, liked to roam the Virginia hills for quail.

Washington was a mere lad when he began his hunting career, his first hunt being a fox meet, a sport that he continued even after the American Revolution was ended. Washington was a duck hunter, too. His last deer hunt was in 1785, when he killed a buck weighing 146 pounds.

Jefferson, too, was a fox-hunter, and, like the first President, began early in life. His hunting trips were mainly for pleasure and recreation. But with Andrew Jackson, he followed deer, wild turkeys and other game, doing his killing more from necessity than for the pleasure of the hunt.

William Henry Harrison, in whose campaign for the Presidency enormous processions and mass meetings were held for the first time, often called it the "log-cabin and hard cider campaign," because the eastern end of his home at North Bend, Ohio, consisted of a log cabin and "his table, instead of being covered with exciting wines, is well supplied with the best cider," was handy with the rifle as were all the pioneers in the Northwestern territories.

Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready," loved to roam through the forests hunting and fishing, often camping for days when in the pursuit of game. Pierce liked hunting, especially partridge, and, like Roosevelt, was an intense lover of nature.

When Lincoln was born in Hodgenville, Kentucky, February 12, 1809, much of that section of Kentucky was still a wilderness. When the boy was seven years old, his father removed to Indiana, settling in the rich and fertile forest country near Little Pigeon Creek, not far distant from the Ohio River.

The President once said of this neighborhood: "It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods." Lincoln was fond of fishing and shooting but more fond of study. When Lincoln reached manhood, his father emigrated to Macon county, Illinois, where a cabin was erected. Lincoln aided his father in building the cabin, splitting the rails to fence the farm. Thus he became known as the "rail splitter." Lincoln was then six feet, four inches in stature and had extraordinary strength. Both Lincoln and Washington excelled all the other Presidents in height and physical strength; both were outdoorsmen. Lincoln was so physically fit, such a good shot and could hold his own so well that when the Black Hawk War broke out in 1832, he volunteered and was immediately made captain of his company.

Recently in the *Saturday Evening Post* in an article on J. P. Morgan as a collector of American manuscripts, George S. Hellman, who sold to Mr. Morgan a number of manuscripts of

(*Continued on page* 34)

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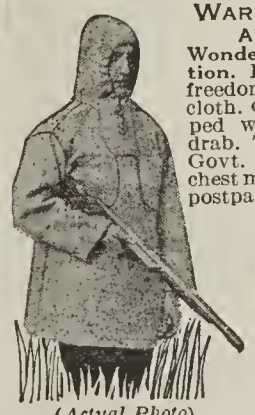

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THIS MONTH IN THE OUTDOORS

(*Continued from page* 11)

length of the deer season and Kentucky has no open time until 1925. One of the reasons for shortening the season is overshooting and the great increase in the number of hunters.

Hunting clubs, frequently composed entirely of Northern sportsmen, owning vast tracts of land in the Southern states, no longer make the big kills that were once the rule. Often in clubs, the game which one may take is less than the limit that the state or the county law allows. (In North Carolina, for instance, almost every county has laws different from adjacent or nearby counties.) But there was a time when wild game was so abundant, but little attention was paid by gunners to the bag limits prescribed by the state or by the Federal authorities having in charge migratory game.

Not so many years ago I had the pleasure of being a member of a party of probably fifty men who lived in Jasper County, South Carolina, who were given a day's hunt by the Okatee Club, whose home is about two miles south of Ridgeland, South Carolina. Mr. J. B. Bostick, in charge, to create good-will for the club, invited men who lived in the community of the club's ground to a hunt. The men came to a central point, in all sorts of conveyances, captains were appointed, and men on horseback with the dogs circled and drove the deer to where the men were stationed at their stands.

At one o'clock, the men met at the meeting place. After grace had been said, they sat down to dinner in the outdoors, but long before the pipes and cigars were lighted, all were telling of their experiences that morning and recollections of the other days. As I recall it now, possibly a dozen deer were brought in, which, added to those obtained in the afternoon's hunt, brought the total up to eighteen or more. The deer were then apportioned out, one to a family, say, particularly where there were three or four representatives, and where individual families were represented by one, a deer would be given to that man to share with his hunting companion who lived nearest. Neither John W. Horry nor I had the luck to get a shot—I missed mine by not staying on the job long enough—but in the back of the buggy we had a deer tied and the families represented by us and our neighbors received us joyously.

"Poor Man's Turkey"

OFF the coast of Long Island, Rhode Island and Massachusetts and thence northward to the Maritime Provinces, the cod, which locally in New York is called the "poor man's turkey," is taking the angler's bait and for the angler who hates to put away his fishing rod, there are boatmen who will take the fisherman to where the cod is found in schools.

At New York City's local fishing grounds, a cod of 25, 30, 35 and 40 pounds is not unusual at the Cholera Banks, Seventeen Fathoms, Rocky Hill and Black Warrior Wreck. Captain Fred Foster, known to all bank fishermen whose memory runs back a quarter of a century used to tell about a cod taken by Paddy Regan that weighed 52 pounds, 1 ounce. It was the largest taken in his fishing career on the local banks. The day that Regan got his big cod, Foster himself captured three cod (from the small boat that was lowered from the steamer Al Foster), which weighed 52, 48 and 30 pounds respectively. I doubt if that catch has ever been exceeded by a fisherman on the fleet of boats that leave New York City proper, from Sheepshead, Gravesend or Jamaica Bays. Dr. Benjamin M. Briggs, president emeritus of the United Angler's League of New York City, insists that the cod is a game fish and through years of reiteration he believes it. Ask him.

Casting in Winter Weather

AFTER the migratory fish leave the New York and New Jersey waters, many salt water fishermen do not put up their tackle, instead they take the "big stick" to the casting field and spend many a Sunday or a Saturday afternoon casting the four-once lead regardless of snow and ice. Thus they improve their casting, particularly in surf fishing, for next season and the men themselves are in a better position to be chosen as a member of a team of five to make the annual struggle for the Ocean City Cup, the classic casting event of the clubs in the Association of Surf Angling Clubs.

Each season, as a result of the practice casting during the winter, the Asbury Park Fishing Club, the Belmar Fishing Club, the Anglers' Club of Ocean City, the Ocean City Fishing Club, the New York Casting Club and other salt water fishing organizations hold a club tournament at which members compete in casting in a 30-foot lane, two parallel lines made at right angles to the base line, thirty feet apart. Also in the V-shaped court, in which the boundary lines diverge from a point on the base line with a spread of thirty feet at the 100-foot mark and continue at an angle indefinitely. Also the distance-accuracy line, a marked line at right angles to the base line, variations from which are deducted from the length of the cast and the 140-foot stake and a straight accuracy mark.

The world's record for distance in casting the four-once lead is 461 feet, 10 inches, made at Ocean City, New Jersey, in 1920 by Harold G. Lentz. Records going back to 1884 show that the American record was boosted from 204 feet to its present distance. Year by year the distance has been gradually climbing, some years by feet, some other years by inches, the record holders including such good fishermen as J. A. Roosevelt, W. H. Wood, E. B. Rice, Dr. R. J. Held, William J. Moran, Carleton Simon, Jr., Dr. Carleton Simon, John E. Clayton, Edward E. Davis, J. Charles Elimgshausen, A. J. Sahdala, John Shaw and the man who surpassed them all.

SHORT RANGE SHOT-GUN PATTERNS

(*Continued from page* 17)

ANOTHER equally difficult and very similar field shooting problem is how to deal with a flock of quail that have been chased into a dense growth of small pine trees, chestnut or oak scrub, or a 30-foot wide gulley that contains a 10-foot stand of briars, sumac, elderberries and locusts. With a full choke gun and no bird dog such a situation is well night hopeless.

A patient hunter armed with an open-bored gun, who will take his time and call enough after a half hour or so, to get the general location of the covey, can quite often kill half a dozen or more birds without seriously mangling any of them. All he needs to do is to walk slowly along inside one edge and put a 10 to 18 inch pattern on the singles that dodge out five to fifteen yards ahead of him.

If the ravine flanks a cornfield it is fairly certain to yield from one to three or four rabbits in addition to the quail. This is a good average day's shooting for anyone.

Another advantage of the more open-bored gun is that you can kill a winged quail or grouse or a broken-down rabbit, in brush, before it runs out of sight and without blowing it to pieces. Did you ever try this with a full choke? If so, a week or so afterwards the farmer came along, and, noticing feathers all over ten feet of leaves, immediately blamed you for potting a whole covey of quail on the ground and most likely posted up $2.00 worth of trespass notices where they will add nothing to your future sport.

I have known this to happen in a number of cases. There are few things that will so embitter the average farmer as for him to find the results of a case or two of this kind—particularly if he possesses but a very casual knowledge of shooting and fails to observe the area covered by the charge.

Another mean problem to handle is the grown up fence row—especially if the poison ivy, briars and brush is six to twelve feet high. It is almost certain that nearly everything that is flushed from it by a lone hunter will go out on the side opposite the one he is on, and all shooting, therefore, will be quick snap shots across the top of the fence, or between the wires or rails, at five to ten yards. Here again the open-bored gun is far more effective.

For years we have been accustomed to allowing the full choke gun a five to ten yard advantage in killing range over the modified or improved-cylinder bore. At long range this is true, but at *short range* the exact opposite is true. The reason is that the 15-yard pattern of the choke is almost exactly the same size as the 10-yard pattern of the improved cylinder. The 20-yard pattern of the choke is a trifle closer than the 15-yard pattern of the open gun. Even the 5-yard open pattern is almost as wide as the 10-yard choke pattern. The result

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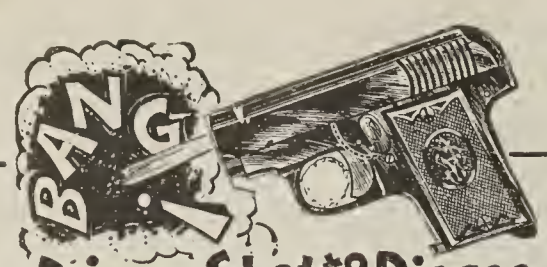

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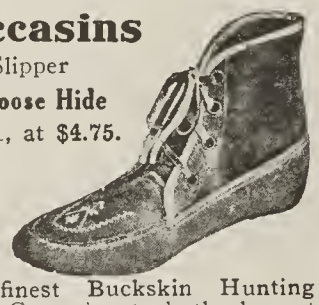

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is that the average open gun has at least a 5-yard advantage at the exact point where it is most needed in all field shooting.

This 5-yard advantage is so great that it will almost double the field shooting average for *the first shot* of the average shooter who hunts alone and without a dog. Observe, if you will, how many of these men almost always miss a close shot with the first barrel. Reason—they shoot before they can center a 3-inch pattern. The next shot being five to ten yards farther off, is nearly always more certain to kill; there is no reason why it should not be, as the pattern is three to four times as large.

The photographs will show you, in case you do not already have the proportion in mind, the relation between the average sizes of 5, 10 and 15-yard patterns with both types of gun boring. Notice the difference, if you will, between the upper right-hand or open-bored 15-yard pattern in figure 3, and the lower left or 5-yard, strongly modified choke pattern. Only ten yards difference in range, twice the distance across a room, yet what a difference it makes in the spread of the shot.

Photo number two shows something of the relative differences in the sizes of shot-patterns obtained with different sizes of shot. They are all 10-yard patterns, one row showing consecutive patterns secured with No. 4, 6 and 7½ shot in an improved cylinder bored barrel. The other row was made with corresponding loads in the choke barrel.

The white strips of paper, placed beside the more open patterns to show the approximate sizes of the main portions of each pattern in each case, are approximately 7, 9 and 12 inches long, the short piece for the big shot.

It is, of course, possible to use the bush, brush, or scatter-load shells in a full-choke gun for all close-range shooting, but many hunters, I believe, will prefer the regular styles of factory loaded shells in a modified or improved cylinder-bored barrel for *bird* shooting. The patterns are more even with the regular boring and the penetration also is somewhat better. Both add to the number of clean kills.

Long-range patterns are important to a few at all times, and to everyone occasionally, but short-range patterns are certain to be important to everyone who goes field shooting.

A HANDY LITTLE DUCK-BOAT

(*Continued from page* 21)

Bottom, sides, forward and after decks were cut by careful planning from two cedar boards about 16 feet long, 15 inches wide and ½ inch thick. The width of 15 inches for both bottom boards was most important as it made only one seam on the bottom and that was covered by a wide flat keel, giving a very tight boat.

The life of a boat hangs on its fastenings, so flathead brass screws, 1 inch No. 6, 1¼ inch No. 8 and 1¾ inch No. 10 were used throughout. It is better practice to make the counter sink first and then bore the hole, also to use a twist drill and there is less danger of splitting.

To fasten the frames together, four No. 10 screws were used at each corner, two from one side and two from the other. All the frames were made into a skeleton with strapping or boards about 2 inches wide and ¾ inch thick and with the spacing called for, one foot apart. Then a piece of strapping bent around like a side board and if any of the frames were not in position so as to touch this, they were moved forward or back until properly placed, with special reference in regard to the curve of the side boards. Then all were nailed to the strapping.

This skeleton was then turned over or bottom up and rested on two boxes placed between No. 2 and No. 3 frame and No. 4 and No. 5. An upright or prop three inches higher than the boxes was put between No. 3 and No. 4 frames, giving the rocker to the bottom, but as 1½ inches is all that is required at the stern, the box between No. 4 and No. 5 frames was raised 1½ inches. The boxes were nailed to the floor and the skeleton to the boxes.

After bending a thin strip around the frames the outline was marked on the bottom boards and they were secured in place with No. 8 screws placed about 2 inches apart.

The stem or bow piece was fastened to the bottom boards with three No. 10 screws to each board. The transom or stem board with No. 8 screws 2 inches apart.

In fitting the side boards start at the bow with both sides at the same time and the chance of twisting the frames will be lessened. Tie the loose ends with a rope and draw them together as soon as fastened to each frame. Fasten to the bow piece with No. 8 screws and to the frames with No. 6, so that if necessary they can be removed and the next larger can go into the same holes and still get a good hold. The sides should extend about ½ inch below the bottom to take up wear when dragging along the shore or over the marsh. If the sides fit well, withdraw the No. 8 and No. 6 screws and replace each as removed with No. 10 and No. 8 and fasten to the bottom with No. 6, about 2 or 3 inches apart all around the edge.

A thin, flat keel, 4 inches wide and ½ inch thick covers the seam of the bottom boards with No. 10 screws to the frames and No. 6 about 2 or 3 inches apart into the bottom boards.

Now the boat can be turned over and the coaming of oak, half an inch thick, three inches below the deck, as well as three inches above, strengthens the boat, the forward pieces being flat against the deck beams and resting in notches cut in the upright or side pieces of No. 2 and No. 5 frames. The side pieces of coaming rest in the notches and are fastened to frames Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5; No. 8 screws.

The deck rests on the frames and top

edges of the side boards. No. 8 screws are used to fasten to the frames and No. 6 about two or three inches apart for the side boards. Two strips of oak 1½ inches wide and ¼ inch thick for rubbing strake cover the seams of sides and deck.

By having the center of the seat come exactly over the center of the boat and the seat braces, resting on the bottom pieces of No. 3 and No. 4 frames, 21 inches apart and 4½ inches from the bottom, the boat will trim just right. Five foot oars are about right and can be stowed under the deck at one end. Ash is best, as it is stronger to push with in shallow water.

The oar-locks are about 12 inches from the center of the seat. A four-prong grapnel, such as is used for decoys off shore, makes a handy anchor and is carried under the forward deck. A pair of small wheels on an axle that is fitted to the stern makes it handy to carry decoys, guns, etc., to the edge of the marsh from home, similar to a wheel-barrow.

ARTHUR F. MEANS, New York.

LETTERS, QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

(*Continued from page 22*)

house at Merribrooke, meditating, when a half-grown wild rabbit timidly hopped from the hedge out upon the lawn and began to nibble clover only a few yards away. Billy Airedale, coming along at that moment, gave a quick glance at the rabbit, then up at me, and made the deduction that the rabbit belonged to the house; consequently, it was to be treated politely in accordance with the good manners which Billy had been taught at the point of a whip during his ten months of kennel life. He had treated chickens with respect ever since his arrival at Merribrooke. That led to the inference that somewhere in the early pages of his biography one might perhaps find a bit of painful history.

Every evening, at about the same hour, the rabbit came out upon the lawn and nibbled clover. Billy Airedale and he often looked at each other. The rabbit, finding that it was not pursued, became tamer and tamer.

Leaving out the chicken question, Billy now chases every living thing excepting rabbits when we go for a walk through the woods. His quarry ranges from grasshoppers to cows—to say nothing of bicycles and automobiles. When a rabbit bounces out from in front of us, however, Billy looks up almost apologetically as much as to say, "It was not my fault that he started off in such a hurry."

In all probability nature will out later, but up to the present time Billy Airedale believes that wild rabbits all belong to the house and are to receive dignified attention only. His fidelity to a moral ideal causes me heartless amuse-

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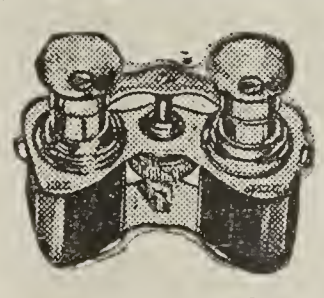

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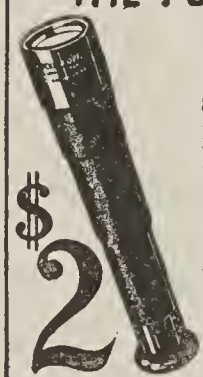

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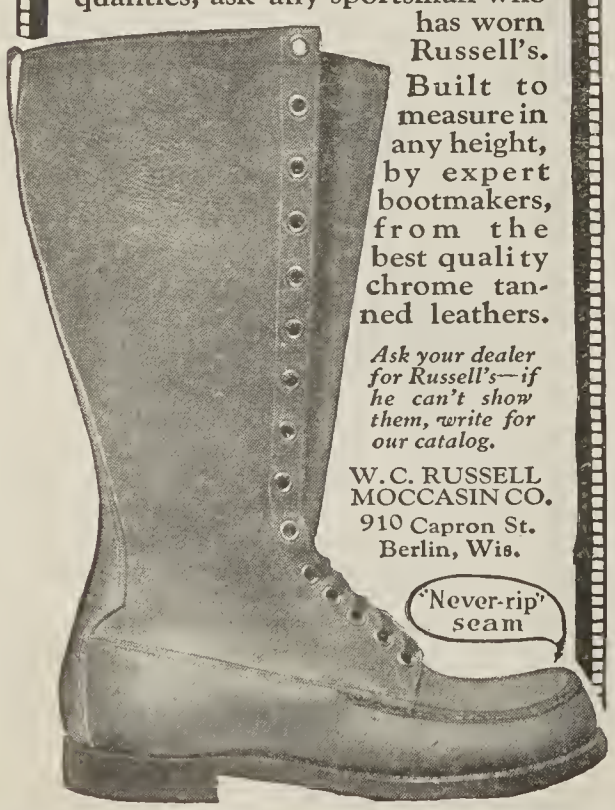

ment, but some day I, as faithful and affectionate companion to a good dog, will break the spell by uttering the magic phrase of "Sic um!"

ROBERT T. MORRIS, New York.

FISHING AND HUNTING PRESIDENTS

(*Continued from page 29*)

great Americans, told of the manuscript of Mr. Lincoln's bear hunt as follows:

"But though Lincoln's masterpiece (the Gettysburg Address) did not become part of the Morgan collection, many other important items figure there, some of them acquired in ways which illustrate Mr. Morgan's character. There is, for instance, The Bear Hunt. This long poem of over twenty stanzas —one of the only two pieces of verse extant or perhaps ever written by Lincoln—recounts an adventure in Kentucky, when Lincoln, a young backwoodsman about twenty-one years of age, took part in the chase of a bear.

"When the animal was finally brought down, and the hunting dogs, some of them torn and bleeding, were panting around their prey, a little cur that had hitherto kept in the background took, as it were, the centre of the stage and yelped proudly, as if the victory were due to him.

"The wit wherewith Lincoln comments on this episode and suggests its parallel in the words of human action is worthy of the genius of Alexander Pope, an author whose writings Lincoln so greatly enjoyed. Though, of course, Lincoln's poem is not fine verse, its swing and humor would justify its publication, quite apart from its autobiographical interest

"The manuscript was offered to Mr. Morgan at two prices: the acceptance of the first would have placed him in possession of the manuscript itself, with the rights of publication reserved; the second and higher price left the manuscript entirely at Mr. Morgan's disposal. He was willing to pay considerably more to have it on the latter terms, and though numerous efforts were later made to have Mr. Morgan permit the magazine publication of Lincoln's poem, or to have him print it for private distribution and for possible presentation to public libraries, the poem still remains practically unknown save to those few friends to whom the Morgan family have shown it."

Like Lincoln, Buchanan was a good shot. When Buchanan, as a youth, roamed the Pennsylvania woods, he considered it a disgrace to go home with squirrels or similar game unless the ball had been sent directly through the head.

Johnson was very fond of fishing; Grant fished only occasionally, whereas, to Hayes, fishing was his chief amusement in the outdoors, being a capital shot also with the rifle.

OF Theodore Roosevelt, he, himself, has written much, having hunted big game throughout the United States and told about it in many of his books. His "African Game Trails" was one of the best sellers of the year after it was put between covers and the American people followed him with interest, while his story of African game hunting was running in installments in Scribner's Magazine. But of his fishing, not much is known. He did not get interested in big game fishing until nearly the close of his life.

His biggest stunt angling was harpooning devilfish in the waters of south-

(*Continued on page 42*)

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WITH Rod and Gun in Canada, by Phil H. Moore. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston and New York. Price, $4.00. A collection of hunting yarns that will hold the interest of the most blasé sportsman and teach him many things that he has overlooked on his journeys afield.

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Good books on outdoor life are not overabundant and when one does happen on a volume that has held his attention from cover to cover it is a pleasure to tell others about it so they too may enjoy the satisfaction that will come from reading it.

TRAPPING THE THREE RIVER ZONE

(*Continued from page 27*)

help but read the bitterness and sorrow between the lines. Every man who fares forth into the wilderness has a mother, wife, sweetheart or sister to weep for him. It is often really worse than seeing a loved one off to war. When one goes to war there are always means of communication whereby one knows how loved ones fare. On the other hand, I have spent months in the wilderness, during which time I have neither sent nor received messages. Why will a man

leave a comfortable home and loved ones merely for the sake of adventuring? It is something hard to answer and yet all of us will admit that we owe a great deal to men who have pushed beyond the pale of civilization and uncovered new lands, rich in opportunities!

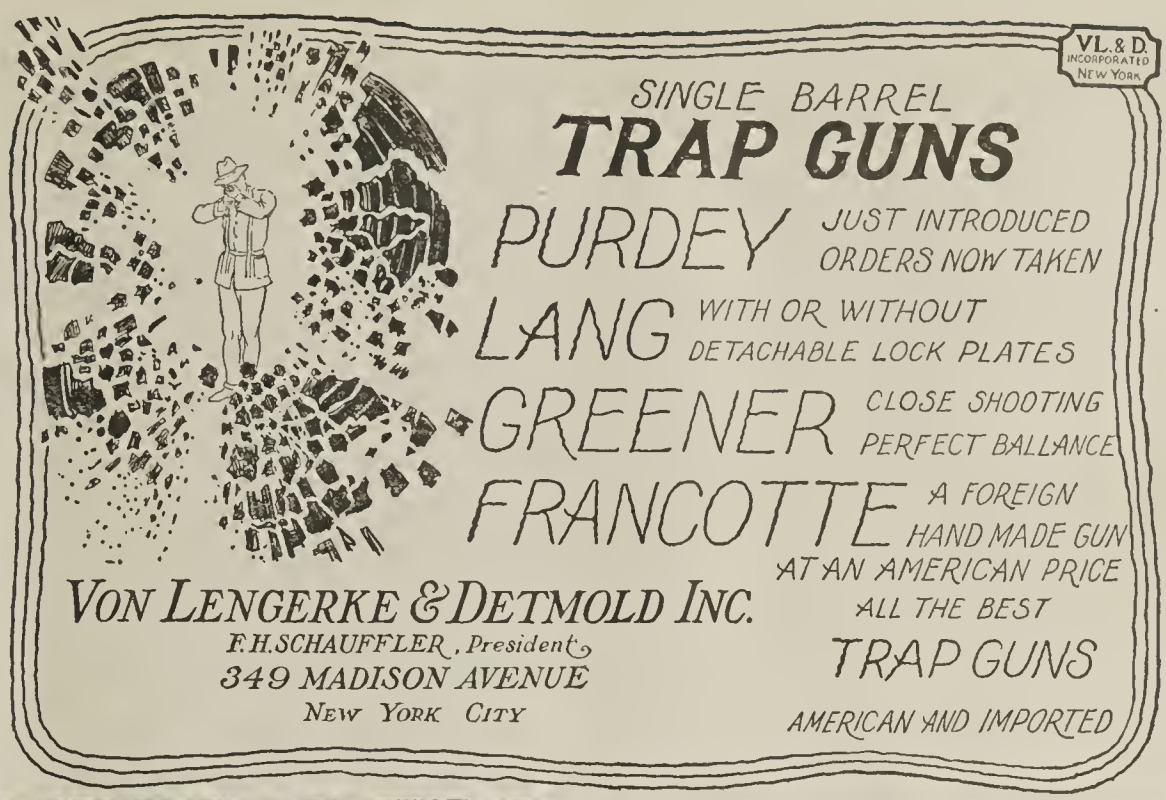
A lad of my own age, "Cliff" Knowles, with whom I had chummed for the last ten years, arranged to come back to Canada with me. We left Washington during the first week of September and came straight through to Edson, as fast as we could make the necessary changes, with the exception of a couple of days spent in Edmonton. During this stop I purchased a .280 Ross, as I had been so pleased with the performance of Old John Anderson's .303 Ross, that I had fully decided to try one of the more powerful calibres.

IN due time we reached the Baptiste Crossing, and I found Old John the same as I had left him. We learned that a horse rancher, MacGregor Rapelje, had squatted on some river flats just three miles up the Baptiste and was intending to bring out his wife and sister (the latter a blind woman of nearly seventy). This was good news to us, as we figured the winter would not be quite so lonely. I had intended buying Old John out if he would sell and after some dickering we took over everything he had but a small box of personal effects. In the outfit was a fourteen-foot Peterborough canoe which we figured on taking up to Kimberly Lake.

Knowles went out to Edson with Old John in order to attend to the turning over of the government job that went with the ferry and I was left alone at the Baptiste. I was not lonesome, however. A couple of hundred yards above the crossing was a sandstone cliff against which the water rushed over some rapids, forming a deep pool. Here I had a night line set for bull trout. Nearly every morning I would have anywhere from twenty to fifty pounds of fish and it was quite a job drying them. I had a sort of smoke house rigged up and after soaking the bull trout in a brine over night I smoked them. They were very delicious this way.

One day I happened to look down the trail and there not a hundred yards from the cabin stood a fine three-year-old bull moose. Taking down the old 280 I let him have it in the shoulder and he dropped stone dead. Truly, I did have a job on my hands then. The flies were still bad and I had to work pretty fast in order to save the meat, but when I got it into the smoke house it was all right. I kept a little of it for frying and smoked the rest, first rubbing well with coarse salt. This meat, along with the trout, assured of a plentiful supply for some time to come.

(To be continued)



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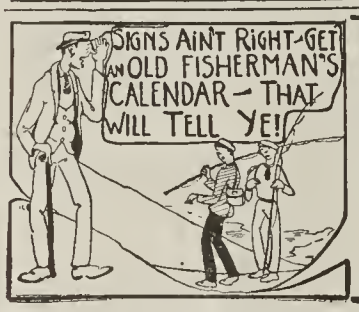

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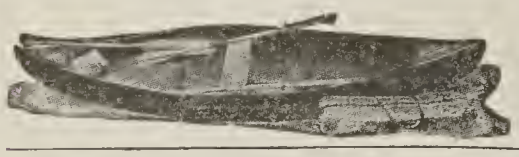

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THE MONSTER BEAR OF ALASKA

(*Continued from page* 5)

Those are the breaks of the game which we who have done a good deal of hunting often experience.

On the following morning we were off at 7 o'clock and at 8.30 had reached the top, occasionally losing, and again picking up the trail where the snow had not been swept off by the wind but finally losing out when we ran into a lot of loose rock. We gave the other side of the valley and mountain a good combing over with the glasses, and could see nothing of our brown friends. We were just about to go on when I saw a dark spot on the snow, and told Oscar to put the glasses on it and see if that "rock" was alive. With an exclamation of delight he said, "That's our bear."

We sat down and discussed the best way to get to him, as he was some 600 to 700 yards away, but very difficult to approach. If we started right down for him it meant not alone a rather dangerous descent, but also a noisy one, as the footing consisted of loose rock which gave way at each step and rolled down ahead of us; so we decided to go along the top until we could find a place further away from him, so when we did dislodge any rocks, he would not hear them.

Finally after two attempts at other places we found one we could get down, and managed to reach the valley. It was 9 o'clock when we first saw him, and at 12 o'clock we had our position below him and figured that in about twenty to thirty minutes we could make our climb and get a chance for a shot, although it would have to be quick work. We could not reach him excepting to windward, and we figured we could approach to within about 200 yards before he could scent us. We had just started to make our final climb, when he decided he had slept long enough, and got up and leisurely started in the direction toward where we had first seen him that morning. Had we remained where we were when we first saw him I would have had a nice shot within about 200 yards.

He was in no hurry at all as he went on his way, stopping at a large boulder to take a rub. After that he climbed the boulder, sat down and took a good look all around, but that did not grant him much safety as the eye of the big brown fellow is none too keen, although he makes up for it by being endowed with a wonderfully developed nose.

He finally started to feed and work toward the head of the range which ended about two miles beyond. We made up our minds we had to beat him to the point, for if he reached there first the wind would then be from us to him, and it would be a repetition of the previous day.

We were never more than 500 to 1000 yards away from him, but Oscar assured me that he would not see us, although

at times we were in plain sight of him, but worked along the alders whenever we could make use of them as a screen. At last we saw we had to make a very strong effort to get to the head of the range before him, and whenever possible, we jogged along to make distance. We now came to where we had to make our climb to head him off, and I thought of days long past when I was an oarsman and how one had to punish himself when he thought he couldn't take another stroke, but he just had to keep sticking them in, or quit.

We finally finished that 500-yard climb, and when Oscar said, "Shoot quick, point blank," I threw myself on the ground. I was "all in" and my bellows were working overtime.

I had already adjusted my strap on my arm, but I raised my sight another 100 yards as my judgment said he was nearer 175 yards away than 100, and fired just as he was going down into a gully and his head and shoulders had disappeared, leaving me only a snap shot at his rump. My judgment as to distance was good as I saw him go down and disappear from sight. I just stayed down on the ground and waited to see where he would again show himself; and when he did he was about 150 yards off, going away from me on three legs. My first shot had broken his left hip. I fired my second shot and knocked him down again. At the third he went down once more but the fourth I missed. I now saw he was pretty sick, so I took Oscar's 8 millimeter Mannlicher and fired again but missed. Then I hit him twice after I had raised the elevation 100 yards. That brought him to a stop, but when we went up to him we found he was still alive so I put one through his neck, and that ended him.

It certainly was a revelation to me to see what a lot of lead those big fellows will take if you do not hit them in the right place.

I noticed that Oscar had great respect for them even when to all appearances they were dead, due probably to the following incident which he related to me:

Some years previous he was out after bear and came up to a big fellow, and, with one shot put him down, and when he went up to him he put his gun down some ten feet away against some alders. The bear was below an embankment, some fifteen feet high, and he had just taken his knife from his belt to skin him out when he heard a twig snap and, looking up, he saw another large bear looking at him. He stood petrified, not daring to make a move for his gun, and the bear finally went off. As soon as he was out of sight Oscar grabbed his gun, and as the bear was not further away than 50 yards, he put a shot into his neck, and killed him.

After looking him over he thought he would skin out the other one first, and going back to him, found he had disappeared. That gave him a good fright, for he knew then that the second bear had saved his life, for had he put

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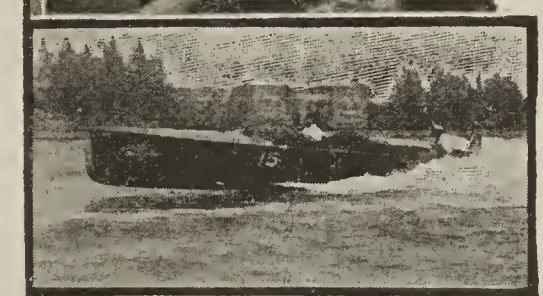

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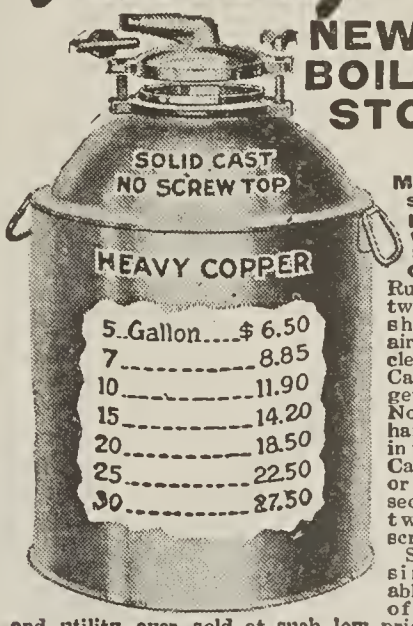

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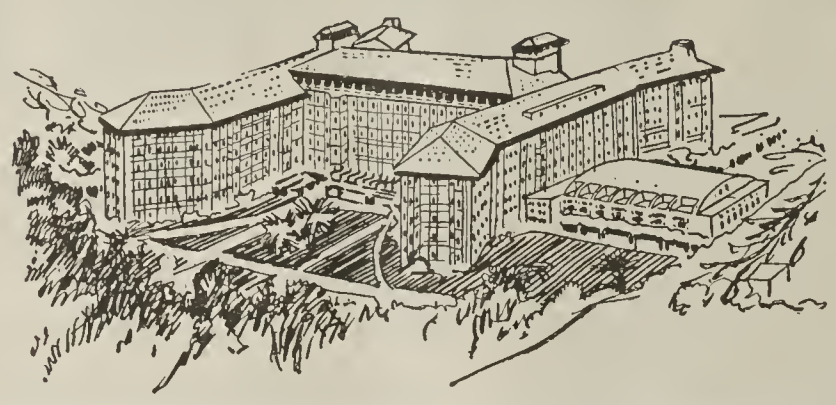

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his knife into the first one it would have brought him to, as he had only creased him, and, at such close quarters it would have been "good-bye, Oscar."

AFTER taking the measurements of our bear we found he did not quite come up to my first one, nor was he quite so good in color, but nevertheless he was a good big one and had given us a good chase for his hide.

That completed my trio to which I was entitled and I tried for the last few days to find a female with cubs, and located two different ones, each with two cubs, but they were of a very light color, and I did not feel like killing them, as they did not appeal to me as being good enough specimens for museum purposes, so I passed them up.

King also secured his three; one being a very fine specimen, and he had quite some interesting experiences, which I hope he will relate to FOREST AND STREAM readers some time when the spirit moves him.

METHODS OF WINTER FISHING

(*Continued from page* 15)

water off of such places is sure to turn them up. A point to remember is that while you are fishing for other fish and they suddenly vanish where they have been biting well, some larger fish have come in to see what is doing. Unless you know this you may fish on in vain. If you are aware of the true state of things you will at once drop down a pike line with a large perch on it and will be rewarded as a result. To realize the most out of fishing in a lake is to know where its deep parts are, where the bars are, and where the fish run.

The knowledge one obtains from the study of a lake in the summer will stand him well in the winter. There are times when one may have his best success in crappie fishing, for instance, on the coldest day and in thirty or forty feet of water. I have fished some days without success but have fished in deep water on the nights following and have caught crappies when the temperature was away below zero; when the line when pulled from water has frozen stiff and could be thrust back down like a stick; and when the minnows, taken from the bucket, would, upon contact with the air turn bloodshot. Sport? Well, it is up to the individual.

Some of the experiences I have had in this line I will never forget. The mere thought of being able to catch fish in such cold weather is a pleasing one to say the least.

Crappies move in schools and it is in locating the exact place where the school happens to be that is hard. The movement of the schools are uncertain. One day they may be in one place and the next stationary. Generally if the day is mild they will be aswim and may

then be sought in the bays and along the bars, often far inshore, in ten or fifteen feet of water.

Where three or more are fishing it is well to locate at four different places, one here, one there and so on. If one strikes the finny host he announces the fact to the others and they go there to "follow up the school," one of the most exciting events on the ice.

The minute a school is struck they begin to bite. No sooner does the minnow get down than there is a fish on. But the school is passing and unless it is followed it will be lost. At once another ice-fisher cuts a hole through the ice some ten or more feet to one side of the fortunate one and drops down a line. Another on the other side cuts through and drops his line down. If one or the other has success the direction the school is taking is known and the holes are cut in the general direction they are moving. When the ice is very thick it is difficult to follow the school in this manner, but where the ice is a foot or so in thickness it is not hard to do. Crappies often school up to the number of thousands, strange as it may seem, and as they are steadily on the go it is natural that they must be closely pursued if they are going to be held interested. And the herd instinct is so "set" with them that where one goes they all go. Probably after a school has passed a few stragglers will remain behind but the occurrence is rare.

IT seems strange but nevertheless true that changes of atmosphere in the world above has also an effect upon the fish in the watery world below the ice. Any sudden change in the weather has an effect upon the fish, for then they will be scarcely moving at all. If the fish are not biting during the day and all places have been tried, then it is highly possible that they will take the lure at night. The crappie is a peculiar fish in that way. For it is nocturnal and will take the minnow in the hours of darkness.

The plan for night fishing, however, is for a party to go on the ice, selecting a secluded bay for the purpose. The bays are often very attractive to these fish and they may be taken in fifteen to twenty feet of water. If a fire is built on the ice the glow of it will penetrate into the depths and will lure the fish by the thousands. A lantern set at the edge of the hole will do likewise, but it should be remembered that if the fish are attracted in by the light they will approach so near the surface that they may often be caught in five to eight feet of water. In this many make a mistake for they will continue to fish near the bottom when the fish are near the top. A clear burning lantern set on a slant at the edge of the hole with one of the very highly polished lamp reflectors back of it will prove more worth while than any other attracting element. It will throw a ray of light into the water instead of a mere dim diffusion of light.

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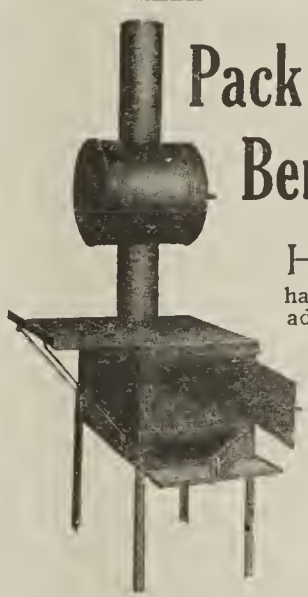

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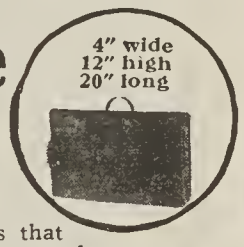

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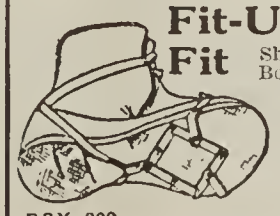

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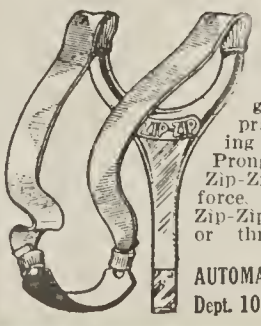

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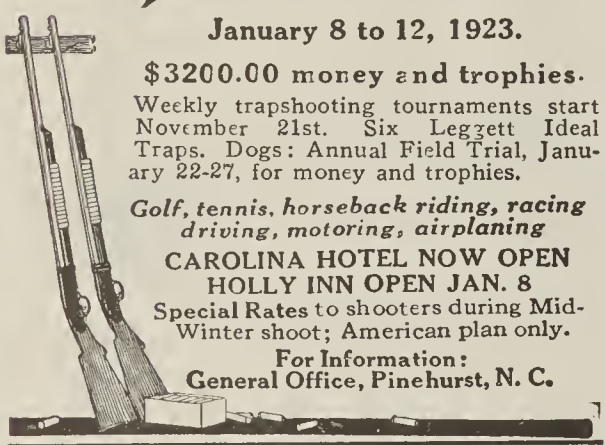

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on the ice when a party has been made up for the purpose of fishing. Generally the fire is made right on the ice, for no matter how large the blaze it will not quite melt through. The bottom logs prevent the water from dulling the flame. The holes are cut here and there all around the fire at different points. At first no results will be had but as the fire leaps up and burns steadily the light will be noticed in the water and the fish will come in. Then the fun commences. No matter how cold the night, a fire will keep the chill out of the bones.

Lake trout fishing is followed to a great extent in the North and so also the whitefish fishing. The taking of the whitefish is one that is bothersome to most of those who have tried to make a go of it in the winter and it may be said in truth that the whitefish is one of the most difficult of the fishes to catch. In the first place the whitefish is notable for the fact that it has a mouth so tender that if the hook is jerked in too determined a manner it will tear out and the fish be lost. But this is only one of the difficulties that are to be encountered. If it does take the bait it does so in such a delicate manner that unless one's finger tips are sensitive to the slight nibble he will scarcely know that a fish is touching the bait. Therefore fishing for the whitefish is a matter of knowing when that nibble comes and that is the time to pull up—and when you do pull up, the hook must not be ripped out by a savage jerk such as most fishermen will put into action.

The average fisherman may probably be conscious of the fact that some sort of a fish is at the lure but he figures that he must wait until the fish seizes it in a hungry mouthful and runs with it like a pike. That is where the big mistake is made. The time to set the hook is when that slight nibble is felt. Otherwise you may fish until Doomsday and not know a fish has been at it.

Another fault with the man who has little results from fishing through the ice for whitefish is that the right sort of a bait is not used, and, more important still, the hook must be of the right size. The first impulse of the fisherman is to use a large hook without considering the small mouth of the fish. In fact one should never use a hook over Number 8 in size. The eight size is plenty big enough and will bring to the surface any whitefish that one generally runs across. But there is a method of rigging up this hook that is not only ingenious but is the result of long experiments before the one way was found that proves fatal to this fish.

The hook being Number 8 in size should have a long shank to it. The point of the hook should be needle sharp. It should be made of good material. To answer best for the purpose the hook should be of the snelled order, that is to say, whipped to a gut snell. Obtain now some bright red yarn and wrap the upper part of the shank around with the yarn, laying it as far down as the center but not so far down as not to leave clearance between the hook point and the shank. Wrap the yarn on up to the gut and finish off by tying it with a silk thread. The body at its thickest point is but one-fourth of an inch and tapers down to each end. The bait is a piece of white pork cut in the shape of a worm, one-fourth of an inch or so through and an inch long. This is hooked on in the center, the point of the hook being seated so that it is just covered by the flesh and so that it may be set easily when the nibble comes. Just what the fish thinks the bait to be, with the yarn body above it, is extremely hard to say, but for some reason that cannot be explained they take it in preference to any other lure. It is a good idea to connect the snelled hook to the line by means of a six-foot mist-hued leader as this renders the connection more or less inconspicuous in the water. *Once a fish of this species is caught pull him up steadily, allowing him no slack line or he will surely get away!*

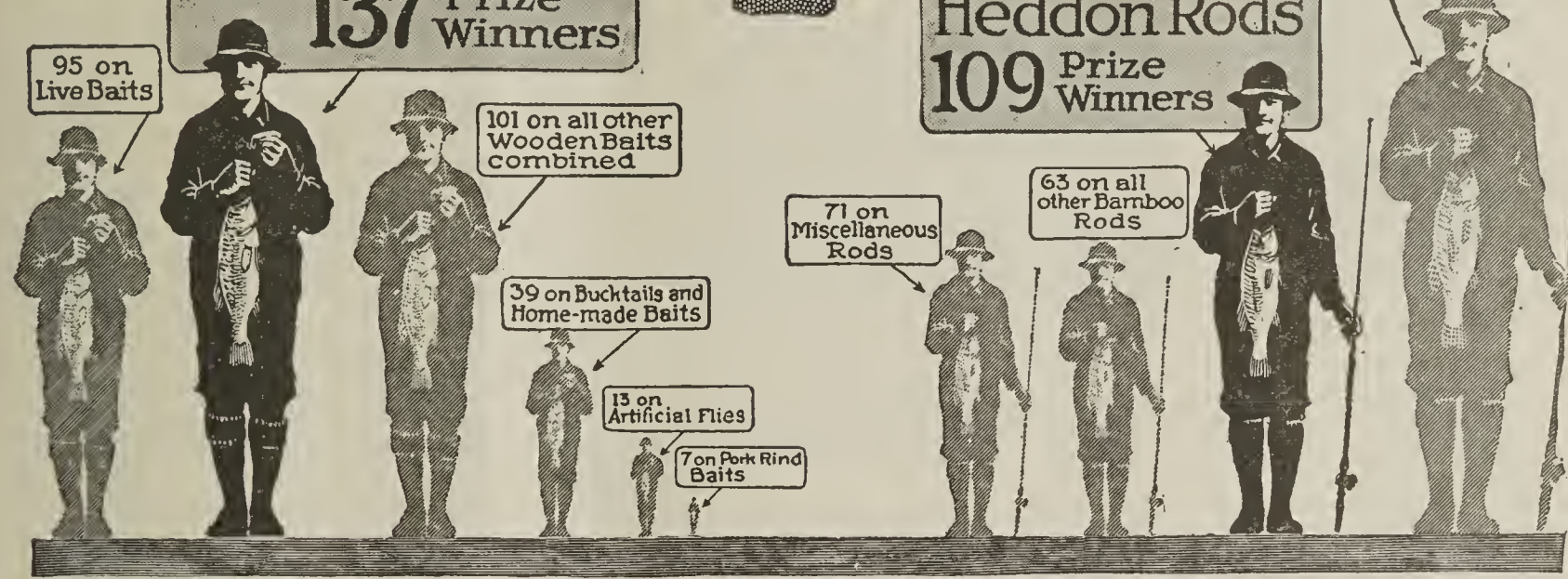
IT is true that there are many crimpy days in store for the ice-fisher but if he is warmly clad he can laugh at the elements and go on his way rejoicing. At one time when I was a slave of high-topped leather boots I essayed one night to stand on the ice and woo the finny ones from the depths, with a blizzard howling around me. If I didn't freeze my feet it was only because I kept kicking them on the ice, but I learned a lesson that night I have never forgotten. See that your feet are warmly protected and that the shoes, lumbermen rubbers or pacs are large enough so that the feet are not cramped. With two pairs of socks in them one can begin to enjoy the ice fields and the harvest below.

The angler who is wholly in love with light tackle and the light lures, and to whom summer is the only season for fishing, will see nothing in ice fishing. But certain it is that the ice fisher not only gets the fish when they are in the pink of condition *but he catches no fish with spawn in them!* In that manner he destroys very few fish in the aggregate and has to work hard, often enough, for those that he does get.

There is a compensation in the pleasure one gets in bringing in fish when fish are a luxury.

It is doubtful if one appreciates a catch made in summer one-tenth as much as one made in winter.

Compare!



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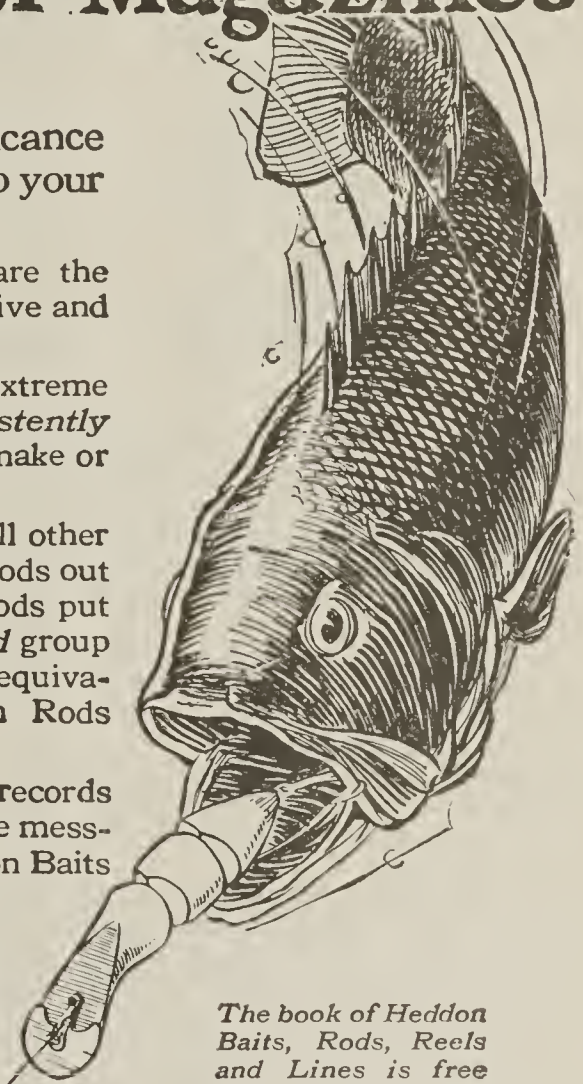

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FISHING AND HUNTING PRESIDENTS

(*Continued from page* 34)

western Florida. Killing devilfish with the harpoon and the lance had always appealed to Roosevelt as a fascinating sport, since, as a boy, he had read Elliot's account of it in his "Field Sports of South Carolina." Nothing, however, approached in excitement and scientific interest the article which Russell J. Coles contributed to the April, 1916, number of the American Museum Journal, entitled, "My Fight with the Devilfish."

In a foreword to that article, Mr. Coles, who invited Col. Roosevelt to such a hunt, said that the devilfish, *Manta birostris,* is the largest of all the rays and one of the largest creatures of the sea. There are fabulous stories of its tremendous strength and great size, but it probably does not exceed a width of about twenty-five feet. It belongs to a peculiar family of rays distinguished by the fact that they have a pair of flaps or feelers, at either side of the mouth, which help in their feeding. These feelers can be curled up tightly to resemble a pair of horns, and it is probably to this fact that the fish owes its common name.

When Theodore Roosevelt read that story of Coles and his crew of five attacked in their power boat by two devilfish, a male and a female, the boat being carried on the back of one of the infuriated giants for twenty-two minutes until one moment when all thought it was their last, the youngest of the crew cried out: "Iron the big bull and let's all go to Hell in tow of a team of devils!" the twenty-sixth President entered into correspondence with Coles.

Roosevelt believed in preparedness, and so before going devilfishing he practiced at Oyster Bay with a harpoon, making himself so perfect that when the time arrived that Captain Charley Willis cried, as the boat was rising and falling above the black bulk of the manta, "Iron him, Colonel," the other six men in the Coles' party marvelled at Roosevelt's skill.

The Colonel threw the harpoon true, the iron going deep into the middle of the great body; and instantly afterward Coles fastened it with another iron. With a tremendous flurry and a great gush of dark blood the devilfish plunged below and ahead, the drogue spinning along behind him, while the rope of the other harpoon ran like lightning through the ring. The big fish towed the boat a mile before the crew were able to haul in on him.

When the fish was killed, it was found that Roosevelt drove his harpoon into the body two feet and four inches, through tough hide, flesh and bone and had passed through the upper part of the heart. The iron had been bent into a complete semicircle by the furious struggles of the mortally wounded fish. A second devilfish, ironed by Roosevelt, hauled the boat for two miles. They were male and female fish.

When both fish were drawn up upon the beach and measured, it was found that one had a breadth of thirteen feet, two inches from tip to tip and the second a breadth of sixteen feet, eight inches, flat measurement, not taken across the curve of the body. Coles' fish, eighteen feet, two inches, is regarded as the record fish ever taken.

WARREN GAMALIEL HARDING is an angler but he does not go in for such dangerous kind of fishing. The acrobatic tarpon is more to his liking.

Just before March 4, 1921, when the President was moving from Marion, Ohio, Webster drew one of his amusing cartoons which had a wide circulation and which gave the American people a chance to chuckle. It was entitled "A Voice from the Attic of a House in Marion."

Mrs. Harding, not visible, was quoted as saying: "Warren Harding, I am not going to cart all this junk to the White House! Either give it away or burn it! And here's a whole bale of fishing magazines up here you'll never look at again and a dozen bottles of mosquito dope!"

The President was standing, perplexed, holding his chin. On the floor was a pair of rubber boots for wading trout streams, a rod, tackle box, landing net, fly book, a flask (always considered an essential part of a fishing trip in case you get wet), reel, and strewn all over the floor, various kinds of plugs. Being thrown from the attic and ready to land on the stairs of the floor were a bait can, rod case and creel.

It was very amusing but as a matter of fact on the trip to Point Isabel, Texas, in November, 1920, Mrs. Harding captured a larger tarpon than did her husband.

President Harding's most noteworthy fishing has been done in the Florida waters, when accompanied by Captain Charles Thompson. With Captain Thompson, President Harding caught sailfish, tarpon, kingfish, amberjack, barracuda, grouper and the rare wa-hoo.

"A piscatorial President! That's what you are, sir," remarked Captain Thompson.

President Harding could have selected no better guide in the Florida waters than Captain Thompson. For Captain Thompson believes that story of Jonah and the big fish. He killed, after a thrilling ride of thirty-nine hours, a whale shark weighing 30,000 pounds. He got this fish from a boat twenty feet long, while he was fishing off Knight's Key, Florida, June 1, 1912. He and his crew, like that of Coles and his crew, riding on the back of a manta, were close to death often. The fight was seen from shore and in response to hurried telephone calls, visitors watched the battle from the East Coast Extension Railway.

After Captain Thompson harpooned his 30,000-pound fish, a wild ride followed for more than a day and a half. By that time Captain Thompson and his crew of three in the "Somoa" put five harpoons in the fish, and 151 bullets in

its carcass. Then the fish was thought to be subdued and taken to Knight's Key and fastened to the trestle work. The resting renewed its life and in its struggles it smashed the piling as if built of match sticks. Tied up once more it hit the propeller of a thirty-ton yacht, smashing it and breaking the cables. Another boat was shattered into a thousand pieces. A tug-boat finally towed the monster to Miami, where it was viewed by thousands.

The whale-shark was forty-five feet in length, twenty-three feet, nine inches in circumference. Its hide was three inches thick, its liver weighed 1,700 pounds and in its mouth were several thousand teeth. Its last meal was a fish weighing 1,500 pounds.

On President Harding's Florida fishing trip, he was coached by Captain Thompson. By capturing a six-foot sailfish, alone and unaided, President Harding won membership in the Sailfish Club of Florida, an organization whose membership is made up of men, who, according to the rules, have taken sailfish in a sportsmanlike manner.

A tarpon that President Harding fought for an hour in the Texas waters in November, 1920, covered the President with perspiration, left him trembling with excitement and exhaustion of physical effort and compelled him to rest for a while on a cot in the life saving station.

The capture of a tarpon is a man's job. Sometimes the strike is so terrific, it jerks the rod from the angler's hands.

When Mrs. Harding hooked her tarpon at Point Isabel, Texas, the President having previously taken a "baby" one, ran up and down the beach, crying: "Be careful; don't lose him! Don't hurry! Take your time, Florence!"

The first lady of the land replied: "If you had hold of this whale, Warren Harding, you wouldn't have so much breath left to tell me what to do."

KANSAS GAME

Dear Forest and Steam:

THERE is a very pronounced awakening of interest in fish and game matters in Kansas; it is evinced in many ways. The most gratifying to me as State Fish and Game Warden is the interest taken in sportsmen's organizations. I am a believer in such organizations and have preached them in and out of season. Eight counties of our state now have county sportsmen's organizations. This is not many out of one hundred and five, but it is a beginning and it means a great deal.

We have now more game in Kansas than at any time in the past fifteen years. I say this after a personal inspection of sixty-four counties. In counties where five years ago and for twenty years previous there were no prairie chickens, they are now numerous and even plentiful. We have quail in every county of the state and lots of them in some counties. Rabbits are almost a menace. Appreciation of the recreational value of our "Great Out-Doors" is widespread. Alva Clapp, Kansas

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All the necessary equipment for the fascinating sport of trap shooting packed in a neat case for carrying. Given for 33 subscriptions to FOREST AND STREAM magazine.

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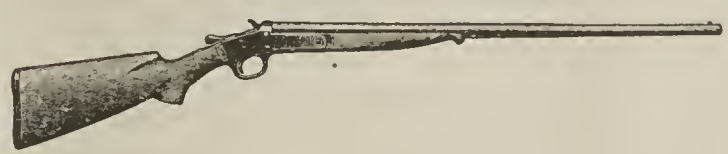

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Very respectfully,
(Signed) O. Robey.

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Market Place

(Continued from page 44)

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THE RUNNING OF BLACK JOHN

(*Continued from page 7*)

son and Smith rode out and took their stations on the road to watch the pack pass. Nearer and nearer and straight for the road they came. Old Red had failed to shake them off in the thicket. Three dogs appeared to be in the lead, running close together. Every ear was tingling with the joy of it. Every eye was trained on the wide, moonlit road. Shaw and I were sitting our horses fifty feet apart and a red streak darted across between us. Five seconds—ten seconds—half a minute and a white form came into view and by its side ran the Black and Blue.

"He's across!" shouted Shaw and the crowd came racing up to see the dogs as they crossed.

As the leaders landed in the road a lap-robe would have covered both, while the sullen: "How! how! how-u-u" of Black John, impatient now at their continued lead, urged them on.

As the first dogs crossed the road bedlam broke loose. Indian yells, Caucassian yells, Dago yells, whistles, screeches, mingled in an unearthly hubbub that no pen can describe nor ear forget. Some of the weary dogs behind, spurred on by their master's shouts of encouragement, came up and passed us; the rest, with weary limbs and lolling tongues dropped out behind. Nelson rode ahead, and oh! the reckless way he rode! and the pace he set!

MADDENED with fear by the yelling, whooping mob behind him, Old Red seemed to take on a new lease of life and was going fast. The dogs, too, were going well, but the strain was beginning to tell on them and every now and then, all would rush ahead, and, with a whining howl, would drop behind.

"Eleven o'clock!" shouted Joe Thomas. We had been running two and a half hours. The next half would tell the tale. My heart beat fast again. Would Siren hold? "Some of you fellows wait a bit, my saddle girth is broken," called someone behind.

"Darn the saddle! Let it be!" was shouted back. "What you need now is a pair of wings." And on we went.

"Hold Harvey Nelson down up there!" yelled someone else. "He'll kill every horse in the bunch, and I've got to plow in oats to-morrow."

"The oats will keep; this thing won't," was the jeering retort.

"Eleven-fifteen!" shouted someone. Shaw rode side by side with Nelson, some fifty yards ahead. I touched the flank of Glass Eye with the spur, calling out to Thomas and Smith to "come on."

I looked over at Shaw as I caught up, and in the bright light as it shone on his face, I caught an uneasy look in his eyes.

"Black John is closing up the gap," he said simply, but *he* knew; and he knew that *I* knew now that his beautiful bitch was gone. I said for him, what I knew he wanted to say: "She's the finest thing I've ever seen in the woods," but added to myself, "except Black John."

"Come, boys," said Nelson, "we'll have to ride parallel with them so we can see how they stand at three hours. I had not called out to my dogs since we started. As we rode from behind them I could see that Patty was falling back a little. Siren and Black John were running side by side. "Eleven-twenty!" called Joe Thomas.

I rose in the stirrups, drew in all the air I could hold, and called, "Go, Black John!"

The big black head turned as he heard and saw me.

"How-u, how-u-u-u," and with one sinew-straining bound, he took the lead.

"That Black Brute must be the devil himself," growled Nelson.

The tattering memory of Old Red harked back to the foothills from whence he came, some twenty miles away, and up the western branch he fought his way, with maybe life ahead but death, sure death behind.

Shaw called a halt. "There is no use for us to go so fast now. If the fox is headed for the hills, Thomas can get us out to the nearest road leading in that direction, and we'll jog along. If, as often as we see them now, the black dog leads, I lose, that's all."

Nelson spoke: "Joe, let's make for Mott's Cross Roads. That's only half a mile from the swamp they are following and we can stop there awhile and rest our horses until they come back. It's only three miles to the cross roads, and about ten from there to the head of the swamp."

"How, if they catch him up there in the foothills?" asked someone in the crowd.

"I've never seen a red fox caught under six or seven hours," replied Nelson "and we've run this one more than once from five to seven hours, so the man and the dog that stays until sunrise will see the 'brush'—if he's caught at all."

"Boys," said old man Jack Nesmith "you may talk about your fast dogs and your purty dogs, and I ain't said nuthin yet about my dog Bulow, but I been noticin' all along that he's been talkin way up toward the front ever sence they fust got together."

Joe Thomas laughed loud and long "What! that ancient relic of the Cæsars? Why, man alive, there's dogs here to-night that wouldn't speak to him if they'd meet him in the road by himself, much less in a pack like this."

"Mebbe so, mebbe so," growled the old fellow, "but you mind whut I say Some o' these same fine dogs'll come up behind him in the morning if we stay 'till then."

Mott's Cross Roads at last and one o'clock. Not a sound of the dogs save an occasional plaintive howl from one that had quit, and was wondering where to go. The weary, limping dogs came shuffling up and dropped down to rest

darkey came walking up from the ection of the swamp.

Hear any dogs running as you came ng?" asked Nelson.

Yes, suh; seed 'em too; seed de fox, ."

How far ahead was the fox?"

'Bout tree hundred yad ahead o' de dog, an' I reckin 'bout fo' hundred ahead o' de nex' one. I be'n comin' a class meetin', an' wen I git naly to swamp on t'udder side, I yigh de s runnin' an' I stop. We'n I see day s goin' 'cross de road, I runs to dis e. Jis' ez I git on dis side de bridge, ee a big red sumpin' swish 'cross de d, an' I know it bin er fox. Den I ler. I coud'n hep it I say to my-f, dem dog orter hab somebody to h 'em 'long so I holler 'gain. 'Bout time, rite at de eige o' de road, npin' big black, sumpin' gee a coarse, g bellow, an' dash 'cross de road, an' un. De t'ing scare me, but I ain't more'n a hundred yahd, w'en I say m'self, Dat ain't nuttin' but a dog, I turn back to see dem cross, an' jis' I git back a w'ite dog wid a black-kin' head jump in de road an' dash oss, kinder squelin' ez he run. Den ut two hundred yahd behin' come a ckle dog. Den' 'bout a quarter, five ne 'cross then atter dat I count en. By dat time de fus' dogs wuz er hearin', an' I cum 'way."

'HE frost sparkled in the moonlight. As midnight turned toward day, the grew colder. We all dismounted and de a rousing fire. The dogs that had len out, cold after their long run, ne up and stretched themselves about ndisturbed. Twelve men walked into firelight. Thirty-three had made the rt. The jaded horses nosed around, stood with drooping heads, dozing. o o'clock came around.

'How far is it back to the starting nt?" asked one of the men from aw's section.

'About seventeen miles," replied omas. "Why?"

'I was only wondering whether we uld get back to-night or not," replied stranger.

'Gentlemen," said Thomas, assuming ery dignified attitude, "on an occasion e this, when the ownership, as well as reputation of blooded dogs hangs in balance, and also in the distance, gs whose pedigrees are longer than ir tails, and whose experience in the se is wider than their ears, we can-, must not go—and leave them."

'We'd better water our horses," said aw. "They're cooled off now."

Six agreed to water the horses if the er six gathered wood.

We had stopped at the edge of a thick ling thicket on the road where it uld be warmer for the horses as they oled off. Half an hour passed and we ard a horse coming from the swamp a swinging gallop. Nelson rode up.

'Boys," he said, "they're coming back wn on the other side. He didn't take the hills. There are only five or six gs behind him as well as we could

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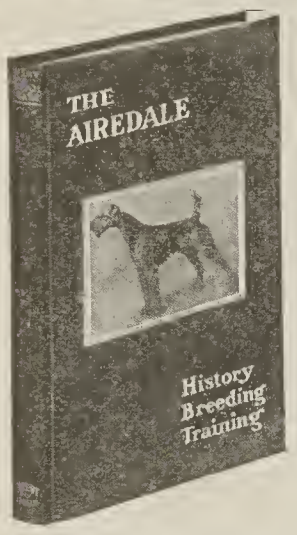

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FOREST AND STREAM
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make out. The horses will be back directly. Out the fire and get ready to ride. We'll try to beat them back to Cassels Ford."

The horses came back; blankets were straightened, girths tightened and away we rode again, Nelson leading in a brisk canter.

Now and then we'd stop to listen—to see if we could hear them coming down the other side. Not a sound save an occasional yelp from a dog behind. They were running slower now.

Cassels Ford once more and half past four. Not a sound from up the swamp. Half on hour passed while we sat and talked. A streak of red was growing in the east. The birds woke up, and began to stir.

"He must have shaken them off at last," said Shaw. He had not spoken since we left the Cross Roads.

"How-u." A mile or so up the swamp rose at regular intervals, hoarse, almost weird, in the stillness around it. "How-u." Not another sound came to us. Black John was running alone!

"STRETCH out on the road as you did before," said Thomas, "for he may turn back if he comes out and sees the crowd."

"How-u," not a quarter now, but as that last echo died away, a plaintive squealing cry was heard half a mile behind.

"What new tongue is that?" asked Thomas. "I don't remember hearing it before."

"That's Siren," answered Shaw. "She's nearly done." It was almost a sob.

I felt for the man. It must have been a hunter who said, "Love me, love my dog."

The big red fox, swaying as he ran, jumped into the road, paused a moment, undecided as he saw us, then, with Black John one hundred yards behind him, he was gone.

"How-u-u-u!" The half-breed man-hunter crossed the road.

"Go, Black John, you devil you!" I shouted. He wagged his tail, but didn't halt.

"How-u-u!" It was almost over now. A few more minutes and we'd see or hear the end.

"Boys!" shouted Thomas, as we rode along, "he's turned for the cut-down ground, and once in there he'll give us trouble. Follow me if you want to see that black brute pull him down," and riding at full speed, we came into the open just as old Red came in, not fifty yards away. The brush and undergrowth had all been cut and piled, and partly burned, but near the center of the clearing, several large piles had not been set on fire. Toward one of these the fox was making his way. The "brush" was trailing now in the frosted grass, as old Red strained for the last hundred yards before he could reach the pile. Black John, just fifteen feet behind, was silent now, closing in.

Every horseman stopped to see the end. Every mother's son of them rose in their stirrups as if trying to fly from

their saddles. Every nerve-racked in let out a blood-curdling Indian yell.

Ten feet more! "Go, Black John I shrieked.

The big old dog rose in air—a lo guttural growl of triumph as the powe ful jaws closed on the spine of t prey—a sharp backward snap of t dying fox, and all was over.

We went wild with the joy of it. W slapped each other on the back—son turned somersaults. The wager w forgotten. The poor lame things behi that couldn't run were forgotten; t beautiful white bitch was forgotten except by Shaw. He stood silent a apart. I turned to him. "Do you he Siren yet?" but even as I spoke, s came into the opening, and on up her master. She knew the game h been run to earth but did not deign look that way. She had fought no but had lost, and with a look of almo human intelligence, she gave a pleadi whine and gazed up into her maste face. He stooped down and picked h up in his arms. "I've lost you, Sire

He put her down as though asham I slipped up to him. "No," I said, "y have *not* lost her. She is too good lose—that way."

"Just breed her to Black John a raise me two pups. You'll do it, know. The wager's off."

A flush mounted to his pale face. grasped my hand. "I sorter b'lie you're white," he said.

"Come on, fellers," called Nels "Let's go."

WILD BROTHER

IN Wild Brother, Atlantic Mont Press, Boston, Mass., Mr. Lyn W. Underwood has related a true t that will appeal to all lovers of w life.

The story chronicles the life of a bl bear from the time it was captured the back woods of Maine until it finally turned over to a Boston zoo a it had developed to such an extent t it could no longer be kept as a The most unusual part of the story d with the manner in which it was sa when very small by the remarkable ki ness of a woman who nursed it her three months' old baby, when other methods of feeding proved un isfactory.

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Brant Large Ducks	3¼	1-⅛	2¾	1	2½	⅞	4 in flight 6 over decoys
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Squirrels Rabbits	3	1	2½	1	2¼	¾	6
Small Ducks Pheasants Pigeons Doves	3¼	1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	¾	7½
Quail Snipe Woodcock Shore Birds	3	1 or 1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	¾	8
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3	" "	24	2	" "	16
2¾	" "	22	1¾	" "	14

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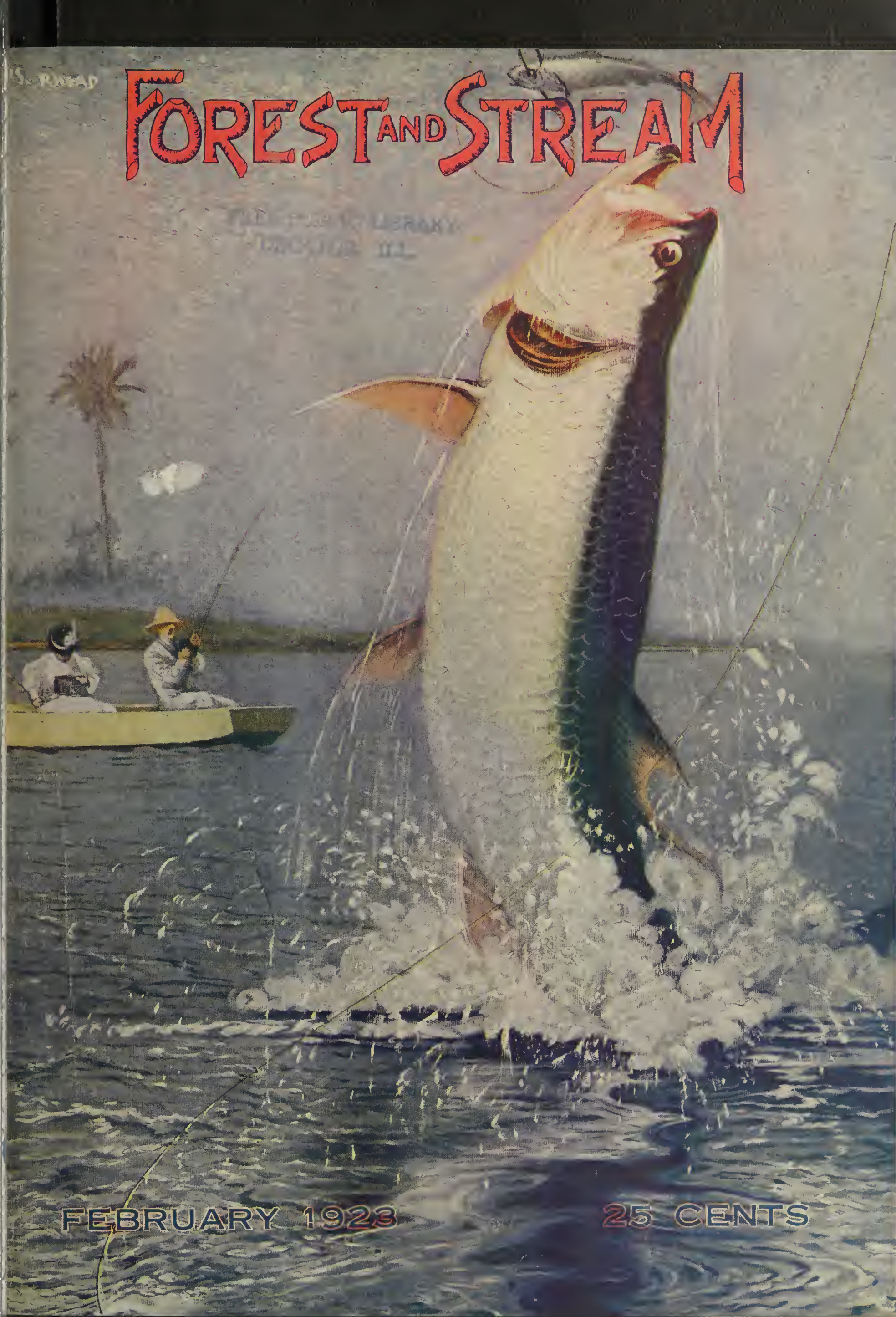

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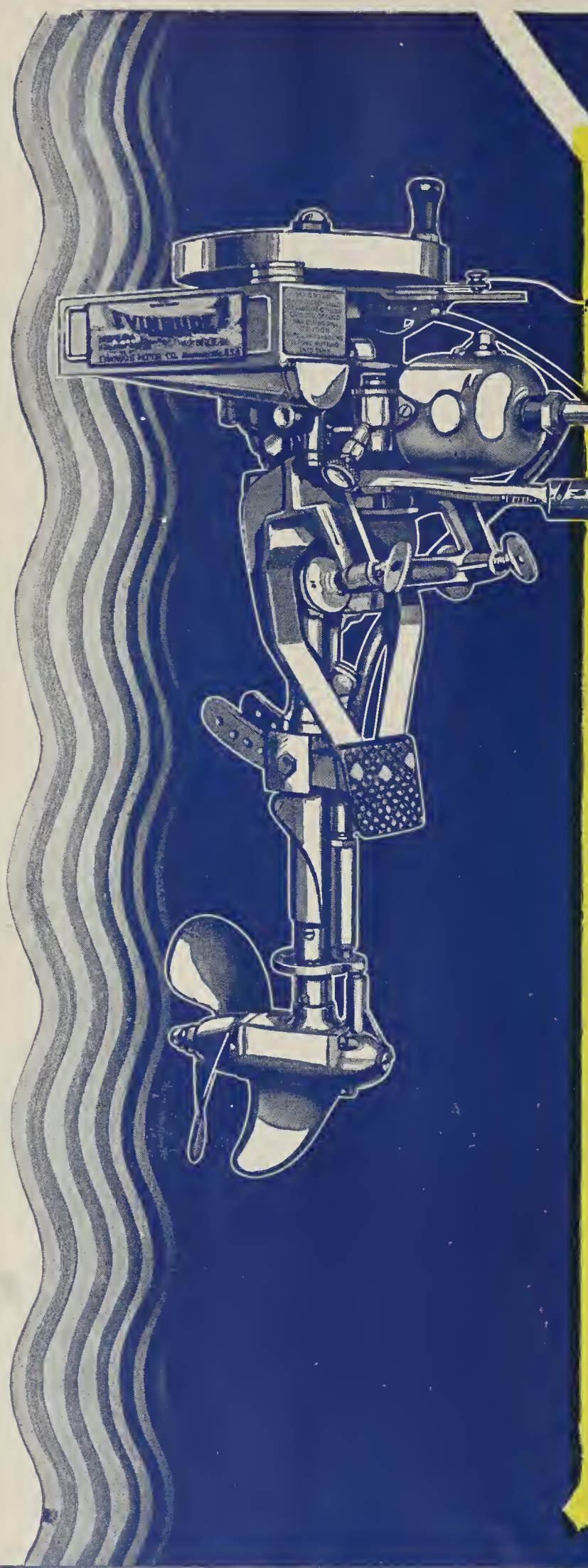

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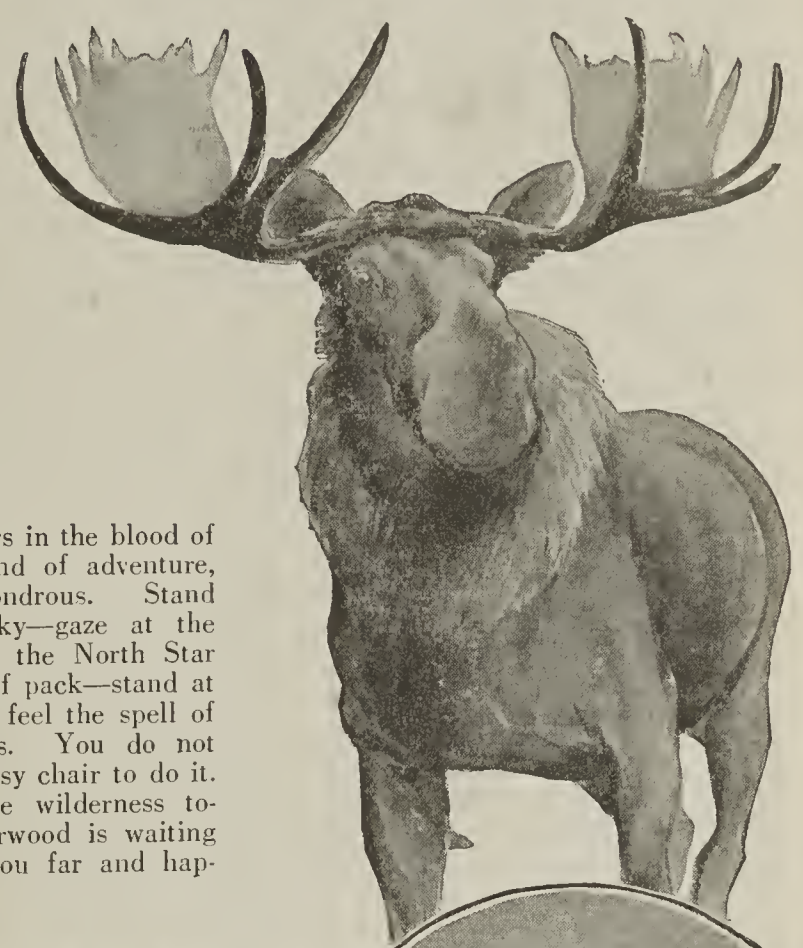

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ol. XCIII FEBRUARY, 1923 No. 2

THE BIG GAME OF NORTH CHINA

SPORTSMEN OF TODAY ARE BEGINNING TO TURN TOWARD THE WILDERNESS OF NORTHERN CHINA FOR A PRIMITIVE BIG GAME REGION

By ARTHUR DE CARLE SOWERBY

HE subject of the big game of any country is one of perennial interest to all sportsmen and travelers, even of the arm-chair e. Every year the young men go h in all the enthusiasm and vigor of th and perfect health to hunt. Anring the call of the Red Gods, their turn "to the camps of known desire proved delight." Later they come k laden with spoils of the chase in n and hide, telling strange tales of ure's many wonders, thus bringing mbs of comfort to those whose hard have held them bound to desk and e.

n spite of the softening influences of civilization and its many insistent ms, the "call of the wild" ever sounds d in the ears of a certain type of ng Britisher or American, and leads out on the trail of the caribou or moose, the bear or the mountain lion, wild goat or the big-horn sheep.

And what a heritage is his! The mere ing of his quarry, the final achievent of endeavor, is the least part of t glorious birthright of his. The ater part lies in the long day's tramp, puzzling through the rugged ranges, the smell of the pines on the steep pes, in the picking up of the spoor, studying of the quarry's ways, in the l glow of the camp-fire at night, in dark, starlit sky, in the gathering rm, the blinding flash of the lightning, rolling thunder in the mountains, the r of the torrent, and then in the still, all voice of God in the wilderness!

To find these things our young men ve traversed the world from end to d, and little enough has escaped them their eager search. All countries have lded their secrets; trophies of the se from all lands adorn the walls of r homes and museums; our literature rich with books on Nature.

Yet, in Asia, and more especially in t part which lies between the Yang- Valley and the Great Wall of China, living in wild mountainous and wooded areas that have scarce been trod by the foot of the white man, much less written about, various kinds of big game animals occur in considerable numbers. Hardly are they known to the scientist, almost not at all to the sportsman.

A few explorers, a few local Nim-

Typical Chinese hunter from the mountains of Shansi

rods, have visited these parts, but on the whole it may be said that these game reserves—for such by nature of their inaccessibility they may be considered—have escaped the attention of the European and American big game hunter to a remarkable degree.

True, the game they contain is far from free from a somewhat devastating exploitation by native hunters, but on the whole, and in most places where the animals occur, their numbers have remained in a state of equilibrium for a considerable time.

TO the northeast of Peking, in the Province of Chihli, the so-called *Wei Chang,* or Imperial Hunting Grounds, were up till quite recently a hunting reserve in the truest sense of the word, wherein a number of kinds of game were strictly preserved, and none but specially authorized members of the Manchu Imperial Guard, or Bannermen, were allowed to hunt.

It was here that the earlier Manchu Emperors and their Courts sought annual recreation by indulging in the chase of the spotted deer and the wild goat, or goral, the prosaic black bear, and the lordly woolly tiger. It is probably nearly two centuries since any royal *battue* was held in these well-forested and mountainous areas; but up till the Revolution of 1911, which ended in 1912 in the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty, the game of a very large area was rigorously protected, only a certain number of head of deer being killed each winter for the Imperial cuisine.

Unfortunately this extensive area has of late years been thrown open to the farmer and settler; the extensive forests of oak, spruce, and pine have been largely cut away; while the big game is rapidly being exterminated by ruthless Chinese hunters.

Westward, in the Province of Shansi, especially in the western areas, where extensive mountain systems are more or less covered with forest, or at least with thick protective vegetation, big and small game of all kinds is very much more plentiful; while further north in the same province, on the borders of Mongolia, bare and rugged mountains shelter wild sheep, elk or wapiti, and

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wild goats or gorals, not to mention wolves, foxes, an occasional leopard, and numerous roedeer, pheasants, hares and partridges.

In Shensi still further west there are numerous wild areas abounding in certain kinds of game, notably roedeer, wild pigs, leopards, wolves, hares, pheasants and partridges. The same may be said of the westernmost province of all, Kansu. Here a great range of mountains running from north to south in the center of the province contains game areas in which are wapiti and eared-pheasants (*Crossoptilon*), and which have never yet been explored.

The mighty range known as the Tsing Ling, which divides North from Central China, or we may say the Yang-tzu from the Yellow River basin, extending as it does from west to east through Southern Kansu, and Southern Shensi into Western Honan and Northwestern Hupei, is the home of the takin (*Budorcas*), that strangest of beasts, and the serow (*Nemorhœdus*), a large goat-like animal.

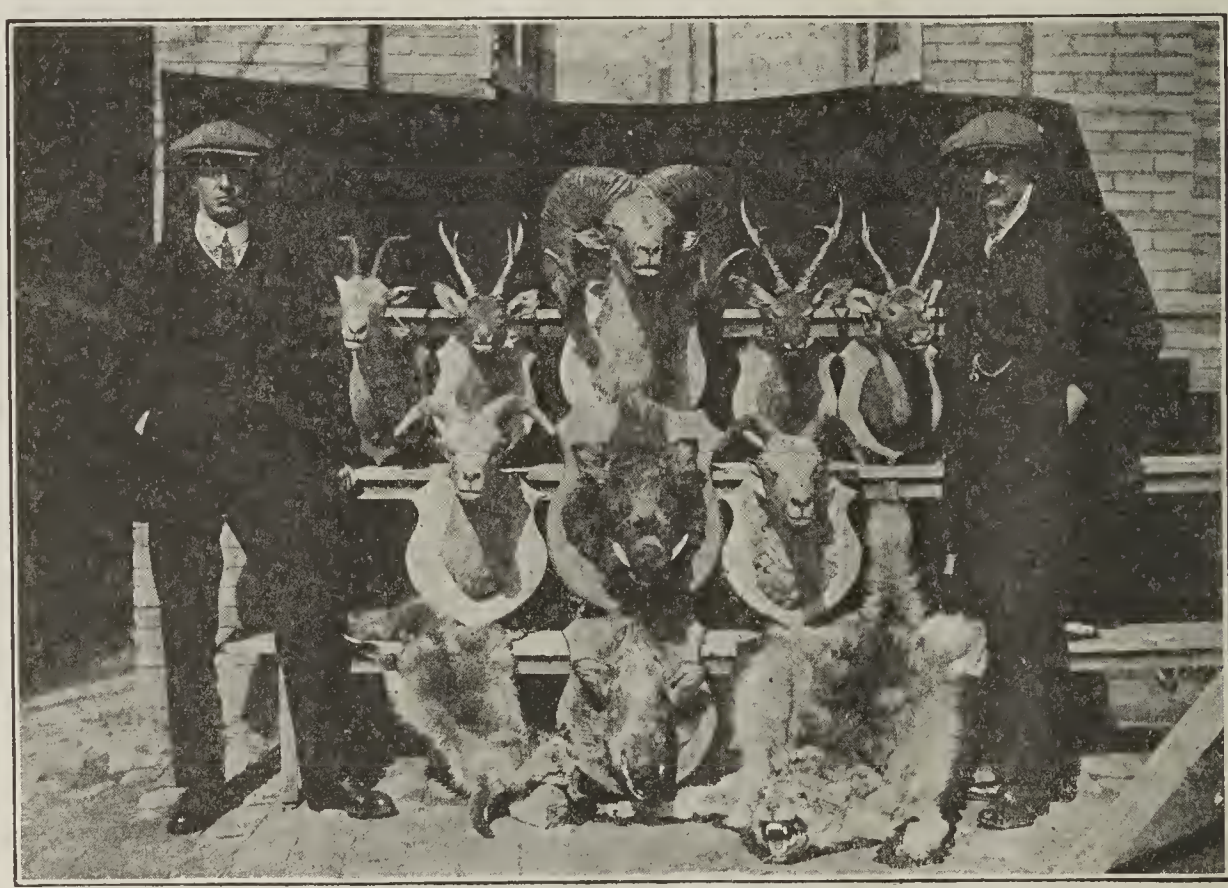
A note should here be added to the effect that the greater part of North China is under cultivation, and the traveler may journey for days without seeing anything larger than a hare or partridge. It is only where special reservation has taken place, as in the case of the Imperial Hunting Grounds, or where the mountains rise to a height of 7000 feet or more, as in the province of Shansi and in the Tsing Ling, or, as in North Shensi and Kansu, where the country has been depopulated by famine, rebellion and massacres, and allowed to relapse into wilderness, that big game is to be found; and it is this probably more than anything else that is responsible for the general ignorance of China's big game.

IN the course of explorations extending over a period of fourteen years, and mainly on behalf of the United States National Museum, the writer has actually visited and hunted in nearly all the areas where big game is to be found in North China. Specimens of many kinds have been secured and their species determined; while considerable attention has been paid to the habits and distribution of each of the many forms so far known to occur in the country. The complete list, including carnivorous animals, contains some twenty-six species and sub-species, namely:

1. Woolly tiger. (*Felis tigris longipilis*, Fitz.)
2. Chinese leopard. (*Felis pardus fontanieri*, M-Edw.)
3. Moupin black bear. (*Selenarctos mupinensis*, Heude.)

Every year young men go forth to little known corners of the world to hunt. And so it will always be so long as there are any wild places inhabited by animals and birds of the chase; for a hundred generations are not enough to overcome the hunting instincts by which primitive man slowly climbed out of savagery to his place of supremacy in Nature.

4. White-pawed bear. (*Ursus clarki*, Sowerby.)
5. Tibetan brown bear. (*Ursus lagomyarius*, Przewalski.)
6. Wolf. (*Lupus tschiliensis*, Matsch.)
7. Siberian wild-dog. (*Cyon alpinus*, Pallas.)
8. Wild-pig. (*Sus moupinensis*, M.-Edw.)
9. Kansu wapiti, or elk. (*Cervus canadensis kansuensis*, Poc.)
10. Peking spotted deer, or sika. (*Cervus mandarinus*, M.-Edw.)



Collection of heads and skins of Chinese big game animals: big horn sheep, roedeer, Mongolian gazelle, wild pig, wolf and fox

11. Shansi spotted deer, or sika. (*Cervus grassianus*, Heude.)
12. Shansi roedeer. (*Capreolus bedfordi*, Thos.)
13. Kansu, or black-eared roeder. (*Capreolus melanotus*, Mill.)
14. Musk-deer. (*Moschus sibiricus*, Pall., and *M. sifanicus*, Büch.)
15. Wild sheep. (*Ovis comosa*, Holl.)
16. Bharal, or Blue sheep. (*Pseu nahura*, Blanford.)
17. Mongolian antelope, or gaz (*Gazella gutturosa*, Pallas.)
18. Przewalski's antelope, or gaz (*Gazella przewalskii*, Büch.)
19. Tibetan gazelle. (*Gazella p caudata*, Hodgson.)
20. Grey goral, or wild goat. (*U tragus cinereus*, M.-Edw.)
21. Grizzled goral. (*Urotragus g cus*, M.-Edw.)
22. Black goral. (*Urotragus ni* Heude.)
23. Long-tailed goral. (*Urotra caudatus*, M.-Edw.)
24. West China serow. (*Nemorha milne-edwardsi*, David.)
25. Tsing Ling serow. (*Nemorha vidianus*, Heude.)
26. Golden takin. (*Budorcas bedfo* Thos.)

Smaller animals, which scarcely c under the heading of big game, which the hunter is always willing add to his bag, are the lynx, wild-c the fox, the raccoon dog, the bad the otter, and the large, yellow-throa marten; while a bird that almost ra as big game, since in hunting it the and deer-stalking tactics are gener used, is the eastern representative of great bustard (*Otis dybowskii*), a grown male of which may weigh thing up to 30 lbs.

In the follow pages each of above mentio big game ani is briefly descri its scientific n being given, something of distribution a habits.

THE woo tiger (*Fe tigris longip* Fitz.), as North Chi Manchurian, Siberian repre tative of t group of fel may be called probably the l est and finest the whole tribe, and beautiful, lo soft coat one the most cov trophies of chase. It has b placed on rec that a tiger longing to this subspecies, which killed near Vladivostok in Manchu measured 10 ft. 6 in. in length with the tail. This means a total length between 13 ft. 6 in. and 14 ft., and ates a world record, since the larg Bengal tiger shot up to the pre measured 12 ft., including the tail. pelt of the woolly tiger, as the name s gests, is long and soft, while in c

; paler than that of other known ıs, and has the markings very much pronounced.

he animal ranges from North Corea the mouth of the Amur River west- d throughout the forested areas of ıchuria to Turkestan, occurring in e of the higher and more forested ntains of North China. It appears e fairly common in the high moun- s of Western Shansi, running up to 00 ft., and specimens are from time time killed or reported by native ters.

he pelt of this tiger is of considerable

d boar, shot in North China by Dr. P. H. Atwood

ıe, while the Chinese em its flesh, blood, and es—especially the last—as very great medicinal value. ınd tiger-bone is sold at much as its weight in sil- , and is believed to make weak and ailing strong and lthy.

ıs with this northern repre- tative of the tigers, so with northern leopards: they provided with long, soft, k coats, very different n the pelts of the Indian and African ıards. The North China leopard was ıed *Felis pardus fontanieri* by Milne- vards, and it ranges from the Yang- basin and Tibetan border through- the whole of North China into West- Manchuria. It is of a fine yellow- ı color above, darkest on the lower ‹, the lips, cheeks, throat, foreneck, st, under parts, inner surface of the , and distal half of the tail being te, the whole, except the distal half the tail which is ringed, being cov- l with black spots or rosets. These k markings are not so numerous or ely set as in the Indian and African ies.

ur species is replaced in the Amur ion by Bonhote's *Felis pardus villosa,* ıuch paler form that was long con- d with the pale snow leopard (*Felis ia,* L.) of the Central Asian high- ls. Whether the latter occurs actu- in Chinese territory is not certain, ugh skins, apparently from Tibet, are l in the Chinese fur market. In ea a somewhat darker form of true leopard occurs, and has been given a distinct name, *Felis pardus orientalis.*

Though always present in forested areas in North China, the leopard occurs in almost any of the mountainous and hilly regions, even where vegetation is scarce. It roams the country over a wide circuit of as much as 40 or 50 miles, feeding upon game and raiding, often with extraordinary daring and cunning, the sheep pens of the local villages. It wages a constant warfare against village dogs, of whose flesh it appears particularly fond, and it is usually over the carcas of a dog that the local hunters manage to kill this formidable pest. It will stay gorging itself upon the flesh of its canine victim within a few hundred yards of the village where it made its kill till late in the day. The natives say that a leopard gorged on dog-flesh appears to be intoxicated, swaying and staggering as it leaves its meal.

As with the woolly tiger, two cubs are usually born at a time, and as soon as they are old enough accompany the mother on her marauding expeditions.

Adult stag of West Shansi, shot by J. Holmberg

BEARS are by no means common in North China; indeed, they are now known to occur only in one or two areas. A species of black bear that has not up to the present been identified, occurs in the mountainous and forested area of Northeastern Chihli, not far from Peking, known as the Tung Ling (Eastern Tombs), part of the Imperial Hunting Grounds already mentioned.

Another species, belonging to the brown bear, or *Ursus arctos* group has been recorded from the Tai Pei Shan, part of the great Tsing Ling range in Southwest Shensi. This form appears to be related to the little blue bear (*Ursus pruinosus*) of the Himalayas, and to *U. lagomyarius* of Northern Tibet and Central Asia. All that is known of it is that it is not a large animal, and has white feet and claws. Heude called it *Ursus leuconyx,* but since this name had already been applied to a grizzly-like species of Western Mongolia, the Shensi species was recently renamed *U. clarki* by the present writer.

In Kansu, on the Tibetan border, specimens of a large brown bear with whitish shoulder-band have recently been secured; and they would seem to be referable to *Ursus lagomyarius,* already mentioned. The Chinese name for this large form is *Ma-hsiung,* or "horse-bear," and since the name is well known amongst the hunters of Shansi and Shensi, it would appear that it or a related species occurred in these provinces at no very distant date. Indeed, the hunters maintain that such bears still exist in the wilder parts, though this is doubtful.

In Northwestern Ssu-chuan, Southwestern Kansu, and neighboring Tibet a species of black bear is known to occur. This is *Selenarctos inuphinensis,* Heude, and belongs to the group of which the Himalayan black bear (*S. thibetanus,* Cuv.) is the type. Unlike the American black bear, these bears are characterized by the presence of a fine white crescent-shaped band across the chest, and usually have the chin white. The hair of the neck and cheeks is very long, hanging down like a mane. The soles of the front feet have the carpal and metacarpal pads coalesced into one broad and long pad, instead of divided in a broad and short meta-carpal pad and a small round carpal pad as in the brown bears, grizzlies, and American black bear.

Collection of heads of big game made by Capt. T. Holcomb and author

S. maceneilli (Lyd.) has been described from further south in Ssu-chuan; while the Manchurian representative is known as *S. ussuricus,* Heude, the Japanese as *S. japonicus* (T. & S.), and the Formosan form as *S. formosanus* (Sw.). An unidentified member of the genus occurs also in Southeastern China, and another in Hainan Island. Thus this

(*Continued on page* 76)

WINTER IN OUR GAME COVERS

AN APPEAL TO HUNTERS WHO ONLY SEE QUAIL AND GROUSE OVER THE RIB OF A GUN IN AUTUMN

By W. J. SCHALDACH

OCTOBER! What a wealth of meaning this magic word holds for those chosen ones who know the ways of fields and covers!

Now the summer's heat has abated, and in its place there is a cool freshness in the air that makes the outdoorsman restless. It is, in a measure, comparable to the "spring fever" that assails a man in April and makes him think of flies and leaders instead of interest and discounts.

At last the magic day has arrived and instead of the irksome trip to the office, Nimrod finds himself and his eager setter on a gently sloping upland. The air is filled with the tang of frost and everywhere is living, blazing, glorious color. At the foot of the slope, a long swale of silver birches winds its way through a rocky valley covered with waving fox-grass, and here and there dwarf cedars and hawthorne bushes dot the hillsides, making ideal cover for quail and pheasant. A quarter of a mile away the birches merge into a splendid forest of beech and maple with rough scrub oaks and chestnuts everywhere in evidence. There are lovely wooded hillsides and stonewalls and swamps and, in short, everything that is needed to be a perfect abiding place for that most perfect of game birds—the ruffed grouse.

Our sportsman stands at a veritable gateway to romance. Here he may enjoy one of the purest forms of pleasure and contentment that is given one worthy of bearing the name "gentleman."

We will leave him and his splendid dog, however, on that colorful New England hillside to find their covies and singles and to share in each other's joys and disappointments as only a man and dog can, while we note the changes that a month can bring.

October's glory has been usurped now by a sterner November. The leaves have gradually given away to the influence of frost and rain and wind and have covered the forest floor with a rich carpet of brown. The air, too, has taken on a feeling of bleakness, while above, steel gray clouds scudding across a grayer sky give promise of the winter to come. The shooting season is drawing to a close and it is well; the last trip Nimrod took wasn't like the October day when the sassafras and sumac were gold and scarlet in hue. They were quite bare now and the beech and maple cover was merely a mass of gaunt branches with bare moss-covered rocks prominent everywhere. Duke tried as hard as he might, creeping along like the cautious old fellow he was, but not a single close point could he get. The fantailed rascal would roar out a hundred yards ahead and not a shot did his master get. Bob-white, too was nowhere to be found and his long-tailed, many-hued imported cousin, the pheasant, simply would not behave but insisted on running instead of lying to point as behooves a well-bred game bird.

> If the man who enjoys good shooting in the fall would give a little of his time during the cold days of winter and care for his feathered friends he could do a lot toward increasing the number of game birds in his own territory and help to furnish better sport for himself and his fellow sportsman.

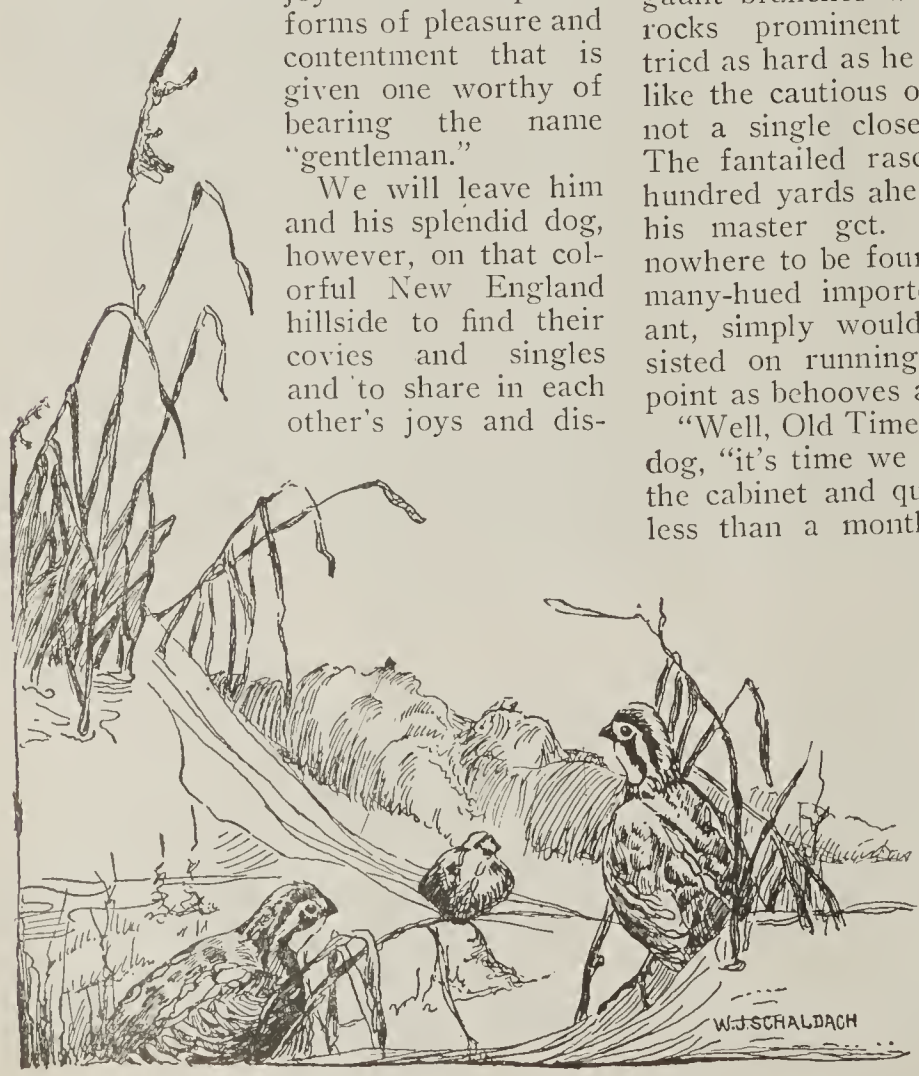
"Well, Old Timer," said the man to the dog, "it's time we put the double gun in the cabinet and quit for this year. It's less than a month 'til Christmas, and you and I have taken our share of birds." Accordingly, that night the field gun was very carefully greased, the stock was well polished and the little piece put in the case beside a small-bore rifle and a brand new restocked Springfield. Nimrod pulled an easy chair up to the fire and was soon absorbed in his pipe and a book, while good old Duke slept with his n between his paws, dreaming of count covies of quail, grouse by the dozen whole squads and columns of ringn pheasants. Outside the wind how around the cornice of the house, the grew chill and snow came down, dri by a northeast gale. It was a typ November squall such as betokened early winter and sometimes a hard

Nimrod went duck hunting twice ing the month of December, and by time the weather had become quite After Christmas he gave not a thou to guns or shooting; the remai leisure time was devoted to the sp trout fishing.

JANUARY came in on the wing one of the worst snow storms decade. The white flakes fell stea for a week, then one day the wea changed and the country was swep rain and hail, followed by bitter weather. If Nimrod (who, of co represents all true lovers of dog gun) had gone to the birch swale leads into the beech and maple gr cover that morning, he would looked upon an entirely different than that which he beheld back in tober, when a genial sun spread warmth upon an autumnal landscap

Now everywhere is ice and snow bare rocks. The woods seem singu devoid of bird life. Here, a few ju hop upon a bare rock; there, a hun yards away in an old oak stub, s rather disgruntled looking crow. downy woodpecker explores the int cies of the bark of an old stub, see what food he may find after the st Then, too, there are bird forms tracks in the snow and signs that unfamiliar. Two hundred yards a a large hawk is soaring gracefully scribing large circles as he hovers the lower end of the birch swale careful inspection through the gl proves him to be a large nort goshawk, one of the great falcons a merciless enemy to game of all Even now he is watching, with his far-seeing eyes, for the telltale m ment in the foxgrass that will revea position of pheasant or quail or ha

Bad weather and poor hunting c tions have driven him and, per scores of others of his species, to down gradually from the North cou which is his habitat, into a milde mate, where he may feast on game tically unmolested. Along with th vasion of vandals from the nort sure to come a horde of snowy owl great diurnal hunters with far-rea black eyes. No solemn-eyed symb wisdom, who sits in a great oak tr day and hunts field mice by nig



his fellow, but rather a bloody pirate, whose sole aim in life seems to be in vieing with the dark deeds of falcon and fox, weasel and mink.

This is the season for all hawks in fact, the time of year when great havoc is done our game. The cooper's and sharp-shinned hawks, which are among the worst, are to be found in all game covers, darting and hovering and flashing ceaselessly throughout the day, doing vast destruction and great harm not only to upland game, but also to domestic fowl. The peregrine falcon or duck hawk (the bird principally used by falconers of medieval times, because of his unerring swiftness) will now desert the waterways to hunt on land. Bob-white and pheasant are on his menu as well as poultry and pigeons.

The great red-shouldered, red-tailed and rough-legged hawks, ordinarily well behaved gentlemen who confine their efforts chiefly to mice, moles and shrews during the warm months, must now vary their diet to suit seasonal changes; therefore, they must turn game hunters, whether they choose to or not.

Let us turn back now to the ice-bound hillsides with the bare white birches, leading up to the grouse cover at the far end, and see what Nimrod might have seen had he been there. Along the stonewall leading up over yonder rocky hillside are a series of strange tracks upon the crusted snow. Two marks, barely separated by the spread of a man's thumb and little finger; two feet away, the same thing, and beyond, always at the same interval, the tracks lead to the brush-covered base of a large beech tree. The singular thing about this trail is that the creature that made it must have jumped at a slight side angle to the direction in which he was traveling, which is precisely what he did for the tracks are those of a weasel, the most bloodthirsty little wretch of all the forest creatures, and once his trail marks are studied, they will never be forgotten, for they are like no others, with exception of those of his big cousin, the mink.

At the foot of the beech tree is a sight that is far from being a pleasant one. Here are signs of a brief struggle, twigs and leaves and snow brushed aside in wild disorder, large drops of blood and some scattered feathers, and a few feet beyond lies a splendid grouse, scarcely touched, except for the matted, bloody feathers about its throat. The greatest tragedy is that the weasel is a wanton killer; he will leave his victim still warm, sucking only a few drops of blood and go to seek fresh fields wherein to satisfy his lust for killing.

That trail of neat, small footprints so precisely placed one after the other, leading down the valley into the alder swamps, was made by a fox. He well knows where the grouse and pheasants stay in severe weather. The end of that trail too, might reveal the end of some splendid game bird; a ring of feathers in the snow with a few scattered bones may be all that is left of a fine pheasant —for a fox eats what he kills.

IF one seeks diligently, he may find tragedy in another form, a whole covey of quail starved and frozen to death by the severe weather. There is an old adage to the effect that "a quail with a full crop never freezes." Nothing is truer than this, for Bob-white is well equipped by nature to withstand cold, provided he has the necessary food to supply him with energy and warmth. The chief reason that we have a lack of quail shooting in the North is, of course, the severe winters. There are at least two months, January and February, when, due to snow, ice and sleet, it is practically impossible for Bob-white to find adequate food on account of the fact that he is a ground feeder and does not "bud" on poplars and other trees as does the ruffed grouse. During this period, too, he becomes an easy victim to vermin of all sorts, because the wits of predatory animals are sharpened in direct ratio to the severity of the weather. Pheasants are apt to succumb to lack of food because they also are ground feeders, and, spending most of their time on the ground as they do, are prone to the attacks of foxes, weasels and hawks.

If Nimrod were as much naturalist as he is sportsman, he could do a lot to increase the number of game birds in his own territory, thereby furnishing better sport for himself and his fellow hunters. There is a lot of work to be done after the last barrel is fired over the dog's back at the end of the season, and this work will be a two-fold source of joy if entered into in the right spirit; first, it will give the one doing it that deeply felt feeling of satisfaction that comes with doing a good deed, and second, it will furnish one with a fund of knowledge concerning the winter woods and covers that cannot be gleaned from the pages of a book, no matter how learned the writer may be. What better sight than that of a cock grouse thundering out of a snow-covered brush pile, scattering the powdery flakes in all directions in his haste to be off? Or a flock of red polls and snow buntings flying over each other as they feed in a weedy field? Sometimes one sees a brilliant cardinal grosbeak in a sheltered clump of hemlocks, looking for all the world like a live, glowing coal!

This, then, is an appeal to you followers of dog and gun who have leisure time on your hands during the winter months. Instead of sitting around the fire and dreaming about spring peepers and arbutus and dark trout pools, this coming cold season, why not try this:

Throw a couple of bags of buckwheat, cracked corn, millet, wheat, chicken feed or almost any kind of grain into the car, take your heaviest 12-bore and some shells loaded with 6's and 4's and plenty of powder, and drive to your covers. Put the feed out in several places where you know the birds will find it, and then devote the rest of your time to hawks and crows, take along a crow call and perhaps a half dozen crow decoys, although the latter are not essential. You are sure to get some shots, and beside having the pleasure of shooting, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are doing the game birds a real benefit. Crows destroy vast quantities of pheasant, grouse and quail eggs every nesting season, and therefore every crow put out of the way means a better chance for game next season.

The necessity of controlling hawks is obvious, and it is not at all impossible for a man to kill a dozen or more each winter. Just a word about feeding—be sure to put the grain under brush that is thick enough to shelter feeding birds from the attack of rapacious birds and yet not dense enough to shelter a weasel, skunk or fox. Never put feed in the midst of dense cover or near rock piles or stone walls. Why not get the bunch together some evening this winter and talk it over? Try to spread it around as much as possible and get all the sportsmen in your crowd interested. This is a fine subject to bring up at the next meeting of your local Fish and Game Association. Winter is a good time to get acquainted with new farmers and to renew acquaintances with the old ones over whose land you shoot in the fall. A few remarks dropped to the

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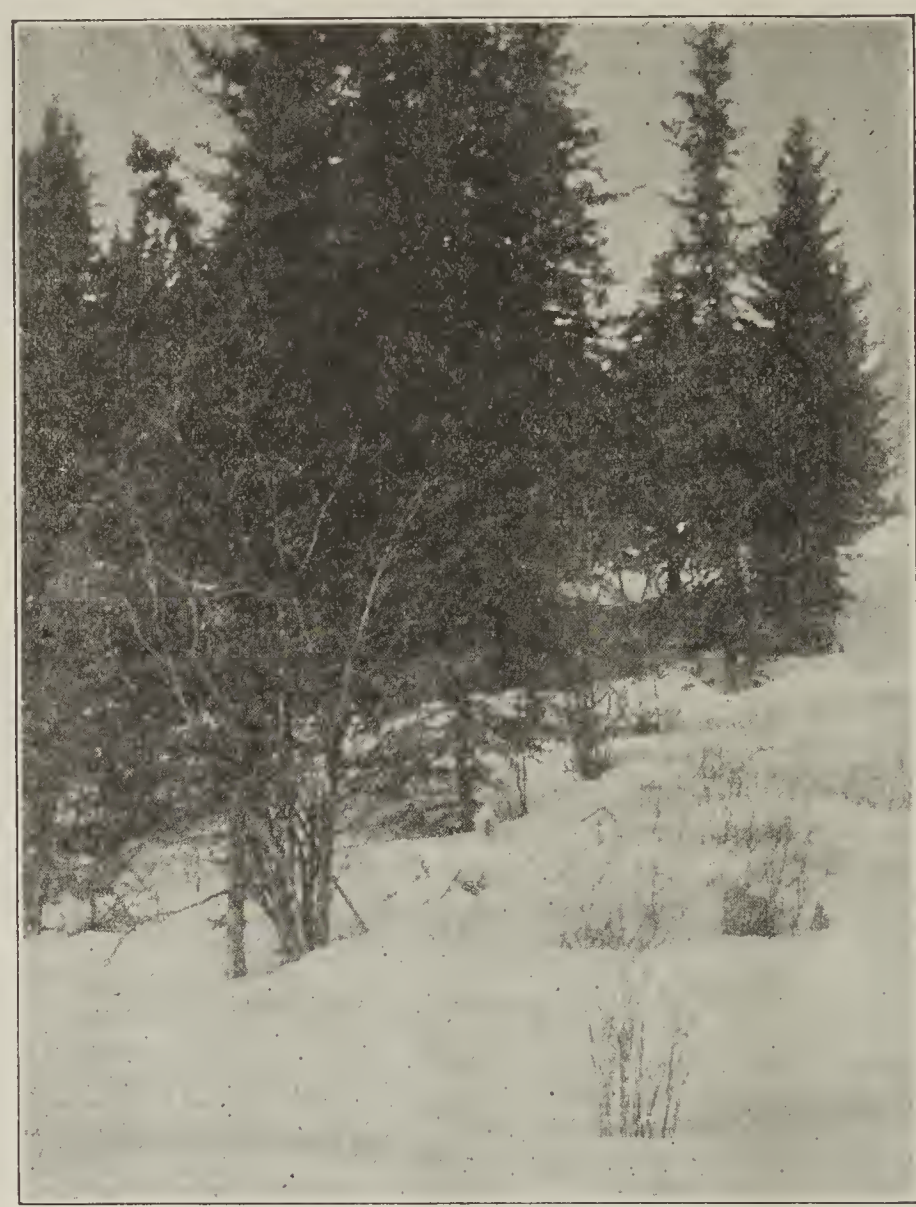
TRAPPING THE THREE RIVER ZONE

ACTUAL EXPERIENCES OF A TRAPPER DURING A PERIOD OF SEVERAL YEARS IN THE WILDS OF NORTHERN ALBERTA—Part Three

By RAYMOND THOMPSON

IN due time my partner returned from Edson with quite a number of new traps and some more groceries. A freighter by the name of Foote had been coming up at the time Knowles left so he took advantage of the opportunity and brought this stuff along. We engaged Foote to haul some supplies (traps, grub and the canoe) on up to Kimberly Lake as this would save us a large amount of packing. The first four miles going north from the Baptiste is all one long hill and I had been fed up with packing the first winter.

At Moose Lake, about half way between the Baptiste and Kimberly, we took a stove and some grub off the load, with the intention of packing it on into the lake, a distance of three-quarters of a mile off the trail, where Cy and I had built a cabin the previous winter but hadn't used it very much on account of lack of equipment. Kimberly Lake was full of ducks of every description and as my pard had brought a shotgun along we launched the canoe and shot a couple for supper. We looked about hopefully for signs of rats but saw nothing favorable. There was a large beaver house directly across the lake from the cabin, about two miles distant. There were no beavers in the dams on the small stream that fed the lake; Cy and I had evidently cleaned them up pretty well.



A snowshoe rabbit along the Athabasca trail

I had learned considerable through my experience of the previous winter and determined at the outset to enlarge on our trapping operations so as to insure a good catch. In this country it is very necessary to have all the traplines one can well attend to, as the game at best is scattering and one must have a large number of traps with cabins at intervals of from ten to twenty miles apart. Whenever possible it is advantageous to run the various lines from a central point, but as this is not always practicable, the cabins are often located on lines following the same general direction, with side lines at intervals, tapping favorable country. On these side lines it is often necessary to "Siwash" or camp out, under rudely constructed shelters, but I can say from experience that a little of this goes a long way, especially when the thermometer is registering around fifty below zero.

Our traplines, at the start of the season, were outlined as follows: We used Old John Anderson's buildings at the Baptiste Crossing for our headquarters. As intimated previously, our north line ran up to Kimberly Lake with a cabin half way at Moose Lake. At Moose Lake we had a circle running around the neighboring hills, it being our intention to make this trip in one day and thus avoid camping out. From Kimberly we had two sidelines, one running on north three or four miles and the other southeast to Beaver Lake. These latter lines were getting into the Little Smoky Country.

We trapped from the Headquarters Camp down the Baptiste to where it emptied into the Athabasca, having one cabin near the mouth. Upstream we had a cabin on the mouth of Bear Creek and another near where the Hay River contributes to the Baptiste. In running this part of the line we often stopped at Rapelje's, as they had located only three miles above us. It developed that in addition to bringing out his wife and blind sister, Mr. Rapelje had also been accompanied by an uncle, an aged veteran of the Civil War. This old man, whose name, incidentally, was Thompson, had a great liking for the game of Cribbage, and every time either of us boys happened along there was a game of cards in store for us. The blind sister had a marked deck of cards which she played surprisingly well. Although she couldn't see a particle, her sense of touch had been developed to an amazing degree.

ON the first of November we put out a dozen traps all number threes, along the river toward the mouth. At intervals there were a number of sand bars and these smooth stretches were pretty well tracked up by the various fur-bearers. All of our sets were made in the sand, which at that time was very dry. We buried bait, usually fish, directly under the trap or between two traps, set a few feet apart, and the animals in digging for it were reasonably sure to get caught.

The day after we set the traps out down-stream we took a number up-river and placed them in likely spots. The third day we went over the first short line and took a couple of nice dark minks from the traps. One of these had sure been caught "right." It was at a double set, that is there were two traps close together. This mink had jumped fairly in the one trap and when the jaws had closed on both forelegs he had given a spring forward. The chain had jerked him up short and he fell, head-foremost into the second trap whose jaws crushed his skull. Poor little mink—he didn't suffer very long, anyway.

That same evening after we had eaten supper we went up to the fishing hole to see if we had any bull trout. It was getting rather late in the season and they had been biting but little. From this point we could see quite a way up-stream and Cliff noticed an animal standing on a small island and it looked to us as though the creature was chewing on something. We guessed that thing to be a dozen different creatures ranging from small bears to cross foxes. We sneaked way 'round a back channel and came out directly opposite where the animal stood. Here we could see that it was a large brush wolf in one of our traps. When he saw us coming he did a most surprising thing—started digging the trap and pole across the narrow channel directly toward us!

The pole to which the trap had been fastened was a very heavy one and it was a puzzle to us that the wolf had

been able to swim that swift river, impeded as he was. He was a very large fellow and must have weighed at least eighty pounds. I count the brush wolf as being the shrewdest animal of this country and we were delighted to think that we had caught such a fine specimen, right off the bat!

The next day we continued on up the Baptiste. During the night it had snowed a little and we half expected our traps to be frozen up. Most of them were and at length we came to the last trap, or rather the point from where we could see its resting place, and we had taken nothing as yet. Although we were some distance away, we could see that something had been in this trap, for the snow was all worn away from the creature's struggles. On approaching nearer we saw a dark animal straining furiously on the trap chain and he was so completely covered with mud we could not tell what it was until real close. It proved to be a big otter at which we were especially elated, for this animal was a scarce article.

It seemed Fate had been working against this otter; the river was open within a few feet of where the traps had been set but the animal, instead of plunging for the water, had climbed the bank and got tangled up on an old stub of a small poplar. It seems like there is often some little incident of this sort that spells the difference between success and failure. This otter measured, when stretched, nearly six feet.

TOWARD Christmas the snow commenced to come down heavily and in a surprisingly short time enough snow fell to make things look serious for Mr. Rapelje's stock. His wild hay was far from adequate when it came to lasting through the bitter cold period and he had figured on the horses rustling up till near Christmas. Consequently, when the snow got too deep for the horses they commenced to die and their numbers decreased at an alarming rate. They say it is an ill wind that blows nobody good—such was the case with Mr. R's poor stock, no sooner had they started dying than foxes and brush wolves congregated on the Baptiste Flats in large numbers, and we were enabled to catch quite a bunch of them.

But, while the fact of his horses dying was quite a severe loss to Mr. Rapelje, he was more concerned with the question of getting in more grub for his family. Up to that time the old trail had been passable throughout the winter, and relying on this Mr. R. had not taken time to get in a good supply of flour, sugar, tea, etc. To make things further complicated, another family had been left at the Athabasca Crossing without enough grub to bring them through. To relate just how this happened, I will have to go back a couple of months in my narrative.

> To be a wilderness trapper one must have rare courage. When everything is going well it is a fascinating game, but when bad luck dogs his footsteps his spirit is sorely tried. Then it is that the fine qualities of determination and patience are brought into play as he faces a struggle for bare existence against the unrelenting forces of Nature.

Just before freeze-up an outfit had stopped at our Baptiste headquarters one night, being on the way to Mile 120, on the old trail. There were two partners, Murphy and Morris, who had been financed by a Mrs. MacDonald; their purpose being to open a trading post on Moose River, some sixty miles northwest of the Crossing. After Murphy and Morris had passed by we thought nothing of the incident until the women folks arrived at the Athabasca, only three miles distant by pack trail. Mrs. Murphy and Mrs. MacDonald had hired a freighter to take them to the place where the men were stopping, but on arriving at the Athabasca, the condition of the trail, and the fact that it was impossible to cross the Athabasca River at that time, made the freighter unwilling to continue further, so he left the women there and returned to town.

Mile Ninety House, where Theodore Walters traded with the Indians and present home of W. R. Hare

In the meantime Murphy and Morris had been having hard luck on their end; Morris became discouraged and went out by way of High Prairie and Murphy came down to the Athabasca to see if there had been any word from the women. When Murphy reached the Crossing and found out what had happened he gave up all notion of going back to Moose River. Hindmarsh, the Athabasca ferryman, was leaving for the winter, so Murphy rented his cabin with the intention of staying there and doing a little trapping. Mrs. MacDonald was taken back to town and everything should have been satisfactory. It would have, too, *IF* we had all been well supplied with grub! How we all contrived to live through that hard winter will develop later on.

KNOWLES and I were rather young to be isolated for very long, and as Yuletide approached we planned on taking our "catch" out to Edson and spend a week or ten days in civilization. When we left the Athabasca, on our fifty-three mile hike on snowshoes, we promised Murphy that we would try and rustle some sleigh dogs and bring back all the grub we could.

Young Knowles' parents had come up from the State of Washington and were living in Edson, so we went directly to their home. They were delighted to see us and admired our catch of furs very much. We did have a splendid variety: lynx, wolf, fox (red and cross), mink, otter and weasel. I have seen a time when that same catch would have fetched a couple of thousand dollars but at that time it was a great deal less in value. I had a great pile of letters from home and read and re-read them time after time.

After considerable dickering we sold part of our catch in Edson to a local buyer, and shipped the remainder to St. Louis. Here are some representative prices which we received for this lot: Lynx brought from ten to fourteen dollars or say, an average of twelve; minks, around five dollars; red foxes, ten dollars; two cross foxes, thirty-six dollars each; brush wolves, seven dollars average; otter, fifteen dollars and weasels averaged 70 cents straight. Now, these prices may not seem extra good, yet, considering the game there was in the country, they might have been worse. I have seen much lower prices prevail. I saw ninety-eight lynx sold by a trapper for seven hundred dollars; I have seen red foxes sell for four dol-

lars and everything else in proportion. The law of supply and demand has much to do with the price of fur. When furs are plentiful a normal demand is readily supplied at a low figure, while if it is a scarce article, competition often forces the market to a temporary high level. The professional trapper *never* makes more than wages on the average, and it is what one makes, year in and year out, that determines one's earning capacity.

KNOWLES and I had secured three dogs while in Edson. We made harness and a toboggan for them and broke them in fairly well before leaving town. Little did we dream how valuable those animals would be ere the winter was over. The average person has no idea of the work that an ordinary dog will do when once onto the game.

We left Edson with close to two hundred pounds of grub, arriving at the Athabasca on the evening of January 1st. Murphy had been visited by a streak of luck—he had killed a moose (we were all out of meat by that time), and had caught a very large silver fox. They had been practically living on meat while we were away and the grub we had brought back was truly appreciated. The fox that Murphy had trapped was one of the largest I have ever seen and but for the fact that it was slightly rubbed would have been perfect.

The foxes of this country are the very first animals to become prime in the fall, and also the first to shed their winter coats. As a rule, their pelts are in good condition up till the middle of March, but occasionally the hair will start to loosen on some of the foxes as early as January and sometimes before. This is generally due to a sort of itch, causing the animals to rub against trees and spoil the quality of the coat.

We had an exceptionally fine catch on our traplines and caught almost as much on this first trip after our return, as we had taken all winter previously. This is what one may expect in the trapping game—a streak of good luck and then a time when everything seems to go wrong. There certainly seems to be something akin to luck in this particular occupation, for even the best trapper of the north country never knows what he is going to get in his traps—once they are set out. To be sure, one must not depend to any great extent on luck, for if the trapper is careless about his business his traps will be in such a condition that a dozen valuable foxes might tramp on them without endangering their pelts.

A short time after our return to the trapline I had occasion to make a short trip down river from the Baptiste headquarters. My partner was up on the north lines at the time. The farthest I intended going was but a mile or so from camp so I left my rifle at the cabin, thinking there was hardly any chance of seeing any animal worth shooting. but it is an oft repeated saying that whenever the hunter leaves his rifle in camp he is sure to see game!

There was a high cutbank, about three-quarters of a mile below the cabin, where the river had eaten its way into a small mountain of sandstone. About fifty feet above the bed of this river, a ledge ran along the sandstone cliff. As I passed underneath I happened to glance up and saw a magnificent fox lying there in the pale sunshine. I gazed in astonishment at him—he was coal-black except on the hips and the tip of the tail. I was so close I could see his eyes distinctly and I am not sure but what he winked at me. At any event, I do know that he stretched himself leisurely and trotted slowly away, leaving me the victim of the worst attack of "blues" I had ever experienced. It took me a long time to fully recover from the effects of this piece of carelessness! It was an object lesson to me. The question of being prepared is just as important in the trapping game as in anything else.

When we went up-river again we found the Rapeljes just about "on the rocks" as far as grub was concerned. We had known they were running shy of some things but did not realize they were so badly off. There is an Unwritten Law in the North that no one must starve as long as a bite of food remains in the entire community. The Rapeljes were especially to be pitied because there were two of their number practically helpless—the old Civil War veteran and the blind sister. We hastened back to the head camp and brought a supply of everything we had back to the needy ones and then went on up the Baptiste.

A canoe-load of supplies for the trapping season

At Bear Creek cabin we spent a very miserable night on account of the extreme cold. We had not placed a stove in this camp but had constructed a small fireplace of sandstones. The only way we got any sleep whatever was to "fire" in shifts. It is hard to imagine how cold it can get in some parts of the world. The day we left the Rapeljes, enroute to Bear Creek, I froze one of my ears severely and it was swollen to a most alarming size by night. Knowles had fallen on a smooth glare of ice (we traveled almost entirely on the frozen Baptiste that trip) and had slightly dislocated his hip, so that he was feeling more like the last thirty cents of a million dollars than a hardy trapper.

One of the greatest lessons I have ever learned was taught me in the wilderness. This was the lesson that patience is a great virtue. It was hard to smile, or even look at things in a cheerful light, when cold, tired, hungry, and many weary miles from a comfortable cabin. At such times one is apt to think of all the luxuries he is missing and heartily curse the day he went into the wilderness. But the longest day is invariably followed by darkness and with darkness comes sleep and rest. Sometimes, of course, as it happened the night we stopped at Bear Creek, the cold is so bitter that one has very little chance to rest comfortably.

During the course of a single season's trapping a man will walk a few thousand miles and needless to say, this is not always under ideal conditions. When the snow is deep and one has a good trail broken, traveling on snowshoes is ideal and the trapper can make forced marches of a surprising distance. But directly after a heavy fall of snow, getting about by any means is a heartbreaking task. Especially is the trapper to be pitied when the snow is soft, for then it clings to his snowshoes and makes of them leaden weights that drag his very spirit down into the smothering white blanket. To be a wilderness trapper one must have rare courage; when everything is going O.K. it surely is a fascinating game, but when Bad Luck has the upper hand life becomes almost unbearable. But one must learn that it's ALL IN THE DAY'S MARCH!

WHEN Knowles and I returned from the trip up-river we decided that it was up to us to make another "relief journey," for by this time there was scarcely enough grub to last the Murphys and Rapeljes another week. The snow had been falling steadily for the past few days and on our last trip down from Fraser Mountain we had noticed that the height of land, which we had to cross on our way to town, looked discouragingly white in the distance. Fraser Mountain was north of the Baptiste headquarters and from there one could see clear across the Baptiste and Athabasca valleys to the Moose Mountains, the height of land I mention.

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Two great coon dogs, Dewey (left) and Polk (right) and three victims of their prowess

COON HUNTING IN NEBRASKA

A GOOD COON DOG FOLLOWS THE TRAIL AT FULL SPEED AND HOLDS THE SCENT WITH HIS NOSE IN THE AIR

By L. V. DOUGLAS

THE ringtailed raccoon is about the largest wild game left in Nebraska, and furnishes the greatest sport in the hunt. The many wooded rivers and creeks furnish an excellent home for the coon, and the Nebraska cornfields furnish an abundance of food. The coon is very fond of crawfish and grapes, and spends the early part of the evening fishing in the shallow water for his favorite food, the crawfish. In this way he becomes wet and is more easily trailed by the dogs. Coon hunting is done in the night, and as the evening shades appear the coon comes out of hiding, and starts in quest of food.

In starting on a hunt the dogs are turned loose along the creek, their collars being removed so that they will not become entangled in the brush while hunting. They immediately go to the water and hunt along the edge until a trail is found. As soon as a coon dog scents a coon trail, he will start bawling and so attract the attention of the entire pack, who quickly gathers together . . . and the race is on. There may be a dozen or more dogs in the pack, but each one runs the trail as though he were the only dog in the race. Coon hunters soon learn to know the voice of each and every dog, and can tell which dog struck the trail. This is an interesting time in the hunt, as the hunters in this way can tell that none of the dogs have strayed.

A good dog must have a keen scent, which enables him to run with his nose in the air and thus follow the trail at full speed. If the ground is dry and dusty, or if the wind is high, the dogs must run with nose close to the ground and the race will be slower and less interesting, so that coon hunters select warm, foggy nights as the best time to hunt. The different departments of the hunt for the dogs are hunting, cold trailing, hot trailing, treeing, fighting and killing the coon. Few dogs are considered good in all these departments.

Cold trailing is following a trail made hours before, where the coon has traveled in quest of food; such a trail is winding and the scent often faint and hard for the dogs to follow. When at last the dog closes up on the coon and the trail freshens, it is then said to be a hot trail. The bawl of the dog now changes and he travels much faster and bawls more often and louder. That is when the hunting crowd becomes excited, and stamps out the fire and starts to follow the dogs. As the dogs close in the coon generally climbs the largest tree, preferably one which overhangs the water, and the dogs, when they come to the tree, will stand on their hind legs and smell around the trunk of the tree; they then circle the tree, often to the distance of a hundred yards in each direction. When they are satisfied that the coon has gone up that particular tree and has not come down, they assemble and bark the tree.

The tree barking differs from the bawling on the trail, and is quickly recognized by the hunters who begin shouting, "He's up." This is one yell that soon becomes a habit and no coon hunter at this stage of the hunt can refrain from shouting it, even though he be alone. Then a hurry-up trip is made to the tree and I am always sorry for those unable to run fast or who get caught in a wire fence. I have seen good clothes torn to pieces and with no regrets, on this race to the tree, amid the shouts of "He's up." The coon will generally hide in the fork of the branches and lies so flat that it is often difficult to locate him if the limb is a large one, but he always occupies a position that enables him to look down and observe what is going on below. Thus his inquisitiveness enables the hunter to locate him by "shining his eyes," as it is called. This is done by the use of a strongly reflected light, generally an auto lamp, with dry battery attachment.

WHEN the coon is located, the dogs are put on chains, except one or two, who are expected to fight and kill

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The old clearing not far from Brandreth Lake where Reuben Cary caught the sole survivor of the Adirondack wolves

THE LAST ADIRONDACK WOLF

HOW REUBEN CARY FOLLOWED ITS TRAIL THROUGH WINTER WOODS AND FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN TRAPPING THE WARY ANIMAL

By FREDERICK A. POTTER

THE fall of 1893 came early. November was ushered in with those clear, cold days that are so characteristic of an Adirondack early winter. Snow held off uncommonly late, and by November 15 the ice in the lakes and ponds was strong enough to hold a man.

Reuben Cary, now one of the oldest living guides of the Adirondacks, one of the princes of the old school, was preparing to put in the winter at Brandreth Lake in Hamilton County. "Rube" had lived at the lake since 1880, but before that had put in many seasons guiding in the Park. Brandreth Lake lay in almost the center of this Park, and was surrounded by trackless forests, abounding in game of all kinds. With Rube there were living at the lake his brother and two other men, by name Flynn and Parker. The four kept house in a log cabin at the northern end of the lake. They shared the duties of cooking and doing the chores and in helping Rube with his trap-line.

About two miles from the lake there was an old clearing of some fifty acres. Here hay was cut and piled every summer to feed the cattle and sheep that were kept at the lake. An old road ran from the lake to the clearing, and over this road they used to drive the cattle and sheep, often leaving them to graze in the clearing, when the weather was good, for two or three days at a time. In order to protect the hay mounds from the cattle and deer, a rough fence or stockade had been built around it, large enough to herd the cattle into at night, if necessary.

By the middle of November, Rube had his trap-line pretty well out, and was working in his spare time making snowshoes for the winter's campaign. As the days advanced, the new moon grew to a round fulness, and one night, as the four woodsmen were sitting around the stove visiting, they were startled to hear a long, drawn-out howl outside. It was so plain and sounded so near that Rube opened the door and stood gazing down the sparkling, ice-bound lake, bathed in the light of a full moon. For a long time everything was still; and then, suddenly, from the mountain on the west of the lake came the same long, drawn-out howl. Now it had been many years since wolves had been seen or heard in the Adirondacks. Occasionally a report had been circulated of someone who had either heard or crossed a wolf track in the snow. These reports were never given much credence and were always looked upon as a hunter's tale. But Rube had heard too many wolves howling in his day to be deceived, and the others agreed with him that it could b nothing else. They talked of wolves tha night, of the large packs that in th olden days lived and thrived in th woods; but times had changed, an surely the last of the wolves had passe in the North Woods.

Reuben Cary and the last Adirondack wolf

The following afternoon, Rube wa stringing snowshoes in the shop. Hi brother and Flynn were out on the trap line. Parker was preparing suppe when he happened to look out on th lake and saw a gaunt, gray anima crossing about a mile from the shor He called Rube, but the old trapper wa too busy to be excited enough to loo at what he said must be a deer. How ever, when Parker insisted that "his coa was too shiny and gray" for a dee Rube condescended to go out on th porch to look for himself. One look wa enough to convince the old hunter i was no deer, but a large, gray wolf.

Running into the house, he grabbe up his old 38-40 rifle, and putting on his coat and hat a he ran, went down on the ice The wolf did not seem to pa any attention to the smal group of camps at the head o the lake, nor to the old guid who started out toward him The wolf crossed the lake t the east shore and starte trotting down toward the is land about two miles south Rube kept down the middle o the lake, which is about a mil wide, hoping to get ahead o the wolf, and to get a shot a him as he came around th island. Half way down th lake the wolf crossed again t the west shore about a quarte of a mile ahead of Rube. He did not seem to see—or if he did, to pay any attention to—

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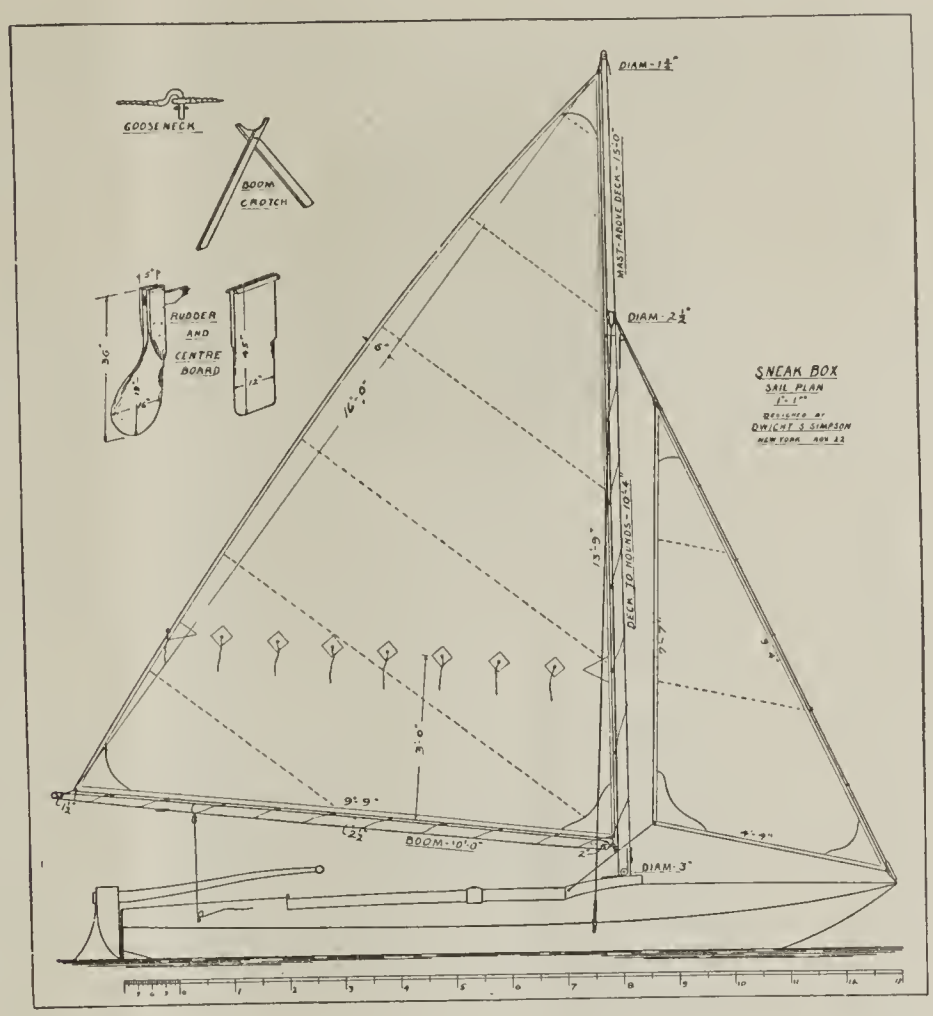
RIG FOR THE BARNEGAT SNEAKBOX

HOW TO BUILD A SAILING OUTFIT AND OTHER ACCESSORIES NEEDED FOR CRUISING IN THIS POPULAR LITTLE BOAT

By DWIGHT S. SIMPSON



IN the December number I told how to build a Barnegat sneakbox and I now submit the sail plan with ketches of the various fittings et to be made to complete the ig for cruising.

The rudder is made of 1" ak chamferred off to a feather dge all around the blade to ninimize resistance. To the ipper part rivet two cheek ieces, to form a mortise for he end of the tiller. This rtiele is also made from 1" ak about 2½" wide at the rudler and gracefully curved and apered to 1" square at the ther end, where it is finally nade eight-sided for a grip. t should project about a foot nto the cockpit. It is not astened to the rudder but itted with some taper so that while it can be driven in solid, t is also easy to knock out. Two heavy screw eyes are put into the forward edge of the rudder and two into the stern of the boat, when a rod slipped through all four will hold the rudder in place.

The centerboard is made of 1" oak chamfered off below the hull. Some ballasting effect can be secured if the "board" is made of 3/16" steel or brass plate (the slot and trunk will be narrower), but it should be cut out "U" shaped in the trunk to lighten it. In either case two cleats are riveted along the upper edge to keep it from slipping through the case and to provide means of drawing it out.

The dimensions of the mast and boom are given in the sail plan. They should be made of spruce if possible. Failing this, fir, white pine or yellow pine may be used. They should be round and straight of course. The boom may be held to the mast with a pair of jaws or better by a large screw eye in the mast and a hook in the end of the boom. This hook will have to be made, as it should be long in the nose and have a hole through it for a cotter pin to keep it from coming out.

We can even make the sail ourselves out of 6 oz. tent cloth or heavy sheeting. The dotted lines show the seams. These are formed by lapping the two pieces of cloth about an inch and running two rows of stitching, one along each edge. If the cloth is fifty or sixty inches wide it should be looped over along the middle and a "fake" seam put in for strength purposes. At the three corners and at the ends of the reef row an extra piece of cloth should be stitched on each side of the sail, after which it must be hemmed all around. Make the hem about an inch wide and run two rows of stitching. It is then ready for the roping. The rope should be about ⅜" in diameter and of the best quality. Starting at the top or head of the mainsail seize the rope around a thimble (which can be bought at any hardware store) about two feet from its end, then sew the sail (with double string for thread) to the rope so that the thimble comes at the corner with the two-foot length of rope running along the after-edge of the sail and the full length running down the forward or mast edge. In sewing, keep the rope well stretched but the sail just tight enough to keep out wrinkles. Sew closely and strongly until you come to the lower corner between the mast and the boom. Here another thimble must be seized in. Then proceed along the foot, seizing a thimble at the after corner and running the rope up the after edge about two feet. If you are a nice workman, you can untwist the rope, take out some of the fibers and twist up these two ends of the rope into a nice taper before sewing to the sail. Next we need a lot of small thimbles about ½" in the hole. Six of these we fasten to the roped edge of the sail along the mast every 18", beginning at the boom. Put a larger one at the ends of the reef row. Put more of them 12" apart along the foot of the sail. They are fastened by many turns of string around the rope and groove of the thimble.

The reef points are made of cotton rope about 3/16" diameter and two feet long. Round eyes are worked in the sail and stitched like button holes. Then the ropes are put in and fastened at their middles. Whip the ends with thread or string so they will not ravel.

The jib is roped like the mainsail except that instead of thimbles lashed to the rope along the edge, we use large snap hooks. These can be purchased for the purpose but if you can get only harness hooks fasten them on so that a rope can be run through parallel to the sail rope. There are neither thimbles or hooks along the bottom.

WE are now ready to rig the boat. We need three straps of iron or brass about ⅛" x 1" x 8" long. Drill a half inch hole close to one end of each strap and file the end round to correspond. Then drill and countersink three holes for No. 12 screws toward the other end of each strap. One of these straps is fastened to the bow so that its eye just sticks up over the deck. The others are fastened to the sides about six inches aft of the line of the mast. Next get three turnbuckles and 40 feet of rigging wire such as is used in radio aerials. You can get them at Five and Ten Cent stores now.

Fasten a wooden shoulder on each side of the mast where the fore-stay comes and after twisting a good, strong eye in the ends of the rigging slip them over the mast and down to the shoulders. First the starboard or right hand shroud; then the port or left hand and finally the fore-stay. Open out the turnbuckles, fasten one end to the eyeplate and run the rigging wire through the other. Twist up or seize this tight and when all three are ready tighten up the turnbuckles until the wires come just taught. We have previously run the halliards (of ⅜" diam. rope) through the blocks at the mast head and have both ends of them on deck. Splice a snap hook into one end of each and run the other end through the lower block and put a knot in it. First bend on the mainsail. Fasten the lower forward thimble to the end of the boom by several turns of cotton rope. Then take the other lower after end to the other end of the boom and draw it out until the foot rope is just tight and fasten it there. A hole in the end of the boom to take two turns of the cotton rope will help to hold it in place.

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RIFLE PRACTICE FOR HUNTERS

NEXT TO SHOOTING AT NATURAL OBJECTS, RAPID-FIRE OFF-HAND WORK AT PAPER TARGETS IS OF THE MOST BENEFIT

By C. S. LANDIS

SEVERAL years ago, a companion and myself worked out one of the most successful and also one of the most practical forms of target practice for field shooting that the writer has seen in action. It was as simple as possible, required no markers or assistants, and yet, in spite of the fact that it was done more as a practical joke than as a means of instruction, results were so startling to the victim, who was unacquainted with the methods previously employed to get results, that the telling of it may be the means of starting someone on the road to better rifle shooting in the field.

My shooting friend had a neighbor who, in spite of the fact that he was a fairly well-to-do farmer, had a good deal more thrift in his make-up than is found in the average Scotchman's system. Consequently, he never could be induced to do any target practice previous to the big-game hunting season, because he thought it was not only wasteful, but also sinful to shoot his money away in this manner. On more than one occasion he had missed a particularly easy shot or two at deer, due entirely to the fact that he had no idea whatever where his bullets would strike at any other than absolutely point-blank range which, with his .38-55 black powder rifle, was little more than 50 yards.

The result of all this was that he was rather discouraged about his shooting ability and it was becoming increasingly difficult to induce him to go deer hunting for more than a day or two at a time, and this, too, regardless of the fact that he was undoubtedly one of the best trackers and all-day hunters in the whole neighborhood.

We had a little shanty in a ravine back of the house, where we did our cartridge loading and kept our rifles and ammunition, from which we did our target practice. Two hundred, three hundred, and five hundred yards directly up the hollow from the shanty were regular target butts for the usual long-range target practice. On each side of the ravine, however, were very steep and stony hills upon which we could secure the grandest off-hand practice imaginable with high-power rifles by shooting at stones or clods of dirt that were stood up so as to break and throw up dust each time they were hit.

THE first day on the grounds we spent in loading and in sorting over our ammunition, putting on a new sight or two and carefully targetting in a number of rifles: a sporting Springfield, a Ross, a .405 and a .250-3000. All of this required a bit of shooting at the various ranges and consequently we did quite a bit of firing. That evening my friend went up to call on his super-economical neighbor and told him that there was a darn fool from the city down at his house who didn't care how much ammunition he wasted, and who was going to shoot the next day until he had broken every rock within 500 yards of the shanty (which would have taken a week of steady shooting) because he was a trifle out of practice.

The result of ten shots, rapid-fire, offhand at 50 yards with a sporting Springfield

This immediately got a rise out of "Hal," as we had hoped that it would, as his misses had been aggravating to the rest of the camp, and he was on hand bright and early to do a bit of missionary work with one of the "Heathen" from the city.

The first thing to do was to set up additional targets; so we made a circle around all of the hills within 400 yards of the cabin, and set up dozens of flat pieces of sandstone and shale, and propped them on end with sticks so that they would present flat or irregular surfaces toward the firing point at the cabin. Some of these were placed in little open spaces in the chestnut woods, others were partly hidden in the ankle-high grass in a clover field, a few were placed against the butts of small pine and spruce trees and still more were scattered around in an apple orchard. In other words, these marks were located at unknown ranges, amid all kinds of surroundings, and at every point of the compass—except toward the house and road—so that actual field shooting conditions would be imitated.

When viewed from the firing line no two marks looked alike or contrasted the same with their surroundings. Some of them could scarcely be seen at all, while a few stood right out in the open—the way artists like to draw a deer—where they could be seen more easily.

And then the fun began. The white, yellow and red rocks that were close in and easy to see only lasted for a few minutes, but as soon as the hill was cleared up to the base of the clover field, the shooting took on a different character. Sometimes it was necessary to aim several times at a little black stone that looked like a woodchuck's head 225 yards off in the clover field, before it was possible to let off the Springfield ahead of the reappearance of the dot from behind the big yellow-bead front sight. It took four shots to get that one—although the rock had two other holes in it.

The real hard marks were the black, green and brown stones that were hidden in the brush and the "pieces" left from previous breaks that were classed as "cripples," and which were not scored until fully broken.

Probably the hardest shot of all was at a little gray stone about the size of one's hand that nestled at the base of a pine scrub—clear up near the top of the highest hill. It took a long time to get a good hold on that stone because it was necessary to aim at the pine and then depress the muzzle slowly until the dot was centered behind the yellow bead—but when the white dust spurted a foot high off the dot, at the first shot, and a yard high at the second, which smashed the stone into powder, even "Hal" woke up with a yell.

This, to him, was a new—and practical—form of target shooting that meant far more than shooting at a paper target. Even he could see the similarity between that dot under the pine, and a woodchuck working down in his clover field; or between that yellow slab over in the chestnut woods and a deer sneaking back around the drivers. The marks looked "real." He knew they were hard to hit, and every time the pieces flew or a spurt of dust shot up into the air, he could visualize what a shot like that would do to the old six-prong buck that he had missed the year before out back of his house on Locust Ridge. And one of those dark rocks over in the apple orchard looked very much like the stern of that spike buck that had sneaked down through the hollow from Muncy Mountain and then beat it up to the cover of the ridges on the other side. That row of stones stuck up along the foot of a grown-up fence row and which were so hard to smash—because they were hard to aim at—reminded him of the time a flock of turkeys were feeding over in the hollow back of the Underwood Road and he never could understand why he couldn't see to hit them because he was using a black front sight that showed up as big as a barn when he looked at it against a knot of his house (which was painted white).

There were a dozen things that "Hal" perceived, but a number of others were

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HOW SHOULD BIG FISH BE LANDED?

DISCUSSIONS ARE CONSTANTLY BEING STARTED IN VARIOUS ANGLING CLUBS AS TO WHAT METHOD SHOULD BE ADOPTED BY SPORTSMEN

By G. HORTON GLOVER

OME time ago the yacht "Whiz" drew into the Royal Palm dock at Miami. It was a glorious afternoon; the tropical sun, whose liating beams were particularly ght and golden, was preparing for its ly dive below the horizon.

Everything seemed rosy to me as at feet stretched a prize—seven feet of rkling silver which blended with the lden sunset—a King of Silver Kings, d he had acknowledged me his master.

A discussion started in regard to how ge fish should be landed and I de-ibed bringing my fish to gaff, and w the boatman slipped a rope through gills by means of which it was towed the yacht. The boat used was a small elve-foot rowboat. Motor-boats had en discarded by fishermen as they ared the fish away.

I was told this was not considered a ortsmanlike way of landing a fish as should actually be brought aboard the at it was hooked from. In other ords a two-hundred-pound fish seven et long must be pulled aboard a twelve-ot boat that is already loaded with two en whose combined weight approxi-ates four hundred pounds.

How many fish have been landed that ay? Not many, I surmise, as the ajority are taken from boats that are uch larger and motor driven, conse-ently no comparison can be made hen a rowboat of ten or twelve feet is ed.

Similar discussions are constantly arted in the various angling clubs, each e of which have their own rules and gulations, as there seems to be no andard.

It would be interesting to know the ethod that should be adopted in land-g a really large fish. So I will en-eavor to place on paper a few cold cts.

ALONG the southeast shore of Nova Scotia and extending well up to-ard Newfoundland, the ocean drops f suddenly to an average depth of two ndred feet. Concealed in these eanic cavities by the greenish spark-ng water that is brought down from e North by the Arctic currents, you ill find the summer lair of the North tlantic Tiger. Crystalline channels hich one can often penetrate with the e to depths of fifty feet or more are sed by these immense fish as a spawn-ng ground. There is no doubt that they re particular as to where they deposit eir eggs, as this spot is not only beauti-l with its mass of subterranean vege-tion but is combined with a cleanliness at is crisp and flawless.

The North Atlantic Tuna is the giant

Ready for the big fellows

of his tribe. His tremendous mass, sinew and strength, combined with a stream-lining that only Nature could provide, places him in a class by himself.

Every movement indicates power, and as you see him silently slip under your boat at a normal velocity that approaches thirty miles an hour, you realize the momentum produced as you combine his great speed and mass.

"It can't be done," you say. Oh, yes, it can, but it takes nerve and lots of it, and many anglers have wished their bait safely in the boat instead of in the path of this silent submarine, when they see him dart with lightning speed toward their hook.

Specimens less than five hundred pounds are rare, while the average is one thousand, with a maximum of over two thousand pounds, so you can see how lucky you are when you hook into a fish small enough to handle. Its tail is wide and V-shaped and is a great mass of bone that could crush a boat or turn it over at the least provocation; therefore this mighty sledge-hammer must be reckoned with when it comes to landing him.

Their activity and speed which is accelerated by almost frigid surroundings, is approached only by the Atlantic swordfish (*Xiphias*), which is also found in these waters.

NOW, sportsman, how should a fish be landed in order that the method used would preclude criticism?

You will have to eliminate as I did, methods used in landing my two hundred pound tarpon and even fish of twice that weight.

Suppose you had hooked a tuna at daybreak and had played him until the sun was disappearing over the Nova Scotia coast, which you could barely discern as you were a considerable distance off shore. A gigantic form of ten or twelve feet in length was slowly moving on the surface, but gave symptoms of sinking, particularly when the boat approached too near.

At last your boatman gets near enough to gaff him. Should this be done? You may say it depends entirely upon the size of the boat used. That is true to a certain extent, as you may use a motor-boat of eighteen feet or more or a small sea skiff which is controlled by the oars of your boatman.

In the first method you fight your fish by following him, helped by the propelling force of the motor, and in the second, the fish simply pulls the boat around until tired out.

These fish have only been taken in this section by the latter method. The motor-boat has been used extensively on the Pacific with great success, but it must be remembered that the average fish encountered there is much smaller. And it is an open question in my mind if this Atlantic tuna is not only faster but stronger, pound for pound, than its Pacific brother, as it inhabits much colder water. Up to date, no one has had a chance with this fish while using a motor-boat.

The record tuna was taken by L. D. Mitchell and was ten feet four inches long and weighed seven hundred and ten pounds. Only about half a dozen of these fish have been captured in a sportsmanlike manner on rod and tackle.

No matter which boat you use, the landing of the fish comes down to the same thing: when you are in an eighteen-foot motor-boat you gaff or capture your fish directly from the boat; when using a skiff you are followed around by a motor tender that is supposed to accomplish this.

In either event it is a dangerous procedure for you or your boatman, as can readily be seen from the size of the fish Lauri Mitchell fought to a finish and captured.

Now, again, how should your boatman handle the fish? Suppose he gaffs it through the eye (the only vulnerable spot in the head) which is the general procedure. Even if the gaff handle is

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NATURAL HISTORY

COMPANIONS OF CAMP AND TRAI

THE BLUE JAY AND THE WOOD MOUSE ARE JUST AS ACTIVE IN WINTER AS THEY ARE IN SUMMER

By LEOREN D. INGALLS

FINE feathers do not make fine birds. How often we hear that expression, and how often it recalls to us that handsome freebooter of the woods, the blue jay. At the same time no one can truthfully say that dull feathers make fine birds, for his Northern cousin, the Canada jay or whiskyjack, has the same assortment of bad habits that make the blue jay so cordially detested by the small songbirds. Both are familiar to lovers of the open in their ranges, but the blue-coated rascal is the bird of the trail, whereas the gray-clad chap is a frequent visitor to the camp.

No matter what you are doing in the woods or how quiet you are, it is impossible to conceal yourself entirely from the prying eyes of the jay. Though just a minute before you were apprised of his nearness by the metallic "Come quick," suddenly you are startled by the loud "Say—SA-A-AY!" that splits the air just overhead, followed by an answering chorus as all the rest come flocking up to see what the trouble is. They remind me of nothing quite so much as a Broadway crowd. The instant that anything unusual happens, there is a rush to the spot, a craning of necks, a loud discussion of the whole affair. Everybody tells his neighbor just what *he* thinks about it and no one is paying the slightest attention to what anyone else is saying. Then one by one they slip quietly away to go on with their regular business.

Do you know what that regular business is? Let us borrow some of the jay's inquisitiveness. There he is, crest lowered, wings drooping, sneaking silently through the underbrush. Quite different from the bold-looking fellow of this morning. What can he be doing?

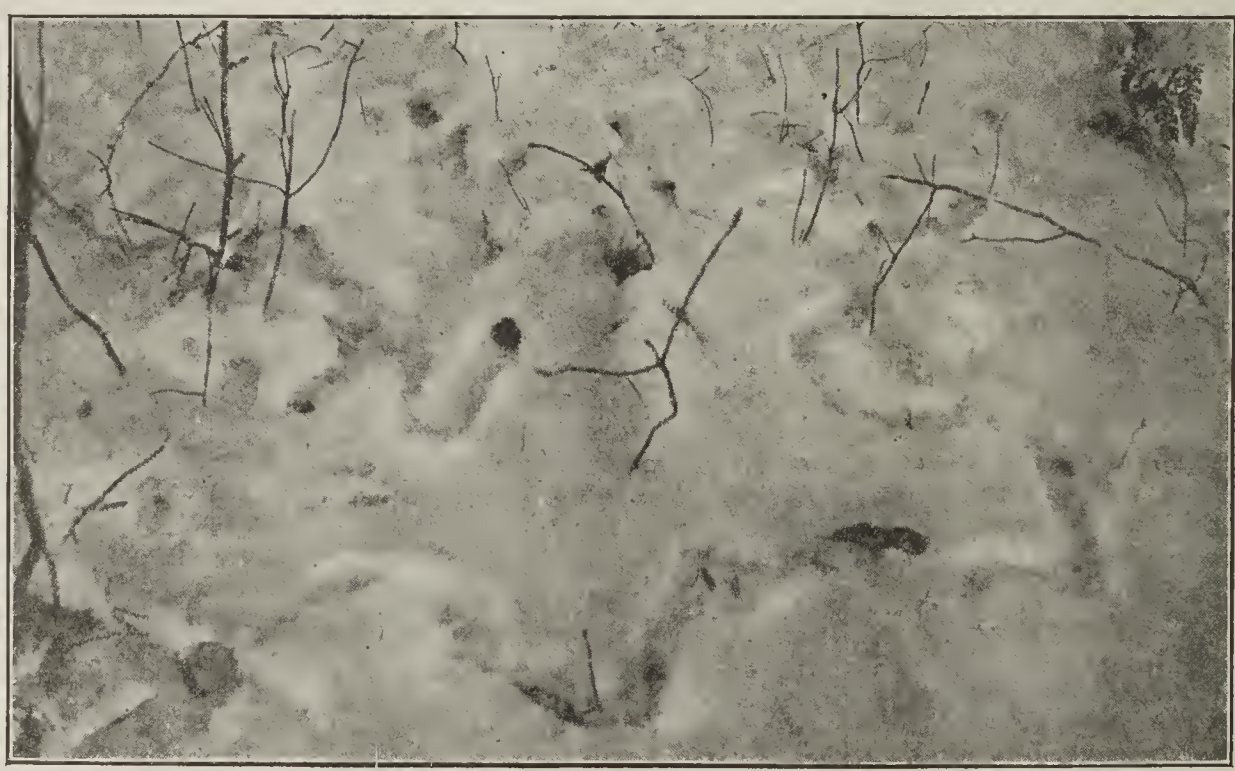
> One of the motives uppermost in the minds of the men who founded FOREST AND STREAM fifty years ago was that the magazine should cultivate a refined taste for natural objects and this department has come down through the years steadfastly holding to that precedent.

There! He has come upon that nest of the white-throated sparrow that you found the other day. The old bird is off just now and he is quick to take advantage. The eggs are not too old for his taste, and one after another the shells are cracked and the contents sucked out. If the little mother was to come back she would raise a great fuss, but he would probably add insult to injury by proceeding to torment her. Any other eggs would taste just as good, for he is not at all particular. If they are hatched he is saved the trouble of breaking the shell—and young nestlings are very tender anyway. However, he soon gets tired of this diet and goes off to vary it with seeds and insects. Any food that is at all edible is used by both the jays, and the Canada jay in pa ticular has earned the curses of t sportsman by his habit of pecking in the game that has fallen to the hunte gun. I called them freebooters and t name fits. Only a pirate would w until another had secured a prize by h own industry, and then by superior for compel the weaker one to give up h rightful winnings—but that is one of t commonest tricks played by the jays the smaller birds, the helpless victims their aggressiveness.

They are sly fellows, though, and the neighborhood of their own hom are very quiet and unassuming, ev dently fearing that to be over-noi would attract too much attention fro the crows, who, as they well kno would find jay eggs quite palatab Few are lucky enough to hear what t blue jay says to his mate to win her, f his coat being no better than hers, must show more than vain display prove his worth. So he turns vocali and serenades h with one of t most charming a (to man) lea known of all t love-songs of bir dom. Both ja build compa nests of twigs w up in tree crotche the Canada bi usually building evergreens, a n here they re their families, se dom being notic until the you ones discover th they, too, ha voices as stride as those of the parents.

With the a proach of autun the jays becon what New En land housewiv would call "good providers." They a busy then most of the time picking acorns and other nuts, stowing the away in safe places, often wedging the into cracks in the bark and into crotch of the limbs. They are constantly the watch to find out where their on

(*Continued on page* 84)



The trail of a wood mouse in the snow

THIS MONTH IN THE OUTDOORS

THE SOUTH CALLS THE FISHERMAN AND QUAIL HUNTER WHILE THE NORTH OFFERS A WIDE RANGE OF WINTER SPORTS

a tribute to John Wanamaker, who ied last December, Joseph H. Appel, business associate for twenty-three ears, says the "merchant prince" "always breaking records"; that this the ruling passion of his life. "This t," records Mr. Appel, "is illustrated very human story as related in part Mr. Wanamaker himself only three s ago." Here is the story:

'ell these men how we caught all e fish in one day," Mr. Wanamaker to the doctor who accompanied him one of his fishing trips in Florida. u mean," said the doctor, "how *you* ght all those fish—148 kingfish, ghing 1,400 pounds." "No," said Mr. namaker, "1,391 pounds." "Well, 1 pounds," the doctor said, with a e. But, not letting the doctor pro-l, Mr. Wanamaker told himself how as done.

t was just like this," he said. "We t out in the Gulf at 9 in the morn- and the fish were biting freely. The or, not being very well that day, ged back in his seat, and when I saw his eyes were closed I knew that line would not take up a catch, so I it and handled it with my own. It a troll line. And with two troll s I caught the 148 fish before we e home that day. Sometimes I ld catch five fish in five minutes. I ed them all in myself, at least to the t. I had some help in getting them ard. As the fish began to come in id to myself, 'Now I will stay until tch 50.' When 50 were caught the tor said, 'Now you must stop and go e.' 'No,' I said, 'I must catch 58, record catch I made last year.' So ept at it until I had 63.

The doctor said, 'Well, now you must home; at least when you catch 75.' right,' I said, 'I will catch 75.' en I caught 75 I was thinking of 100. en I caught 100 I began thinking of record catch the whole boatload had de last year. I think it was 128. d I went after that record. I kept until I landed 148, and it was mid-ht before we reached home, bringing h us the 1,391 pounds of fish that nished happy meals for many a day the fishermen and their families. ere is nothing like going after records l beating them."

'HE eyes of the angling world are now turned on Florida—February is month when stories begin to appear oughout the country telling of some-e's battle with a tarpon, the unique perience with a sailfish, and the aphic sections of the Sunday news-pers will contain pictures of enormous tches of fish—taken by men who "like ing after records and beating them." These men who go out for enormous catches of fish are not sportsmen anglers, no matter how high they may climb in the world of business, finance, literature, science or art. They go out, like Mr. Wanamaker, "to break records" unlike the sportsman who seeks to give his quarry a fair chance, using sportsmanlike tackle and enjoying the thrill that comes from a fair, square fight. If Mr. Wanamaker had been properly coached, he would have found that there is no fun in hurrying a fish into the boat and if he had taken a few fish on light tackle he would have entered a new world of sport of which he had never dreamed.

FOREST AND STREAM conducts this department for the purpose of telling sportsmen where to go and what to do throughout each month of the year. It is not to be a mere directory but is intended to be a newsy department of interest to men who fish and hunt.

It is compiled by Alexander Stoddart, who was Rod and Gun editor of the New York *Press*, the *Sun*, and the New York *Herald* for the twenty years from 1900 to 1920.

The Long Key Fishing Club, the Sailfish Club of Florida, and other fishing clubs are preaching in Florida the ethics of sportsmanship, a gospel that in angling club life had its biggest boost at Avalon, California, more than a quarter of a century ago. To-day every fishing club that is organized for the protection of game fishes and the development of angling for sport stands unitedly against the type of fishing Mr. Wanamaker indulged in.

In taking tuna, swordfish and marlin swordfish, fish weighing over 100 pounds each, the tackle of the Tuna Club of Avalon, Cal., specifies a tip not to weigh more than 16 ounces and a standard 24-thread line. On this sportsmanlike tackle, Col. C. P. Morehouse of Pasadena, Cal., has taken a tuna of 251 pounds and W. G. Evans of Denver, Col., a marlin swordfish of 340 pounds. The late W. C. Boschen of New York City landed without assistance a swordfish of 463 pounds.

On light tackle, with a tip not weighing more than six ounces and a standard 9-thread line, James W. Jump of Los Angeles, Cal., has taken a tuna of 80¾ pounds and R. Rochester, Jr., Los Angeles, Cal., a tuna of 77¾ pounds. On the same equipment, A. J. Coxe of Los Angeles, Cal., has taken a marlin swordfish of 175 pounds and J. W. Jump one of 185 pounds and another of 314 pounds.

On Three-Six tackle, the weight of the whole rod not exceeding six ounces, with a line of standard 6-thread, a whip-like equipment, sportsmen take yellowtail, which correspond in weight and gameness to the kingfish Mr. Wanamaker caught.

SUNNY HAWAII CALLS

IN midwinter, when angling for the big game fishes of the sea is at a standstill in the North, sunny Hawaii beckons to the angler. And it is not such a long trip—only four and a half days from either San Francisco or Los Angeles. It has such big game fishes as the tuna, swordfish, oceanic bonito, California bonito, albacore, dolphin, tarpon, ono, ulua, barracuda, frigate mackerel and black sea bass, practically all the Southern California coast fishes added to those of Florida.

Under the auspices of the Hawaii Tuna Club fishing competitions are held for which prizes are awarded. The lee side of the islands furnish angling conditions similar to that of the Santa Catalina and San Clemente islands, off the coast of Southern California.

James W. Jump, writing to the writer some years ago, enthusiastic in his praise of Hawaii's big game fishes, describing the ulua, the typical deep-sea game fish of the Hawaiian waters, called it the "bulldog of the sea." The ulua is a chunky fish, broad of tail and heavy of shoulder, with a pugnacious Roman nose. It weighs up to 150 pounds "and is, pound for pound, the hardest fighting fish they have." Mr. Jump says that the ulua strikes hard, heads for the rocks or bottom and requires skillful handling He took one on light tackle (nine-ounce rod and nine-thread line), weighing 38 pounds and he is anxious to try it again.

AID BOB-WHITE

FEBRUARY is the month that in the North quail need assistance. Snowstorms are great destroyers of Bob-white, that is, snowstorms followed by a light thaw and freezing weather by which the crust of the snow is frozen so that the birds are unable to escape. The quail has no firmer friend than the gunner. It is he who trudges out in wintry weather and places grain where they may get sustenance during winter weather. Many clubs plant buckwheat, barley and other food and cover for the birds.

If you are a lone sportsman, or if you and others are interested in saving the birds during the rigors of winter, fol-

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August 14, 1873.

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TO HUNTERS AND FISHERMEN

TODAY FOREST AND STREAM is a great educational influence in behalf of game and fish conservation. It has worked on the subject for fifty years and knows it thoroughly; its readers are the most earnest laborers for this cause, which they discuss in these columns. FOREST AND STREAM ought to be in the hand of every gunner and angler in order that from it he may learn what ought to be done and what is being done in this direction.

Our readers can perform no better service for the cause we all have so much at heart than to place the paper before all their sportsmen friends. Sportsmen who as yet are taking little or no active interest in the work may yet profitably read FOREST AND STREAM for the entertainment which it offers, and, reading it for this alone, will yet unconsciously absorb many of the wholesome lessons which it teaches, and at last will come to do their part toward helping us all to better shooting and fishing.

BOY SCOUT CAMPERS

THE old adage that history repeats itself is recall as sportsmen discover many trails and rustic sh ters in the wild woods, and observe the skill wi which Boy Scout campers are reinacting the pione life of primitive America.

The National office of the Boy Scouts of Ameri has just issued a report summarizing camp activities Boy Scouts throughout the Nation during the pa summer season. Over 200,000 pioneers in khaki ha spent a week or more each in camping places rangi from Alaska to Florida and from Maine to Mexi Upwards of twenty-seven hundred sites were used, a ten thousand men volunteered their time and exp knowledge of the out-of-doors to train and safegua these youthful woodsmen, and to preserve the pione traditions and pure patriotism of pioneers for futu generations.

To the romance of camp life have been added t of the most valuable considerations in present-day ed cation, namely, conservation of our natural resour and personal habits which make for health and physi fitness. The enjoyment and appreciation of Americ wonderful resources for recreation out-of-doors, know edge of what is necessary to preserve and improve o forests, the practice in their recreation of health-givi habits, and the useful art of living comfortably on on own resources out-of-doors are developing a generati of good campers whose conduct gives hope and ch to the sportsman. From these ranks will, undoubted come the best type of American sportsman in the yea to come. Boost the Boy Scouts wherever you fi them, and make available to them every opportuni for knowledge of the out-of-doors which they are eager to acquire!

LOSSES ON GAME PRESERVES

VERY great difficulties are met with in keepi wild animals in confinement, where they are li ted to a definite range of territory and so can travel freely from place to place. Some of these tr bles have been shown within the year by losses amo the buffalo in the Yellowstone Park, and among t small herds of antelope on the Montana Bison Ran and in the Wind Cave Game Preserve in So. Dako

For some years since the previous attacks of he morhagic septicaemia, the buffalo calves in the ta herd on the Lamar River have each year been ino lated with serum to prevent a recurrence of the d ease. Nevertheless, last winter an attack in this he carried off fifty-eight animals old and young. The d ease was checked at last, but the loss was severe.

This buffalo herd suffers too from an undue prop tion of bulls and steers, which by fighting and worrying the cows and young cause some loss ea year. The National Parks Service has been urged reduce the number of these useless male animals, b believes that it is without authority to kill or sell the It has, however, drawn a bill to authorize such red tion, but nothing more has been done about the matt

Much more serious is the very great loss in the t herds of antelope found on the Montana Bison Ran and in the Wind Cave National Game Preserve. will be recalled that some years ago the Boone a Crockett Club sent out to the Montana Bison Range number of antelope which for a time did nothing, b at last becoming acclimated began to breed, and ab a year ago numbered sixty. During the past win the heavy snow caused drifts, which enabled predat animals to walk over the fence and these antelope w

tacked by coyotes and their number reduced to seven-en. A few young, born last spring, caused a slight in-ease, but this autumn the number estimated on the ange is only twenty-five.

A similar misfortune overtook the antelope held in ie Wind Cave National Game Preserve, which also ad its beginnings in two successive plantings of herds antelope of thirteen each, donated by the Boone and rockett Club. This herd, which has always been ibject to losses from wild animals, numbered thirty-our in the summer of 1921. During the winter ravages y bobcats and coyotes reduced these to fourteen. ome young were born in the spring and there are ow supposed to be twenty there.

It is said that during the past winter a large num-er of coyotes were trapped and killed on and near the Iontana Bison Range and the Wind Cave National ame Preserve. This seems somewhat like an effort to ck the stable door after the horse has been stolen, it it is well to get rid of these destructive creatures. part of the duty of the wardens employed on each f these game preserves should be to spend a good art of the winter in looking after and destroying these nimals so dangerous to the antelope.

This beautiful and unique species seems rapidly on ie road toward extermination, and the places in the nited States where it may still be found are few in-eed. In Northern California there are a few, some Oregon and Nevada, and some in Southern Idaho. ll these, however, are exposed to constant dangers om thoughtless and uninformed hunters, as well as om their natural wild enemies. The species cannot e preserved for the United States until Congress is ufficiently interested in the subject to take action look-ng toward establishing a large reserve for their preser-ation, and Congress will not do this until the public sufficiently interested in the matter to let our legis-ators know how it feels.

A BRIEF FOR BIRDS

MAN is the birds' worst enemy but he should be their greatest protector and friend, because he is their greatest beneficiary. Birds should be pro-ected for esthetic and financial reasons, but as it is asier to convince one by showing him how to save ollars and cents, we shall discuss the latter first.

Over a half billion dollars worth of farm and forest roducts is destroyed each year by insect pests. Tim-er interests lose a hundred million; cotton planters ixty million, and the grain crop suffers a loss of two undred million dollars. These are government figures nd demand consideration!

Birds can prevent this huge loss if given a chance. One insect-eating bird consumes at least one hundred f these pests daily. A chickadee averages more than 00 insects a day, a tanager destroys large numbers f gypsy moths, a night hawk kills over 70 grasshoppers n a night, many birds destroy the army worm, black-irds average 35 cut worms daily and martins feed on housands of mosquitoes. A pair of brown thrashers vill destroy over 50,000 insects in a summer and a air of cedar birds are estimated to have destroyed 2,000 canker worms in three months' time.

One can see the economic value of insectivorous irds. If many could be persuaded to befriend the irds, life would be brighter and money saved as well. But birds are being killed at an alarming rate! Cats are the worst offenders. Snakes probably come second. Other animals kill a great many others while owls and hawks do a world of harm.

If you do not help to conserve bird life you fail to encourage free labor, if you are a farmer and kill birds you rob yourself of money! You should not permit the burning over of brush lands where birds make their nests. They are your friends!

No one can fully state the esthetic value of birds but perhaps we may help to arouse to a certain extent the popular mind. Chickadees, juncos, snowbirds and others are with us always; the singers: the robin, the bluebird, the song sparrow, the rose-breasted grosbeak, bobolinks, meadow larks, mockingbirds, cardinals and a host of others in summer.

Let no one imagine our birds are excelled as singers by the birds of any other land! The English poets sang of their songbirds, giving them a world-wide reputation. Milton wrote of the nightingale: "Sweet bird that shuns the noise of folly, most musical, most melancholy"; another of the skylark wrote: "Hark the lark at heaven's gate sings," and Tennyson added, "and lost in yonder living blue, the lark becomes a sightless song!"

Our poets have written equally well of our songbirds. All who have, in the springtime around three o'clock in the morning, listened to the robin's song, and those who are acquainted with the mockingbird, that "slim Shakespeare" of the woods, know full well these have no superiors! What would the country be like without a single songbird? The fields without a bird note, the forests silent, the orchards still and the front yards unvisited by a single singer?

Birds should be attracted and protected. They should be studied and rigid laws for their protection passed and enforced. A number of birds that migrate would remain and aid the farmer if fed in winter and a shelter from the weather provided.

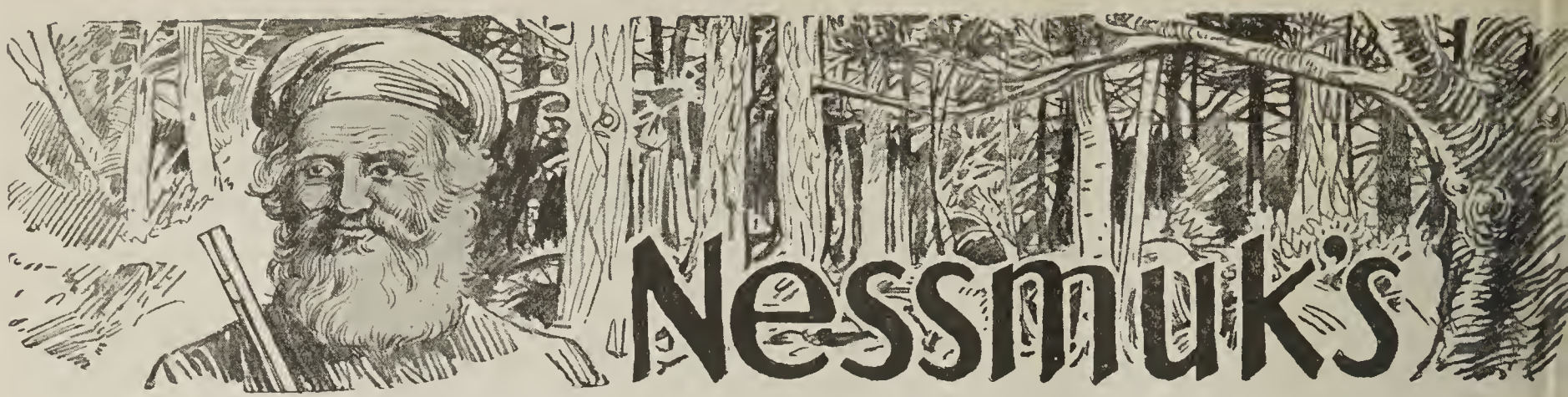
LAWS RELATING TO FUR BEARERS

THE legislatures which met in eleven States during 1922 made but few and unimportant changes in the laws relating to fur animals.

In Alaska shooting of fur animals is now permitted, but beaver houses or runways may not be destroyed. Foxes certified as disease-free by an official veterinarian of another country may be imported without quarantine. In Montana a person suffering damage from beavers may get a permit to take these animals on his own premises, but skins so taken must be cared for, properly cured, and sent to the State game warden for tagging. A special permit must be secured in order to ship the skin out of the State.

Evidence of illegal shipments of fur has been uncovered in the course of checking up shipments and receipts of furs by the principal fur houses of the country. These cases have been prosecuted and fines and penalties totaling several thousands of dollars imposed.

Not all States offer bounties for undesirable animals, although in most States where predatory creatures give trouble there is a price on the heads of wolves, mountain lions, bobcats, coyotes and similar destructive animals. Sometimes the county or township pays the bounty. In Wisconsin the State treasurer duplicates all county awards. Seals are considered a pest in Massachusetts, as well as in the State of Washington. Anyone who can catch a panther in New York State is entitled to $20 bounty. Bears in Pennsylvania have an open and closed season, although they may be killed at any time in defense of person or property.



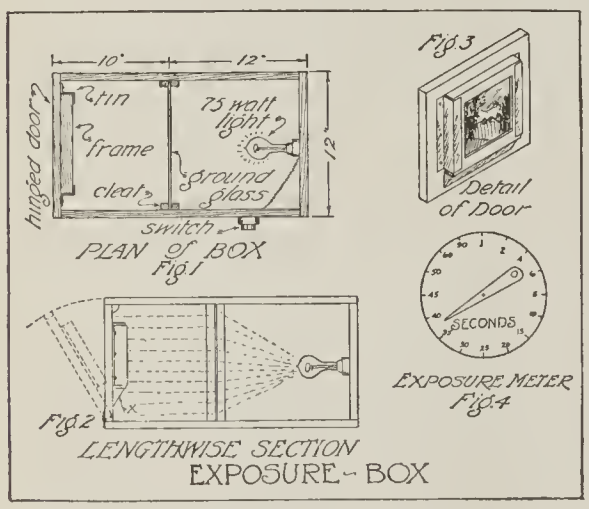
WE are depending upon the friends and admirers of our old correspondent Nessmuk to make this department worthy of his name. No man knew the woods better than Nessmuk or wrote of them with quainter charm. Many of his practical ideas on camping and "going light" have been adopted by the United States Army; his canoe has been preserved in the Smithsonian Institution; and we hope that all good woodsmen will contribute to this department their Hints and Kinks and trail-tested contrivances.—[EDITOR.]

A PRINTING BOX FOR YOUR DARKROOM

THERE is something uncannily fascinating about photography that prompts one to stand hour after hour in a chilly room, wiping wet hands on a damp, icy towel—and enjoy it! You fellows who have got the bug, and your name is legion, also enjoy the constructing of equipment. Whether the resulting article surpasses or even equals the market product, you do enjoy its use far more for having made it.

One such piece of apparatus which is almost indispensable to the amateur photographer and one which will pay for itself many times over is a printing box. Such a box takes all guesswork out of exposures of different negatives and films and once its operation becomes familiar considerable time can be saved over the usual method.

Bright sunlight, of course, is ideal. But when you are in school and doing odd jobs before and after school hours there is seldom occasion for utilizing sunlight. A bright incandescent is the next best thing. It will be noticed, however, that when the printing frame is set close to the light, that it is easy to under-expose the edges and corners or over-expose the center of the paper. The exposing box does away with this trouble by throwing the light rays



through a screen which diffuses the light evenly over the entire negative.

The dimensions of the box need not be exact, though we will assume that it measures twenty-two inches long, twelve inches wide and about ten inches high, for convenience. This box should be of sound construction and of lumber which is dovetailed together, or the tongue-and-groove variety.

The first step will be to remove the top. Then attach a seventy-five watt light bulb to the rear end with a socket and connected to a convenient switch on the side as shown in figure one.

Slightly past the center of the box fasten the screen, a pane of ground or opal glass, of the size of the inside dimensions of the box cross-section. While the opal glass is superior, ground glass will be a little cheaper. This is held in place by narrow cleats on each side of it as shown.

The top of the box is now tacked back in place and the end carefully removed and the lower edge hinged to the box.

A three-cornered strip of wood marked "X" serves as a support for the printing frame while two tin strips bent to shape form grooves for it to slide up and down in. The arrangement can be seen in the detail drawing in figure three. Figure two shows a side section and the way the door opens.

With a little practice the correct time to allow each negative can be found. Figure four shows a handy little meter which will eliminate any guesswork, however. This is a cardboard disk four inches in diameter with a cardboard hand. The circumference is divided into 16 parts, each numbered from one to ninety seconds in the units shown. Once the known density of a negative or film is known, the length of exposure can be marked in one edge of the film and when other prints are made from it at a later date all you have to do is to expose the time thus indicated. Then, with a watch handy you will know the exact time required for each and every print.

DALE R. VAN HORN,
Nebraska.

A POLELESS TENT

THE single hiker is often confronted by the problem of just how to carry an adequate tent, with the ridge and end poles. Even the small tent requires one pole.

Where the hike is to carry him through wooded country, there is no need of taking anything but the tent itself. The poles can be found on the spot. Figure one shows how two saplings can be selected and cut off at the proper height, deprived of the remaining branches, and used. Since these small tree trunks are firmly secured by their roots, no ridge pole is necessary, the spring in them will keep the tent ridge straight.

Figure two shows how the same method can be used for the smaller tent. In this case the raising of the tent will be comparatively easy.

It might be well to provide the tent with an additional thickness or two of canvas or medium thickness leather sewed on the under side to take the

FIG I (No ridge pole necessary)

FIG II (No Pole Necessary)

brunt of the cut-off poles. Or large pieces can be sewed together and carried in the pocket, to be slipped over the cut-off end of the tree trunks on the spot, not unlike the application of a finger cot.

D. H.

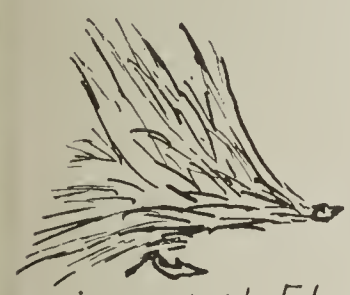
SOME TROUT AND BASS LURES

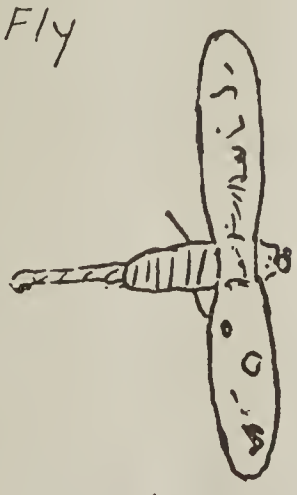
THE artificial fly of tradition, with wings of feathers, body of wool or silk, and hackle legs, does not hold its field to itself, as it did formerly. Experimentation has brought out new, more telling effects. Either the fish gets more educated, or the angler more exacting. Change is rife in the fly-fishing world as in the world about us. Materials, ignored or despised at one time, are rapidly coming into use.

I suppose every angler has felt this influence, and some have tried to work out new results under its effects. This may serve as an explanation, if not an excuse, for writing a description of lures somewhat novel, which I have worked out and found successful.

The floating or dry fly is so much in use now that it is worth while to try to get artificials that are constant floaters. Something light for this purpose may be used as a foundation for the body that

Brown Moth


Squirrel-tail Fly


Dragon Fly

will have flotant quality. Among suitable materials, cork has proved its value, but I find balsa wood, which is one-third lighter than cork, a good body foundation. It must be well varnished to preserve its flotancy.

Other materials are such stand-bys as silk thread and floss, raffia of all colors for body windings, porcupine quills (or just quills) for the extension bodies of certain kinds of flies, squirrel (red and grey) skins and tails, light gut for legs, mapleseed leaves for some kinds of wings, varnish, dyes, and hooks from No. 10 up to No. 18, of as light a wire as possible to make the fly float better, and some with a long shank, like the Chesterton, to accommodate better the shape of the artificial. Just how the materials are to be used will appear in the description of the process of making each fly.

I have found a fairly large fluffy artificial, made from a squirrel's tail, to tickle the fancy of a large trout, when other and more orthodox lures were refused. This fly is simply and easily made. Take a No. 6 or 8 Chesterton or other long-shanked hook. Use the tail of a freshly-killed squirrel, or soften up a dry one by putting it for some time in a tight box with a little dish of water. With your scissors, cut the tail into strips about one-eight of an inch wide, beginning preferably at the end that joined the body. Lay one end of the strip, the end toward which the hairs slope, on the shank of the hook just above the bend, having the direction of the hairs toward the bend, and lash it on firmly with two or three turns of grey silk thread, and fasten off with a hitch.

Run the thread up nearly to the eye of the hook and fasten. Take the strip of squirrel's tail and wind it toward the eye of the hook; then fasten with two half-hitches. If you wish a sort of wing, turn back the unwound end of the strip of fur, and wind it down firmly to the hook, then cut off the fur.

Make a neat head by winding the silk around several times more, and finish off by a half-hitch, or better still, by an invisible knot. Then touch up head and tail with a little good varnish, a step to be taken after the tying of any fly is complete. If you wish, cut off the ends of the long hairs on the *bottom* side of the fly, to make a sort of legs.

A good variant of this artificial is made by winding on a narrow strip of fur (about one-eighth of an inch wide) from the squirrel's body, and then tying on two turns of a narrow strip taken from the tail. When the quantity of fur available is small and the number of flies to be made correspondingly large, this method is especially available. Flies of this sort may be tied on hooks as small as a No. 14, and are then attractive to the smaller trout.

A caterpillar that will float at all times is made by using a long-shanked hook, about a No. 10, on which force a strip of cork or balsa wood about three-sixteenths of an inch square and half an inch long. First with a hairpin or knitting needle or a sufficiently large wire, make a hole lengthwise through the cork. Then force on the cork, or strip of balsa wood, over the eye of the hook.

With a sharp knife or razor blade, trim the body material to the proper shape and size, making it rather smaller than you wish to have the size of the body. Take a strip of raffia of the proper color, depending upon the variety of caterpillar you wish to make, a length of silk thread of the proper color, and a *long* hackle feather. Bind on the feather and the raffia with the thread, then run up the silk on the cork or balsa wood body as far as you think the feather will wind. First wind the raffia over the body, then the body upon that, having the fibers stand well out. If, as is probably the case, your hackle is not long enough to run well up to the

Grasshopper

Caterpillar

Shad Fly

Spinner

eye of the hook, bind on a fresh hackle feather, wind the raffia on, follow it with the feather, and so on until you nearly reach the eye of the hook. Make a neat little head with several turns of the silk, finish off with a half-hitch or an invisible knot, and touch up both

(*Continued on page* 82)

LETTERS, QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

Dear FOREST AND STREAM:

THE newspapers announce that Mr. Fall will retire as Secretary of the Interior March 4th next.

Though an able man, Mr. Fall is by many of us considered not a good conservationist, and we believe that his attitude toward the forest service and toward Alaska has not been for the best interests of the country. It seems to us of high importance that in his choice of a successor to Mr. Fall the President should give careful consideration to the sentiments held by any appointee that he may have in mind toward the protection and best uses of the natural products of the country.

Even today the short-sighted American tendency is among many people what it always has been, to consume without reference to the future—and so to destroy those things which if properly preserved and protected might produce revenues which would benefit the country for all future times.

Among the names of men suggested by the newspapers for the important position of Secretary of the Interior are those of some politicians, one or two of whom have never shown the least care for conservation, and of these at least one is distinctly opposed to conservation measures advocated by some of those who are most forward in the protection of wild life, as well as to forest and water conservation.

It will be a misfortune if a man of this type should be appointed Secretary of the Interior, a position which calls for the greatest breadth of view and vision for the future. Besides this, under the charge of the Secretary of the Interior are not only things but people for the Indians of the country, many of them helpless and still unacquainted with the ways of modern life, must by him be protected and helped on toward an adjustment of their views toward present things.

No doubt these matters will be carefully considered by the President before he selects the new member of his cabinet, and we all earnestly hope that the final choice will be a wise one.

SEVERAL READERS.

FISH NESTS

Dear FOREST AND STREAM:

IN answer to Mr. C. E. Jensen's question concerning a bass's nest, I do not doubt but that is exactly what he saw. I have had a similar experience with rainbow trout, brown trout and several other species of the larger trout family.

My home for several years was near the Manistee River, which is noted as one of the best trout streams of Michigan and every spring these big trout come up this stream, like many others to spawn. And they afford very excellent spearing, as they generally weigh from ten to twenty pounds and have been speared that weigh thirty-two pounds. It being strictly against the laws of the State of Michigan to spear on inland waters for them with artificial light, it forced us to get them by sunlight or not at all, so we made a very close study of their habits.

These fish when spawning will clear the bed of the river for a space a foot or two long and several inches wide, so when it is struck by sunlight it will light up much brighter than the rest of the bed of the river. Here they lay their spawn, then stay close by and watch it by occasionally swimming up past it and floating back again. It is claimed that they do this so that other fish won't destroy it.

EDWARD TURNER,
Wyandotte, Mich.

THE ACROBATIC RAT

Dear FOREST AND STREAM:

ON page 22 of the January, 1923, issue of FOREST AND STREAM I read a letter on "White-Footed Mice" written by Mr. L. O. Vaught, Illinois. It recalled to mind something I had witnessed while stopping at Useppa Island, Florida.

I occupied a room in the most southerly of the bungalows connected with the hotel; two electric light wires, strung about six inches apart, about ¼ inch in diameter, ran past the gallery of my bungalow and carried electric current to some lights further along. The power-house, where the current was generated, was north of the hotel.

Each night after dinner the leavings from the dining-room would be placed into garbage containers that stood near the power-house; this garbage became pig food the next morning. Two rats, bodies about six inches long, would run up a palmetto palm near my bungalow each night, about the time the garbage was being placed in the cans, then to the wire and along the wire to the power-house about 100 yards distant, down another palmetto palm to the cans. These rats returned along the same wire after eating; they moved upright and with speed; there was no hanging from the underside of the wire. I watched the rats perform this stunt quite often and others witnessed it also. The electric wires ran parallel, one about six inches above the other; the rats always ran along the upper wire and their trick of balance, their instantaneous adjustment to oscillation of wire, caused by vibration or by wind pressure, was very remarkable.

JOSEPH W. STRAY,
New York.

OVER THE SHOULDER

Dear FOREST AND STREAM:

IN the September number of FOREST AND STREAM I read an article about predatory animals carrying meat over their shoulders and as I have hunted coyotes and wolves in Montana for some twenty years, I would like to tell of my experiences along that line.

In June or July of the year 1899, as I was returning home one afternoon and was passing through a gully I saw a coyote carrying the hind leg of a horse that had died the preceding fall. The coyote had it across the shoulder and was holding on with its mouth and had its head turned sideways. I should judge the horse's leg was between five and six feet long, as it was the whole leg from the hoof to the hip joint. I was close enough to see well and think the coyote was taking the meat to its den, for the pups. I am convinced that wolves carry game in that way, although I have not been an eyewitness to such an occurrence.

An old friend also told me of killing a steer with lump jaw for bait and of a wolf coming and carrying away a quarter of it and going about one quarter of a mile before laying it down. He said there was six or eight inches of fresh snow but he could not see a sign of anything dragging. I am sure he is truthful about it.

RAY IRION,
Armstead, Montana.

THE CARP

Dear FOREST AND STREAM:

REFERRING to an article in your August, 1922 number by Louis Rhead entitled, "The Carp as a Gamy Foodfish," I would like to say that although they certainly have a flavor all their own and not always suited to a cultivated taste, they do afford fair sport when hooked on very light tackle.

Once I was fishing in a nice little bass and pickerel stream, using live bait. As the day was hot I let it down with a dipsey from the shore. After a few

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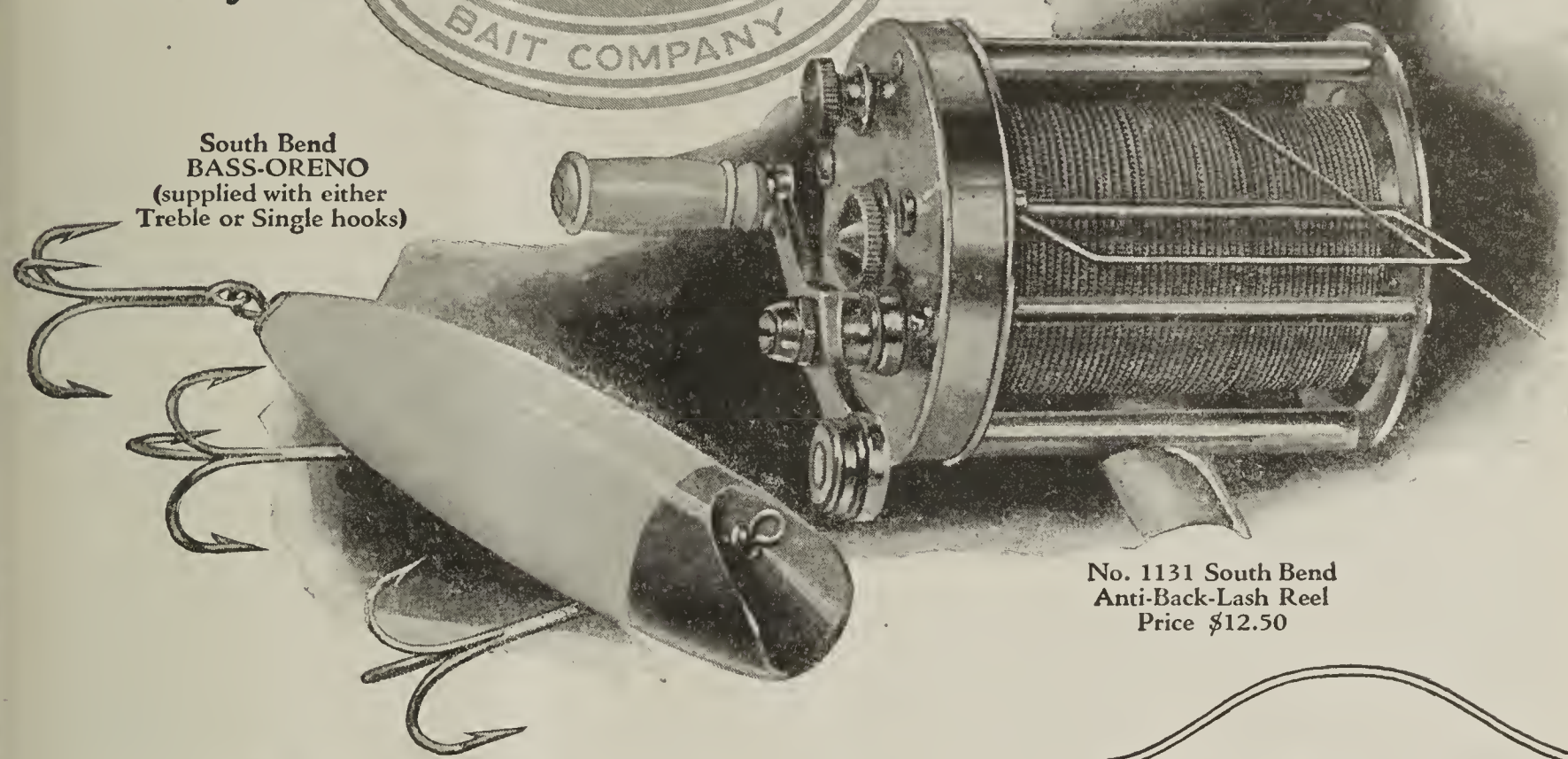
QUALITY TACKLE
BAIT COMPANY

dependable tackle by all Anglers



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WHEREVER you may go—whatever waters you may fish—you will always find anglers who know and have a high regard for, the famous *Bass-Oreno* and *South Bend Anti-Back-Lash Reel.* They speak of them as "stand-bys," and stand-by as an angler says it has but one meaning, "*fish-getter.*"

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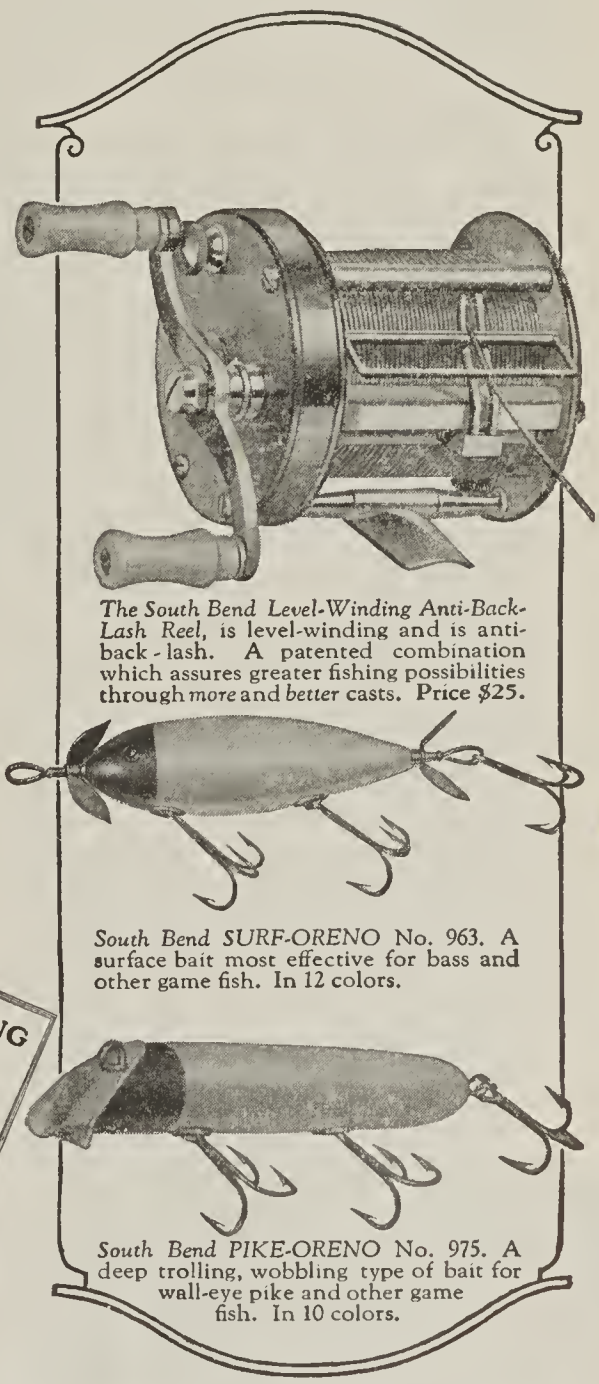
"Fishing What Baits and When," tells more about these two "stand-bys" also other South Bend Baits. Contains expert angling information. *A postal gets it.*



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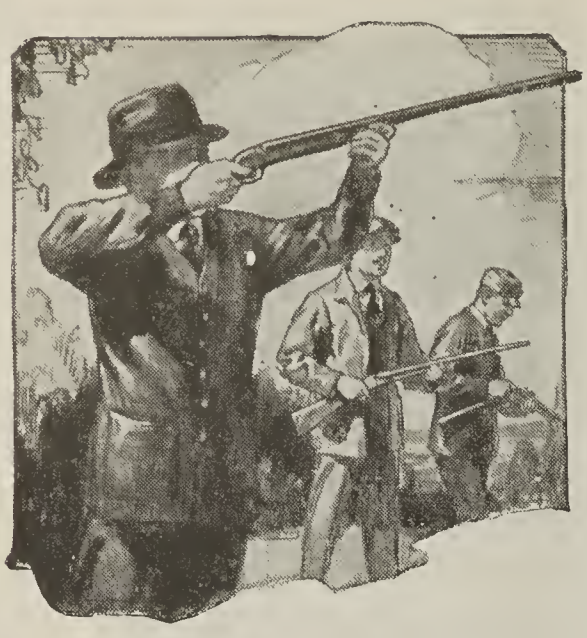

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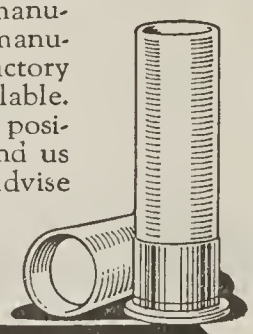

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shots without results I hooked a couple of small bass which I returned to the water. Just about then I got a fair strike and after the fish had taken off about fifty feet of line it turned and with very little assistance came for shore with the line just about taut. When he got within eye range I saw he was a carp, but it resembled most anything but that lowly fish and sure paddled some to get away. This fish only weighed about a pound and three-quarters and must have been hungry or mad.

Now I am no champion of the carp as personally I don't like their flavor, unless disguised with garlic, onions, etc., and they are not popular in these parts as food fish, but a larger fish of from 8 to 15 pounds ought to put up a lively scrap on light tackle and would require a little tact on the fisherman's part as they can give a pretty stiff pull and often will spring a light rod.

Jos. BATT, Buffalo, New York.

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME

Dear FOREST AND STREAM:

IN the ancient days the Platte River in Nebraska was a great region for geese to stop, but forty years ago gunners became so many that most of the geese were driven away, and it is unusual today to get a shot at them.

Early in December four of us were up on the Platte River looking for ducks. The stream was frozen over for the most part, and the few open channels running along the bank were full of slush ice. We had looked for birds in several spring holes and in a narrow spring-fed open lake near the river, and had seen only a few ducks, most of which were in the water along the south side of brush-covered islands seeking shelter from the north wind, which was carrying with it a fine mist that froze to everything it touched.

After driving several miles up and down the islands looking for ducks, we left the car and walked toward the point of a rather heavily timbered island. Two of the four were following a narrow channel which separated this island from the main land, one was following a smaller channel on the opposite side of the island, and I was hurrying toward the west point of the island where once or twice lately I had flushed a fine flock of mallards. The point is heavily timbered and I used much caution in trying to reach a position from which I could look over the water along the island and the whole north channel for half a mile to the west.

When I reached a point where I could see, I turned to hurry back as fast as I could, that I might let the others know what I had discovered. At any moment one of them might fire a shot at a rabbit or a crow and disturb what I had seen sitting on the ice some 300 yards distant up the river, apparently not more than 25 yards from the river's bank. Here was a flock of Canada geese, 40 I thought at my first view, but a second look reduced the number to 15, of the biggest Canada geese I had ever seen. The pasture to the south of where they were sitting was level for a mile, with grass two feet high along the river bank. Everything was coated with ice and frost, and the air was full of mist, so that objects were difficult to make out, and it was hard to mark, to my satisfaction, the exact place we should try to reach to come directly behind the geese. I invited the rest of the party to follow me to the point where we could all see and calculate the precise spot we should try to reach, but the others remained behind discussing the best method of approach and left me to do the observing.

The only mark that I could use seemed to be the fence posts running along some 10 feet back from the bank, and from a clump of brush near the bank I counted 12 posts east. I did this several times in order to be sure that if we reached this point we would be exactly behind the flock and closer to a Canada goose than I had ever been before.

Here was a chance of a lifetime, for these geese were sitting there on the ice unaware of the presence of anyone. In the party there were three Winchesters and one double-barrel gun, carrying in all 22 heavy goose loads. We were approaching a flock of Canada geese, well bunched on the ice, not over 20 yards from the river bank, with every possibility for a successful approach behind the high grass along the bank. It is very unusual in my experience for a Canada goose to alight or remain for any length of time within gun range of the river bank. I have seen hundreds, perhaps thousands, of geese in the Platte River, but I have not seen, nor do I expect to see again, anything like what I saw that day.

We drove back to the bridge over the river, crossed to the main island south of the geese and drove westward into the pasture about 400 yards south of the geese. When we left the car we took with us a pair of breast waders lest our hip boots should not be available, and then we started toward the twelfth post from the clump of brush on the bank. About 100 yards from the bank we left the boots, and two of the men dropped there their heavy coats, in order to prepare for action. We meant to get all of that bunch of Canadas that we could. We had a plan whereby each man should fire in such a way that our success should be as complete as possible. It proved that there were only eighteen geese in that flock, so that we had a few more shells than we actually needed. A single shot ought to be enough to account for a goose, and not long before this some of us had succeeded in getting down twelve mallards with twelve shots.

Some of us, I think, wondered whether we could carry all these eighteen geese to the car. There were four of us and the geese weighed from twelve to thirteen pounds a piece. We felt glad, too, that we were going to get them all, so that not one would be left to bewail the sad fate of its mate.

We came up, as we should have done, behind the twelfth post; nothing was wrong with the approach, but when we got there we discovered that the geese

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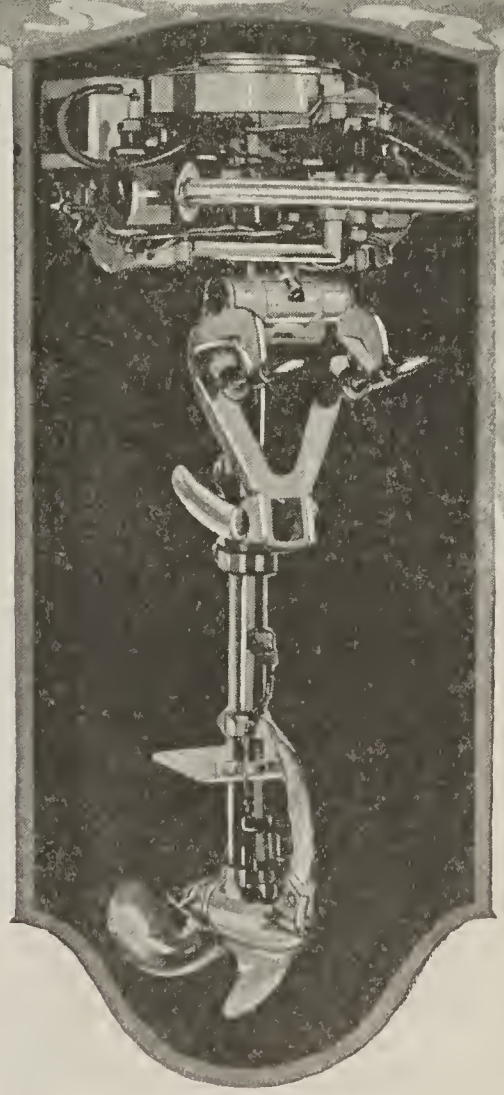

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were still twelve posts below us and standing there with their heads high in the air—one of the party had ventured to take a look to see just how we were coming out and the geese had seen him. It was too late for a second attempt, for when a goose catches one glimpse of an approaching hunter, it is good-bye goose, farewell hunter.

We did not shoot. The geese began to honk and started to fly some hundred yards below us. We were all too disappointed to take a chance shot when we saw really how easily we could have come within twenty-five yards of that flock had our marking been correct. After it was all over and considerable brokenheartedness had been freely expressed, we saw that there was a curve in the bank exactly twelve posts above us. This we had not noticed because of the iced-over condition of everything, until the geese were gone—together with the greatest chance I have ever had of bagging a whole flock of Canadas. From this curve in the bank the fence ran in a direct line, from my point of observation, back in the brush to a clump of bushes backed up by high trees, so that from the position 400 yards down the river one could not tell that more than twelve posts intervened.

At all events, the place we wanted to reach was just twelve posts below us, and fifteen yards out from the bank beyond this post was the place where the flock had been resting on the ice.

I am not sure but that Dame Nature plays a strong hand in matters such as this. Had it not been cold the river would have been open; had it been clear I would have correctly marked the approach; had it not been such a day the geese would never have been so close to the bank; so I believe that Nature takes care of her own

GEO. B. KINDIG.

SHOOTING COLDS

Dear FOREST AND STREAM:

RECENTLY I awoke with a regular old grippy cold; one of those contagious colds which most of us pick up once in a while. My first thought was to stay in the house and send for a physician, but what I really did was to put a pair of big, husky fox hounds and a shotgun in a car and run up country a half dozen miles. There the dogs jumped a big red fox and ran him for about four hours through a few miles of soft, melting snow until Reynard decided to call it a day and ran in a hole. My part of the game was to tramp from ridge to ridge trying to head off Mr. Fox, never being in just the right place at just the right time, but always expecting to out-general my sly opponent next time.

How did this hard cross-country hike help a cold? It's this way; the strenuous exercise caused profuse perspiration, that's good for a cold; then the deep breathing of fresh air helped a lot, and the cheerful frame of mind I achieved was another great help. When I got home I took a real hot bath, drank as much water as I could, rolled up in a warm blanket and took a nap. That broke up my cold.

Try it with a bird dog or a rabbit dog if you're not a fox hunter, or a fish pole will take the place of a dog on a pinch, or you can do it without a dog gun or rod by simply hiking over a good stretch of country.

AN ITHACA FOX-HUNTER.

THE TRACK OF THE "TYPHOON"

"THE Tracks of the Typhoon," by William Washburn Nutting. The Motor Boat Pub. Co., New York. Price $2.00. A plain, unvarnished tale of deep sea navigation in a 45-foot sailboat that will enthrall the variest land-lubber as well as the most expert seaman.

The Typhoon made the trip under sail from Baddeck, Nova Scotia, to Cowles England, a distance of 2,777 nautical miles, in 22 days, 1 hour and 20 minutes —and returned by the southern route via the Azores to New York.

The story chronicles the history of The Typhoon from the time of her conception to the finish of her cruise a year later and is filled with practical advice and the lore of the sea as worked out under actual conditions. What those conditions were and how the intrepid crew of the little Typhoon met the storms and heavy seas of the mid-Atlantic is told by the author in a masterful way.

The book should be read by all who love adventure and the sheer joy of conquering the gigantic forces of Nature.

In March

Adventures in Comradeship, by *W. Livingston Larned,* which tells how father and son found a great bond of good-fellowship in outdoor sport, begins in the March number and will run serially throughout 1923.

Auto Touring, by *Raymond S. Spears*—filled with practical advice concerning this popular pastime.

Trout Psychology, by *Edwin T. Whiffen,* analyzes the movements of trout and offers some good advice to fishermen.

Northern Visitors, by *Edwin C. Hobson*—a delightful essay on winter bird life.

In the Heart of Nova Scotia, by *E. L. Chicanot*—for big-game hunters. Usual departments and many additional features of interest to sportsmen.

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VERYONE who loves the out-of-doors will be interested in this opportunity. other author quite approximates the le and charm of Ernest Thompson Seton. new achievement in the art of book-king—that of the alchemic gold process— made possible a binding that conforms irely with the cheerful style of the ting, and with the unique illustrations. . Seton, himself, has drawn the unique tures from which the publishers have de the gold stamping. Thus, the per-ality of this outdoor genius is beautifully ressed on the outside of his books, before ingle one is opened.

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nterwoven with the dramatic incidents the narratives are hundreds of details of ap craft. The great outdoors is for rybody who enjoys his or her life to the lest. The wonderfully attractive books Ernest Thompson Seton are boys and girls and all the er folks who are boys or ls at heart. The winter here, but now, with some the most interesting d profusely illustrated oks ever published, you bring the outdoors ht into your home, and p it there with you ring the fall and nter

The special binding, cheerful style of writing, the hun-ds of unique illus-tions all combine make a set of oks that you l your family l always value. arly every ge has its n special il-lustration; bunny plays dead, the cub climbs a tree, how to lay a camp fire, foot prints of grizzlies, etc.

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"I have turned to the livest man I know. He has lived much outdoors, knows the birds, beasts, and, as Saint Francis of Assisi would say, 'Our brother the sun and our sisters the winds and woods.' He is Ernest Thompson Seton."

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Mr. Seton is universally beloved because he has the unusual gift of doing three things well: he entertains, he diverts, he instructs. And in addition he is a most engaging artist. His pen pictures run all through his books. These are as quaint and full-flavored with the outdoors as are his word pictures. The newest book from his magic pen is included in this set—WOODLAND TALES—this volume alone has 100 drawings by the author. TWO LITTLE SAVAGES has 300 drawings—and so on! And all have half-tone engravings and pen-and-ink drawings of every outdoor subject—from grizzly bears to Indian Wigwams.

These are not ordinary books. They are printed on rich soft paper, with deep generous margins, and open, clear type. Nearly every page has a whimsical illustration. The art of books knows nothing quite so fascinating as this. In his wonderfully refreshing style Mr. Seton makes you feel that you are living in a delightful vacation land. You breathe the pine-scented air and listen to the rustling of green trees and enjoy the romantic mystery of outdoors to the fullest.

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THE BIG GAME OF NORTH CHINA

(*Continued from page* 53)

group of bears, which was given the generic name of *Selenarctos* by Père Heude, must be considered as characteristic of China and neighboring parts of Southern and Eastern Asia; the brown bears, or *Ursus arctos* group, ranging throughout the Amur region, Siberia, Central Asia—including parts of North China, Tibet and the Himalayas—and westward into Asia Minor, Palestine, and Northern and Central Europe; the sloth-bear (*Melursus ursinus*) occupying India; the sun-bears (*Helarctos*) the Malay Peninsula and Indo-China; the polar bear (*Thalarctos maritimus*) north circum-polar regions; the grizzlies (*Spelœus*, of Brookes) ranging from Manchuria and the Amur—possibly also from Western Mongolia—by way of Kamchatka, the Aleutian Islands, and Alaska into western North America; the American black bears (*Euarctos*) occupying North America; and the spectacled bears (*Tremarctos*) parts of South America.

The grizzly bears do not, so far as is at present known, range into North China—unless *Ursus lagomyarius* turns out to be a grizzly and not a brown bear; but mention may be made of a large black form of grizzly that occurs in Manchuria. This is *Spelœus cavifrons* (Heude), which is mainly interesting as forming a connecting link between the prehistoric Pyrenean cave bear (*S. spelœus*) of Europe and the present-day grizzlies of North America. The writer claims to be the only European sportsman who has shot one of these formidable Manchurian grizzlies, the skull and skin of his specimen now lying in the United States National Museum.

The wolf of North China has been named *Lupus tschiliensis*, Matsch., and is a large, rather solitary animal resembling the North American timber wolf, rather than the Siberian wolf, its nearest neighbor. It is larger than the latter, which may be called true *lupus*, and varies considerably in different parts of its range. In Mongolia it is very pale in winter, with a fine, thick coat of long fur. In China it is much more yellowish in tone. It is seldom seen more than two or three in group, frequently hunting alone. Living in the hills and mountains, it visits and harries the plains at night, and in winter becomes very bold, even entering the villages and walled cities. It then attacks man without hesitation, and frequently carries off children even in broad daylight from the village streets. It is very common throughout Shansi, Shensi, Kansu, the Ordoo, and Mongolia. In Western Manchuria, where the winter is very severe, it is said to band together in large packs, when it becomes as great a scourge and menace as its Siberian relative.

An animal that still occurs in the wilder parts of Western Kansu and in Manchuria, but which elsewhere has become extinct, is the Siberian wild dog (*Cyon alpinus*). This animal is of a foxy-red color, and has the appearance of what is known as a "yaller dog," the mongrel type of animal to which our domestic breeds revert if not kept pure, or allowed to degenerate by inbreeding. Thus it appears to have been the ancestor of most of our domestic breeds of dog, though doubtless the wolf, and possibly also the fox and jackal have been crossed with it. The red dog of the Deccan (*C. deccanensis*) and other species of the Malay Peninsula, Indo-China, and South and Central China are closely related to our species. The wild

Horns of *Cervus grassianus* from Wes Shansi

dog hunts in large packs, and is terribl destructive to game in the districts wher it occurs. In fact, it soon clears th whole country of game, and it is prob ably this fact which is causing its ow extermination, since nowhere is ther sufficient game to keep it going. Th Chinese call this animal *Yeh Kou*, o "wild dog," and *Tsai Kou*, or "wolf dog in the North, and *Hu-tou Kou*, or "fox headed dog" in the Yang-tzu Valley.

LEAVING the carnivores we come t the ungulates, or hoofed animal which perhaps are more truly include in the term big game.

One of the most sporting of these i the wild pig, of which several closel related species have been recognized i China and neighboring parts. The for occurring in North China from th Tibetan border eastward as far as Shar si, and southward along the Tsing Lin range is known as *Sus moupinensis*, M Edw. It is a large animal with fine tusk and a coat varying from greyish brow to grizzled black. To be met with in a the hilly and mountainous areas, th animal at times becomes a formidab pest by reason of its numbers, raidin and devouring the farmers' crops, ar ruining acres of cultivated land by i rootings. The wild pig does not appea to range into Chihli, just why does n seem clear, but it is met with on th Yang-tzu and as far north as Souther Shantung, where it is called *Sus pall dosus*, Heude, and again Manchuria, ar Corea, where it is known as *S. giga* Heude, and *S. coreanus*, Heude, r spectively. *S. leucomystax*, T. & S., the white-whiskered pig, with which th

ang-tzu form was confused by Robert winhoe, is confined to Japan, and is a ather small, short-headed form. The Ianchurian form is remarkable for its normous size, specimens of as much as 00 lbs. weight being fairly common. 'he Corean form is smaller, while the ang-tzu species though large does not qual the Manchurian form in this repect, has a slender skull, not very large usks, and is, generally speaking, a rather ale or light colored form.

The mountains of Western Shansi orm one of the best pig-hunting rounds in North China, and it is there hat some of the best bags in this line ave been made by European sportsmen rom Tientsin and Peking.

The wapiti, or "elk," of North Amerca is represented in our region by posibly two forms, one in North Shansi, vhich has been identified from specimens ecured by the writer as *Cervus xanthoygus,* M.-Edw., originally described rom Manchuria; and the other in Vestern Kansu, recently described and amed *Cervus kansuensis* by Mr. Pocock, from specimens secured by Fenvick Owen and Frank Wallace.

In both these forms the body and ntler measurements fall considerably hort of the American species (*C. canadensis*), of which owing to the shape of heir horns they may be considered subpecies. These large Chinese deer are, owever, considerably larger than the European red-deer, and have much touter horns. They appear to be intermediate between the American wapiti nd the red-deer of Europe, their habits greeing as much with the one as the ther.

A much more graceful deer, and one nore beautifully marked, is the North China sika, or spotted deer. The group o which this animal belongs has been given the sub-generic name of *Sika,* and s typified by the little Japanese spotted deer, *Cervus sika.* The North China nd Manchurian representatives are, however, large animals, fully as large as the European red-deer. They have very handsome horns, though eight points is the limit. In summer the pelt is of a beautiful chestnut-red color, with large white spots on the body part. In winter it is brown, the spots fading away to a grayish-brown, often being almost indiscernible. Four species have been recognized, namely: *Cervus mantchuricus,* Sw., and *C. dybowskii,* Tacz., from Manchuria and the Ussuri region, *C. mandarinus,* M.-Edw., (=*C. hortulorum,* Sw.) from the Imperial Hunting Grounds in Chihli, and *C. grassianus,* Heude, of the forested mountainous country of West Shansi. These, it must be confessed, have been separated on rather slender differences, and by some might be considered only varieties of one species. These large sikas are all forest loving deer, and are only to be found where there is plenty of thick cover. Owing to the value set upon their horns when in velvet they are ruthlessly hunted and it is only a matter of time for them to be exterminated altogether, at least in the wild state.

(*To be continued*)

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FISHING IN BERMUDA

MANY VARIETIES OF GAME FISH ARE FOUND IN THE SURROUNDING WATERS

By JAMES ALBERT WALES

A GREAT deal has been written about the many and diverse attractions of Bermuda, but it seems strange that little mention has been made of what to many would be the greatest lure of all—the catching of big game fish. Bermuda prides itself on being "different." When it comes to fish and fishing, it is actually unique. Think of being able to catch 296 varieties of fish, a large proportion of which are not likely to be met with in other waters.

The angler who pines in winter time because he cannot go to California for tuna and broadbill swordfish, or to the Gulf of Mexico for tarpon, will perhaps be surprised to learn that he can encompass a very respectable fishing holiday within eight to fourteen days, by trying his luck in Bermuda. It is only two days from New York, and while four days between boats will allow for some rare sport and enable the angler to complete the trip within eight days, when he reaches the islands he will be loath to leave so soon.

Tuna and tarpon have been taken in Bermuda, but not in liberal quantities, as these fish require brackish or coastal water, and it is not available there. The "horse mackerel" of Bermuda is a little tuna, or "tunny" averaging about fifteen pounds, and is found in abundance. However, the angler will not regret the comparative scarcity of two or three sorts of large game fish, because there are numerous others, running up to and over 100 pounds, that will give him exceptionally fine sport. Prominent among them is the amberfish, or amberjack. This is the Atlantic cousin of the Pacific species known as the yellowtail, an extremely game fish much sought in California waters. Louis L. Mombray, director of the New York Aquarium, recently caught an amberfish weighing 130 pounds.

The hogfish is a fighter that will test the mettle of any angler. Even the twenty and twenty-five-pound hogfish will put up a battle that will not be surpassed by any other fish of equal weight, and the chub, which is taken best in February and March, and which runs about twelve to fourteen pounds, is a remarkably game fish for light tackle.

The green and spotted morays are hard fighters, treacherous, and one is not always sure of having "finished" them. Walter B. Hayward, in his engaging book "Bermuda Past and Present," tells of a native fisherman who, while fishing with a partner from a dinghy, imprudently pulled a green moray over the gunwale before killing it. It attacked both men savagely, until they were obliged to climb the mast and capsize the boat. Another Bermuda fish story that has been verified, is that a green moray captured for the New York Aquarium bit a piece out of a one-inch plank in its fight for freedom.

EVERYTHING is in the fisherman's favor, in Bermuda. Practically every day is a good fishing day. The facilities are abundant and the grounds readily reached. The best fishing is

Typical fishing boat in Bermuda waters

among the reefs which border the islands on all sides. The water is so clean and clear, due to the coral formations, that one can see for a depth of forty to sixty feet, an important advantage when a large fighting fish has been brought in almost to the boat.

Fishing parties occasionally go in motor boats or small steamers, but the popular practice is to hire a sloop or whaleboat with a native pilot, and take lunch and make a day of it. The boat and pilot will cost eight or ten dollars for the day and will serve a moderate-sized party most satisfactorily. The best boats are equipped with a well for preserving the day's catch. Hand lines are used almost exclusively, and at times it is necessary to pay out as much as fifty fathoms. Rod and reel are rarely seen. Some of the small and elusive sorts of fish are taken in "pots" or cages, and in nets, but our tourist angler will find that his hand line of say 24-strand will not only keep his hands full but will at times just about take the skin off of them if they are not inured to tussling with the "fightinest" fish.

Live bait is used for the big fellows. Two popular varieties bear the picturesque names of Slippery Dick and Mud Belly. The native lobster is the best bait for hogfish and chub, and is a most toothsome dish itself, comparing more than favorably with the Maine variety.

Besides the big fellows, there are smaller fish—see how many of these names you recognize: breams, grunts, angel fish, groupers, silk snappers, gray and red snappers, cavello, sailor's choice, bonito, gwelly, porgies, turbot, and three species that bear a curiously close resemblance to their prototypes, the parrot, squirrel, and cow fish. The four-eyed and flying fish are also diverting specimens.

Many of the species of fish found in Bermuda are beautifully colored and their habits are also worthy of study. The angel fish is clothed in iridescent scales of gold, green, and blue, and other fish are almost as gorgeous. Even those who do not care for fishing, will find pleasure in a trip to the Sea Gardens, five miles from Hamilton, the capital. Glass-bottomed boats are used, enabling visitors to see the numerous peculiar and bright-colored fish, and the sea-fans, anemones, brainstones, sea-eggs and puddings, and star and finger coral, as well as other curious plants, many of them swaying in the water as if moved by the wind.

Another "close-up" of Bermuda fish may be obtained in the natural grottos near Harrington Sound, which are known as Devil's Hole and Neptune's Grotto. Here are over two thousand fish, of about thirty species, among which the grouper predominates. This wide-mouthed, red-jawed fish is as hungry as a cub shark. It changes its mottled colors to black, in a flash. Mr. Hayward relates the story of a British army officer who scoffed at the ferocity claimed for the grouper. He threw his dog into the pool and in a few seconds the animal had been torn to pieces.

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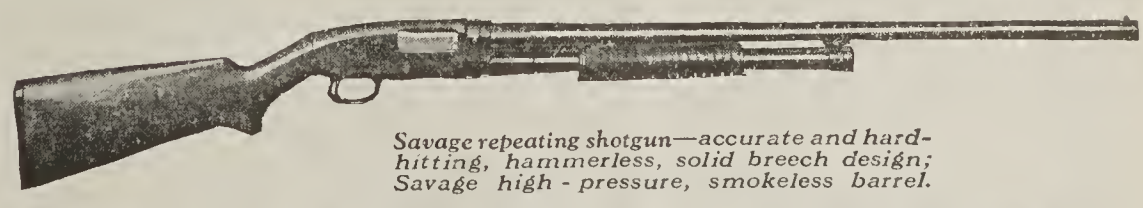

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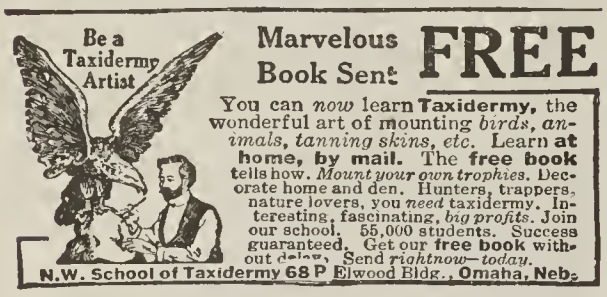

They bite best in June, when they are found "snapping" in their spawning grounds along the south shore. They will then bite at unbaited hooks, and sport is turned into arduous labor. They are far more ravenous at this time than our own harbor blues in September.

THE first Bermuda fish introduced to New York were brought by P. T. Barnum. Six hundred fish from Bermuda were transported alive in 1862, and added to Barnum's Ann Street Museum. These oddly formed and brilliantly colored fish from tropical waters were a great drawing card for the master showman.

The New York and Detroit Aquariums have a number of Bermuda fish and it is to be regretted that the supply is no longer being replenished. The excellent aquarium formerly situated on Agar's Island, Bermuda, has been discontinued, but the Government is planning to establish a new and larger one. From this source about six hundred fish were formerly sent to New York every year, in iron tanks in which the temperature of the water was uniformly kept at that of Bermuda.

No chronicle of Bermuda fish and fishing should be completed without mentioning the fact that many of the fish provide exceptionally good eating—and the native cooks can make a most appetizing dish from almost any kind—even from a cub shark, highly spiced.

THIS MONTH IN THE OUTDOORS

(*Continued from page* 65)

low the suggestion of the Biological Survey and do this practical thing: build low hutches with roofs that will keep out snow and make wigwam-like stacks of grain sheaves with openings below. Keep the entrances free from snow and scatter within cracked corn or small grains or seeds. Putting out food on a bare spot on the ground is an easier method, but not so useful, as quail need the exercise of scratching for their food.

SPORTSMENS' DINNERS

FEBRUARY is a month for sportsmens' dinners. It is a particularly good time for dinners because legislative sessions are usually held or getting under way and there is hardly a state that does not have its laws on fish and game amended, rewritten, wiped off the statute books or have bills presented to embody new laws. It is always a good thing to invite the Governor, a United States Senator, a Representative or a State Senator or Assemblyman to come to a dinner of sportsmen for the truth of the matter is that, if they are not anglers or gunners, they are in a quandary regarding fish and game legislation. Thousands of bills are introduced in every legislature and only the most efficient legislator can read and comprehend their nature. Ask any legislative man or woman if this statement is not true, if you question it.

Dinners of sportsmens' clubs always are pleasant, with their moving pictures of the outdoors and the yarns and experiences heard are usually interesting and informative. Four years ago this month, in New Brunswick, N. J., I attended the annual dinner of the Middlesex County Sportsmens' Association and Mr. Thorfin Tait, its President, was discussing the Edgar Bill, which had the support of the Governor, and was intended to take the funds accruing from the fish and game licenses and placing them in the general funds of the State, which would have meant that the money so raised could have been used for general state purposes, and not, as heretofore had been the practice, using them entirely in the interest of fish and game. Mr. Tait spoke of the need of a statewide organization which could fight such measures, having the sportsmen of the State behind such public opinion.

The next speaker, John B. Burnham, president of the American Game Protective Association, told of how New York had such an association, coordinating the views of the sportsmen on legislation affecting them and how successful it was in its undertakings. All of which as a good reporter I chronicled and the next day Kenneth F. Lockwood, who writes the entertaining "Out in the Open" of the Newark *Evening News*, pounced upon the idea, agitated it in his newspaper and among his angling and gunning friends, called a meeting and with the cooperation of Mr. Tait, Jack Schwinn, Arthur J. Neu and others the New Jersey Fish and Game Conservation League was organized. It is functioning well to-day and last December at its annual meeting and dinner in Newark, N. J., issued as its mouthpiece the initial number of the *New Jersey Outdoorsman*, a readable publication.

'POSSUM TIME

SOUTH of the Mason Dixon line, now is 'possum time. Of course 'possum hunting is not one of the top-notch sports but there is a bit of fun to it, and for midnight fun it is worth staying up all night for. It is certainly far more exciting than holding four aces in a poker game. And when the 'possum is dislodged from the tree, and the dogs are fighting to get the 'possum and the Negroes are fighting to capture the 'possum from the dogs, the 'possum is trying to get away from both, the excitement of four aces fades into insignificance.

"My Old Kentucky Home," one of one hundred and twenty-five songs that fell from the pen of Stephen Collins Foster, whose sad fate was to die in a public institution, pays a tribute in its second stanza to the 'possum. Don't you recall it?

"They hunt no mo' for the 'possum and the 'coon
On the meadow, the hill and the shore!
They hunt no mo' by the glimmer of the moon
On the beach by the old cabin door."

Missouri's battle song of Democracy in 1912, when Champ Clark was its candidate for the Presidency, paid a tribute to the 'possum:

"My dawg Drum is a good ol' houn',
Trails the 'possum on the driest groun',
Makes no difference if he is a houn',
You've got a-quit kickin' my dawg aroun'."

Senator Robert L. Taylor of Tennessee, who many knew by his sobriquet, "Fiddling Bob," was fond of possum and when some one sent a possum to him in Washington, he wouldn't have it cooked by a Washington chef, saying "nobody knows how to cook a 'possum but a Tennessee nigger." He sent to Waldo Ridge, Tennessee, for the right man, who cooked the 'possum to the satisfaction of Senators and to cap the 'possum dinner, the Senator got out his "fiddle" and Senator Bradley of Kentucky with the banjo for a partner, they had a celebration unique in the annals of the capital.

Just how the gentleman from Waldo Ridge, Tennessee, prepared the 'possum is not told, but if you want Uncle Sam's recipe, it is here:

"Skin, singe and wipe the opossum inside and out; hang it for several days, providing the weather is clear and the place perfectly cold. Fill with potato or black walnut stuffing, sew up the slit, place it in a roasting-pan, and add one chopped onion, a pint of boiling water, one teaspoon of salt and one-fourth teaspoon of pepper. Roast, basting occasionally, for three hours. Have the oven very hot at first, lessening the heat during the last of the cooking."

Raccoon Hunting Time

IN the North, as well as the South, now is the time when the Ancient or Midnight Order of 'Coon Hunters hold forth and there is more good-natured fun on one of these midnight trips than any "party" held between the same hours, for when home is reached, refreshing sleep follows, with no after effects.

Usually the men meet after darkness, the meeting places easily found because all the dogs of the neighborhood seemed to have congregated at the one spot. Every man who owns a coon dog feels that it wouldn't be a regular 'coon hunt unless his 'coon dog is among those present.

The 'coon is a night wanderer and in the South, in addition to the guns, there is often carried an axe to cut the tree where the 'coon takes refuge. When the 'coon is located by the light of the pine tree torch, the shining eyes of the 'coon being readily seen, and the animal is tucked away in the bag, then comes the fun of a midnight supper in the woods. And, of course, some one tells the old story of Davy Crockett's 'coon, which really wasn't Davy Crockett's 'coon at all, although David Crockett like the other buckskin men of America was a good shot. If corroboration is needed of that fact, read the thrilling story of

"Hound Dog"

"I thought you had a bird dog, Jim. He's nothing but a rabbit hound."

"Well, let him go. Infallible's quick enough to knock 'em without a dog."

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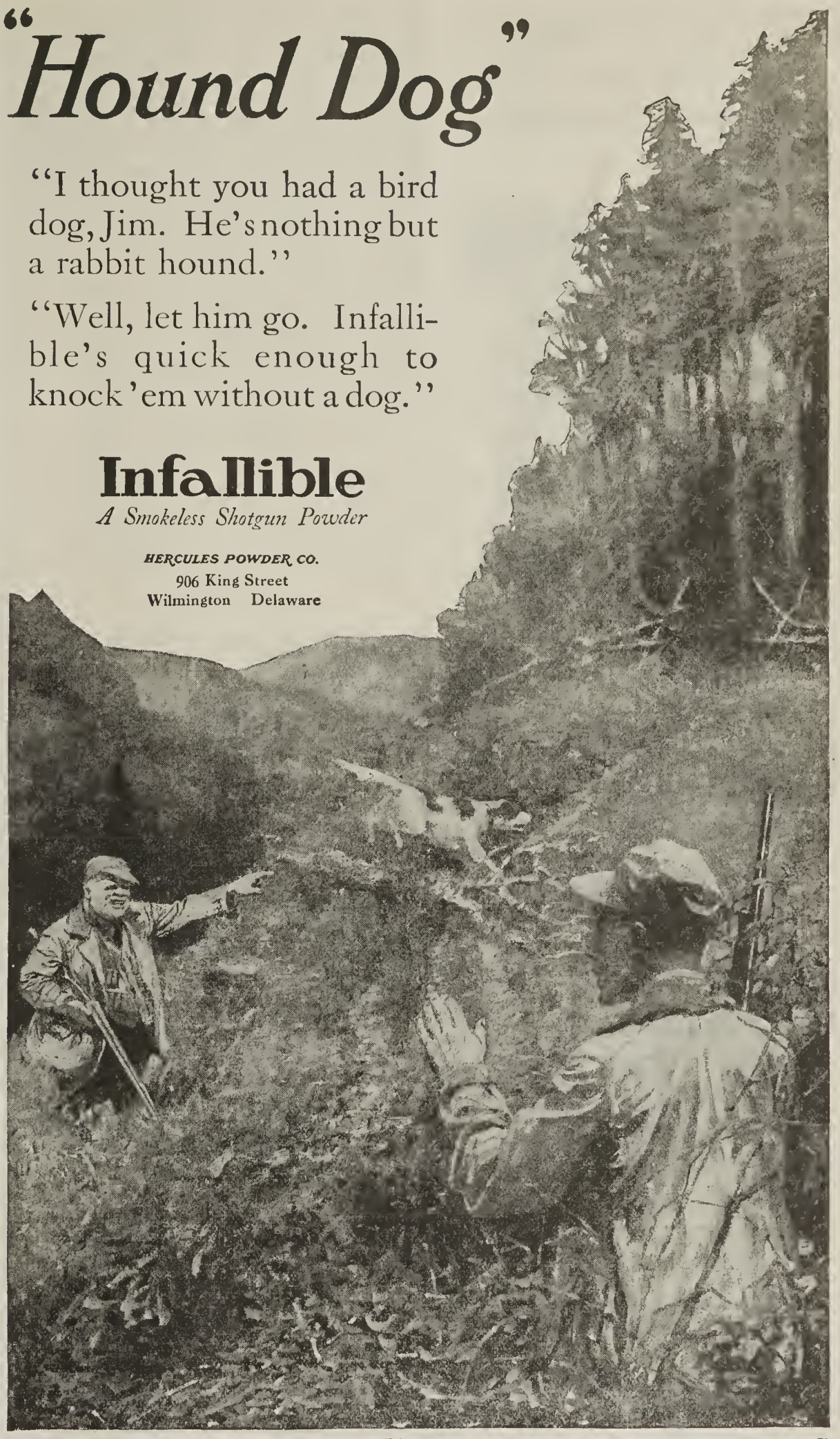

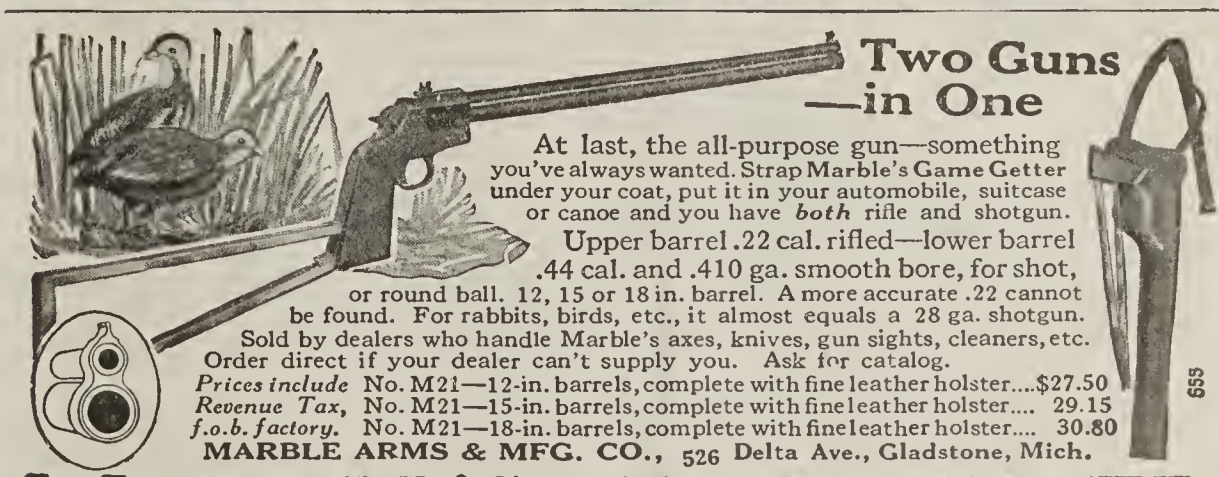

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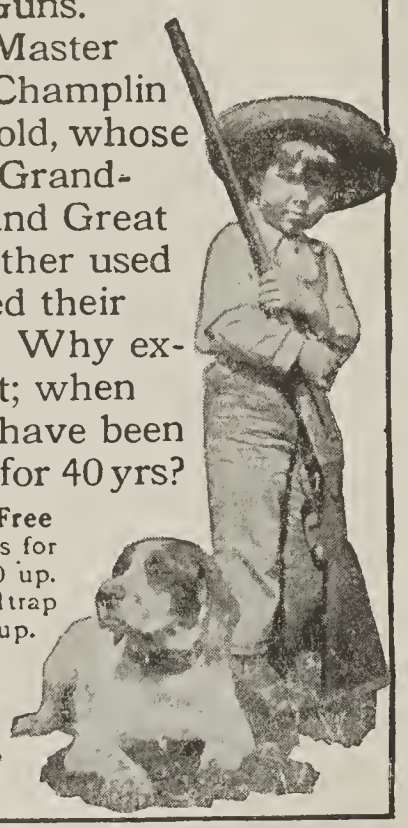

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the Alamo again. The 'coon, however, that came down from the tree, came down to Captain Martin Scott, Vermonter.

It seems that the hunting party treed a 'coon which took refuge on the highest limb. Five of the party had tried and failed to disconnect the raccoon from the tree and the 'coon was enjoying the fun. Finally the last member of the party came up. He was Captain Martin Scott. As he looked into the tree, he spied the saucy raccoon, now bold, and hearing the story of the others, he was offered the next shot. As he took a bead on the animal, the 'coon looked slyly around the limb and inquired:

"Who are you?"

"I am Scott."

"What Scott?"

"I am Captain Scott."

"Are you Captain Martin Scott?"

"The same."

"Well," said the 'coon, unlimbering himself, "you need not shoot; I'll come down."

SOME BASS AND TROUT LURES

(*Continued from page 69*)

ends with varnish. Good combinations are white hackle over black raffia, brown raffia with black hackle at either end and brown raffia in the middle. When the varnish is dry, trim off the tips of the hackles so that they are short and bristling like the hairs of the living insect.

GRASSHOPPERS are a very killing form of bait, so deadly, in fact, that one hesitates to use them where fish are comparatively few and fishermen are in an inverse ratio. Yet under certain conditions the use of the artificial is permissible and sportsmanslike.

This fly also requires the use of a long-shanked hook of fine wire, and about No. 10 in size. A slightly flattened strip of cork or balsa wood should be perforated lengthwise with a knitting needle, hairpin or hatpin (somehow the world still has some use for women, after all), and the hook forced, eyed end on. The cork or balsa wood should be trimmed with a sharp blade until it is somewhat flattened on the sides so that the height of the body will be slightly greater than the width. The latter half should round down bluntly to the shank and present a more rounded appearance than the forward part, which merely requires to have the four edges trimmed off slightly. Make the cork or balsa body somewhat smaller than you expect the finished appearance of the insect to be, yet do not work down enough to destroy flotancy. If you are in doubt, put the fly, as thus far made, into a dish of water and if it floats, go ahead; if it sinks, make a somewhat larger body before proceeding.

Assuming that the body floats, take a strip of green raffia (green hoppers are common and taking), lash it to the hook at the lower, or barb, end of the body, and wind smoothly up nearly to the eye of the hook, fasten, and finish off with green silk thread, shaping the front end bluntly to imitate the head of the natural.

For the long, bent legs, take a small wire hairpin having a length of about three inches. Force this through the body about half-way down from the head. With a narrow strip of bright green raffia, begin about a sixteenth of an inch from one end of the wire and wind on smoothly and tightly till close up to the body, then back half way to the end of the wire, then back to the body, thus making the upper half of the hopper's leg more muscular than the lower. Pass the raffia once or twice around the body, and wind down the wire on the other side to make that leg.

Remember that the upper half of this leg is to be wound first, down to the middle of this side of the wire, back to the body and then down to within one-sixteenth of an inch of the tip. Bend both legs at an angle, to simulate the legs of the natural hopper, and with forceps twist the bare, short end of each leg backward, to form the foot. The shorter front legs, two pairs, are made by passing a short length of fine gut through the body at about equal distances between the long legs and the head. Bend these down for a few minutes till they set, then trim them off to a length of about a third of an inch.

The wings are two small hackle feathers, dyed green, with the forward quarter-inch bare of the featherlets, to form the antennae. These are laid lengthwise upon the back and fastened with a few turns of green silk to match the raffia. The forward ends of the feathers should project about a third of an inch in front of the head. Give the whole insect, except wings, a good coat of varnish, and let dry. This lure will float and keep up well, although the leader and a considerable length of line sink.

THE dragon-fly is coming into use, especially as a lure for bass. This artificial requires a long-shanked hook as a foundation. If the lower end of the hook is slightly bent up, the appearance of the fly is more natural. A No. 8 or a No. 10 hook is about the right size for a dragon-fly of ordinary dimensions. Perforate lengthwise a strip of cork or balsa wood about three sixteenths of an inch square. Force this on over the eyed end of the hook. Leave the front half of the cork about the same size, rounding off the edges nicely, and trim the rear end down carefully to about half that size, rounding and tapering it to resemble the long body of the insect you are copying. I make up two styles—one with a dark blue body and transparent wings, the other with a black body and white wings marked to resemble those of the natural. Wind on, as a body, a strip of raffia of the color to match the type you are making, getting it on smoothly and covering up the cork or balsa wood nicely.

nish off with a half-hitch or an in-sible knot.

The wings are made of thin sheet lluloid, transparent or white traced India ink, and varnished. For this ze of fly, make the wings about an ch long and a quarter of an inch oad. Cut the wings somewhat in the ape shown in cut and sew on the dy. It is well to catch a dragon-fly, you can, and imitate its wings.

The wings are to be sewed to the top the body just back of the eye of the ook. Be sure to fasten the thread mly by passing it through the body o or three times, after the wings are stened on. The wings may be a little ose but will tighten up when the fly varnished. The artificial is to have o pairs of legs, one just under the ings and the other about three-six-enths of an inch farther back. The gs are to be made and mounted as ere the short legs of the grasshoppers. arnish all over and hang up to dry.

ARGE spinners are made up by much the same process. The insect slenderer and has longer legs propor-ally, and the wings are slenderer. ull spinners, with the quill of a a her for the body, are more attrac-e to fish. The legs are very long d help to float the fly. The wings are ade of small maple seed-leaf wings, out a quarter of an inch long. The eds are dried, if not in this condition hen found, then dipped in varnish and ied several times. This process ughens them and makes them more rable. A No. 12 or No. 14 hook, ng-shanked, is suitable for this size. e slender quill of a feather is cut to length of about nine-sixteenths of an ch, leaving the rounded or pointed d of the quill on. Soften by soaking oroughly in warm water, and force er the eye of the hook, then lash se-rely at the front or eyed end.

The quill may be dyed any color, ht brown is good (the Waldcraft ins are excellent for this purpose) d then varnished. This stops up both ds of the quill, and makes it a sort air-chamber to assist in flotancy. e wings are lashed on, passing the read criss-cross over the part on top the body. The six legs of light gut, out an inch long, are made by ubling and lashing onto the body two-ch lengths of light gut, stained the oper color. Put one pair just in front the wings, extending out in front of e body, another pair about half-way ck on the body, and the third pair st under the wings. Varnish all over d hang up to dry.

An attractive small brown moth is o made with the maple seed-leaf ngs. Find the small dried seed leaves der any hard maple tree, and varnish th several coats. The body of the th, on a No. 10 or No. 12 hook, may of cork or quill; the cork floats better, t the quill is neater. The body of this should be prepared as for the small inner described, and colored light own.

Robert H. Rockwell

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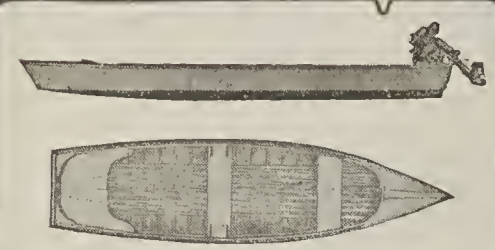

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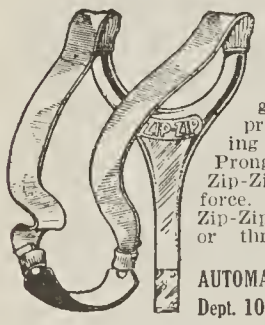

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The wings are darker, and just about the color the varnished seed-leaf will give. After preparing the body, as described for the small spinner, though it should be plumper, fasten on the wings so that they droop partly over the body, but having them flare out somewhat. This is the position the insect ordinarily carries its wings in when at rest, or else extended at the side.

I have never seen a moth at rest with its wings vertical. The position is sometimes taken temporarily, but not as a rule when the insect is resting. The six legs of light gut, stained brown, are to be fastened on as described for the spinner, but should be about three-eighths of an inch long. The finished insect is to be varnished and dried. Moths up to a No. 6 hook in size may be made in this fashion. Wings of feather or thin sheet celluloid may be used, but are not as buoyant as those of the maple seed-leaf.

A very good shad fly is made of a No. 8 or No. 10 hook, using the *blunt* end of a porcupine quill for the body and maple seed-leaf wings. The body is about nine-sixteenths of an inch long. The quill, stained light green for the male and brown for the female, is forced over the eye of the hook, pointed end first. It is securely lashed to the hook at the eye and varnished.

The wings are taken from a *small* maple seed-leaf, trimmed down so that they will extend just beyond the bend of the hook, when fastened on. They are secured by lashing the main rib of the seed-leaf to the hook just back of the eye, after to be varnished and dried several times.

The maple seed-leaf is the closest in appearance to an insect's wing in shape, structure and venation, that I have succeeded in finding. The two feelers, each about half an inch long, are made of a doubled length of gut, colored to match, and lashed on at the eye of the hook, on top, so that they will extend in front of the body. The six legs of light gut, stained to match, are lashed on to the bottom of the forward end of the body, one pair under the forward end of the wings, and the other pairs each about an eighth of an inch behind the preceeding pair. Varnish the finished fly and hang up to dry.

A March Brown is made on a No. 8, 10, or 12 hook, with a porcupine quill, pointed and extended out behind, for a body. The wings are of dried maple seed-leaf, and are the closest to the natural that I have been able to find. They are prepared by varnishing and drying several times. Trim off the seed at the lower end, and leave a little of the main rib projecting, by which it is to be lashed to the body. The quill is stained light brown. It is softened in water and lashed for about three-sixteenths of an inch to the body just a little back of the eye.

It is then varnished to make a little air chamber to assist in flotancy. It projects about half or three-quarters of an inch behind the bend of the hook, and stands up quite in the appearance of the natural. The wings are lashed on in an upright position on the hook just ahead of the porcupine body. They may be separated, before the fly is varnished, about an eighth of an inch. This helps to "cock" the fly somewhat better, but is not quite so lifelike in appearance.

The six legs, of thin brown gut, are next placed on. The first pair should be at the extreme front of the body and project forward. The second pair should be just under the front end of the wings, and the third pair about an eighth of an inch further back. The fly should then be varnished and hung up to dry.

Generally stated, the advantages of the flies described are these: they will float—most of them will not sink even when leader and line are submerged; they are more natural in appearance than the ordinary "fly," and for the most part are extremely durable.

EDWIN T. WHIFFEN,
New York.

NATURAL HISTORY

(*Continued from page* 64)

rivals in noise and robbery are keeping their winter stores, and many a red squirrel has sputtered in impotent rage when he found one of his favorite caches broken into by the gay-coated air thieves. One of the most laughable sights in the woods is the spectacle afforded by a blue jay and a red squirrel mutually berating each other and trying at the same time to stow away the winter's supplies without revealing the hiding places.

Notwithstanding its bad habits each bird has a great deal to commend it for many a lonely trapper has been amused by the mischievous tricks of the whiskyjack, while the sportsman home from the backwoods tells with never failing delight of "the way that bunch of blue jays tormented one of those big Cat Owls." The coat of the blue jay will always endear him to the lover of Nature, for there are all too few of our native birds in blue livery, and none that display it more conspicuously than our noisy friend.

THE SHY ONE

PROBABLY the word "mouse" brings to the minds of most people the picture of a dirty gray little animal scudding for shelter as the pantry door is opened. Against this hanger-on man has always contested, but, nevertheless, it has followed him to the ends of the earth. We hate the mouse and its thievish ways; and as it is paralelled in destructiveness by most of the native wild species of this country, we have come to look askance on all mice.

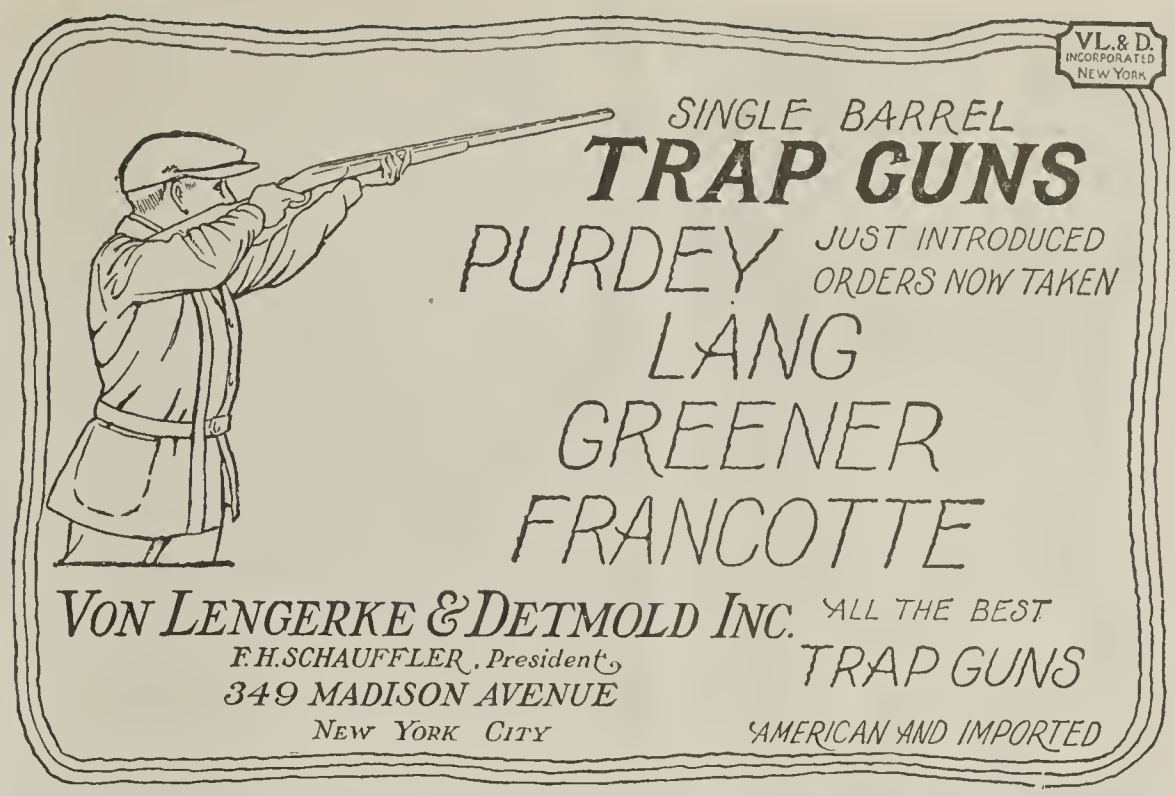
One species, however, does comparatively little damage: its appearance is also markedly different from that of the house mouse and the meadow mice and field mice with which the farms are overrun. Even the most prejudiced

usewife on seeing one of these little eatures for the first time is apt to exim, "Oh, isn't it pretty?" And the odmouse is pretty. It is dainty in aparance and carries itself as befits its ation; the aristocrat of mice. The ck is a rich golden brown, becoming ore brilliant in winter, with the underts a uniform dazzling white. As if increase the contrast, the line of deirkation is absolutely unbroken from se to tail, each color ending abruptly if to emphasize its richness and rity. Set into this background unually large black eyes—which give it a ld expression rather than the cunning ok of most mice—and you have some ea of this mouse of the camp. His her names are equally appropriate. eer-mouse" at once conveying the ought of swiftness, while "whiteoted mouse" is self-explanatory.

They are exceedingly shy (and small onder), for there is not one of the imals or birds of prey but what is ady at any time to make a meal of odmouse. So he usually looks afraid his own shadow. If they are not olested around the camp, but are fed ith crumbs, they gain confidence in an and become quite tame, but any dden movement or noise will send em to safety in a flash. When undisrbed they often sit up prettily on their unches, using their forepaws as hands r feeding, or washing their faces much the manner of their arch enemy, the t.

They have many different kinds of ests, and one of the most favored is e little hole in the ground, the enance cunningly placed between two ots so close together that even the easel cannot squeeze his slender body rough. To this refuge only the snakes n penetrate. If he can reach this shelr when hawk or owl threatens his life is safe, but he does not always get ere, and then, if there is snow on the ound, you may see where the delicate acery of his footprints end abruptly, nd on each side there will be the marks feathers in the snow. Like the squirels, they frequently take up their resience in the outbuildings of farmhouses, t even so, they are not very destrucve to grain; in fact, their habits are ore nearly like those of the squirrel an like other mice. They often build nest for themselves in the crotch of a ee or shrub out of fine grass and aves, but more often they will hunt for bird's nest—even dispossessing the ghtful owners—then enlarge it and of it over to make it weatherproof. his type of nest is given preference as nursery, and here the mother raises r family of four to seven squeakers, that they are equally self-confident in e branches or on the ground.

Their usual food is insects, wild fruits, erries, seeds and various kinds of corns and nuts. The nuts and seeds ey gather and store for winter use, as ey would otherwise often feel the inch of hunger. They are not above est-robbing, but are never so foolhardy s to attempt to rob the nest of any bird



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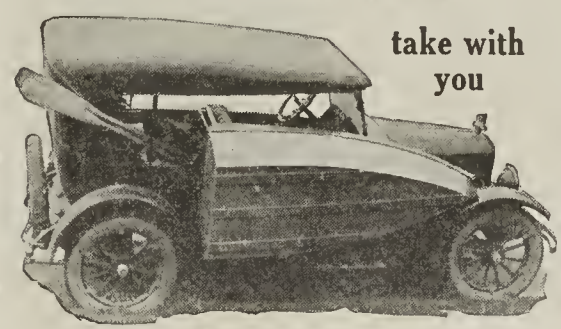

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Unless trapped, they are seldom seen in daytime, occasionally coming out on cloudy days, and the only one I ever saw in the sunlight was a mother whose nest I had disturbed. But at night you may hear their little feet rustle beside you in the leaves as you stroll along the wood path, or perhaps hear their faint squeaks —mere whispers of sound—as they call to each other in their work and play. The reign of night is one which man is not apt to dispute (at least in the woods), and when he does question it, he must carry his sunshine with him like the firefly, for his eyes make him a creature of light, not of darkness. But the shy one, as the Indians call him, knows the darkness is his best friend, for, although many of his enemies are abroad at that time, not one has the advantage over him in eyesight during the nocturnal hours.

TRAPPING THE THREE RIVER ZONE

(*Continued from page* 58)

Murphy continued to have fair luck with the foxes so he sent in a number of skins with us. That was the tragic part of it—while we had plenty of money, or its equivalent in furs, this fact would not keep us from starving. Another thing that had gone against us of late was the disappearance of the moose and deer. Try as hard as we might it seemed that we were unable to get any meat. We hunted at every opportunity and generally carried our large rifles with us when on the trapline, but in our hour of need no game crossed our path.

The trip out to Edson was very hard on us as we had to break trail through the fresh snow. Nevertheless we made the trip in short order and the evening of the sixth day found us back at the Athabasca. Furs sold on that trip averaged as follows: Red fox, ten dollars; lynx, twelve dollars; brush wolves, six dollars; ermine, sixty cents. We had taken Murphy's silver fox in with us but the best offer we got was forty-five dollars so we brought it back to him. After dividing up our pitifully small grubstake it was at once apparent that we would have to keep on the trail for the rest of the winter as it would be impossible to get out with horses before May.

Mr. Rapelje continued to lose his horses and in an attempt to save a team for use when the snow left he brought four of the strongest ones over to the Athabasca and had Murphy feed them what little wild hay remained there. It was pitiful the way the poor creatures died. The only place where they could get any feed at all was on the hillside facing the south. Here the wretched dumb animals pawed unceasingly searching for the dried grass under the snow until their strength gave out and they fell into the snow for the last time unable to regain their feet.

Knowles and I were on the trail from morning to night and it kept us mighty busy running our lines and making the trips to town, each of the latter being a hundred and twenty miles both ways. We were like steel, tempered by the scourge of the trail till we hardly knew what fatigue meant. Every night on the traplines we spent all the way from one to four hours tending to our furs depending, of course, on the amount taken each day. Here is where we learned the value of our sleigh dogs. A large number of the furs taken from a wilderness trapline are dead and frozen stiff as boards when the trapper comes along. Small animals are not hard to handle, even when frozen, and may be placed in one's pack-sack and carried readily. A frozen lynx or brush wolf, however, is an awkward load for the trapper. Our traplines were cut out so that we could drive the dog team anywhere and all we had to do was to stop take the animal from the trap and throw it on the sleigh.

One would hardly believe that an ordinary dog can be broken to work so well on a sleigh, and the loads four or five of these faithful animals can draw is surprising indeed. I for one, would never be without them and today have one dog, which I use as a leader, that I would not part with. A leader is the main thing in a dog team—for with a good one who knows the trails and will follow them, one can go most anywhere. Indeed, I do not know what we would have done that winter without dogs as there was no other means of getting grub to that part of the world without using an airplane.

(*To be continued*)

WINTER IN OUR GAME COVERS

(*Continued from page* 55)

farmer's lad about trapping weasels and shooting crows and hawks may not come amiss either, and often times a small gift of a few shells or steel traps will bring forth a promise to put out feed regularly throughout the cold months. Anything done along this line will have its certain reward, and when another October rolls around and you come up to that first point all eager with expectancy, you can say to yourself, "If I kill this fellow, I have earned him and many others, too," and thus disclaim the old adage which says that "You can't eat your cake and keep it too!"

IG FOR THE BARNEGAT SNEAKBOX

(*Continued from page* 61)

Next the whole foot can be laced to e boom by a cotton rope which passes ernately around the boom and through thimble. Another piece of cotton rope made fast to the upper thimble, and e sail hoisted a little. The rope is ssed around the mast and through the st thimble, then around the mast and rough the next thimble, etc., hoisting e sail as you go. When the sail is all , tighten on the lacing rope and make fast to a cleat at the bottom of the ast. This rope loosens up as the halrd is let go so that it is not necessary uncleat it when you hoist or lower e sail. When reefing it must be shorted on the cleat.

To assist in reefing quickly, fasten the ddle of a three-foot length of cotton pe to each cringle (the thimbles at the d of the reef row), whip the ends and ave them there for future use. Put in rial reef. Let down the sail until you n take a couple of turns around the om and through the cringle with the ef line at the forward end. Then pull e other end out along the boom until e reef row is tight but not stretched. sten a little wooden shoulder underath the boom about six inches farther t to prevent the reef line from slipng. Pass the reef lines around the om, over the shoulder, back through e cringle and knot them together. The ints can now be tied. They should passed between the sail and the boom d not around the boom. Never tie the ints until the two cringles are fastened you may tear the sail.

The main sheet is the same as the lliard. One end is made fast to an eye the deck aft of the cockpit and about foot from the edge. It is then led ough a block on the boom, through other block on the other side of the ck, then to the hand. In ordinary ather it can be held with the same nd that holds the tiller.

The jib is snapped on to its stay and e lower corner fastened with a line or ap hook to an eye in the deck. The eet is about 20 feet long being seized the thimble of the sail at its middle d one end coming aft each side of the st through a hole in the forward end the coaming to a cleat. Only the lee eet is used, the other being loose, and e sheets must be shifted when coming out.

The rest of the ordinary equipment sists of a pair of oars, an eight-foot sh pole, a sponge and bailer and a -pound anchor with about 75 feet of ee-eights line. There should be a ock or fairlead for the anchor line on e bow, but the line is made fast around e mast, instead of to a cleat.

WITH this equipment one has a good boat for a day's sail and by taking the mast and covering the boat with shes, a good shooting punt in the fall. e boat used in this way, however, is ly about half used, as with a little

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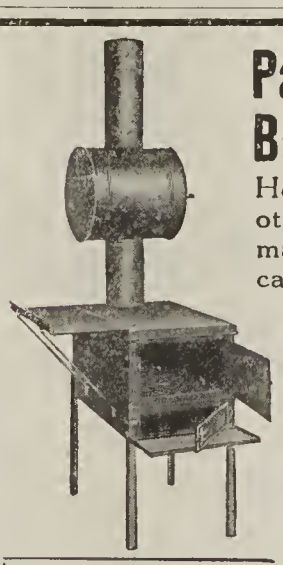

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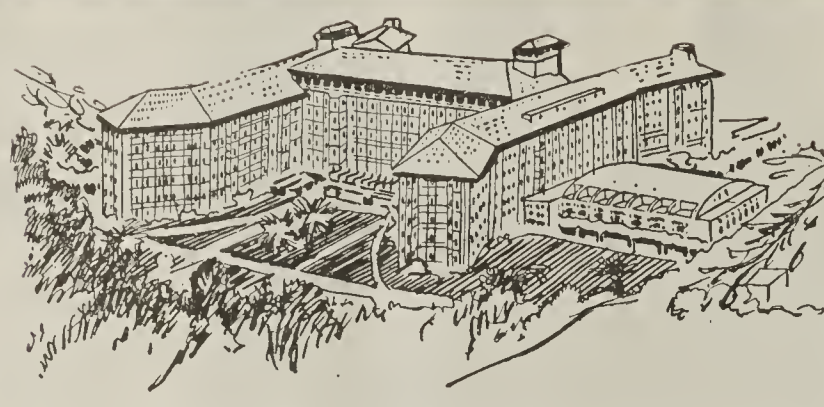

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more work it is perfectly capable of tak ing care of its crew of two for a week cruise, and many week ends. I hav known the joys of many a cabin craf yet only last summer I spent many wee ends with pleasure and comfort in boat no larger or better equipped tha this one will be.

First we must have a tent, which nee be no more than a sheet of eight-ounc canvas arranged to go over the boo and button down over the combing. T make it comfortably high, another ey must be put in the mast about two fee above the deck, in which the boom i shipped at night. Near the stern we s a boom crotch, to raise the boom abou three feet off the deck. Haul in th sheet and cleat it tight to keep the boo from jumping out. The tent proper wi extend from the forward end of th cockpit to about two feet behind th after end and should be fastened outsid the combing every 18 inches. At th forward end sew two triangular flap which will tie together between th boom and deck. The after end is lef open. If you live in mosquito country make a closed tent of net to tie to th boom, and deep enough to tuck unde the blankets on the floor. Then make clyindrical bag to hold the two tent when not in use.

A slat floor makes hard sleeping s make two mattresses, not over an inc thick, six feet long, with one edg straight, where it meets the centerlin of the floor, and the other edge shape somewhat to fit. Ordinary ticking wil do but the filling should be kapoc floss Spread your blanket out on a mattres and roll it up to find the size of its bag

Each member of the crew is allowe a bag eight inches in diameter by tw feet long for his personal belongings (They can be bought very cheaply now at the Army and Navy stores.)

The galley is a box about 12 inche wide and deep and 24 inches long wit rather a deep lid hinged to it. For a stove, nothing is better than one of th two hole canned heat affairs. It wil clip into the box lid when folded an sit on the box when in use. Put a half-inch rail around the top of the box t keep the stove from sliding off. Use th non-liquifying fuel. A can of burnin liquid dumped in the bilge makes fo great excitement as I can testify, but i is worth while to forego it. Cooking kit: a frying pan, a sauce pan and a coffee pot (camp variety) will do for a starter. Three each of plates, cups and bowls, together with knives, forks and spoons. All these will stow in one half the box, leaving the other side of a partition for the sugar, condensed milk, tea, coffee, cocoa, salt, matches, soups and extra cans of fuel. It is, by the way, better to use prepared coffee and tea in little bags, as then nothing but water is ever put in the coffee pot and it can be used for any purpose.

A folding lantern, with its candles, can also stow in this box. It should have a lanyard of cotton line to hang it to the boom. If, however, you expect to anchor where yachts or other boats are apt to be you should have a

al anchor light to hang in the rigging. his requires a can of oil.

Other foods can pack in two small nvas bags. They will be mostly nned foods, meats, beans, spaghetti, matoes, fruits. A small box will take re of eggs, bread, fresh fruit, etc.

In getting ready for the cruise, the d bags will be stowed first, as far for-ard as they will go. Next the tent bag ing thwartship just in front of the nterboard case. The water in two ne-gallon cans (which can be bought ew and unused at any paint store) ong one side of the centerboard case, d lashed to it by screw eyes. The food ox on the other side, also lashed. The alley kit athwartship just aft of the se and lashed to screw eyes in the oor. A food bag slung tight to the eck on either side by canvas straps. he clothes bags next aft, one on each de under the deck (the skipper's bag the starboard side). This leaves the fter part clear for anchor, crab nets, shing tackle, etc. The oars and push ole lashed on deck.

HE LAST ADIRONDACK WOLF

(*Continued from page* 60)

e man, but trotted along, head down, st like a mammoth fox. After getting the west shore, the wolf kept on down e ice until opposite the island, when e again crossed ahead of Rube and ent behind it. This gave Rube his ance, and, running as fast as he uld, he headed for the narrow channel etween the island and the main land. alf way through this he met the wolf oming back toward him. Rube pulled p and shot before the wolf saw him. ne shot only did he get, and, for some nknown reason, it was a miss. Gen-rally when Rube pulls up the game is re to fall.

"Gosh," says Rube, "I wish you could ave seen that animal run. He had a eer beat forty ways, and I only had a ance for one shot."

HAT night it snowed about three inches, and the next morning arker started out to see how the cattle ere getting along in the clearing. Just top of the hill, in sight of the lake, came upon the cattle and sheep, all ddled together in the road, looking ck toward the clearing. They had een there all night, as indicated by the ackless road where the snow had llen the night before. Parker drove em back down the road to the clear-g, intending to let them run free again d pick up what scanty browsing they uld get. He changed his mind, how-er, when he got in front of the ockade where the hay was cut. There, the new snow, lay a freshly killed eep, partly eaten. Tracks in the snow owed that a large wolf had spent ost of the night there. Parker also und a clump of grass where the killer d lain for some time, as the snow was l melted through to the ground. He

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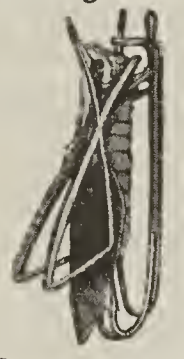

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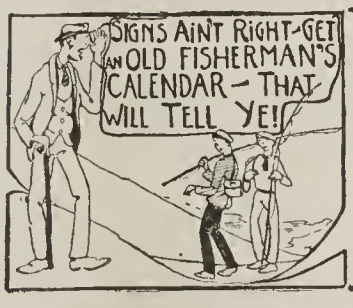

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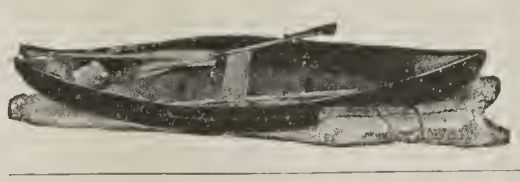

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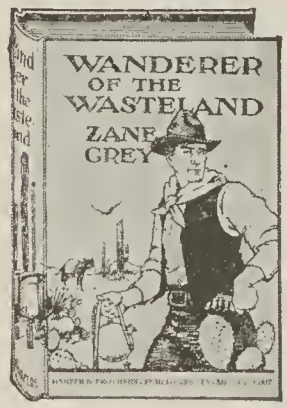

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drove the sheep and cattle into the stockade and shut them in, and then hurried back to the lake to get Rube and his gun. After getting lunch, they started back to the clearing with the heaviest trap they had, and their guns. They got to the clearing about three o'clock, and as they came in sight of the dead sheep, they saw a large wolf slinking off into the woods. Rube got one shot at him, but must have hit him too far back, for they followed the blood trail almost five miles, and left it at Shingle Shanty Pond at dusk. When they got back to the clearing, on their way to the lake, Parker kept right on saying there was no use setting a trap as Rube had wounded the only wolf in the country, and if he lived, he would never come back. Rube, however, with his patient understanding and knowledge of the woods, stopped and set his trap by the dead sheep.

Early next morning Rube went out alone to follow up the wounded wolf. When he got to the clearing, he found a large, bald-headed eagle in his trap and no signs in the snow of the wolf having been around. Rube killed the eagle and reset the trap and started for Shingle Shanty Pond to look up the wounded wolf. Before long it started to snow, and when he got to the place where he had left the tracks the night before, the new snow had wiped out all signs, and he could not follow the tracks. He circled around most of the day and finally had to give up and return to the lake.

For a couple of days Rube did not go near the trap in the clearing. Then, one cold clear morning, he started out alone over the trap-line. He went first to the clearing, where he found something had sprung his trap and was working on the dead sheep. The snow had gone by this time, so he could not tell what it was that had sprung his trap. He reset it, after moving the sheep a little to one side, and went on to look at his other traps.

Now, this is the tragic part of this narrative. A small, black Spaniel dog had been left at the lake the previous summer. He was worthless for hunting or anything else, but was tolerated by the men because one of the ladies had given him to Rube to keep for her during the winter. As a rule, this dog was kept shut up in the log cabin, especially for an hour or two after the men went out, as otherwise he would tear after them and join them on their trips, too far from camp to be sent home. This morning, however, shortly after Rube had left the camp, the dog sneaked out through the woodshed, and, finding the outer door open, ran outside. For a long time he ran around the buildings, and then, led by chance or fate, for he had no nose for tracking, started on a run along the road to the clearing. He was a fool dog, and very inquisitive, so when he got to the clearing, he first stopped to investigate the cattle; then, tiring of this, he went over to the dead sheep, intent on investigating. A sharp

click, followed by a terrified yelp, ended this investigation, and left the dog fighting and tugging at the trap.

When Rube came over the next morning, the dog was in the trap with a broken leg, and wolf tracks all around him in the fresh snow. A merciful shot put an end to his suffering. Seeing the wolf tracks in the snow, Rube moved the remains of the sheep over near the cattle corral and reset his trap there. He took the dead dog and threw him in a pile of brush across the road. Expecting results, he went out early the next morning, but, to his surprise, found that the sheep and trap were undisturbed, but that the wolf had been feeding on the dead dog. He moved the trap from the sheep carcass to the brush pile, and set it where the wolf had climbed up after the dog.

THAT night it snowed about a foot, and the next morning the storm was unabated. However, Rube put on his snowshoes and set out for the clearing. His persistency and perseverence were rewarded, for when he came over the hill into the clearing, there stood a tremendous, gaunt, gray wolf, one front foot in the trap. He had put up a terrible fight for his freedom. The ground was torn up in all directions and the snow trampled down, but the old Newhouse trap had held. Rube said the wolf hung his head and acted sheepish as though he were ashamed of himself for getting caught.

This was the last wolf caught or killed in the Adirondacks. He was mounted, and is now in the private collection of the late General E. A. McAlpin at Brandreth Lake.

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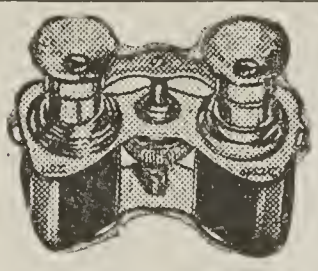

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Breeder of ENGLISH CALLER and
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August 10, 1922.

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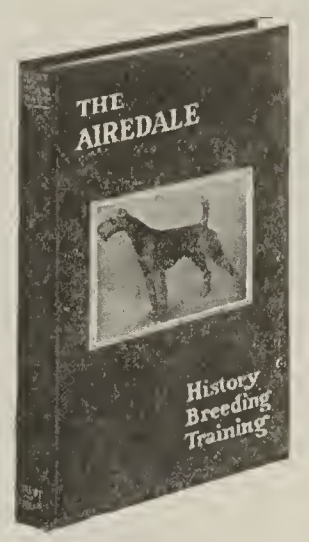

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COON HUNTING IN NEBRASKA

(*Continued from page 59*)

the coon. A man equipped with climbers, such as are used to climb telephone poles, is then sent up the tree, carrying a long switch to drive out Mr. Coon. As he approaches the coon, he uses the switch to make him jump and the coon usually jumps; but when he does not so choose and starts toward the hunter, then is the time for the hunter to lie down close to the limb, and allow the coon to walk over him. Otherwise there is going to be a fight up in that tree, and a coon can put up a nasty fight, for the hunter is at a disadvantage, while the coon is right at home. I have known a coon to bite through heavy clothing and inflict serious wounds, before the hunter was able to pull him loose and throw him to the ground.

The coon will sometimes, however, jump to the ground, a distance of 40 or 50 feet, without apparently hurting himself. If the coon is not caught upon alighting, he will run at such speed as will give the dogs a lively race to put him up again. In jumping from the tree, the coon appears to spread himself so as to engage as much air resistance as possible. Thus, the fall is comparatively slow and he is not hurt upon alighting. When caught by the dogs, the big event begins to take place rapidly and the hunters quickly form a circle, throwing the reflected lights into the circle, to light up the scene.

It takes a good dog with plenty of strength and grit to whip and kill a coon, and to one not accustomed to big game hunting, the fight furnishes a sight and thrill, that one seldom forgets. It may look brutal, but it is the only way to keep a good pack of coon-hunting dogs, as the dogs will trail all night to get a fight, but if the coon is shot out of a tree, the dogs are disappointed, and if the practice is continued, they will in time lose interest and refuse to stay on the trail, when they become tired. But give them a good fight and they will go out eagerly in search of a new trail, no matter how tired they are. The coon prefers the tree overhanging the water, and when he is up in such a tree, he can be depended upon to jump into the water, for he is thoroughly at home in water, having a whole bag of tricks at his command and is often successful in eluding the dogs and making his escape.

In the water is where the coon makes his best fight, and as the first dog approaches him, he will suddenly dart at the dog and push his head under the water; he then climbs upon the dog's head and threads with all four feet, and in this manner keeps the helpless dog under the water, until without aid the dog would soon drown. As the second dog approaches, he will jump upon him in the same manner and hold him under, while the first dog is out on the bank coughing up water and getting his breath. So successfully is this trick worked, that often the third dog must be turned loose to bring the coon to the bank. However, the coon dog soon learns the trick, after a few duckings, and the two dogs will circle the coon in the water, grabbing him at the same time and bringing him out in a hurry.

The coon dog must educate himself in the killing of the coon, and few are able to master the trick. The best killer I have ever watched threw the coon on his back, catching him either by the throat or just back of the front leg, and lying down close to the coon to prevent being scratched by the sharp claws; he holds the coon in this manner and either chokes him or bites him through the heart. The hold just back of the front leg is the quickest kill, for as the ribs break, the heart is crushed. The neck hold is slower, allowing the coon to turn in his hide, as the skin is tough and loose, thus making it hard for the dog to hold him. The dog who chooses the neck hold is often badly cut when the fight is over.

Coon hunting is hard work for the dogs, as the hunt usually lasts all night, and the dogs must not be fed shortly before or during the hunt, as it would make them slow and lazy. Coon dogs must be well fed and housed and given plenty of exercise in order to keep them at their best, for they are to measure wits with one of the most cunning, crafty and hard fighting animals that roam the woods, and no hunter who loves the sport cares to follow undependable dogs, who don't know a skunk trail from a coon trail. I think the maddest bunch of men I ever saw was under a tree when they found out that the supposed coon was a skunk. They didn't have to shine his eyes to find it out, and the stock on that pack of dogs went down pretty fast.

SOME three years ago I visited at the home of Dr. A. J. Cobb, a dentist of Lincoln, Nebraska. Dr. Cobb was a classmate of mine and we had been real chummy during our school days. I had always regarded the doctor as being honest and having a well-balanced mind, but when on this particular visit he invited me out to see his coon dogs, telling me the price he had paid for them and of their ability in hunting the coon, he elaborated upon the story with so much feeling that I began to doubt his sanity. I began to think back over our past lives, trying to recall any other signs of an unbalanced mind, that I might have overlooked. I, of course, asked all the questions I could think of regarding the dogs, and learned that they were no good as watch dogs, and that they would not hunt either rabbit or squirrels, but were just real coon dogs. I was then and there invited to go with the doctor on his next coon hunt. I accepted the invitation and would have accepted an invitation to help him pick cherries from his box elder trees, had he asked me to do so. I learned that the dogs' names were "Polk" and "Dewey," and that they were of the Walker breed.

The night of the hunt arrived and with it Dr. Cobb and his dogs. To-

her with several friends I had invited, journeyed to the creek and turned dogs loose. Those of the crowd who l hunted coons said it was a good ht for the hunt, and I was glad of t, for out there in the dark I could ve easily been induced to go back to vn to play hi-jack or rummey, but no h luck. We were out on a coon hunt l from the way we were equipped one uld think we were out to stay a nth. We walked along that creek ough pastures and corn fields, climbed e fences, stumbling and falling, until egan to doubt the sanity of the whole wd. When suddenly we heard the st unearthly long-drawn-out howl, and Cobb excitedly announced that olk" had opened. I was willing to nit that one of the dogs had opened l wide open at that, to emit such a g, deep, bass howl, that echoed and echoed through the woods. Then ewey" struck, with a high tenor voice t ended in a yelp, and together they talled any caliope for noise. We re informed that it was hot trail and the night was chilly I suggested that go find it and follow it.

We did not have long to wait, how-er, to hit as hot a trail as I have ever lowed, for some one yelled, "He's up," d away went the gang on the run. w I have quite an enviable record a 50-yard dash on a good track and daylight, but when it is dark and the ck lies through corn fields, barb wire ces, and across creeks, my record is t so good. When I arrived at the tree, nus my breath and part of my cloth-g, but with a full share of curiosity, dogs were under the tree, making an ful fuss, and the men were circling tree with their spotlights in an effort shine the coon. In a few minutes he s located, and I was called to have a k at his eyes. I would not have been re excited had it been announced that had a bear up that tree. Talk about ar thrills, my heart pounded until to it fairly drowned the noise that the gs were making.

One of the men climbed the tree and ve out Mr. Coon, and when the coon nped, I made one mad rush for the en country and arrived there in thing flat. However, I returned in e to see the fight, which was one of best I have ever witnessed, and hout knowing it, I was suddenly con-ted into a full-fledged, crazy coon nter. I was allowed to carry the coon, ich was a large one, for the next half ur, until I had finally cooled off and mitted one of the other men to carry At midnight we made a camp-fire d ate our lunch, much to my dis-asure. The only thing that satisfied during the supper hour was the owledge that the dogs were hunting. e had no sooner finished supper, when dogs struck another trail and I was excited again.

It proved to be a cold trail and during two hours that the dogs worked it, ad time to listen to the stories of cold iling and to get cold myself. We mbed to the top of a large straw

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stack, and buried ourselves to our waists in the straw to keep warm, and listened to the dogs work that trail. Finally the trail freshened and we started to follow. This time the coon was caught in the deep water and I witnessed a good water fight in which the coon gave the dogs a good ducking, but in time was brought to the bank and killed. I became so interested in the ability of "Polk" and "Dewey" that the doctor allowed me to keep them for two years.

During that time I learned that if hunted often enough the dogs would not trail a wolf, skunk, or a house cat; that they are as much of a specialist as any professional business man. The exercise is very healthful and the hunt very entertaining.

RIFLE PRACTICE FOR HUNTERS

(*Continued from page* 62)

noticed by those who were doing the shooting. For instance, a certain large gold bead would glisten like a headlight when aiming straight away from the sun, and a mean, creepy, trigger-pull on one of the rifles almost nullified its splendid accuracy, nice stock fit, and lack of recoil when snap shooting on the smaller targets.

Another thing that was noticed was that there was a tendency for the heavy bullets to smash the stones no matter where they hit, while the lighter, faster bullets, that often had much greater theoretical energy, often left nothing but a clean hole or a lead splash on the overturned stone. The momentum of the heavy projectile seemed to be of greater efficiency than the great kinetic energy of the smaller pill. Also it was very often possible to shoot accurately without the use of much loaded ammunition if the shooter did a bit of offhand snapping practice occasionally until he got accustomed to the feel, fit and balance of his weapon. Then Hal could slam the rifle to his shoulder and fire almost as soon as the butt struck his coat and still be certain of a hit.

ALMOST any number of lessons can be drawn from an experience of this kind. The most obvious one is that target shooting, to be of much real value to hunters, must approach everyday hunting conditions as nearly as possible. It must have an appeal, or be spectacular enough to hold the interest and arouse the imagination and curiosity of the hunter who is not, and is not likely to be, attracted by so-called standard methods of target shooting.

Rapid fire offhand shooting at natural objects, I believe, will do this—when nothing else will.

Somehow the sudden spurt of dust off the distant mark gives a thrill and a desire to try it again that a little, ragged hole in a bull's-eye can never produce.

It is admitted that in some sections such shooting as I have suggested might be dangerous, and in one state it is even, in these days of fool laws, illegal, but long as we have hills and mountains a thousands of acres of waste land, it w remain the closest to the real thing which, of course, is game shooting.

HOW SHOULD BIG FIS BE LANDED?

(*Continued from page* 63)

ten or twelve feet long and twenty thirty feet of rope is attached to it, swish of the tail will mean disaster.

Therefore, is it necessary in order be a sportsman that one should take su great chances? It doesn't seem so me, as all that is required of the spo fisherman is to hook his fish and pl him to a finish, so he may be broug close enough to the boat to be handl by his assistant.

There are two methods that can followed which eliminate the gaffi danger to a certain extent. One is lance the fish in the gills with a whali spear, thus allowing him to bleed death, and the other is to shoot him the eye with a pistol. In both of the methods there is a chance of losing t fish if he gets the least slack line duri the operation, as the hook is liable drop out of the hole that is necessari worn in the mouth by the continu chafing and pulling which always occu during the long fight.

MITCHELL and I hooked into se eral tuna last September, but bo of us were unsuccessful in landing on principally on account of the fish e countered being of a tremendous size.

At this time we discussed the matt of landing them and we both came the conclusion that there were limit tions to the size of a fish that can safely gaffed. Mitchell's boatma gaffed his fish and got him, but I dou very much if he will ever try th method again.

You must remember you are not on after a tuna but the giant of the specie the Tiger of the North Atlantic, whic more than once has been conceded t equal if not superior to the Tiger South Africa in speed, craftiness a power.

So it is my opinion that any perso who withstands the first irresistible su face rush of seven hundred feet, whic is quickly followed by a sounding two hundred feet or more, combined wi a series of terrific jerks caused by t gigantic tail slashing his leader, a then plays the fish ten to sixteen hou in and around a series of herring ne anchored buoys, and obstacles of eve description, finally bringing the monst in a subdued condition close enough the boat to be handled by his assista is thoroughly entitled to all the cre that goes with such a performanc irrespective of how the boatman final captures the fish.

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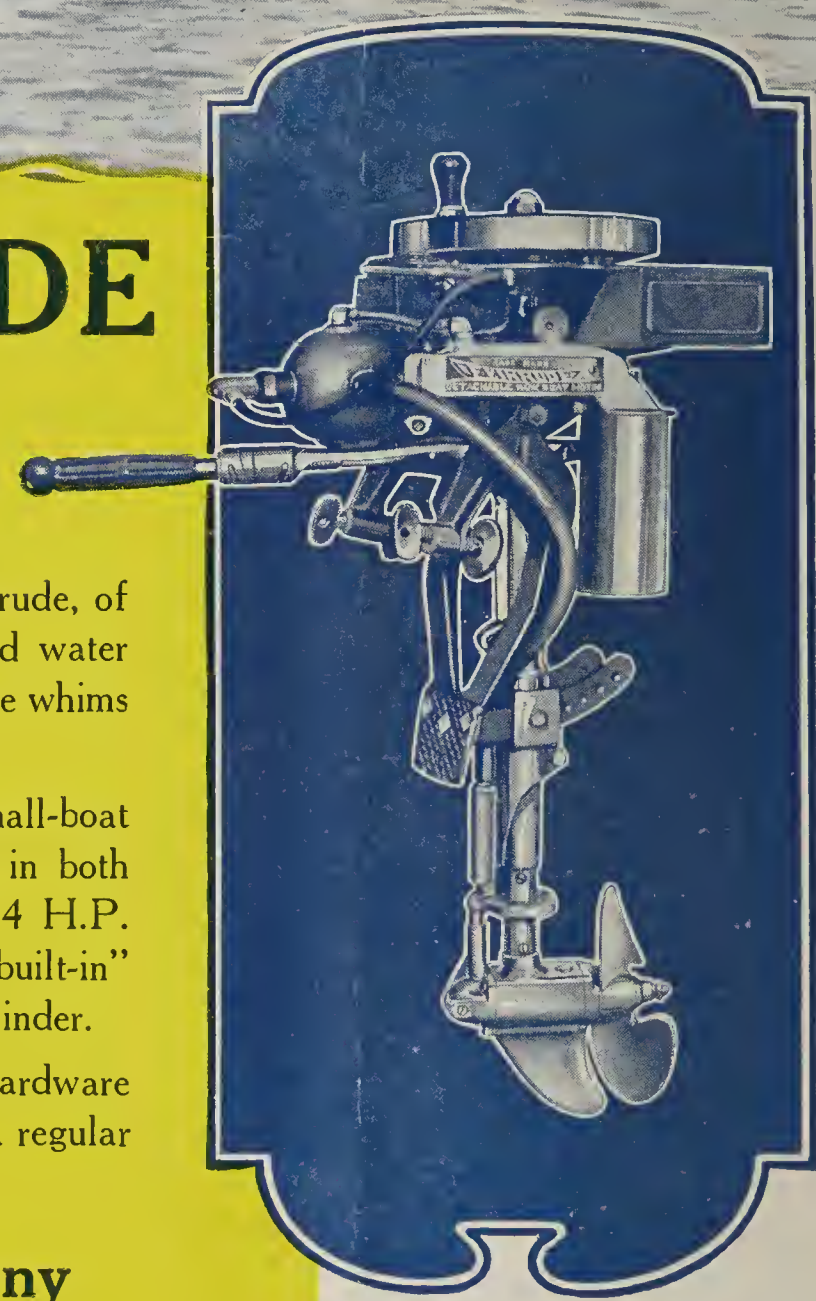

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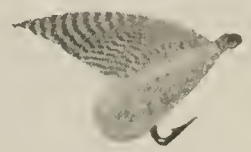

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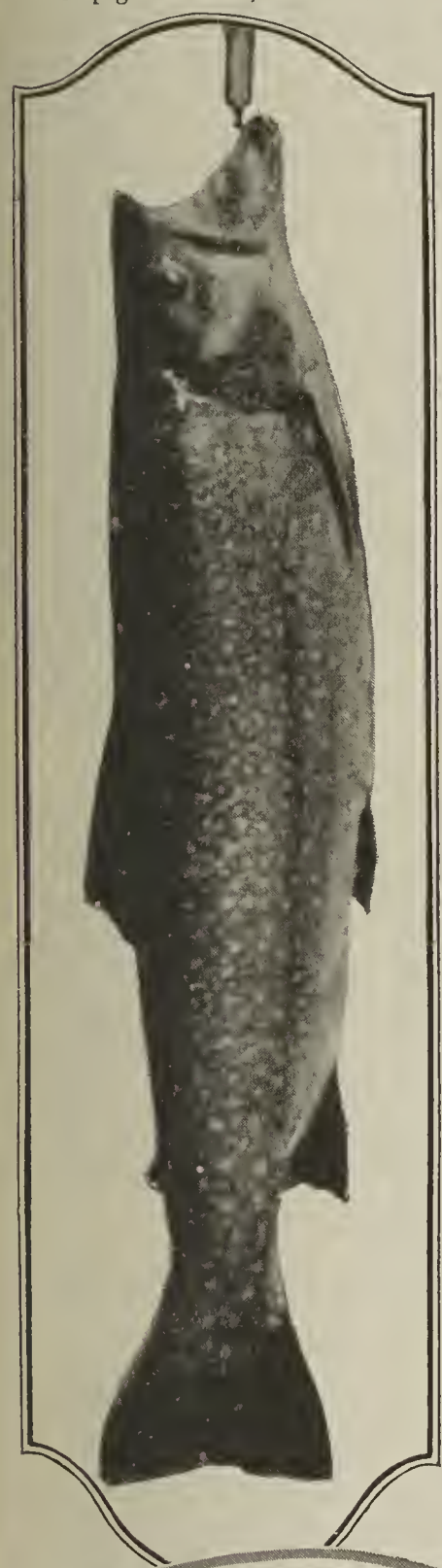

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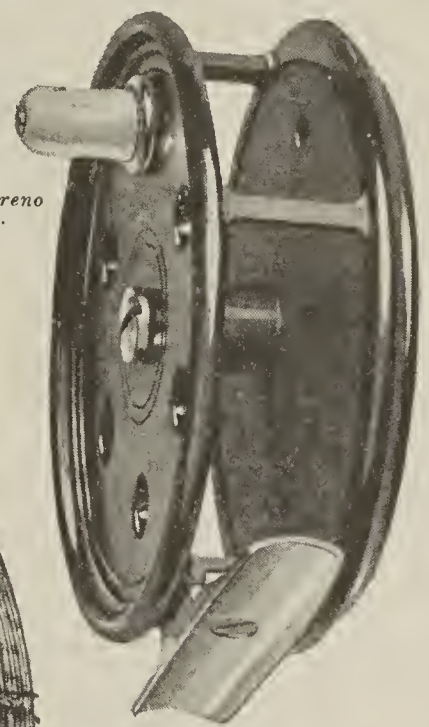

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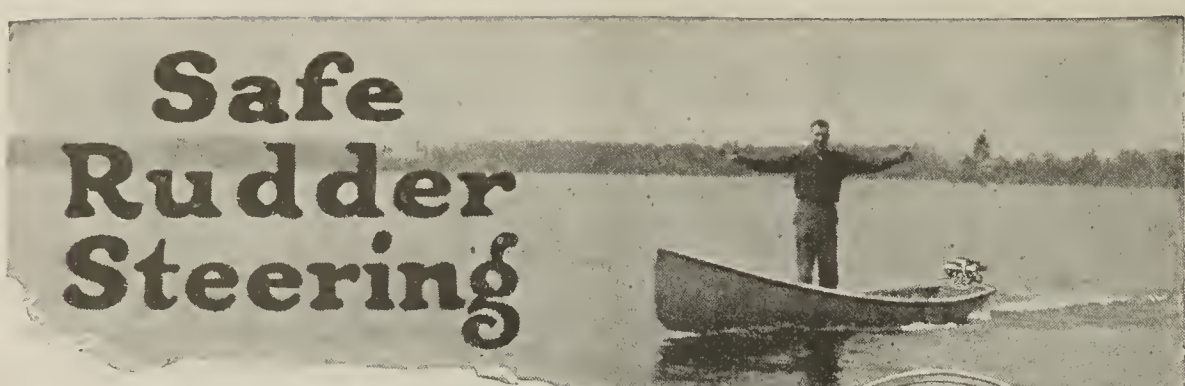

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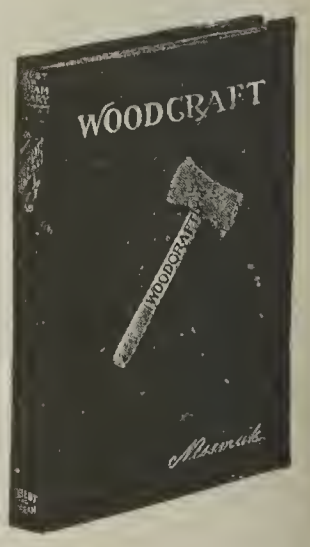
By NESSMUK



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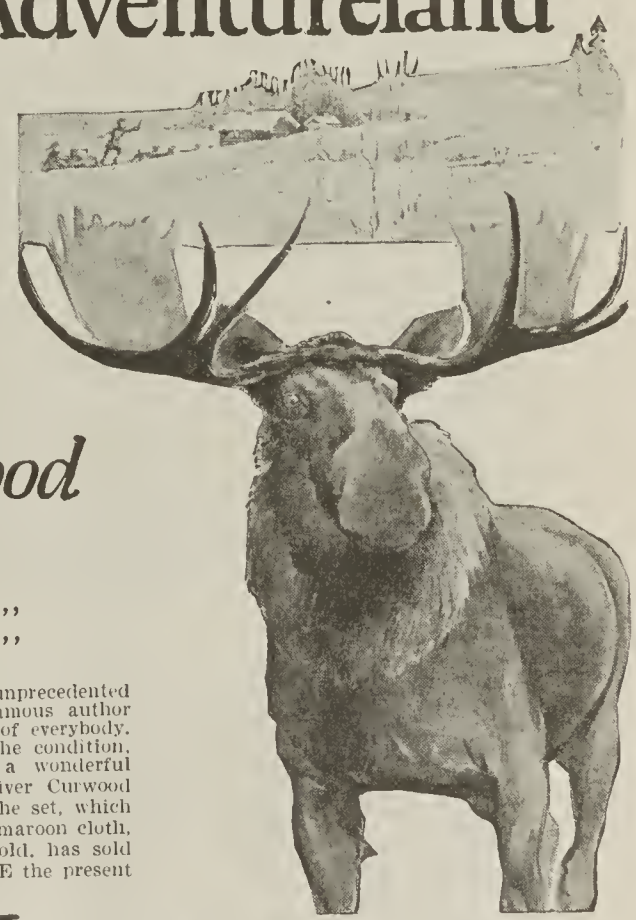

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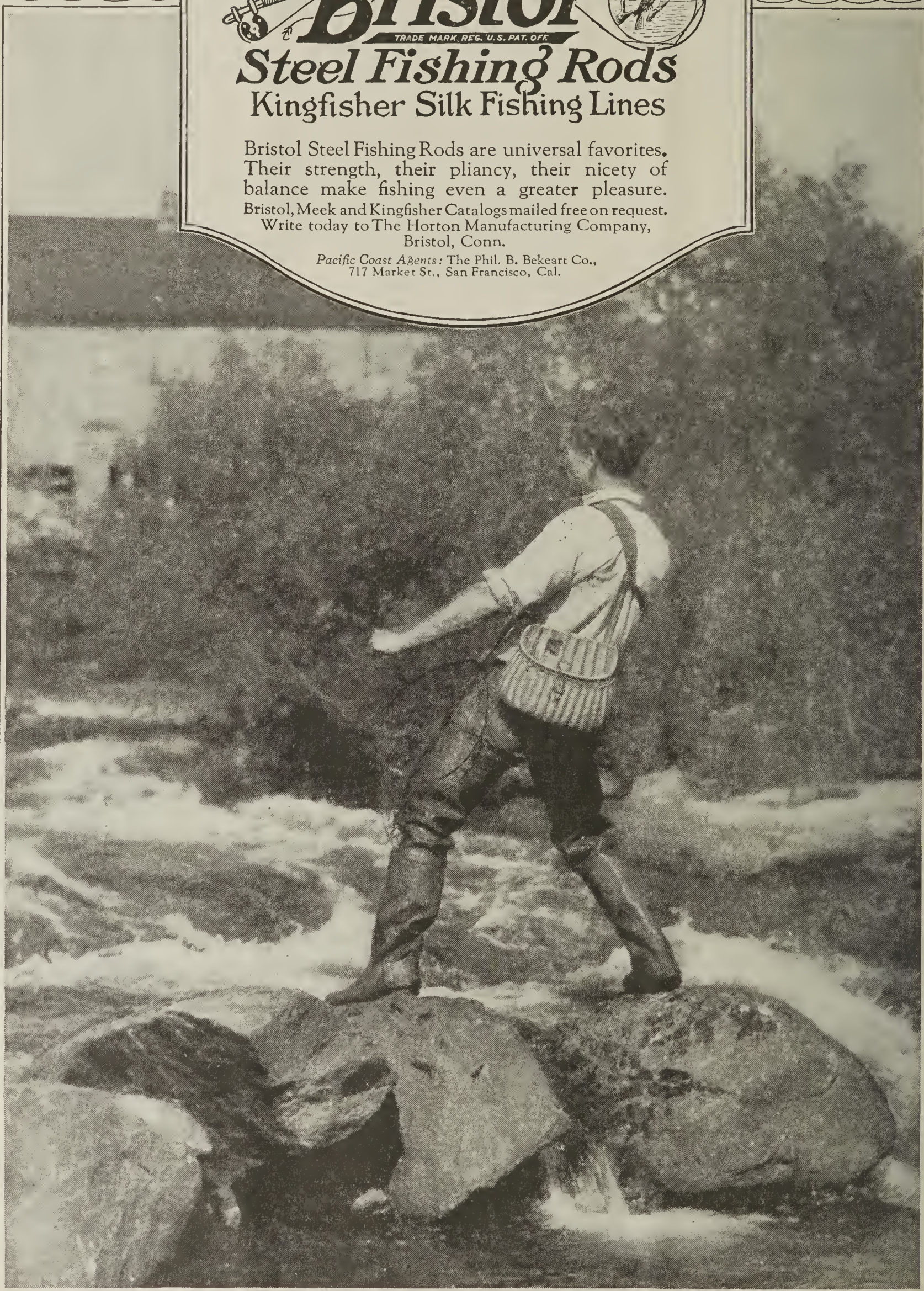

Vol. XCIII MARCH, 1923 No. 3

ADVENTURES IN COMRADESHIP

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF STORIES IN WHICH WILL BE FOUND SOMETHING OF INTEREST TO ALL FATHERS OF GROWING BOYS

By W. LIVINGSTON LARNED

FOREWORD

DERHAPS this series of narratives should never have been written. Perhaps there is too much of the personal between every line. erhaps, after a manner of speaking, ere is an obtrusive moral lesson dan- ling from the end of every fishing line: spiritual text in every charge of gun- not.

But there is a fair measure of the re of sportsmanship as well, and the urmur of pale green waters along opic shores: moralizing will be inter- pted by the bang of guns and the nging melody of the reel. If you, the ader, by any chance uncover a moral, e will ask you to be lenient. For this cument is in no sense a preachment, espite the fact that its opening para- raphs hold the subtle hint of it, plus a ntimental confession.

Emotionalism, by rights, should be ft in a man's library when he shoulders is gun or takes his favorite rod from s case. A really good sportsman, bred the bone, boasts poker countenance d frozen enthusiasms. Lifting a trout om its stream is no laughing matter r is it inherently romantic. A brave tle fighter has been conquered and you e in at his death. I have always main- ined that the true trout fisherman is iritually clean. His achievements are once tragic and glorious.

I once fished with a man in Florida aters whose one passion was to fill his otor boat with gorgeous sailfish, ex- bit them on the Miami dock—seven or ght pitiful carcasses hanging in silent proach—and then start the murderous usade all over again the next morning. hey called him "Sailfish Murphy." My ame for him was less flattering. One xpedition with this gentleman was quite fficient. Ever afterward, the mere ought of him was abhorrent to me.

Conservation of game is not blithering ntiment; it's a great law unto itself, nd, somewhere on the dim perspective of it, conscience rides, snarling, intolerant.

The adventures of which you shall hear, were brought about by a strange blend of coincidence and the accidental. And while the prelude to them is tinged with a confession, I make the confession proudly and with head held high, for I believe there's something in this thing for fathers—for a great many fathers. If you are a believer in fair play to game, then I am certain you will stumble upon chapters to your liking.

Keenly alert to master the technique of the great outdoors

I HAD arrived home just after the supper hour, following five days on a Virginia duck-hunting jollification. Rheumatism from long sessions in water and swamp mud and three bedraggled specimens represented my trophies. Southern hospitality had not run sluggishly and there had been bottles of corn, gourmandising of rich foods, late hours. Somewhere in the fuss and bluster of leave-taking I had lost my best shotgun. My temper was as ruffled as the feathers on the ducks, their beauty marred by salt and ice.

Slippered, my pipe lighted, I had sneaked off selfishly to my study and was reading when there came a timid step at the door. I was conscious of a repressed presence. When I looked up I saw my boy there, all smiles, all expectation.

"Well—what is it?" I demanded.

For a moment he looked as if he would retreat. Then his courage returned and he spoke:

"Did—did you have a nice time, father?" the faltering voice asked, "Did you shoot many ducks?"

Too tired to talk, I snapped back, "Certainly, I had a nice time. Duck-hunting isn't punishment, you know."

He did not continue the conversation. When I looked up again he had gone.

A little while afterward my wife drew a hassock up to my chair in the dim, study light, put her hand in mine and said:

"I want to speak with you about Sonny-Boy."

"Well," I replied, "well—"

"Have you noticed," she went on, "that he is getting to be quite a man—

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he's almost fourteen. He needs you and your loving comradeship now more than he ever will in all the remaining days of his life. You may not realize it, but there is a great gulf between you—and it hurts me.

"The boy is losing something which is precious to all boys. He has reached an age where he wants to be taken into your confidence, made a chum of, a companion. He wants to come to you with his little troubles, his problems. He wants to think that YOU think him of some importance in the world. He thrills with happiness at your slightest word of praise. Thoughtlessly you have allowed yourself to become too preoccupied with business. And when you come home at night you are too tired to give him much of your time. The days and years are lengthening. And he is ready to fly from the nest. You can save him —bring him back—fill a very large void in his heart, if you will make him more of a chum—look on him as a man, in embryo, needing and wanting you."

I recall distinctly that a cataclysm crashed tempestuously over my head. The neglect and the self-sufficient arrogance of ages were pictured in that one moment of kindly reproach. I was ashamed!

Yet it had developed insidiously. As fathers go I am not so bad. My heart is in the right place. I loved the boy but I had not taken the trouble to show it in the little ways which count. And the knowledge of my mistake came with accumulative power. I was guilty and had no excuse. The very thought of losing him—of having him cross beyond the last line produced poignant humiliation, grief.

And at that same moment I made a resolution!

From that hour on, Sonny-Boy would be my "pal." I would dedicate every spare opportunity to proving I was worthy of him. We would hunt together, and fish together, run up to the Pennsylvania hills, near Milford, in the deer season, and bring back a buck. We would pitch our tent on Bantam Lake, as soon as the first crisp Spring mornings arrived, and inhale the rasher of bacon under those wide-spreading elms and oaks. The place to win him back was in the big outdoors. I had always loved it. He inherited the same keen longings.

There—you have my moral! It's over with. We'll have no more of it; but the confession was necessary for the true purposes of my story. In this generation I am afraid my case has its parallels. Comradeship between father and son is a very beautiful and a very necessary thing. If our adventures bring one father nearer to his boy, I shall feel repaid for setting down these chapters. It is not such a stupidly sentimental thought at that. I won't hedge. I'll stick by my guns, moralizing—or no.

To take a growing boy and to teach him the rudiments of true sportsmanship is a more exhilarating experience than many men ever know. It has all the fascination of big-game hunting. It jazzes drowsy sensibilities. It gingers up the chap who had forgotten how to be thrilled. Our pedigreed sportsmen of Tomorrow must inevitably be the sons of Today! Think that over. And it will be a better world if every man's son or sons learns a profoundly deep and tender appreciation of sportsmanship—of fair-running waters and places high in the hills. We need have no rigid game laws, fewer wardens, less nagging, less slaughter, if the younger generation STARTS RIGHT.

And so, it is to this ideal, this cause, these little stories are reverently dedicated. They required the foreword. Something of the bond which existed between the two of us—Dad and the Boy—would have been lost, had this prologue been omitted.

Adventures in Comradeship

THREE weeks following that grim, hurt hour in my library, mother bade us God-speed as we turned our steps Floridaward on the first of our adventures in Comradeship. There was the light of supreme happiness in her eyes.

* * * *

Our destination was Miami. We left New York with snow piled on our overcoats. A few days later we stepped into sunshine and tropic contentment. And the following day we met up with Cap'n. Jim Medders of the good ship "Lucretia."

Sonny-Boy wanted to fish. That was his first craving. It had always been denied him. He had never gone with me on any of my trips. I had never thought of him in that connection. He knew nothing of the technique of the sport, and I suddenly realized that along in here lay one of my most joyous anticipations. I had a scholar. I may not be an expert but I manage fairly well.

There were alligators thirty miles from town up some of the creeks: permission could be secured to shoot limpkin, duck and fowl of many varieties out on the 'Glades. Deer and wild-cat and 'possums were in plenty on some of the immense "hammocks" of the Everglade country, southward. We would find black bass out the Tamiami Trail canal. Deep-sea fishing beckoned us from the green waters beyond Bulls Island and Bears Cut—but Sonny-Boy had an eye for romance, and small fish. No, he was afraid to start with mangrove snappers along the fringes of the numerous little isles—Cap'n Jim had said something of many gnarled roots and transparent gut leaders and the difficulties of keeping hooks clear—he would be content if he could just drop a line overboard in the Bay somewhere—or, better still, row around in some tiny lagoon off an island and play at fishing to begin with.

Father and Sonny Boy, washed clean of a great misunderstanding, find a miniature Florida island upon which there is something more than a day of tropic sport.

—W. Livingston Larned.

"Treasure Island" coursed in his veins. The sight of those majestic keys under the soft blue sky, with their plumed crests of palm and their shadowy sand beaches, was too good to be true. At fourteen, he was just a little boy. I could see it now—the youth in him shone in his wide eyes and in the glowing color of his flushed cheeks at the very thought of adventure. It was all so new —so wonderful!

The "Lucretia," stocked for a day's cruise, was our Ship O' Dreams. We chartered her, and Cap'n Jim, after hearing Sonny-Boy's timid suggestions had just the place in mind.

Sure, and it was to be "All-the-Fish-in-the-World Key!" What did THAT mean? He would not tell us until we had reached the place. Then we could see for ourselves. But he had all necessary lines, bait, and experience on board. Sonny-Boy could go "fishin' in an Aquarium!"

We were not to know at the start of a strange turn in events scheduled for our entertainment — and Sonny-Boy's education in sportsmanship of two kinds —the good and the bad.

The "Lucretia" was a sizable little motor-boat, cut down and sliced away for deep-sea fishing. She was broad aft, with room enough and to spare for canvas chairs, and her commodious ice-chest hinted at the Cap'n's ability to take parties to where they were biting. True, the old engine coughed and wheezed occasionally in protest against the tide which swept into the Bay through the cuts but Mister Medders always coaxed her back into trim. Forward there was a trim cabin, an oil stove, pans for frying fish and the flotsam and jetsam of many years of fishing in Miami waters. Sonny-Boy stretched out atop this cabin, his curly hair ruffled by the warm wind and his features a study in sublime contentment.

We had boarded the "Lucretia" up the Miami River, chugged past the big hotel and the quaint little "baby" lighthouse on Brickell Point, and were headed southward in a bay as gorgeous in its soft green shimmer and shine as an immense opal. To the eastward we saw the jagged saw-tooth ridge of the Australian pines of Virginia Key, relieved, here and there, by the mangroves at the water's edge.

Then Bears Cut and the urge of the tide and finally after an hour of balmy voyage—Biscayne's much more impressive display of mangroves, topped by the tall cocoanut palms of the lower end. Sonny-Boy's appetite had come upon him suddenly, a ravenous longing for food, and he nibbled at sandwiches as I took the wheel and Cap'n Jim began to fuss with the lines.

Now we had reached the southernmost tip of Biscayne Key, and the venerable, dismantled lighthouse, charged with Spanish and Indian lore, poked its sullen nose above the palms. Beyond—off the extremity of Cape Florida—only the bay melting into ocean and a far foamy line where quiet waters met the waves in angry clash.

Shoreward, to the west of us, the flat 'Glade country was lost in swimming mist. We were all well-nigh out of sight of land and headed straight into tempestuous going.

It is very rough here—miles of combatting tides and saucy currents and great, green rollers, that seemed to enjoy tossing the "Lucretia" around as if she were no more than a chip.

But Sonny-Boy was not of the sea-sick kind. Cap'n Jim, the spray on his rugged face, watched sharply ahead, and Sonny-Boy worked his way around to where I was sitting, aft, with some of his old-time timidity in evidence.

I could feel his vibrant body coming close. Then his arm went up to my shoulder. His voice choked a little as he whispered:

"Isn't it WONDERFUL, Father!—ISN'T it!"

The vistas looking seaward from the Keys were strangely reminiscent of motion-picture atmosphere

I nodded. After a silence he asked: "Are you sure I'm not spoiling your trip for you?"

Speech was not possible. I just snuggled him up in my arm, and put my cheek against his curly head. But he understood.

A longer hour—an hour of combat with the rough waters, and then a faint, ghostly knoll ahead of us—a mere dot in all that vast expanse of ugly billows.

"There she is!" exclaimed Cap'n Jim, pointing.

"An island?" I inquired.

"All-the-Fish-in-the-World Key," he grinned. "THAT'S Soldier Key. A surprise is waitin' for you, mark my word. Nothin' north of us until you get to Biscayne; nothin' south till you reach Ragged Keys, and they're quite a spell off. Whatever made the good Lord put this dot out in the middle of things is past human figurin'. And there's a man-eatin' shark to the foot. Here's where they come fer 'em on reg'lar ex-peddtions. Sailfish out further—anything you want—but I remember what the boy said—look to your lines and it might not be a bad idea to commence cuttin' up some shrimp."

Cap'n Jim

WE picked our course cautiously through one of the two narrow channels, the Captain being as watchful as a cat after mice; his brown, bony hands firmly clasped on the wheel. Sonny-Boy, at the threshold of his first wonderful adventure, divided his time between the top of the cabin and a seat beside me. His quick, impetuous pressure on my arm at frequent intervals was no more than an assurance of the material truth of all that had transpired. He could not quite believe it, even now. For my part, I was conscious of proud sponsorship. Dear little fellow! I saw in him the miniature reproduction of myself,—spiritual because of Youth and a bundle of unrestrained animation.

"This Key," explained the Captain, "was Government property. Years ago, them fellers as built Fowey Rock Lighthouse made it their headquarters. Guess they sort o' liked to travel down here the four and a half miles eastward fer th' sake of a change—to say nothin' of gettin' away from mosquitoes as big as young pelicans and with beaks on 'em most as long. Jest as soon as Fowey was finished, Ol' Cape Florida Light was let slide."

We could now determine with a fair degree of clearness the details of the Key. It was so small that the roughly-built hut a short distance up the beach and the rather modern wooden dock, seemed grotesquely out of proportion. Aside from these two marks of civilization, the island was quite primitive, its gnarled mangroves and stunted bays and live oaks hugging close to their feeble soil, as if to hide from the storms and the beat of the relentless green ocean. Southward, this wooded area became a swampy, mysterious thicket, bounded on the far shore by a sixty-foot expanse of jagged rock formation, cruel for bare

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Courtesy Canadian Pacific Railroad

They stood at the border of the lake in the misty light of dawn

IN THE HEART OF NOVA SCOTIA

A LOVE OF OPEN PLACES AND THE WILD LIFE EXISTING THERE ACTUATED A CANOE JOURNEY INTO THE UNTOUCHED WILDERNESS

By E. L. CHICANOT

WE wanted to visit the moose at home and observe the monarch of the Canadian woods in his native haunts. We had no desire to slaughter this splendid animal nor any aspirations to being photographed astride the stricken victim of nature's treachery, nor yet to bear home a magnificent spread of antlers to adorn our den and furnish us with a postprandial narrative for the remainder of our mortal existences. We are rather pleased to think now that we were actuated to this little excursion purely from a love of the open and the wild things existing in it, and our sole object was to observe the forest king in his kingdom and do him no harm. We had a fermenting idea that the moth-eaten specimens we had seen at the zoo, shorn of all regal bearing, were mere travesties of this greatest of Canadian fauna and we greatly desired to see him yet a king, reigning supreme in the woodland, not heartbroken with the oppressive knowledge that his wild roaming was at an end. We sought advice and it was given in four words: "Go to Nova Scotia."

We headed for the heart of the Peninsula Province and incidentally the reaching it was not uninteresting, but on the contrary full of charm and exhilaration. Nova Scotia has been so economically developed that its settled areas lie close to the shores of the peninsula. The fertile waters off the long coast line furnish the resources which go to constitute the province's leading industry, while running parallel to the shores lie undulating, fruitful valleys where many forms of agriculture have been profitably followed as far back as Canadian history goes. The vast interior of the province is often described as a wilderness, this term being apparently designed to describe one of Canada's most splendid, expansive, and varied stretches of forest land, broken up by limpid lakes of varying extent and transcendent loveliness. It is a wilderness of which any country might be supremely proud of owning as a present possession and future inheritance, and one which, intelligently conserved, will be an asset of inestimable worth to the province of Nova Scotia and the whole Canadian Dominion for all time.

> The Nova Scotia wilderness is a region of arboreal beauty. It pulsates with the life of a myriad wild creatures and is destined to be a perpetual heritage to man and an eternal refuge for the children of Nature.

The journey into this incomparable woodland fastness is entertaining and enjoyable throughout, and though one can reach it from the coast in a single day, every type and description of scenery is traversed from the serene and tranquil cultivated valleys overlooking the Bay of Fundy to the wild and primitive grandeur of the primeval forest. For the greater distance one travels in an atmosphere most redolent of mediæval Europe, of such engaging tranquillity and brooding calm that the automobilist unconsciously sighs for the more leisurely caravan or other means of tardy journeying that he might browse the longer on the exquisite scenery of the countryside in a manner it thoroughly justifies.

THE first leg of the journey is across the Bay of Fundy from St. John, a delightful little sea voyage that is just long enough. On a clear day the traveler is scarcely out of sight of land at all, and shortly after the busy waterfront of St. John fades in the distance the shores of the Nova Scotia coast loom up. In less than three hours the vessel is gliding serenely between the graceful slopes of Digby basin, with their quaint fisher cottages and pretty bungalows peeping out on either side. Digby, built in a straggling semi-circle on the bay, is as charming a little spot as Canada possesses, snuggled in an immense cherry grove with an aroma that is sweetly pastoral, over which a brooding peace seems continually to hover.

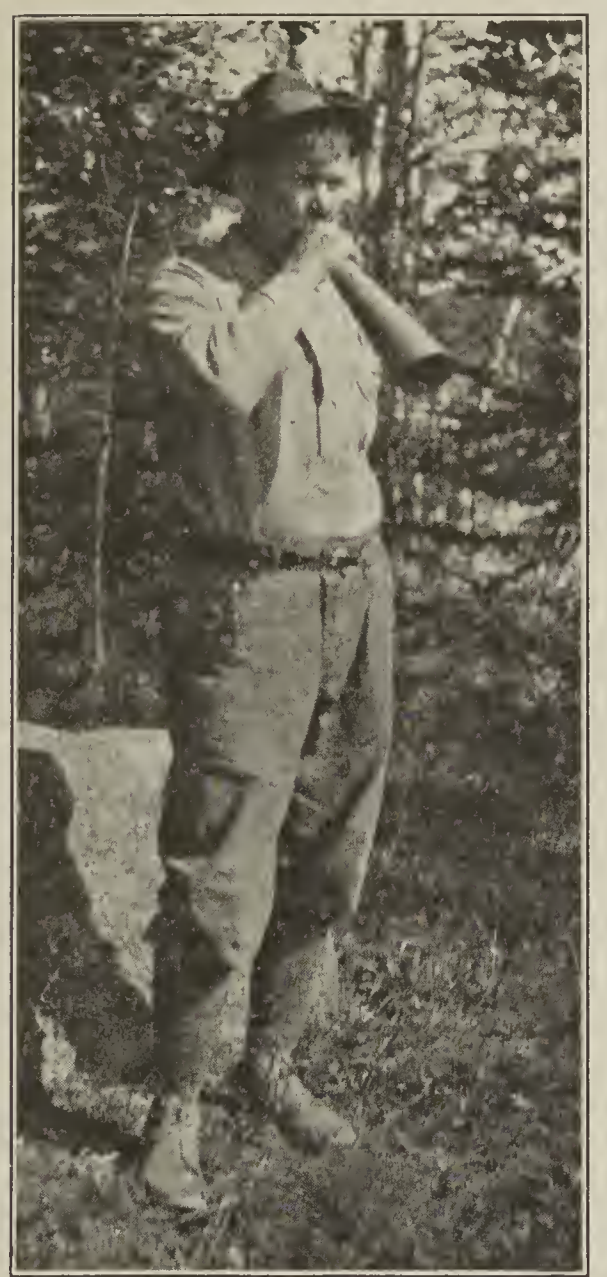
Here we left the sea behind, turning at right angles to the renowned Annapolis Valley and the historic country of Evangeline at Grand Pré, passing through a region of diminutive farms and comfortable orchards, while the tang of salt in the air grew fainter and fainter. The countryside is romantically picturesque. The apple is predominant, and orderly orchards on both sides of the road prolific with laden branches borne to the ground. Apple trees even grow wild along the roadside and the wayfarer may pick his fill and be indebted to no man. The horse seems to be almost ahead of history there. Teams of oxen, harnessed to wagon or stoneboat, are encountered all along the route and their leisurely gait and philosophic mien are more characteristic of the country and its people. The huge lumbering animals fit harmoniously into the general scheme of the countryside and its peaceful life.

The further one penetrates the thicker nd denser becomes the forest growth nd the few and more distantly separated re the settlements with cultivated lands bout them. Impenetrable brush borders he roadside and one is into the Nova Scotia wilderness—a magnificent wilderness of untold acres of tall and stately pruce and fir, of graceful hemlock, turdy oak, and flaming maple.

At Milford Lake we reached the first arge body of water, and which is the ntrance to some of the continent's best noose country. Each year it is the aunt of countless hunters and nature overs who go there from all distances nd have been doing so year after year, never surfeited with the primitive grandeur of the region. It is the first of the Liverpool chain of lakes which, linked up by the Mersey river, reach through fifty superb bodies of water of arying expanse to the Atlantic ocean. Here we outfitted ourselves with canoe, ent, cooking apparatus and grub, and placed ourselves unreservedly in the hands of a guide whose reputation for woodcraft is international and who, we were told, would produce a moose if any nere human being could.

THE ten-mile paddle down to the moose grounds will be a memory for many years, for, in the almost instantaneous transfer from the bustling and sordid atmosphere of a large city, the romance of the quest overwhelmed us, the utter silence closed about us oppressively, the vast primitive beauty seemed beyond finite conception. Out of one lake into another the canoe glided, expertly guided, past boulders which impeded the way in the connecting waters. The narrows connecting the lakes were contrastingly spots of gentle calm where sheltered trees drooped gracefully over the motionless water. The forest on either side was dense and impenetrable to the eye, but was gay with all the tints of nature. Flaming clumps of maples in their autumnal garb quickly arrested the attention; birch and hemlock leaves were turning brown; the oak had assumed a more sombre hue; only the pines and pruce maintained their green coats untarnished. In the narrows dead leaves dropped rustling into the canoe, or floated idly away on the water. It was a picture all the artists' brushes in the world could but inadequately depict. All the wilderness brooded in peace.

We had started out in the hope of seeing a moose but were even luckier and in the course of the few hours' paddle encountered two of his only slightly less regal subjects. In one of the lakes, while yet some distance off, the wonderfully attuned eyes of the guide spotted a buck white-tailed deer making his way from one shore to the other. Some strenuous work with the paddles brought us fairly close to him before we were observed and the swimming animal decided to make for the bank. He swam rapidly, his head, sporting a fine set of antlers, erect in the water. With a single leap he was up the bank, and in another had been completely swallowed up by the woods.



Louis Harlow calling moose

Starting for the moose country

Within the same hour we espied a brother of his also finding the same shore more desirable and though we observed him for some considerable time he is ignorant to this day of having been so close to the humankind or the imminent peril he might have been in. The wind was blowing from the swimmer towards us and it was possible to paddle the canoe up so close that his every movement could be observed. The bank confronting him was steep and he swam back and forth for some time before he found a convenient spot at which to emerge. He finally gained a footing, clambered out with some difficulty and stood for fully a minute upon the bank, broadside on, in our uninterrupted view. The veriest tyro with a rifle could scarcely have failed to bring him down, but for us his beauty would have vanished in his slaughter.

Ten miles' paddling brought us about the middle of the afternoon to Birch Point where camp was made, a tent sent up and a roaring fire built. The situation was an ideal one, at the junction of two large lakes and where one of them opened into a rounding bay known as Palmer's Cove. The forest grew thick and dense down to the water's edge save in the cove where beyond the fringe of the trees was an extensive area of tag alder on which the moose browse summer and winter. The silence seemed heavy as a blanket. In the sheltered cove scarce a ripple was stirred on the water. Only periodically did the wind sough through the tall trees or some small creature cause a rustling in the underbrush. It was an atmosphere of unutterable peace and exquisite beauty, reacting in an exhilaration of the spirit. It was infinitely good to be alive.

THE sun had set and the evening's chill was on the air before the guide stowed his pipe away in his pocket and led us down to the canoe in which we seated ourselves. Silently he set the craft out from the shore and made for the cove, seeming to redouble his caution to cause never a ripple as we approached the reeds. The canoe wound its way through a narrow channel in the alders and was still some distance from the shore when the growth impeded further progress and a

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GLORIOUS DAYS WITH THE QUAIL

TRAMPING THE FIELDS FOR BOB WHITE BRINGS PERHAPS THE GREATEST SATISFACTION AS WE LOOK BACK ON THE PAST SEASON

By F. A. BEAUCHAMP

HOW often has it happened that, after spending valuable time anticipating and making elaborate plans to hop out early next morning and be into the hunting places before sunrise, it has turned off cold during the night so that when the old alarm clock started its tale of woe you regretted ever having made any plans at all. Then you remember having told Bill to be on time, and in another moment you are dressed and your enthusiasm is at a higher pitch than ever, for you are now actually about to start.

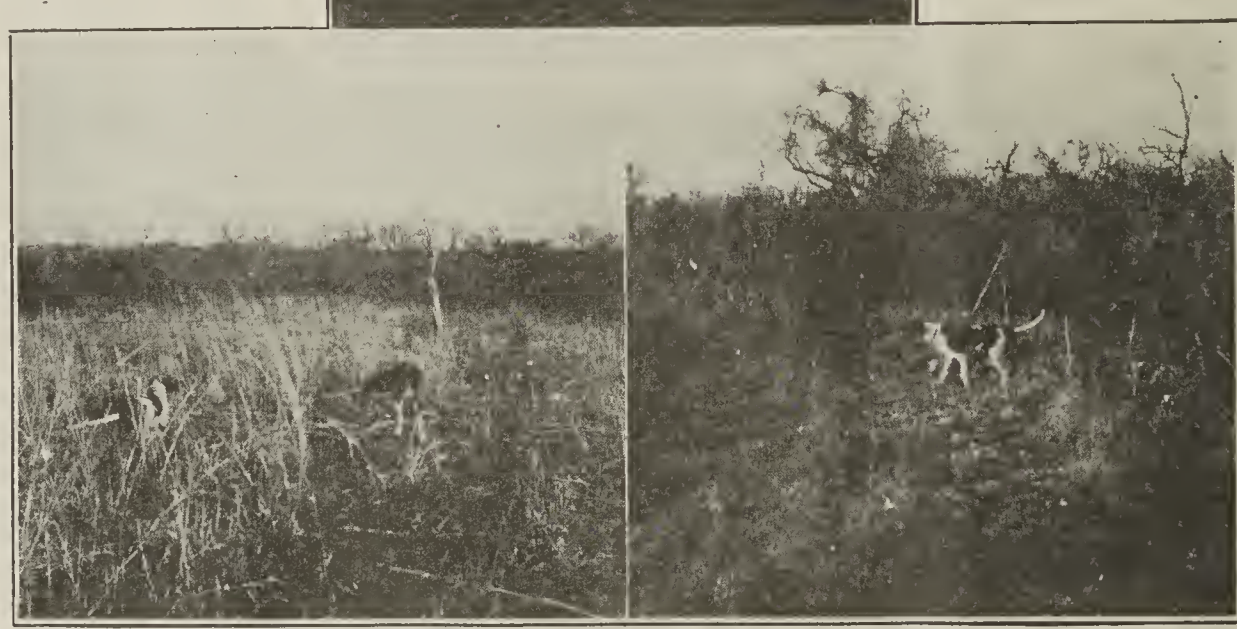
It was just that same old thing over again on this particular morning that Bill and I had planned to tramp the fields after Bob-white, and I had scarcely finished a quick breakfast when some one called, and well did I know that call. Bill said he would be on schedule time and I knew that he was not given to making idle remarks.

"Aren't you ready yet?" he demanded sharply as I hurried out to greet him.

Such a person as Bill would not think of stopping a few minutes to warm before a fire. He had started to a quail cover two miles away and wanted to go right then. Quickly I scrambled into a heavy coat, grabbed my gun, and hastened to the front gate, where Bill was waiting. It was the first day of the season! Ah! That magic thought aroused wonderful expectations within us that morning. How long we had waited for this day and how long it seemed since the last season had passed!

There were others besides ourselves that were interested. Old Tip, so named because of the way she walked, and her three pups that we had been training for several months past, seemed to know what was at hand. What hunter is there who has not seen and appreciated just such a sight as we saw that morning? Surely it was worth hesitating a moment to watch those dogs as they scampered about as though their expectations were running equally as high as ours. Shortly we were on our way toward a previously located cornfield joining the river bottom. A heavier frost than usual had fallen the night before, which made brisk walking pleasant, and we were soon striking a regular pace as the brittle grass crumpled under our feet with a short rasping sound. The old dog obeyed commands willingly, but the yet unruly pups ranged widely. Presently the first evidence of sunrise came over the low-lying hills as we were nearing the cornfield. It was then that trigger fingers became nervous from lack of practice during the off season. Our greatest intention was to get the most out of this first day of the season as we possibly could.

As we climbed over a fence which separated the field from a meadow the creaking of rusty wire sent several crows high up into the air, circling and cawing as they always do. Suddenly a squirrel that had been feeding in the corn hustled away toward the woods and now and then we heard the shrill notes of a bluejay from near the river. We were now well into the field and two weeks ago, when we were training the pups, we had found several coveys in this vicinity. Surely they were feeding somewhere near. Old Tip might stop on them any moment now. Why did that nervousness increase? Eyes began to water slightly too. Such had not been the case when we were on the way from home. But we must remember we were expecting the first shot on the first day of the season. And soon enough our expectations were realized. How gracefully the old dog did her work, always obeying commands like the veteran that she was. One of the pups tried to do his best. The others acted as if undecided as to what to do, but we had little time for them now. We were thinking ahead.



When dogs are working well and quail lie close

The birds were well bunched, and in a moment there came that familiar whir as a full-sized covey shot into view at once. The still, frosty air was rent with four shots that were almost instantaneous. Just as quickly as that volley of shot left the muzzles of our guns all nervousness left us. The old trigger instinct had returned. We remembered it all now. But such results from those first four shots—only one bird was down! Neither of us made any remark but an expression of haggardness appeared on Bill's face as he carelessly shoved in fresh cartridges. We started on. Wait a minute! What's this? Tip was making a perfect point with two pups backing her—and right under my feet too! As quick as thought three birds darted into the air. It was a perfectly good shot for me, but I fumbled around a bit and before I could get the sights lined my dear companion had crumpled two at one shot and the other one was out of range. I envied Bill his satisfaction as he mumbled, "You'll have to hurry up when you get ahead of me. You know I never wait on the other fellow. Guess I'm even on shells now. What say?"

But as I had nothing to say we moved on, bagging numerous singles and flushing a fresh covey as often as could be desired, but with only ordinary shots which, of course, never remain in one's memory.

AS the morning passed the dogs' tongues began to loll out, for the sun was very warm now and the air was still—a perfect autumn day. The shooting began to lull, for the birds seemed to have all disappeared and we knew they had left the morning feed and had taken to cover of brush and

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A JACK RABBIT DRIVE IN UTAH

ENORMOUS QUANTITIES OF HAY AND GRAIN ARE DESTROYED ANNUALLY BY THESE PROLIFIC PESTS INFESTING THE MORMON PRAIRIES

By HARRY S. SMITH

ALMOST everyone is familiar with the great trials and obstacles which the Mormon pioneers had to surmount in the settlement of their Promised Land, all of which they finally overcame. In the spring of 1848, there were five thousand acres under cultivation in Great Salt Lake Valley. Nine hundred acres had been sown with winter wheat which was just beginning to sprout, and there was great rejoicing among the settlers. But there came a catastrophe as unlooked for as it was terrible — the cricket plague.

In May and June the pests rolled in legions down the mountain sides destroying the fields of growing grain. The tender sprouts fell an easy prey to their appetite, and the ground over which they had passed looked as if scorched by fire. Men, women and children tried to beat them back, but the task seemed hopeless. Some dug ditches around their farms and turned water into them, others burned them in fires, but still the crickets prevailed. Despite all that could be done by the settlers, their hopes of a harvest was fast disappearing, and with that hope, the hope of life itself.

They were rescued, as they believed, by a miracle.

In the midst of the work of ruin, when it seemed as if nothing could stay the work of destruction, great flocks of gulls appeared, filling the heavens with their white wings and plaintive cries, and settled upon the half-ruined fields. At first it looked as if they had come to help the crickets, but they had come to prey upon them. All day long they gorged themselves and disgorged, then feasted again and again until the pests were vanquished and the harvest saved. The birds then returned to the islands in Great Salt Lake, leaving the settlers shedding tears of joy and thanksgiving over their timely deliverance.

Rome had her sacred geese; Utah would have her sacred gulls, forever to be held in honor as the heaven-sent messengers that saved the pioneers. This, then, is the reason of Sea Gull Monument, which occupies a prominent position in Temple Square, Salt Lake City, crowned with two gulls, finished in gold leaf.

But while the crickets come no more, the gull is still protected, and, in the spring, when the farmers are plowing their fields, they come in from the lake and follow the plowman back and forth across the fields, gathering every worm and insect they find. They have become so tame that they will rest on the backs of the horses, and in many instances have sat on the plow while in motion. It is a beautiful sight to see them scattered over the fields, their grayish-white bodies having the appearance of snow at a distance.

From early spring to late in the fall they are found in great numbers. When the fields are brown with ripened grain, they swoop down and rid them of every insect, and when it is harvested they follow the reapers and feast upon the scattered grain. And although it has been a great many years since the crickets came, the gulls are protected, and it is one of the cardinal sins of the State of Utah to kill one of them, there being a heavy fine attached to the offense.

The far-flung line of rabbit hunters

ALTHOUGH the cricket plague was of short duration, there still was another pest the Mormons had to contend with, and which exists to the present day, despite the strenuous efforts put forth by the state to obliterate it. Of late years it seems to have become more acute, and the State has appealed to the Department of Agriculture for relief.

Thousands of dollars worth of grain and hay are destroyed annually by jack rabbits which literally infest the prairies. In the spring after the ranchers have sown their grain, the fields are visited by the rabbits as soon as the first green sprouts appear above the ground, entirely denuding it in an amazingly short time, which necessitates replanting, and in many cases the fields have to be guarded day and night. Little wonder, then, there are so many deserted ranches in certain parts of the State, especially along the northern shores of Great Salt Lake. However, after the grain has attained a growth of from five to ten inches, the rabbits do not bother it any more, but seem contented with the grasses that grow in such profusion on the prairies.

But, in winter, when snow covers the ground, they seem to appear in even greater numbers, and it is no unusual sight to see from one hundred and fifty to five hundred of them in a single bunch making their way across the fields to the rancher's haystacks. The writer has seen a twenty-ton stack which had been overturned by the constant visits of the rabbits. They will completely encircle a stack, eating on a line even with the snow, and, in an amazingly short time, cut a circle around the stack, which gradually grows smaller, just as a beaver gnaws a tree, causing the stack to topple over on its side.

After the stack falls over, the rabbits fairly swarm over it, and, in the course of time, by their frequent visits, have so defiled the hay that the horses and cattle of the ranchers refuse to touch it. No wonder, then, that the ranchers become frantic in their efforts to rid themselves of the pest, which no one seems to be able to cope with.

They have repeatedly appealed to the State for aid, and although it has done everything it possibly can, instead of diminishing the rabbits seem to have multiplied a thousand fold. Box Elder county officials have offered a bounty of five cents on each pair of ears brought in, and although this has been a keen incentive to many hunters, who have brought in thousands of ears, still the rabbits do not seem to diminish. Poisoned grain has been tried, but as it is

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BIRD VISITORS FROM THE NORTH

BIRDS MAY BE NOTED EASIER IN WINTER THAN IN SUMMER AS THE OBSERVER KNOWS WHERE TO LOOK FOR THEM

By EDWIN CHARLES HOBSON

THE bird hordes departed for austral lands at the beginning of winter. The last flight swept southward on a night of a full moon and down through the October dusks dropped isolated notes of the far sky-flung travelers. Bird notes heard aflight and unseen were evanescent things. The flamboyant sundowns of November saw the coming of wild geese, and long lines and wedges of great birds marked the cold skies, their deep-throated honking drifting down as an exaltation, a clarion call which stirred the blood of earth watchers. In their aftermath hung gray skies, ominous of depth, heavy with signs of snow.

There is a peculiar quality in the atmosphere, a sort of hollowness, the calm before the storm. Wild life knows of it, and man scents a change abroad over the landscape. Farmers notice a restlessness among their stock, then look at the gray skies in one long survey and finally slant an eye to the weather-vane atop the barn. In the night the storm comes out of the northwest, a snow fall riding the wild inspiring winds, and the noon of next day sees a long-drawn termination of driving flakes. Storms follow at intermittent times; the endless miles of landscape gradually merge into another world.

In the stark cold of morning I looked out of a New Hampshire door upon a world in white. Familiar scenes had disappeared, boundary lines were covered and hid, and trails of yesterday were a memory. I can see nothing bleak and desolate in a winter landscape as some writers would have us believe. In forgetting that long period which is broken into spring, summer, and autumn, I see deeper into the ministry of winter. Beauty is abroad—beauty of boreal mystery, pictorial charm in soft line and few colors that is as an unfolded flower, an open book—a beauty that no tramper of landscape can fail to perceive; a beauty that is intricate in design and yet exquisite in its simplicity, that exalts the spirit and lingers in the heart.

Wild life may be noted more easily in winter than in summer, as the habits of the birds are known and the observer knows where to look for them. In fact, taking in the birds who are residents and the visitors who have come down, these New England woods and fields reveal a vast amount of wild life which is known to only a few of the braver ones who wish to tramp the snowy roads.

THE SPARROWS

"AS common as a sparrow" is a current expression, but wintry fields and roadsides would be quite lonely without the flocks of sombre-colored birds rising before every wind and seeming to coast on its invisible pinions. A visitor from the open country of Keewatin and Ungava is the snowflake. Who can forget a flock of many hundred birds rolling like a dark cloud over the immaculate snows? I have seen them in a heavy storm, driving with the winds, circling, wheeling, blown along with the flakes, all the while uttering their short whistlings. Heard in the height of the storm, with whine of winds and hiss of driven flakes, it was an eerie sound.

Courtesy of Am. Museum Nat. History

Red-breasted Nuthatch

The snowflake is a ground bird, and where there is ragweed and amaranth there may invariably be found these little birds. Wary of man, suspicious of passing shadows, the flock rises as one bird, wheel, roll, circle, and alight again at a cluster of ungainly weeds which flaunt ragged banners above the snow. Then they settle into a low twittering, pleasant to the ear. Small flocks trade the country roads and railway tracks, picking up seeds and grain dropped in travel.

Another visitor from Back of Beyond and always seen with the snowflake is the longspur, a bird somewhat colored as the snowflake without its wing and tail marks. I look for longspurs on sidehills where weeds still toss above the snow, in clearings where juniper clumps abound. In the clean cutting cold of early morning their low sweet trill drifts over the snowy wastes and strikes deep in the heart. One wonders at the Spartan courage and dauntlessness of such small birds. A longspur flies to a gawky weed, its weight bending it down; the bird picks and flutters with a half-rising of wings, and as it eats other birds are picking the fallen seeds off the snow.

Other sparrows, mainly white-throat, fox, tree, and juncos, may be called visitors in a way—visitors without the glamour and adventure of the North.

THE CROSSBILLS

IF crossbills, American or white-winged, are to be noted, the observer must step off the beaten highway and break a trail to the grayness and silence of the coniferous woods. They may be found and they may not. A flock of Americans are not common, while the white-winged gather in smaller flocks and are less abundant. An ornithological find is a pair or two of white-winged among a flock of the American. Curious, erratic, and eccentric are adjectives which have described these birds. They are not beautiful as birds go, sparrow-like, reddish and rosy of color respectively, the white-winged being barred with white on the wings. Crossbills are interesting feeders; the bird clings to a cone, and proceeds to literally walk all over it in every conceivable attitude, sideways, straight up, hanging, and upside-down. Surely, an acrobat among birds. The song is a soft meaningless twitter, and in flight they have a reedy whistle. A characteristic, quite recognizable and identifying, is the suddenness with which a flock takes flight, whether disturbed or not, only to wheel in a half-circle back to the same conifer where they were feeding. Crossbills are nomads, here to-day and gone to-morrow, and their return is as uncertain and inconstant as an April day.

THE TITMOUSE OR CHICKADEE

THE philosophical Emerson was enamoured of the chickadee when he heard the pallid notes of this little bird in the midst of a driving snowstorm. Any day of winter, any errant hour of leisure, go into the cold woods and you may hear the chickadee.

> ". . . a tiny voice hard by,
> Gay and polite, a cheerful cry,
> Chic-chicadeedee! saucy note
> Out of sound heart and merry
> throat,"

wrote the Concord admirer. But his bird was the black-capped chickadee. Our visitor is the Hudsonian chickadee, a bird similar in color and habits, but more of a gossipy nature and confidence in the friendships of man. I have tramped the drifts of the open places, sought the shadows and better going of the pine woods, without seeing a sign of birds or hearing a single note, when all of a sudden, as I paused under a pine, I heard something fall down from among the boughs and drop into the snow, followed by pieces of bark. To look up was the matter of a moment, but I saw nothing. It was dusky under the trees. More bits

of bark came down and I forgot the biting cold. Without warning, without the merest note of expectation, on the frosty air came that peculiar, metallic ring, the well-defined, clean-cut, little "chic-chicadee, deedee." Incessantly, from a full throat, the bird uttered its pleasant refrain. A black-capped took it up from another tree. They opened up the forest as if by magic. What more could one ask, for here was life and song amidst the sombre beauty of the day.

The Cedar Waxwing

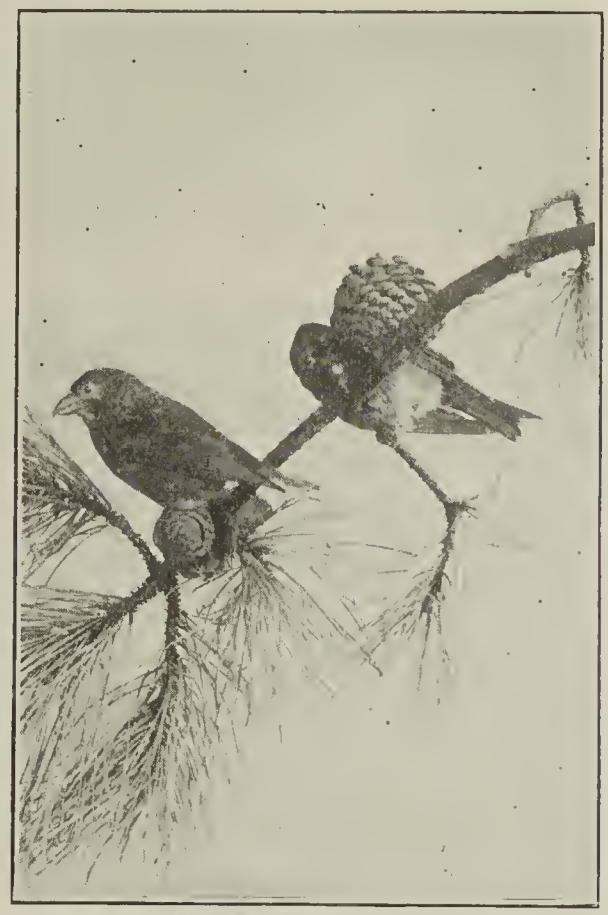
LIKE the heathen Chinese, nature plays a strange game at times—the cedar waxwing is an example of her mysterious ways. Imagine a bird so clothed in quiet elegance that you listen for an outburst of song beyond the wildest pourings of a moon-swayed mockingbird; ponder a bird with the dignity and poise of the very aristocracy of life; picture a bird of sleek airily-tinted plumage who flits silently on velvet wings out of nowhere and who flees again as silently into the wind's going and is gone. That such a bird, with its plumage and its errant wanderings, should be songless, almost voiceless, is one of nature's problems. Given the genius of song, with its haunting temperament and nomadic flights, imagination could not say to what flights of melody this bird would go.

Cedar waxwings of my acquaintance have been winter birds, prowlers of January snows, haunters of dark cedars and old apple trees. In the back pastures and old fields of run-down farms may be found apple trees still holding tenaciously to their small, frost-kissed fruit, and upon these the waxwings feed. Again I have come upon flocks regaling themselves with the bitter berries of cedar, a fruit which few birds, except the ruffed grouse, will ever touch. They show no trace of fear or shyness at approach, and one time I broke loudly with each step a thick crust which would not bear my weight, and yet they fed on as unconcerned as though I were not in the neighborhood. A light snow was falling. They moved from fruit to fruit with no hurry or nervous flitting, just feeding in a silent, methodical manner. Once, I caught a faint lisping hiss, the only note. Suddenly as one, they lifted wings and fled to another tree.

The Horned Larks

THE bird of many names—horned lark, shore lark, wheat bird, prairie bird, road trotter, life bird, spring bird are they known in various parts of the country. By the hornlike tuft of black feathers on the forehead are they known. Lovers of open country, ground feeders and ground livers, they are found everywhere from the muddy flats of indolent streams to the barrens of field and pasture. Among small birds they are known as the bird who walks, and their tracks printed on the snow and soft mud of warm spring lead in all directions in their quest for seeds and winter insects which consists principally of weevils and cocoons of tineid moths. One wonders the hunting instinct which the bird uses in its search for insects. Uttering a sweet whistled "tseet, tseet," they leave the ground hurriedly in a straight away hesitant flight, then swing about and alight at the old place. At night they roost in small flocks on the ground, the bare earth under thick shrubbery where snows cannot be blown in. In passing through a hilly pasture late one night I heard the sudden cries of many birds down by the brook, cries of such startling clearness and plaintiveness that I hurried to investigate. Close to the water, on a warm place covered with rocks and moss, a flock of horned larks had roosted for the night with nothing but the cold glistening stars overhead. The thin gleam of flashlight found the disturber, or rather the trail. A wild cat had crept up on the flock. The animal made its kill by leaping into their midst and putting all claws and teeth into action. Feathers sprinkled the moss and snow, and cat tracks lead away toward the swamp down the brook. I have never forgotten the frightened cries of those little birds.

Among the pleasures of winter afield are the visitant birds which have come down out of the North. Many of them came before the first snowfall, others arrived with the snow and the great majority fluttered in at different times, but the first thaws of early spring will send them back to their breeding grounds.



Courtesy of Am. Museum Nat. History
American Crossbill

Pine Grosbeak and Kinglet

MISTAKEN identity is easy in bird study, more so to the tyro and occasional tramper. In a fast passing glance the pine grosbeak might be taken for a purple finch or a crossbill on account of their rosy red plumage. The pine grosbeak is regarded as a stupid bird, but my belief is such fearlessness is pure friendship. Man is not an enemy in their eyes. Finding a flock in a grove of small scrub pines, I have thrown sticks and pine cones into the flock without starting them into flight. Individual birds only hopped to higher branches and went on calmly feeding. At times they have a sweet warble, but the winter note seems to be a clear, oft-repeated whistle which sweeps through the woods like the whistle of a small boy. In going through pine seedlings it is quite possible, when snows are deep and grosbeaks have quieted down, to reach a hand and touch the birds. But movement of the hand must be slow, constant, as in handling a squirrel or a moose bird. Can you call that stupidness? Rather, I think it is downright friendliness, love at first acquaintance.

Often have I wondered how the small birds of warbler-size ever pulled through some of these New Hampshire winters. For instance, the golden-crowned kinglets. Little birds, four inches long, of rugged endurance, their chirps grow louder in severe storms and lowering temperatures and never are they more content than when running among the brush of hillsides and stonewalls in the falling snows. Industrious, ever on the move, I find them on the tamarack carefully searching every crack and crevice, and calling in shrill, lisping notes. Again they may be found prowling the snows under the willows which line brooks. You may know them by their size—the male birds with their crown of orange and yellow bordered with black.

Nuthatch and Pine Siskin

AS the white-breasted nuthatch is a resident within its breeding range we cannot call it a visitor. The red-breasted bird is a visitor, a sort of distinguished personage whose visits are rare and in between. Nature played another one of her pranks in the making of this bird; she started out to make a woodpecker and changed her mind; she lopped off the tail short and square and gave the bill an upward turn, but seeing her mistake she dressed it with an array of soft colors and so we have a bird of quite presentable appearance. The red-breasted like the social qualities of flocks. Coniferous trees are their habitat, and if the snow under a tree is sprinkled with bits of bark you may rest assured, if there are not woodpeckers about, then the nuthatches have taken possession. Diligent workers, they search every crevice and cavity in true woodpecker fashion and make great inroads into the wood-borer population. Their soft, nasal "yank-yank" is unforgettable. Once heard is never forgotten.

The food supply does not worry the siskin unless an ice storm sweeps inland from the coast. A little bird doing no great good and no trace of harm, it haunts the conifers where its goldfinch-like "tcheer" drops from the very tip of

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TRAPPING THE THREE RIVER ZONE

ACTUAL EXPERIENCES OF A TRAPPER DURING A PERIOD OF SEVERAL YEARS IN THE WILDS OF NORTHERN ALBERTA—Part Four

By RAYMOND THOMPSON

TOWARD the latter part of February Major Thompson, the Civil War veteran, was failing badly. He was then past eighty and the rigors of the winter, coupled with the fact that he did not have food of the right sort, marked him an early victim for the grim reaper. Knowles and I used to take especial pains in hunting for the few partridges that were about that winter and we always saved them and took them up to the Rapeljes. Mrs. Rapelje made a broth for the old gentleman, which seemed about the only thing that he could keep on his stomach. It was disheartening when the game was so scarce. We saw but one or two rabbits all winter and partridges were rare enough!

In an attempt to help us solicit aid of some sort, Murphy went with us to Edson. We tried all over town to get additional dogs so as to make up another team. It seemed as though, because we were trappers, no one would trust us with dogs, although one man generously offered to sell us a worthless hound for twenty-five dollars. Failing in this, Mr. W. R. Hare agreed to take our load as far as Mile 27 on the trail, as the road was passable to that point. This was a great help to us as we were then enabled to make a trip from the Athabasca in but half the time otherwise required. Mr. Hare had lived for a number of years at Ninety-Mile House on the trail and he knew what we were up against. Thus, in a town of a thousand souls, did we find a real friend, one who was not only willing to offer sympathies but to ACT on them! Such men are the REAL MEN of which the North Country is justly proud.

We were too late! Mr. and Mrs. Rapelje had dug into the frozen ground and buried Major Thompson the day before we arrived back. Today, the spot where the old gentleman lies is deserted; Mr. Rapelje moved his family back to the Athabasca the following summer, and only an occasional trapper passes the old ranch at the Baptiste. What more peaceful resting place could one desire, and after all, a rude cross hewn from the forest will get one just as near to heaven as any marble mausoleum.

A straightforward story of trapping life in Northern Canada which will enthrall all who have red blood in their veins and whose hearts are in the Great Lone Land. The author gladly left the comforts of civilization and undertook the hardships of the trail to follow the age-old lure of adventure.

Knowles and I made another trip on the trail to Mile 27, where we loaded the remainder of our stuff and hit back for the Athabasca. The return trip was one we didn't forget in a short time; the snow got soft and it was well nigh impossible to keep the sleigh on the trail. Times without number the load would shift to one side and bear the toboggan off into the loose snow, where it was impossible for the plucky dogs to haul it. The best we could do was to make a mile an hour. Going up the hills we got into the harness and helped the dogs as much as possible. Our toboggan was made so that two bags of flour, each weighing a hundred pounds, would lie end to end on the bottom. On top of these bags another two hundred pounds of stuff was piled, so that we had quite a load for such mountainous trails. On this old trail there were many hills, some of which, besides being very steep, were four miles in length!

Taking a beaver from a trap in Northern Alberta

Murphy was waiting for us at the old Mile 47, where he had stopped a couple of nights trying to get a moose. It seemed as if every kind of game had disappeared when we needed it most. Each year since then I have been able to kill all the meat needed, although I have never since been up against it for grub! From Mile 47 to where the Murphys were stopping on the Athabasca was only a distance of six miles, but it took us most of the next day to reach there.

This last trip terminated any more traveling with dog sled. We used the food as sparingly as possible in hopes that it would last till the snow left, and I have since marveled to think how we survived on so little. It was truly wonderful to see how those poor women made out with such a pitifully meager larder. Toward the last Knowles and I stayed a great deal with the Murphys, as in this way we could conserve on the food proposition. I don't believe I mentioned that the Murphys had two little boys; at any event it was often a problem to know what to give them. An older person can understand why such things happen, but a child is not capable of fathoming troubles of this kind and only knows that it is hungry!

The snow had been about four feet deep on the level at the Athabasca. Near the cabin was a clearing and we watched eagerly for signs of stumps, and when they eventually did stick their heads above the slowly vanishing snow, we picked out one and marked it each day. For a long time the snow melted at the rate of an inch a day and finally bare spots showed under the heavy spruce trees, where the snowfall had been lightest. Gradually these bare spots enlarged in diameter until they finally connected with one another; it was a day

of rejoicing when old Mother Earth showed her brown face all over the river flats.

Some may wonder why we waited so long before starting out after grub! In answer I will say that the snow never leaves the high divide between the Athabasca and Edson before the middle of May and sometimes even later.

It was toward the latter part of April that Knowles and Murphy hitched up the two strongest horses Rapelje had left (to a light democrat) and started for town. I had been elected to stay behind and look after the two families; Mr. Rapelje, besides being far from young, was feeling a little under the weather and matters by this time were getting real serious. I hunted every day as long as my strength and courage held up. Partridges were about the only game one could see and they were very scarce. In order to take no chances of missing any that I happened across, I generally carried a shotgun.

Wild cranberries, of low bush variety, grow abundantly in the Athabasca valley, and I gathered quantities of them after the snow had left. They were rather "squashy," due to the effects of the frost, and were terribly bitter. We had no sugar to sweeten them, but they helped to fill up, at any rate. Despite the fact that we were continually hungry, we were all in good health and very cheerful in spirit.

On the third day after the boys' departure, Murphy came back alone; Knowles had gone on into Edson to try and secure help. They had progressed at a fair rate until they reached the heavy drifts at the top of Breakneck Hill, but had to abandon the expedition at that point. We were all pretty blue at the Athabasca that night and it seemed as though we had about reached the end of our rope. From Murphy's account I realized that to wait for that snow to melt on the divide, would spell STARVATION! It was easy enough for men to worry through these drifts alone, but handicapped by women and children the same task seemed impossible.

Knowing full well that we must get through somehow, Murphy and I packed the two horses with all the hay they could carry and once more hit the trail. By virtue of the trail the boys had broken on their first attempt, we made good time and reached the top of Breakneck Hill by a little after dark. We had a little bannock and tea between us and were fortunate enough to knock down a spruce partridge! That bird was all we had to eat that day, but we were not so worried about ourselves as the two horses. The faithful animals had been fed on nothing but the wild hay and were in no fit condition for an ordinary task, to say nothing of what we intended putting them through.

The next day we made the *great* distance of a mile and a half, and two-thirds of that was downhill. We camped that night at the foot of Beaver Creek Hill, and within about six miles of Mile 35. We figured that once we reached Mile 35 our troubles would be practically over with, as from there to Mile 27 was nearly all downhill, and after then the snow would be in such negligible quantities as to offer little resistance.

One of the huskies

Fur in upper center is that of Indian devil or wolverine

Luck seemed against us that trip. We had barely made camp when it started to snow. We were so played out through breaking trail ahead of the horses all day we went to bed without any supper. There was a good roll of bedding in the democrat, so we were enabled to get a fairly good night's rest. Well, we needed it too, for when we awoke next morning there was a whole foot of fresh snow on top of the old! It took us an hour to make a hundred yards with the democrat, after which we gave up. We had no hay left and only a pinch of tea. If we went on it was a question if we would get through, but if we stayed or turned back we were all sure to starve. We unhitched the poor horses and went on.

Our method of procedure was as follows: One of us would go ahead with his horse for a distance, thus breaking trail for the other animal. When one animal was so played out that it refused to take another step the remaining one was brought forward and took his place. Those poor devils seemed to understand our predicament and seemed to be truly possessed of supernatural strength. One of them especially, a five-year-old that had never been harnessed before that spring, would stand up on his hind feet and jump on the crust of the old snow in order to break it. If this crust had been strong enough to bear the horses we could have made good time, but it wasn't, and whenever the animals would bear their weight on it they would go through with a jolt that was enough to kill any creature's spirit!

Sometimes the crust, under the newly fallen snow, was not capable of sustaining our own weight and we were continually floundering about in an attempt to keep our footing. Time and again we sank exhausted in the snow, and I am sure neither of us cursed so bitterly before or since! It was enough to try the patience of an angel, and we were only poor, tired, starving trappers.

According to our memories, which were far from infallible, we were two days in making the distance from Beaver Creek to Mile 35; I couldn't swear to it, for it seemed like nearer two weeks. We made from Mile 35 to Mile 27 in a single day. A trapper by name of Kerr was staying at the latter mentioned place, and we had a good supper that night. But there was no food for our starving horses, so Kerr took a mattress off his bed and emptied the wild hay it contained in the manger. I have often thought of that act of kindness and wondered how many men would have done the same! Not many, I should judge.

When we reached Edson Knowles had another pair of horses, so we packed all four of them back to the river without any delay. I was never so completely worn out in my life as the morning we

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THE BIG GAME OF NORTH CHINA

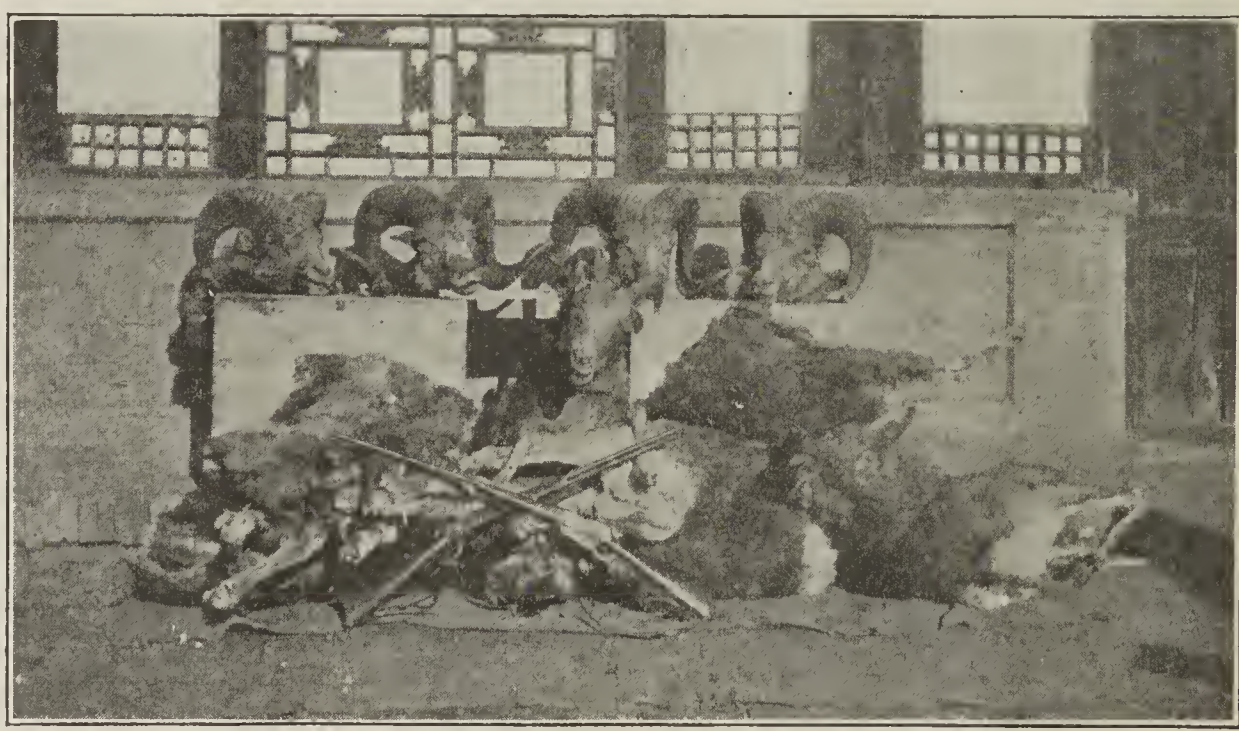
A COMPREHENSIVE DESCRIPTION OF AN UNSPOILED GAME REGION TOWARD WHICH OUR SPORTSMEN ARE TURNING — PART TWO

By ARTHUR DE CARLE SOWERBY

NEXT in size to the spotted deer comes the well - known and charming little roedeer, an animal beloved by many, since by its universal distribution it gives many sportsmen the only chance they have of indulging in that finest of sports, deer stalking. The roedeer is unknown in America, but ranges in the Old World from the British Isles and Spain in the West to Eastern Siberia in the East. Here its range, following its probable original line of dispersal, swings south through Manchuria, and west through North China to Kansu on the Tibetan border. The various species of roedeer are all characterized by their small, three-pronged horns, and the practical absence of a tail, the white croupdisc being very conspicuous. Two forms come within our area, namely, *Capreolus bedfordi,* Thos., of Chihli, Shansi, and Shensi, and *C. melanotus,* Miller, of Kansu. The latter is distinguishable on account of the black outer surface of the ear, at least in the summer pelt. Roedeer seldom scale more than 60 lbs. in weight. The record North China roedeer horns are those of an animal shot in Northwest Shansi by Lieut. Atkinson in 1913. These measured 17½ inches in length, and were very thick and stout. This measurement falls only one inch short of the world's record, namely that of a buck killed in the Thian Shan in Western Mongolia. The horns are in velvet during the spring, the rutting season being in the summer. The young are born in the summer, usually two at a time. Though found in all forested and wooded areas the roedeer occurs also in comparatively barren mountains and hilly regions. It has the habit of barking at intruders, or when it is alarmed in any way. It occurs in small herds of from three to six, seldom alone.

The smallest North China deer is the muskdeer, the form occurring in Shansi and Chihli probably belonging to the species *Moschus sibiricus,* L. of Siberia and Manchuria, and that of Shensi and Kansu to the Tibetan border form, *M. sifanicus.* Hornless, the muskdeer is armed in the male with two long and pointed tusks, which protrude downward from the upper jaw. Considerably smaller than the roe, the musk weighs about 20 lbs., possibly a bit more. It is of a much darker color, being brown or grayish-brown, with some light markings on the sides of the neck and throat. Its chief attraction to the hunter is the presence in the male of a sort of pouch on the abdomen, filled with the valuable substance, musk, which gives the little deer its name, and forms the basis of most of our perfumes. The world's supply of musk is mainly derived from this animal, and in consequence it is greatly persecuted, and runs considerable danger of becoming extinct. It occurs only in forested and hilly or mountainous areas, where it lies close, keeping to the rocky ridges where cover is most dense. The Chinese hunt it by driving, or capture it with cunningly devised traps and snares.

For fourteen years the author of this paper visited and hunted in nearly all the areas where big game is to be found in North China and made a voluminous report on the distribution and habits of all species that occur in that country for the United States National Museum.



Heads of wild sheep shot in Shansi by Messrs. Brodie and Schroder

Mention should here be made of a large deer that used to inhabit some part of North China—exactly where is not known,—but which is now extinct in the wild state. This is the famous elaphure, or David's deer (*Elaphurus davidianus*), called by the Chinese *Ssu-pu-hsiang,* or "the four unlikes," by which they mean to suggest that it is like a horse, yet unlike, like a deer, yet unlike, like an ox, yet unlike, and like a goat, yet unlike. The well-known naturalist Père Armand David first discovered this peculiar animal while looking over the walls of the Imperial Hunting Park at Nan Hai-tzu, south of Peking, where the Manchu Emperors kept many different kinds of deer and other animals of the chase. In 1900 this park was broken open by the Allied troops, and most of the game destroyed. A certain number of the elaphurs were captured and found their way to England, where the sole remaining survivors of the species are to be found in the Duke of Bedford's park at Woburn. This deer differs from all others in that the main axis of each antler runs straight up, the tines branching off backwards instead of forwards. In color it is a buff-yellow; its tail is long and has a tuft like that of the cow's at the end. The hoofs are large and pointed. It is a large animal almost equaling the Chinese wapitis in size. This deer has never been known to naturalists in a wild state, though it is obviously some form of swamp inhabiting deer, and as such probably occupied the Chihli plains before they came under cultivation.

WHAT by many is considered to be the finest of the big game animals in the region under discussion is the wild-sheep, formerly known as *Ovis jubata,* Peters, but recently renamed *Ovis comosa* by Mr. Ned Hollister, owing to the fact that the name *jubata* was preoccupied by a domestic sheep. Belonging to the *Ovis ammon* group of wild-sheep, and closely resembling the true *ammon* of Northern Mongolia both in appearance and size, this sheep is distinguished by the presence of a distinct mane, extending from the posterior base of the massive horns down the back of the neck. In color this animal is a sort of fawn-gray, darkening almost to gray-brown on the back, but very light on the underparts and legs. There is a

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GUN PRACTICE FOR FIELD WORK

ONE SHOULD CHOOSE THE SHOTS WHICH ALWAYS TROUBLE HIM AND LEARN TO HANDLE THEM EFFECTIVELY

By C. S. LANDIS

THIS article is not, as might be supposed a dissertation upon the positive or negative advantages of standard clay-target shooting as a preliminary practice for field shooting. Neither is it a discussion of tin-can shooting with which everyone is more or less familiar and which seems to have an established place on the shooting program of nearly all hunters.

It is, on the other hand, a résumé of practice and preparation that seem to add tremendously at times to the success of almost anyone who goes hunting.

It is conceivable and will probably be admitted without much argument, that in the hunting field the "easy" but unexpected chances are the ones that usually are the most frequently missed. Why this is so, seems to be one of those apparently unexplainable problems that bob up occasionally to plague us all. And yet there must be some practical solution.

The clean miss with both barrels in flock shooting at quail probably heads the list as being the most exasperating and humiliating experience that befalls the bird hunter. And yet, if we think back far enough, most of us can recall incidents where we have fallen down time after time on a shot of this kind, only to keep on and kill a nice bag of game by kicking up singles.

The misses are usually put down to an attack of "buck fever" or of shooting without aiming. We let it go at that and the next time it's the same old story.

Sometimes there's another reason: It is that the gun does not shoot to center on a snap-shot. Possibly it shoots too high or off to one side. This doesn't mean an inch or two—but a foot or two—quite enough to cause certain misses at close ranges like 10 to 20 yards.

I know a man who missed six consecutive shots at whole covies of quail and then in disgust went and patterned his gun on a couple of boards and found that he invariably overshot the mark by nearly a foot at 20 yards.

On singles, where he aimed more deliberately and was more careful to keep that straightaway quail *in view*—he unconsciously aimed *lower* and naturally he usually got his bird.

It is the same story in squirrel shooting. At 40 yards you wouldn't think anyone could miss a sitting gray squirrel which presents a mark of probably 2 x 4 inches. Try shooting ten patterns at 2 x 4 inch rectangles at 20 to 40 yards and see how many of them will be *centered*. Not more than half unless you know considerably more about where your shotgun places its pattern than do most people.

Here's another little fooler that will explain why a rabbit is able so frequently to run past a line of hunters without being touched.

Have a friend go with you to a bare, grassy hillside and then have him throw or roll flat stones or rocks down in front of you, at unexpected times. Shoot only when the rocks are rolling and bouncing their fastest and see how many you shoot behind or over. Consider then what would have happened had you been shooting at a rabbit which would doubtless have startled you when it first got up, and which would have been traveling at least two or three times as fast when you shot at it.

Here's another test that will probably surprise some hunters: Walk along a swiftly moving stream some spring when the ice is going out. The current is probably moving six or seven miles per hour if the water is *very* high, and you let fly at a cake of ice sixty or seventy yards away; you shot two feet behind and a foot low, didn't you? Had it been a mallard flying ten times as fast you would have shot twenty feet behind—*and a foot low*. The foot low explains why some of us miss both the leader and the rear guard when we shoot at the head of the flock.

Working out difficult angles at the traps

Probably the prize hard shot of all is the dove that suddenly appears from nowhere and when first seen is ten feet above the shooter's face and going like a bullet. Missed it, didn't you? Sure you did—unless it was an accidental hit.

Ever try a regular course of shooting at flat stones, blue rocks or walnuts that some other shooter threw just as hard as he could—right past your head? It's a bit strenuous and you won't get any long runs but after a while you'll probably hit one or two. If you do you won't aim where you did when you first started shooting.

THERE are two more or less widely-separated classes of shotguns suitable for hunting. The one is the heavy, close-shooting, double or repeater that has considerable drop to the stock. It almost invariably shoots exactly to center at 40 yards. Long-range shots at squirrels, crows, hawks, ducks or geese that are stationary when shot at, are dead easy with a weapon of this kind. You get them nearly every time.

But try the stunt of shooting squirrels with a real quail, grouse or trap gun that is of necessity bored to shoot six inches or a foot high. It is almost impossible to kill consistently with it on such shots. The reason is that it is so very difficult to remember exactly how high it shoots at the different ranges. I have such a gun. Have shot it very successfully on quail, rabbits, and grouse for ten years, but on squirrels if I get more than one out of three with it, I'm lucky. And that isn't because it doesn't shoot close enough. It is simply because it shoots the pattern some other place than where it is aimed. With the same gun, however, I make fully twice as many kills on the hardest kind of close-range snap-shots at quail and rabbits than I ever previously made with any other shotgun.

This is a good example of a weapon that is almost perfect for one style of field shooting and a total failure for another.

Of all the hard shots in the field to practice for, that of a dove suddenly dropping down to alight is probably the most impossible. A falling can moves like a slow freight compared to a dove under these circumstances. So also does a baseball or a "goonie" thrown rather high and directly toward the shooter from a distance of 75 or 100 yards.

I never saw anyone who was even a reasonably good shot on this kind of a chance at doves and doubt if I ever will, unless some system is invented that

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AUTO-TOURING WAYS AND MEANS

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF PAPERS DEPICTING THE PRACTICAL EVERY-DAY ROUTINE OF THIS POPULAR OUTDOOR RECREATION

By RAYMOND S. SPEARS

THE first step toward auto-touring is to procure a map showing the automobile highways of the United States. An excuse for going will not be lacking—that feeling of weariness against the humdrum daily life is enough. A relative in some distant region, the desire to educate one's children, or business, poverty, poor health, outdoor longings, sadness of heart, a honeymoon, the Call of the Wild, Lure of the Golden West—all these are the excuses offered when one listens to the fellow tourists who camp by the wayside or in municipal camps.

The astonishing discovery which the tourist makes when he begins to roll is the miscalculation as to what he can or may do. One meets the speed fiends; they figure on two to three hundred miles a day. In fourteen days—two weeks—they plan from 2,800 to 4,200 miles. They do not count on detours, differing highway conditions, and the inevitable depreciation of the automobile, which demands at least one day a week for repairs, oiling, greasing, tightening up and cleaning.

We met tourists who had started for a week's trip, and who had been on the go for months, and even for years. In our own experience, we started for the Mississippi River, expecting to be on the way a month or six weeks, and at Denver we decided the Pacific Coast was nearer than home, back in the Mohawk Valley, anyhow. We were gone a year to the week.

Accordingly, when the question of where to go arises in the would-be tourists' minds, it is necessary to count on the unexpected development, the change of view-point, the incredible reckonings that stir unsuspected independence, adventuresomeness and resourcefulness which grow and expand as the hearts of the party feel the strange exhilaration that comes of crossing states and regions into the far-dreamland and now only a few days' drive from the most sedate and conventional home in New England—or the ranch that lies at the end of a desert pair of ruts, called a road.

MORE than twenty years of intermittent wandering, woods camping, train, shanty-boat, skiff, motorcycle, bicycle, pedestrian travel and tripping found me staring helplessly at my seven-passenger, six-cylinder 1916 automobile when it came to putting on and leaving off outfit. I didn't even know where to go, nor how far I could go. I couldn't figure what the cost would be. I was at a loss in anticipation and in realization. The thousands of miles in a score of states gave me but inklings of what an automobile trip would hold forth—or refrain from handing out.

Answering the lure of the road

I suppose the tourists who start away with no definite destination nor route feel that in this way they escape many of the problems of roads. They just stick to the "most traveled route," and in doing this, starting from New England, they arrive at the Mississippi River, or Washington, D. C., or circle from the Atlantic to Lake Champlain, or Buffalo, N. Y., without encountering anything that calls even for second gear, save perhaps Jacob's Ladder in the Berkshires, or sundry pitches and climbs in the White Mountains—up Crawford Notch, or down some long grade through pleasant farmlands, with the idea that second gear saves brakes (a first-class idea to have firmly in the mind, by the way).

There is no highway of touring length which does not at one time or another present impassability. The winter months close the northern highways definitely. They fill the mountain passes of the Rockies and Sierras with snow. The spring months, as well as the winter ones, have their rains which turn Kansas, Missouri, southern state and northern state highways into mud daubs. The desert highways of Utah, Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico may in the summer months be full of such peril that road authorities close certain sections to travelers, and in the arid regions one sees warnings:

"Do Not Undertake This Trail Without Ample Supplies of Gas, Oil and WATER."

Even autumn, the glory months of the touring year, may find one running into the chill storms which turn the dusty highways into muck that stops a car where it bogs down.

I am in Texas while writing this article. When I asked the Weather Bureau for information about Texas, they sent me five weather zones, each one larger than New York State—and I "took a chance," and won against the late autumn and winter rains in crossing the pine region of Eastern Texas, where normally I should have been mired by storms.

When to go is determined by seasons. Where to go by one's fancy. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, across the Upper Mississippi, one must know that May, June, July, August and September are the available months. Last May, in Wyoming, a blizzard swept the plateaus and mountains, and men, horses and cattle were frozen to death. The thaw-out left the highways in some parts deep with alkali muck. A little later, the Lincoln Highway presented to the transcontinental travelers a wonderland of joy—and experience. Some time since, a man crossing Raton Pass, south of Trinidad, Colorado, near the New Mexico line, was caught in a blizzard as he crossed in a fliver. He lost his way and froze to death.

No one can pick a route without jeopardies; at any city corner, in any straightaway, at any bend, on any highway one may smash into a dangerous accident. That is normal automobile driving, whether touring or just running down town. But thousands of western and southern cars come to New York and New England, seeking the vast milage of fine roads. These eastern states are beginning to establish municipal and public camp grounds where tourists can stop and feel welcome. In 1919 a car drove 75 miles up the Mohawk valley, on one of the two main thoroughfares to the west, and found not one camp ground till he struck a four rod square patch east of Herkimer. There are a dozen camp grounds between Schenectady and Utica now.

Hundreds of camp grounds are being established, some free, some with charges, some with conveniences, some without; generally speaking, one can go anywhere in the country now and find camp grounds, at reasonable intervals. But also, one finds increasing restrictions. A few tourists have made inexcusable nuisances of themselves, vandals at school and church yards, sneaks in rural surroundings and trespassers everywhere. These have led some states, cities and regions to become more or less hostile or contemptuous toward the camping tourists. Nowhere on the main routes is to be expected—or desired—the lavish old-time hospitality toward the utter stranger. People who seek something for nothing, whether hunting, fishing, service, board and lodging, or the other things one must pay for at home are sure to be disappointed.

But one does find, on the average, fair treatment and usually fair prices. A few years ago garages often assumed the tourist would never be seen again. Such places may still be found along the highways and byways. But when one meets

his fellow tourists in the camp grounds, information is interchanged and the honest dealers in all lines, garages, groceries, restaurants, hotels and the rest are named. We hear in Omaha which towns in Colorado to avoid—the places where business organizations permit outrageous overcharging, short-weighting and double-dealing. If for no other reason it is worth while to be sociable and trade information with those one meets. Tourist trade is making countless by-way businesses. That same trade is being withheld from the diminishing number of petty or major swindlers.

The main traveled routes of the country, which by preference tourists select in picking destinations, are the Lincoln Highway, The National Old Trails (including Sante Fe Trail), roads to the Yellowstone Park, to Florida, to New England, to Chicago, to Washington, to or from California and to the Northwest. Then there are regional centers, too numerous to mention, but of which examples may be selected: White Mountains, Montreal, Adirondacks, to northern Minnesota, to The Blue Ridge, to Houston, Texas, or the Davis Mountains, or Delaware Water Gap, Maine, Richmond, Va.

Certain trips are essayed, as Pike's Peak or Bust, The Transcontinental (the wonder of them all), St. Louis, Ozarks, Upper Peninsula of Michigan, St. Lawrence River, etc. A hundred painted-blaze trails offer as many fascinating—and in present road conditions baffling—routes.

My own experiences in the round trip from Coast to Coast, from Canada to Mexico, hither and yon do not enable me to pick something better than others. For those who have never seen an ocean, a sunrise on the Atlantic or a sunset on the Pacific will repay any price paid to witness them. The Rockies, or Sierras, the deserts, the significance of weeks spent in crossing Uncle Sam's farm, from the Hudson to the Republican River breaks, the sight of Texas cattle herds, or Iowa hogs, a noonday or twilight hour, or moonlight or starlight hour beside the Grand Canyon, or overlooking the Painted Desert, a dinner cooked beside Lake Erie, or a Lake Superior Bay, or a dream-song of a mocking bird in the Cumberlands, or a day watching the Lower Mississippi at Memphis (a fine camp ground here!)—there are a thousand single views which are worth seeking.

Nor can one go amiss. The main thing is to go slow enough—for reasons to be discussed later. The great thing is to leave one's own accustomed environment, to see how the people in the thousand other environments live. The city man should go to the wilderness, and the farmer of the wheat or corn country should drive into the great cities, and manufacturing districts.

For many years Mr. Spears has been traveling up and down and back and forth throughout the United States, on foot, awheel and by auto. He has learned much concerning the *modus operandi* of the wanderer and we are fortunate in being able to present to our readers a number of papers by him on the subject of auto-touring. He tells you where to go—the kind of roads to expect—the daily routine of driving—what equipment to take and treats of a thousand and one things that will facilitate your journey.

WHERE should sportsmen go? Well, that is a fair question. Automobile touring is a great sport in itself. Carrying firearms, I seldom shoot them till I settle down somewhere for a season. On the road many things intervene to prevent shooting or fishing. One has a natural reluctance against taking local game away from local hunters—and this is a good reluctance, in view of hunting license and game law restrictions. The hunting season is pretty late for touring, generally speaking. Fishing can often be had, but only by stopping over when inquiry reveals chance of local bait, fly or other fishing.

A pair of desert ruts is often called a road in the West

Many states require fishing licenses. All require hunting licenses. The tour to the hunting country is one thing; the hunting or fishing is another thing, governed by the rules of the play. Local shooters and fishermen more and more resent intruding. A practiced tourist will find game pockets, where fine shooting is to be had, and shoals of fish where delicate tackle serves to land fine, gamy fish. The fringes of Uncle Sam's workshops and farms have many a patch of hunting which one hears about or discovers as he rolls over the divides between regions.

Wild-fowl, on the great migration routes, offer the most universal shooting—down the Pacific and Atlantic coasts, down the Mississippi, down the arid Lake Bonneville Basin, etc. But daily thousands of acres of land are being posted, and this posting will be the salvation of wild turkey, deer, prairie chickens, and other famous game, against the time when the scandal of wild life butchering and reckless and wanton shooting ceases to be a major vice of vandals who ride the trails in their automobiles and waste the priceless game as they are doing.

I'll not soon forget an Iowa car I saw below Santa Barbara in California. We came upon it in mid-road. The young man at the wheel had stopped there. He had caught up his 12-gauge and let go into a flock of beautiful tufted quail which was dusting in the highway—killing five or six, I think.

This automobile hunting drives the wild life from the highways. I suppose hundreds of thousands practice it. Shooting woodchucks, prairie dogs, jackrabbits, cottontails (in infested regions), crows and other vermin animals can do no harm, I suppose, but this same shooting is closing the hunting country to sportsmen who would be careful, and who have carried the burden of game preservation from the wanton slaughter for market that swept the prairies and mountains to these days of No Sale of Game, and enforcement of bag limits.

Automobile touring and good roads have in the past two or three years closed Texas against promiscuous hunting. In the Pecos valley it has locked the gates against wild turkey killing. For twenty or thirty miles out from most great cities, "POSTED" glares one in the face at most farms. Even unposted farms, under many trespass laws, are dangerous to the shooting and fishing tourist.

But probably most of the land thus forbidden becomes immediately a breeding ground for wild life. The harried quail, squirrels, rabbits, and even larger game become quieted and live in relative safety. What the migratory law did for wild-fowl, the trespass signs are doing for local non-migratory game.

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STUDIES IN TROUT PSYCHOLOGY

EXPERIMENTS WITH DIFFERENT KINDS OF FOOD WHEN FED TO CAPTIVE TROUT PRODUCE SOME STARTLING RESULTS

By EDWIN T. WHIFFEN

WHY a trout rises to a fly is an old question. Is it the form, more or less accurately representing the natural insect, that attracts attention and provokes response? Or do the colors stimulate the appetite of the fish by their resemblance to the model?

There have been devoted much thought and speculation to these subjects, but they still remain, more or less, in the field of investigation, not of certainty. The late Henry P. Wells took an active interest in this phase of angling, and spent much study and thought on the subject. But practically all of the study made has been spent in the effort to ascertain how the artificial lure would appear to the *human* eye.

There has also been tried the more commendable method of opening and examining the stomachs of trout, when caught, to find what their diet at the time consisted of. Trout cannot always be caught, however, on the fly which the angler may have to present; and, when they are taken the contents of the stomach is usually in such a condition as to furnish no exact model, in good condition, to the fly-tier. An angler says that he found "a small, grey fly," or "a little, black fly," etc. But, unless he is a trained entomologist, he would be at a loss to produce an artificial having much resemblance to the natural.

For several years, and from time to time, I have been considering this problem, using information gained from the study of trout in captivity. My data is based on the feeding habits of at least a dozen fish, ranging from two or three inches to seven or eight in length. Some of these trout were kept in little pools near camp and accessible enough to permit constant observation; others were kept in a large pail, or in a glass aquarium; in the last, their movements could be clearly discerned, as they first quivered their fins, and then shot quickly to their food. Several were raised from fry to a length of some inches and became so tame as to snatch their food from one's fingers, even jumping from the water to do so. After a considerable time some individuals would scurry to the front of the aquarium whenever anybody approached and hang with quivering fins and upturned eyes, expecting something eatable to be thrown upon the water.

In fact, one specimen was so excited when it saw me coming that it actually jumped right over the edge of the aquarium nearest me and fell on the floor. Of course, it went back promptly. So great did the confidence of these fish in human nature become, or so great was their stupidity, that any small object thrown on the water was seized and tasted at once. At times if a person looked over into the aquarium the fish would come to the surface, seize and reject small particles that might be floating on the top and then look up as if expecting to be fed—at least, anything edible thrown on the surface was seized and devoured immediately.

As a result of these studies, ranging over several years and including a dozen fish or so, an effort will be made to find out how far justified are some of the dicta of the fly-fisherman.

AS to the effect of weather conditions, trout kept in an outdoors aquarium would furnish no reliable data, except during the warmest part of the year. The temperature of the water and of the air under those conditions would be so modified by the artificial heat of the house in the colder season as to supply no accurate parallel to the outside environment. But many of the trout experimented upon were constantly outdoors. So for the purpose their actions may be considered a sufficient basis for study and comparison with fish in the natural environment. It should be noted further that these fish became so tame as to manifest no fear of a human being when conditions were ordinary. Of course, splashing in the water or excited motions above it, as thoroughly frightened the tame fish as they do wild ones. All experiments were tried upon our native speckled trout (*Salmo fontinalis*). I have never had an opportunity of studying in captivity the rainbow trout (*Salmo irideus*) or the brown trout (*Salmo fario*), though experiments on those varieties would undoubtedly yield interesting and valuable information.

> Anglers are often puzzled to know just why a certain form of fly appealed to a trout that had rejected all other lures. In this article Mr. Whiffen gives our readers the benefit of his many experiments made on this subject and advances some very plausible conjections that will be of great interest to fly fishermen.

As to their choices in food there were differences noted among the individual fish just as among persons. From smallest to largest, all were extravagantly fond of angle-worms. As soon as the worm touched the water and began to sink, squirming as it went, there would be a wild rush and the worm would be seized and swallowed as quickly as possible.

Frequently this would be the first food that a captive specimen would take, as they are often shy for the first few days, and that in spite of the fact that the individual had been caught on that kind of bait. Evidently the bait-fisherman needs no further recommendation as to the taking qualities of this lure other than this evidence and his own experience. Yet, in actual experience, I knew of one day in August when a Red Tag fly secured thirty-nine trout, while worm-bait took only seven. Evidently the species has a discriminating taste sometimes.

In the house itself house-flies were about the most easily secured food for captive trout. If caught and thrown in alive, so that they could go buzzing around on the surface, they were taken when the fish was hungry and had no other kind of food offered. If the flies were dead when thrown on the water they were not often noticed until they sank and became mouldy. Often they would be seized, alive or dead, but ejected as soon as the fish discovered what it had taken.

A large, light-greyish fly, slimmer than the house-fly, known locally as the deer-fly in the Adirondacks, was a choice morsel. An artificial tied after this model, with rather long, transparent wings, flatwise, would be an effective lure for trout, and is, in fact, as various grey artificials show.

Blue-bottle flies received much the same treatment. Though they were considerably larger and consequently more difficult to swallow than the house-fly, as a rule they were seized at once, alive or dead, and strenuously masticated until swallowed. From this I am inclined to believe that an accurate copy of this insect, with a plump body and wings made of fish-scales, tied flat-wise and standing out at an angle of about 45 degrees, would be a very taking lure. The so-called blue-bottle of the dealer has little resemblance to the insect itself.

Of course I realize that actual practice might contradict this belief. When insects are plentiful on and under the water, trout in a natural environment have a wide range of choice, and may reject for a daintier morsel a form of food readily taken in captivity. Experience hardly confirms that supposition, however.

Trout of the size I have had an opportunity of studying, up to seven or eight inches or so, rarely take caterpillars, hairy or hairless, though the

smaller ones are preferred. How, then, shall we account for the taking qualities of hackle flies, black, brown, red, or grey, supposed to resemble this phase of the insect? Evidently only on the ground that to the trout these flies represent some other insect, perhaps the larvae stage, as a completely drenched hackle would have the damp fibers thoroughly plastered to the body.

FEW of the trout under observation took May flies, or drakes, large or small, though the smaller had the preference. Is this merely a freak or a coincidence? The tastes of trout are supposed to vary with age and size. At least the statement has been made that small brown trout do not eat minnows, while the larger ones make them a principal article of diet. I tried this out one summer on a small brook trout. Several minnows much smaller than the trout were put in the pail of a specimen that had been in captivity for several days and was feeding well. All the minnows were killed but none was eaten. Another specimen ate several minnows but refused to take others subsequently.

When the angler has made the proper guess he is often rewarded by a double

On lakes which I have fished and in which were caught brook trout up to seven or eight pounds I have often noticed large upwing flies sailing along untouched, while the broken-off wings of large, furry, light-brown or greyish moths, floating on the surface were plain evidence of what large brook trout had fed on either during the night or early in the morning. The artificial May flies of various sorts are considered one of the main stand-bys of the dry-fly man, and in England brown trout are taken on living specimens of the species. Personally I have been more successful when using small artificials, drakes, 12, 14 or 16 hook.

Sometimes they fail lamentably. I recall on one occasion casting for twenty minutes to a large trout. I could plainly see it and judged it to be about sixteen inches long. It would not take any wing-fly I offered but came up at the first cast of a fuzzy, red squirrel-tail specimen.

In the case of the artificial drake, may not the wings, in their parachute shape, really suggest some kind of moth rather than the fly they are intended to represent? There are moths which have outspread wings of a netted appearance. The trout may possibly mistake the artificial drakes for these insects, especially as the artificials are tied with wings which do not stand vertically, as in the naturals.

All my trout took mosquitoes eagerly, the soft body evidently being considered a juicy morsel. This insect is so fragile in appearance that an accurate copy of it would be very difficult to make. It would have to be dressed very thin in wings, legs and body and be tied on a small hook, about a No. 16. Then it should prove successful—if any judgment may be formed from my experiments.

Of equal estimation with angle worms, most small, mealy-winged insects were ravenously taken by the trout under my observation. These insects ranged from a quarter to half an inch or even up to three-quarters in length. They varied in color from a dirty white or cream through various shades of light brown. Some were white with dots of black or brown arranged in circular fashion across the wings. With some, when at rest, the wings were close to the sides. In other specimens the general wing-shape, seen from above, was triangular.

Those with darker or spotted wings were perhaps not so well liked as those of lighter color. Yet many of our successful flies, the Professor, Grizzly King, Queen of the Water, etc., are tied with feathers to imitate just such insects. It may be noted that perhaps the most popular fly, the Coachman, has a white wing. However, when wet, the feather has a different appearance, and this may also be true when it is seen by the fish through a different medium, the water.

Small, black insects, with pulpy bodies and soft wings and legs, were also quite freely taken. Many of these were so small, like the "smuts" or "curses" of the British angler, that an artificial reproduction would be practically an impossibility. The largest would not require a hook larger than a No. 14. The wings for the most part were quite inconspicuous, and the artificial should have the hackle more in evidence than the wings, which should be just enough to make the fly "cock" as it falls upon the water.

In the floating fly, properly placed, I doubt if the fish sees very distinctly much of the part of the fly that is out of the water, at least when a breeze is blowing. So those parts of the natural, the underside, should be imitated in the artificial which are most conspicuous to the fish.

NONE of my trout had any desire for ants, wingless or winged. Some of the fish would barely notice the insect as it fell upon the water. Others would seize it but eject it after chewing once or twice.

Spiders of certain sizes and kinds were readily taken. They were mostly quite small in size and brown or light grey in color. "Daddy-long-legs" were not taken at all, even if they fell into the water by chance. I would sometimes find the drowned spider of this species in the water, apparently untouched by the fish. I have learned, on the testimony of a reputable British angler, that this kind of spider is so readily taken by brown trout in England as to constitute it one of the standard baits.

"Spiders," as they are called in England, that is, artificials tied with a slim or plump body and with two or three turns only of the hackle at the head, make a very effective lure—a circumstance I can readily understand from the attitude of my trout toward the naturals.

The long-legged, rather fragile insects, known as spinners, did not seem to be very attractive to any of my fish. They were often seized but rarely swallowed, usually being promptly ejected after two or three mastications. If trout do not possess the sense of taste, as some aver, upon what sense do they depend to discriminate, while they are still in the mouth, between mosquitoes and small spinners? To my touch, the mosquito is soft and pulpy, while the spinner has a harder, more wiry feeling. Various kinds of artificials, known as "spinners," seem to be successful in getting rises from trout. Perhaps, many times, it is only necessary that the fish barely seize the lure in order that a skillful angler set the hook.

A fish must have some sense by which

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FISHING THE DEPENDABLE WET FLY

THE TIME OF DAY AND THE BRILLIANCY OF THE SUN ARE TRUSTWORTHY GUIDES IN SELECTING THE PROPER LURE

By EUGENE V. CONNETT, 3RD

I HAVE no intention of attempting to prove that wet fly fishing is more elegant or more effective than fishing with a dry fly; I should, however, like to give full credit to this ancient and very honorable method. During the past few years our more expert anglers have become more and more addicted to the dry fly, until in a very natural sort of way, it has almost become understood that if one really is a top-notch fly fisherman he uses nothing but a dry fly. And we find man after man who does not even carry a wet on the stream any more. Considering the comparative newness of dry fly fishing in this country, the delicacy required in handling the floating fly properly, and the great success achieved by those who have mastered its use, a possibly justifiable opinion has grown up among the dry fly men that they are just a tiny bnt superior to those old-fashioned fellows who still use more than one fly and fish them wet.

Now before uttering another word on the subject let me say that I use a dry fly at least half of the time, that several years ago I would use nothing but a dry fly, and that I considered myself just a bit superior at that time to the wet fly fisherman. So that anything which I may say that reflects in the least on the enthusiast for floating flies is directed against myself with just as much severity as it is against any one else. Two or three years ago some one told me that for every ten expert dry fly fishermen there was but one expert with the wet fly. That remark set me thinking and watching; before the year was out I agreed with my friend, except that I placed the ratio as one to twenty. The average angler that one met on the stream, who was casting a floater, appeared to be quite proficient in its use; while the average man using a wet fly showed clearly that his knowledge of and experience in the game was very limited. I almost came to the conclusion that adepts in the art of wet fly fishing would soon become extinct, and, with just that touch of contrariness that is found in most of us, I started in to master the art. It would be foolish to say that I had mastered it, for no one has ever mastered any branch of angling or shooting, and probably no one ever will—hence the undying interest in these splendid sports.

FOR the benefit of those who perhaps have had less opportunity than I to study the subject, I will jot down a few random remarks which may prove helpful. First let me say that the new school of nymph fishermen, who are developing a most delightful and killing variety of wet fly fishing, are not referred to when I speak of wet fly fishermen. Their methods are too nearly related to dry fly work, in that they cast upstream, impart no motion to their fly, and frankly imitate a living insect which is drifting down with the current. The wet fly methods I am now interested in are those which were followed by Isaak Walton, Francis Francis, William Tod, Daniel Webster, Dr. Henshall and several fellows you may have heard of. They used all the way from one to three and four flies on a cast. Most of them fished with the current, and few of them did much more than talk enthusiastically about using an exact imitation of the fly on the water.

> Although it seems today that for every wet fly fisherman there are twenty who use the dry fly, there is a decided current of favor swinging back to the sunken lure, and many anglers who are not expert with the dry fly often fish it wet and catch their fish by the old school method.

An adept in the art of wet fly fishing

It has been the result of my observation and experience that the pattern of fly which will kill trout is rather more regulated by the state of the weather and water than by the species of insects on the water. As it is quite impossible to make any positive statements regarding fly fishing, it is to be understood that there are always many exceptions "which prove the rule." I have found that the time of day and the brilliancy of the sun are fairly trustworthy guides as to the size and color of the pattern to be used. As a general proposition the brighter the light and the higher the sun in the heavens, the smaller and darker the fly should be. In this I am assuming that the water is not in flood, but that on the other hand it is clear and of average height. Early in the morning and late in the evening larger sizes should be used, or can be used. In the middle of the day the smaller the fly the better. And when the water is clear, especially toward midday, one fly is plenty—in fact much better than two. If the day is overcast the fly may be a bit larger and sport more color. As a dark fly I have found Greenwell's Glory hard to beat; close to it come the March Brown and the Olive Quill. Early and late a somewhat larger Quill Gordon, or a Light Cahill are killers. After the sun has set the fly should become darker and darker, until when one is fishing in the dark, a Black Gnat is most visible against the sky to the trout. Remember that unless a trout can see the fly he will never rise to it; also remember that the brighter and quieter the water is, the easier the fish will be frightened; hence the smaller sizes at noon.

When the water is high and cloudy a very light-colored fly such as the Coachman is the best; it should be about size ten. In the early spring larger sizes should be used all day long, while by June one will taper off to size fourteen and sixteen. Two flies in April and May are a help; in June and July a hindrance. For night fishing in large rivers size eight and more particularly size six are valuable. Regarding the propriety of night fishing: I for one consider it great sport in those large waters where the really big fish—brown trout of three and four pounds—are to be found. These monsters rarely rise

during the daytime, and I see no reason why a fly fisherman should not try to take his share of them along with the men who fish for them with live bait and worms. Night fishing on smaller waters, for smaller fish which will rise during the day, is a horse of a different color, and to my mind one can well afford to leave these fish alone after dark.

A WORD now as to the tackle for wet fly fishing. In general I like it to taper down to the stretcher fly—just as Walton recommends. A seven or eight-foot leader, tapering from light trout size down to XXX drawn, with a dropper loop at least three feet from the lower end is my prescription. I use for a dropper fly one which is a size larger than the stretcher, or end fly. Thus on a clear May day, when the water has fined down, a size fourteen Greenwell's Glory for stretcher, with a number twelve Olive Quill above, make a very useful tandem. Naturally the line is a tapered one. There is some theory but a great deal more actual experience behind this desire to have the tackle taper: one makes a far neater cast with it, and the trout show their appreciation for neat casting by rising more often. Doubting Thomases must try it for themselves if they don't believe me. To have a good taper, and use flies mounted with snells, is the source of some difficulty. Those responsible for the tying of most commercial flies are only too apt to disregard the necessity for very fine gut on small sizes.

It is quite necessary to have the snell of the dropper match the gut of the leader at the point where it is attached, and even more important to have the snell of the dropper at least as fine as that of the lower end of the leader; otherwise it is almost impossible to lay the flies on the water neatly, and to have the point at which the fly and leader loop together look as it should. Of course one may use eyed flies without snells; this entails the use of tippets for the dropper, which are a nuisance, and means renewing the bottom link of gut on the leader every so often—another unmitigated nuisance. Just one more word on the subject of flies: they should tend to be long and narrow of wing, with quite sparse hackles. The hackles should also be *soft,* instead of the stiff variety such as are used on dry flies. The proper wet fly hackles are taken from hen birds, as a rule, and allow the fly to be sunk easily. A wet fly which lies over on its side, floating on the surface, runs a very poor second to a nicely cooked dry fly; and we should see that our flies are wetted thoroughly, so that they will sink below the surface as soon as they fall. This does not mean that they must be fished a foot under the top; it means that they must just go under without any tugging at them. A generation ago anglers paid a great deal of attention to their hooks, today they appear to be content with whatever the tier chooses to use. Here again, although theory hovers about the outskirts of the subject, experience has shown that the hook can be either good or bad. I have found by actual trial that Capt. Hamilton's hooks for large trout, as made by Hardy Brothers, Ltd., Alnwick, England, are not only the best for wet flies, but for dry flies also. An eyed hook is always preferable to a plain one, whether a snell is used or not. The old Sproat hook is a good one; also the Limerick in small sizes. To the angler who likes to land his difficult fish, and who is content with nothing but the best I strongly recommend the Hamilton hooks. There is a very good looking hook with flattened sides, known as a forged dry fly hook; I have had some very unhappy experiences with this in times gone by, and unless these hooks have been greatly improved in temper and strength since I used them they may be let alone with profit.

How few anglers of today ever think of sharpening their hooks! And how important it is to have the very sharpest points. Illustrative of the almost total lack of interest that is exhibited in the

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BIG-MOUTH BASS IN FLORIDA

TUCKED AWAY AMID THE PINES AND SPANISH MOSS ARE MANY LITTLE LAKES TO TEMPT THE WINTER VISITOR

By GEORGE H. MORROW

I RECENTLY made a trip to the back woods of Florida where numberless small lakes abound containing plenty of black bass.

My companions consisted of a tall, lean-looking Floridian named Walter, and Paul, a young fellow lately arrived from Phoenix, Arizona. Walter was a native of the country and knew where the best fishing places were to be found and was thoroughly familiar with the habits and haunts of all the wild things that roamed the timber.

It became evident, after we had progressed some time into the woods, that we were getting into low ground. There were marshy lakes almost hidden by dense undergrowth and semi-tropical shrubbery. Towering pines fastooned with Spanish moss, green squatty oaks, flowers in abundance and each little pool of water entirely surrounded with a ring of dense vegetation.

Arriving at a place somewhat higher than the surrounding ground, Walter pulled up and announced the end of the journey. We clambered out and soon were ready for the offensive on the bass. Walter discovered the old boat he had hidden some time before, and after we had bailed her out and got aboard the fun started. Paul and I were casting and Walter handled the boat. Paul got first blood by hooking a three-pounder, and from then on things happened "right pert," as they say in Texas. It was seldom that we made more than a half a dozen casts without getting a strike, and most of the fish were of good size, running from a pound and a half to five.

We had fished one little inlet of the lake and pushed through a narrow channel between the mainland and an island, when we came into a large body of open water. This place looked particularly good, and Walter verified our opinion, in his characteristic drawl, by allowing, "I'm surprised if you all don't hook some real trout in here." He called bass, as do all Floridians, trout. We had not proceeded very far when I noticed a bunch of hyacinths which projected some twenty or more feet out into the open water ahead of the boat. I made a mental calculation if there were any big fish in the lake they would certainly be there. It was identically the right kind of a spot for some old veteran to be hanging out in.

Shifting my position slightly so as to cast directly ahead, I made a try some ten feet past the point and three or four feet away. I pulled slowly across but nothing happened. I tried again with no result. The third time I resolved to get my bait as near the point as possible without touching. I made the cast and it lighted perfectly: about three feet beyond and just so that in pulling up, the bait would be about six inches away from the edge of the projecting hyacinths.

Just as the red and white floater came abreast the clump there was a ripple in the water. I felt a sharp tug and the bait disappeared. Two seconds later a bass broke water ten feet off the shore line. It was then we all realized what had struck the bait. Coming up full length out of the water, shaking the hooks on the plug till they fairly rattled, that old battler looked as large as a Swift's premium ham. Paul let his rod fall into the boat and jumped up with a yell like an Indian, and Walter, losing his customary lethargy, broke into the bedlam of noise that Paul was making, with such advice as: "Give him time, suh; don't pull too hard; careful with your line, suh; keep him in deep water."

All this time I was thinking if I had only put on a new line. I couldn't keep my mind off the fact that the line I was using was two or three years old and I was afraid it wouldn't stand the rushes

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THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL WILL BE TO studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and a refined taste for natural objects. August 14, 1873.

IN EARLY MARCH

THE snow of untrodden fields lies fair beneath the cloudy sky. Stone walls and rail fences, piled high with white, interrupt the nearer distance, and beyond the view is cut off by the woods, which show as a black band parting the whiteness of the snow from the leaden hue of low-hanging clouds.

One hesitates to walk out over these fields and to mar with careless footprint the smooth even covering that the kindly skies have spread over the earth, as if to protect Nature's plant-children from the winter's bitter cold.

At a distance the landscape seems lifeless, yet he who traverses fields and woods with open eyes will find familiar friends not a few. The hedge rows which border the lanes or separate the fields, shelter a multitude of birds that stay with us during the whole long winter; song sparrows and whitethroats and blue snowbirds and tree sparrows, all busy about their daily tasks. In the apple trees, feeding on the frozen thawed fruit still clinging to the stems, a group of pine grosbeaks may be found; siskins work in the birches, and crossbills among the cones of spruce and hemlock. In the cedars and chokecherry trees along the fences, a busy company of titmice is searching each crevice and cranny of the bark for insects and their eggs, voicing their contentment by the cheery call that has given them their name.

Wherever weed stems stand above the snow, tiny line-like depressions show the tracks where little sparrows have passed from one weed stalk to another, tearing to pieces each seed particle, looking for food. These are hard times for the small folks of fields and woods, when at the same time they feel the bite of cold and the pinch of hunger.

Corn and meadow lot alike are marked by long lines of tracks much larger than those of the crows. In the corn lot, holes in the snow show where the birds have dug down and uncovered a few grains of corn, and in the meadow, soil and blades of grass scattered on the snow show that here too they have unearthed some food, perhaps a few grubs or maybe a meadow mouse. By what sense do these canny birds so find their food?

Over these fields night and morning through this inclement season, the crows fare backward and forward in sable procession on their way to and from the salt water, where they feed at low tide. Yet if the cold is too bitter and the mud flats are ice-covered, even this uncertain food supply is cut off.

As we draw nearer the woods we see that they are no longer black but gray—a gray that grows paler as we draw nearer. At their very border we can look far into them, and see white snow within through a screen of interlacing twigs and tree trunks. What mysteries may not this screen conceal? Rabbits and ruffed grouse, and gray squirrels and perhaps a coon. Among the branches of these still gray trees may be resting, silent and watchful, great birds of prey ready to descend upon meadow mouse or squirrel—devourers of the farmers' crops.

It is the hardest time of the winter, yet even now a change is at hand; day by day the sun is gaining power, and at midday it gives out a grateful heat. Under its frozen covering the earth is already beginning to grow warmer and to stir, as if it feels some faint premonition of the awakening that is to come ere long.

SPEED OF BIRDS

CERTAIN species of hawks have a speed of 200 feet a second, or about 136 miles an hour. This might be a suitable rate for a racing airplane. The canvasback duck can fly from 130 to 160 feet a second, but its usual rate of 60 to 70 miles an hour would be pretty fast to be enjoyable in a plane making a pleasure trip.

The crow is the least rapid of a list of 22 migratory birds, flying an insignificant average of 45 feet a second, or 30 miles an hour. Of course this speed maintained steadily in an automobile would mean a very fair rate of progress, defying the speed laws in many communities. Most of the birds listed, however, do better than the crow. Curlews and jacksnipes can fly 55 and 65 feet a second, while quails, prairie chickens, and ruffed grouse can make 75 feet. The dove can reach a speed of 100 feet a second, or 68 miles an hour, although its usual rate is less. Redheads, blue-winged teals, green-winged teals, Canada geese, and different varieties of brant can fly over 100 feet per second, ranging in speed from 68 to 98 miles an hour, but usually fly at a much slower rate.

When one recalls the authenticated case of the little blue-winged teal traced by the Biological Survey from Lake Scugog in Canada, to Trinidad, South America, a distance of over 3,000 miles, it becomes clear that these very high speeds are valuable in enabling the migratory birds to reach their winter homes in warmer climates within a reasonable period of time. In the case of many birds the high speed attainable enables them to escape many natural or human enemies.

SNOW FALL

THE greatest snowfall known in the United States occurs in the Sierra Nevada and Cascade Mountain ranges in the Pacific Coast States, where at some places from 30 to more than 40 feet of snow falls during the winter season. At Summit, Cal., which has an elevation of about 7,000 feet, nearly 60 feet of snow have been recorded in a single season, and about 25 feet in a single month.

An appreciable amount of snow usually falls on more than 60 days of the year in northern New York, the upper peninsula of Michigan, northern Minnesota, and northeastern North Dakota, as well as in the higher elevations of the northern Rocky Mountains. Snow may be expected on as many as 30 days as far south as southeastern Pennsylvania, central Ohio, southern Wisconsin, and southern South Dakota, and on 10 days

in southern Virginia, western North Carolina, the northern portions of Tennessee and Arkansas, central Oklahoma, and northwestern Texas. In extreme southern South Carolina, south-central Georgia, northern Alabama, and south-central Texas, however, snow may be expected only on about one day during the winter.

The relative protection usually afforded winter grains by snow cover in different sections of the country is shown by the number of days that the ground remains covered with snow. East of the Rocky Mountains the number of such days, not necessarily consecutive, decreases with considerable regularity from more than 120 in most of central and northern New England, the mountain districts of northern New York, northwestern Michigan, and the northern portions of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and North Dakota, where the first snow is seen early in October, to 30 days in northern New Jersey, western Virginia, the southern portions of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois ,and central Missouri and Kansas, where it does not usually fall until after November 1st. South of Augusta, Ga., Birmingham, Ala., Vicksburg, Miss., and central Texas, the ground is covered with snow usually less than one day during the entire winter season.

FIREARM REGULATION

THE public, so far, judging by the arguments which have been advanced for and against the passage of anti-firearm legislation, seems to have failed utterly to grasp the full iniquity of anti-firearm laws of the virulent type. The proponents of these statutory nostrums by which they tell us the crime wave is to be checked declare that only the criminal will be hampered. It is obvious, however, that while it is doubtful that any law will keep the thug—who cares nothing for law—from arming himself that these laws will prevent many peaceful householders and marksmanship enthusiasts who respect the law from possessing pistols and revolvers.

The text of the many proposed anti-firearm laws which are being offered broadcast in the several State legislatures should be read carefully. Does the wording of the proposed statutes specifically limit its operation to hand guns or weapons easily concealed, or are its provisions capable of being interpreted as covering all classes of firearms from the miniature watch-pocket pistol or revolver to a 16-inch coast defense gun?

There are a few firearm-control bills which have sprung from honest, if misguided, efforts to keep weapons from criminals, and which have been drafted specifically to regulate the possession only of such weapons as are of practical use to law breakers in pursuit of their nefarious profession. Unfortunately the majority of anti-firearm bills, however, are so loosely drafted—it matters not whether purposely or unintentionally—that everything capable of propelling organic matter, from a hose to a howitzer, may be interpreted as falling under the ban.

A law which is not specifically limited to weapons easily concealed is capable of being interpreted to prevent the lawful possession of hunting weapons—rifles and shotguns—and wherever such a law is enacted, locally or nationally, it will not be long before some of the many reform fanatics will demand its enforcement to the full.

You may be one of the many shotgun enthusiasts and hunters who have felt that so-called Sullivan laws could not affect you and hence have taken little or no interest in this controversy of nation-wide scope; have made no effort to see that the proper type of anti-firearm regulation is enacted or to prevent the passage of laws which seek directly and flagrantly to infringe the constitutional right of the American citizen to keep and bear arms. If you are it behooves you to get busy and write your congressman.

FIFTY YEARS OF NATIONAL PARKS

IN the Annual Report of the Director of the National Park Service for the year 1922, attention is called to the fact that the past year marked the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the Yellowstone National Park, and as such the first national park on earth. The report says: "The idea of national park conservation was first advanced by Cornelius Hedges, a pioneer Montanan, at a campfire discussion on the evening of September 19, 1870. The famous Washburn-Langford Expedition was just concluding its trip into the Yellowstone area after a little more than a month's journeying of days filled with exhilarating surprises and had made camp for the night at the junction of the Firehole and Gibbon rivers. Discussion was entered into as to how the members could realize benefits from their exploration. Mr. Hedges said there ought to be no private ownership of any portion of that region but that the whole of it ought to be set apart as a great national park. The suggestion met with instantaneous and favorable response, and as a result of untiring work and concerted action Congress was persuaded to set the area aside two years later as a public park or pleasuring ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people. The national park idea has so seized the popular mind that from time to time since the creation of the Yellowstone, Congress, by special legislation, has set aside seventeen additional supreme scenic masterpieces for the exclusive enjoyment of the people as national parks, fifteen in Continental United States, one in the Hawaiian Islands, and one in Alaska. The Hot Springs of Arkansas, first reserved in 1832, for public use, was created a national park in 1921."

A total of 1,216,490 persons were reported visitors to the national parks and monuments during the past year, an increase of 44,493 persons over the record travel of last year. This year's total shows an increase of 881,691 persons more than were recorded in the parks only seven years ago in 1915. The national parks are perhaps the most popular institutions fostered and developed by the National Government to-day.

JACK-RABBIT PESTS

JACK-RABBIT campaigns, conducted in four States by the Biological Survey, have been particularly effective during the past year. In Idaho, Washington, Oregon, and Texas great numbers of jack-rabbits were destroyed by traps and poison. These rodents were unusually destructive to alfalfa, cotton, hay, muskmelon, lettuce, grain, and other crops. In 10 counties of Idaho 32,235 pounds of bait treated with 2,159 ounces of strychnine were used on 312,350 acres of land. By poisoning and by drives, 640,050 jack-rabbits, according to actual count, were destroyed in that State. In six counties in Washington 155,500 were reported killed, and in four counties of Oregon it is estimated that 350,000 were destroyed. In three counties of Texas 35,060 jack-rabbits were accounted for.

In Utah an annual jack-rabbit drive is held and many animals are killed by the combined efforts of many hunters. A very good description of such a drive is printed on page 107 of this issue of FOREST AND STREAM.

INLAND BIRD-BANDING ASS'N

A REVIEW OF WHAT BIRD-BANDING IN AMERICA MEANS AND HOW IT HELPS IN DETERMINING MIGRATION ROUTES

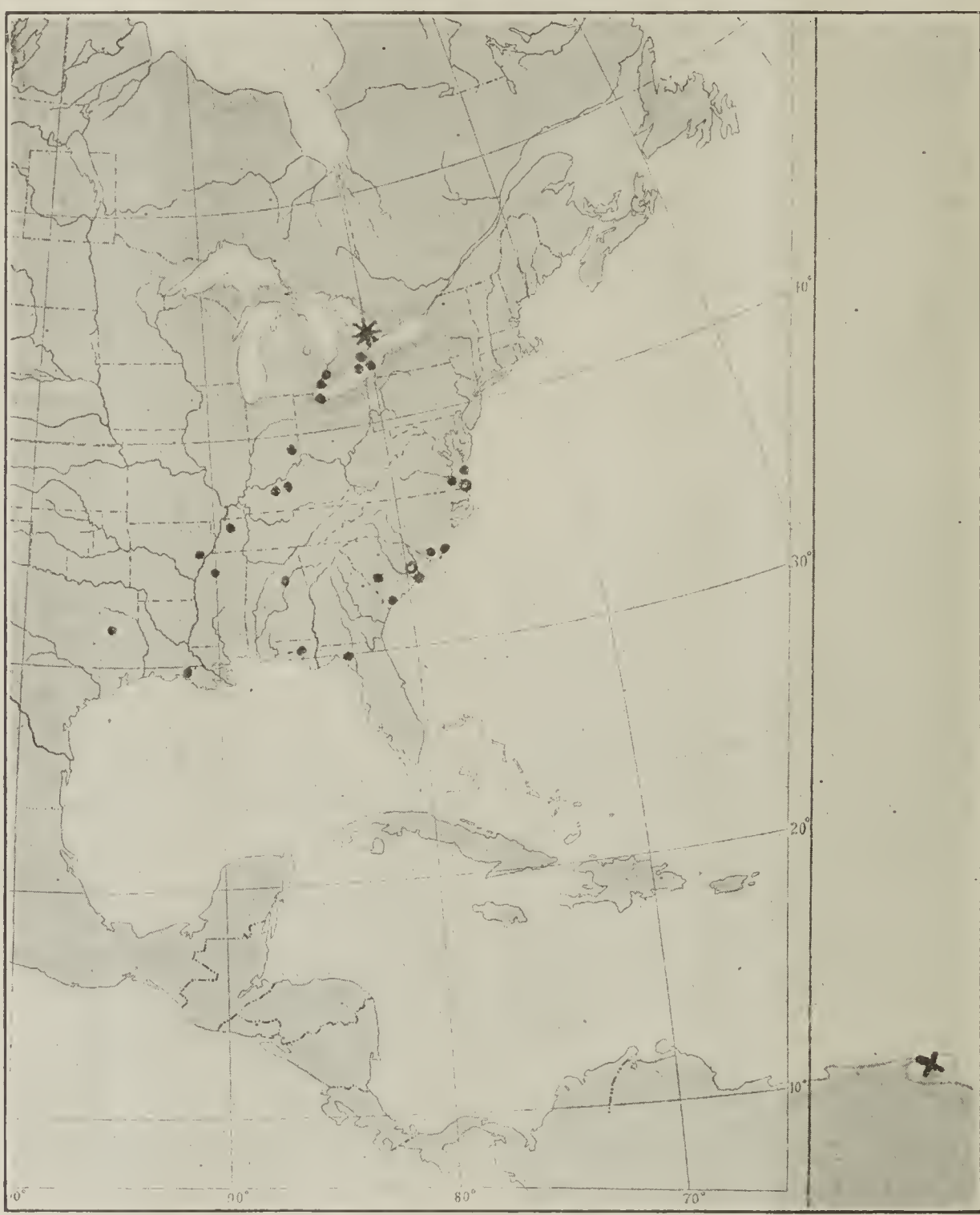
By JOHN T. NICHOLS

FOREST AND STREAM for April, 1922, published a note on the organization of the New England Bird-Banding Association. We are now in receipt of data concerning the organization of a similar association to aid the U. S. Biological Survey's study of life histories and movements of birds in the Mississippi Valley. This is to be known as the Inland Bird-Banding Association. Its president is S. Prentiss Baldwin of Cleveland; vice-president, Professor Leon J. Cole of the University of Wisconsin; treasurer, Herbert L. Stoddard of the Milwaukee Museum; and secretary, Wm. I. Lyon of Waukegan, Ill. We read:

"Do you know the fascination of trapping and banding wild birds? Have you held a bird in your hands, examined him carefully, released him, and then found that instead of being frightened away he comes back to your traps again and again; sometimes the same day, the same week, perhaps he reports to you nearly every day all summer; yes, and some of them year after year. . . .

"This method of bird study has been adopted by the U. S. Biological Survey (Washington, D. C.) and Special Permits for Bird-banding are issued to those who will volunteer to place the bands which are furnished by the Survey. . . .

"At Chicago, at the time of the meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union, on Tuesday, October 24, 1922, a bird-banders' dinner and meeting was held; it was a large and enthusiastic meeting attended by many ornithologists, from many parts of the United States and Canada. At this meeting the Inland Bird-Banding Association was formed, for the purpose of assisting and cooperating with the Biological Survey in organizing this work in Canada, and the Central States and the States of the Mississippi Valley, from the Appalachian Mountains to the Rocky Mountains and south to the Gulf of Mexico."



Map showing duck-banding returns

SPORTSMEN and out-door persons generally who are interested in birds should know something of what bird-banding is and its status in America at the present writing. Our knowledge of the natural history of wild animals everywhere suffers from a certain vagueness due to inability of distinguishing one individual from another. Each March robins return to sing in the dawn and nest in our gardens. We follow the vicissitudes of their family life with interest and see their speckle-breasted youngsters launched into the world. Then they mingle with flocks of their own kind and we know them no more. They may be wandering in the flocks of robins among the holly, mistletoe and gray-bearded trees of the southern states, they may be with the smaller flocks which almost any winter are to be found in sheltered swamps of southern New England. Who can say? Next spring they are back again, but are these the same individuals? Now and then we are convinced that some pair of birds are old friends, but how is one to prove it?

The expedient of marking individual birds so that they may be recognized again is not new. In Europe, especially, this has been done for some years on a rather large scale, and interesting facts have come to light concerning bird migration which could not have been obtained in any other way. The proven best method of marking is to place a small, light, metal band on the bird's leg bearing a serial number for identification purposes, and a request that the finder notify some central bureau, whence the band is issued and where records are kept on file.

AN idea of what has been done in this line of research in this country may be obtained by roughly sketching its history. Any bird-banding here prior to twenty years ago was of desultory character and very restricted scope. When interest in its possibilities first crystalized into a definite attempt to accomplish something along this line, with an organization for distributing bands to persons who would be interested in using them, of the several persons interested, Prof.

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THIS MONTH IN THE OUTDOORS

MARCH STANDS AT THE VERGE OF SPRING AND IS A MONTH OF PREPARATION FOR THE OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES TO COME

Best Place for Tarpon

JOSEPH W. STRAY, of 84 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y., who is thoroughly familiar with Florida and the Gulf waters, and has taken on the flats of Charlotte Harbor, Florida, a 55-pound tarpon on shoemaker's flax sewing thread, which, when tested on a testing machine at Useppa Island, broke repeatedly under a strain of from ten to sixteen pounds, writes this department as follows:

"You may have inquiry at some time as to the best place to catch tarpon. The very best tarpon fishing is to be had after the tourist season has come to an end. Owing to the building of a long jetty at Anansas Pass, Texas, that pass has lost the premier place as tarpon ground, and Boca Grande Pass on the Florida West Coast is now the very best place in the whole United States at which to catch tarpon.

"To many Northern anglers the name Florida conjures up pictures of great fish and anticipations of capturing them. Many expect that hunting can be combined with fishing, yet the hunting season and the best period for taking fish are not coincident as to time.

"The hunting season begins on November 20th and ends on February 15th following, making a period of 88 days; during this time a non-resident hunter, by paying $25 fee for each county shot in, may kill two deer, five wild turkeys and 300 of any other game birds. No sex restrictions on either quail or turkeys; 20 quail, 25 ducks, 8 geese, 8 brant, 25 Wilson snipe and 6 woodcock may be killed in one day and all this game may be found in Lee County.

"The best all around fishing is in the spring. The fishing guides have a bromide that says: "It costs a Northern angler a thousand dollars to visit Florida and take a tarpon during January, February or March"; that is a true saying, for tarpon are not in season during those months, though some are taken along the East Coast during March; however, about the time of the full moon during May, June or July, tarpon may be taken in Boca Grande Pass, on the Florida West Coast, by anyone who chooses to fish for them there. Knowledge of how to handle these fish is not necessary to get the strike, the guide will measure the line and mark it so that the bait may be kept at the proper depth.

"The Gasparilla Hotel at Boca Grande closes for the season on May 1st. The Tarpon Inn on Useppa Island, 4 miles north, closes after lunch on May 31st. The best tarpon fishing begins about June 1st and arrangements should be made for food and shelter after June 1st before starting for this little village on the edge of the great Florida wilderness. Mrs. N. Hamel manages The Palmetto Inn at Boca Grande and can care for thirty to forty guests at one time. She takes men and women both as guests and will arrange for guides also."

Trout Time Next Month

NEXT month is the beginning of trout time in many states for the brook, brown, rainbow and other members of the tribe, and wise men obey that impulse, as the advertising man says, and go fishing. The warm days of spring make the sap rise in plants, animals and mankind and when the trout calls, men and women need a trouting trip to take the spring fever out of their system.

"Where are the trout?" is a question often asked. That is the great joy of angling, to go out and find them and to discover in the great outdoors the big, delightful place it is to live in.

Forest and Stream conducts this department for the purpose of telling sportsmen where to go and what to do throughout each month of the year. It is not a mere directory but is intended to be a newsy department of interest to men who fish and hunt.

It is conpiled by Alexander Stoddart, who was Rod and Gun editor of the New York *Press*, the *Sun*, and the New York *Herald* for the twenty years from 1900 to 1920.

Flies for Trout

A well-known angler who is fond of brook trout fishing and has kept notes, believes that darker flies are better in the early months of spring than later in the season. For April and May, his fly book contains the following flies: Cowdung, Stone, Yellow Sally, March Brown, Wickham's Fancy, Olive Quill, Royal Coachman, Montreal, Gray Drake, Hare's Ear and Black Gnat. The Parmachene Belle he likes during May and after that, say in June, Yellow Sally, Ibis, Royal Coachman, Montreal, Katydid, Imbrie, and Gray Drake.

Yet as to what flies to take on a fishing trip probably Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Irvin Shrewsbury Cobb, Ellis Parker Butler, Robert W. Chambers, Dr. Robert T. Morris, Louis Rhead, Charles Zibeon Southard, Dr. John D. Quackenbos, Dan Beard, Gifford Pinchot, Perry D. Frazer, Sam S. Stinson, Robert H. Davis, Peter A. Farley, Dr. J. W. Droogan, Dr. F. C. Raynor, Eugene V. Connett, 3rd, and Kenneth F. Lockwood, men who know the fish familiarly, even intimately, would hardly agree on the three best flies, but it would make one of the most interesting discussions if these men met, say at a fishermen's gathering, and held an experience meeting. Seriously, or not, as you may take it, Irvin Shrewsbury Cobb's three favorite flies are:

1. A good, durable angle worm.
2. Another worm.
3. Another to the preceding two worms.

The Club's Championship

MARCH is a good time of the year for angling clubs to get together and decide upon the club's champion—a decision that will come later with the opening of the trout season. It stimulates good fellowship, gets the men outdoors and promotes a fine spirit. All that is needed now is to assign a date for the outing and formulate some simple rules such as the Anglers' Club of New York uses. The four conditions to be met follow:

"All fish must be taken by the method commonly known as fly fishing.

"Either wet or dry flies may be used, with no restrictions as to patterns.

"Fly rods of any weight and length are allowed.

"Scoring by points, which are made up by multiplying the length of the fish by its weight. A ten-inch fish weighing seven ounces would score seventy points."

King of Speckled Beauties

A NEW JERSEY reader asks about the largest brook trout ever caught by angling. The record is held by Dr. J. W. Cook of Fort William, Ontario, Canada, who caught on the evening of July 22, 1915, at the foot of McDonald Rapids, so far as records are known, the largest brook trout ever recorded. The fish weighed 14½ pounds. This king of speckled beauties took a live minnow, and ten or more men in the party attested to the weight and species of the fish. The fish was weighed at Nipigon and at Fort William.

The fish was skinned, the skin split along the back into two halves and each half was mounted after the manner of the Nipigon Indians, by stitching the skin flat on the birch bark panel.

That the question of doubt would naturally arise, the skin was submitted in Ottawa to Alexander Finlayson, Inspector of Fish Hatcheries of the Dominion, who reported: "I am convinced it is a speckled trout. The square tail, short head, and the abrupt curve of the lateral line all go to show this."

It might be interesting to record that when Edwin W. Sanborn, who has a

(*Continued on page* 134)

A REFLECTING BAKER

EVERYONE is more or less familiar with this handy little device and it can be easily made at home. The size of the baker depends upon the size of the baking pan and should be made accordingly; the illustration will show a size suitable for one man, which will hold two frying pans and will bake biscuits or anything else.

Aluminum or tin may be used to make it, the former is the best, and the weight when completed is one and a half pounds. It fits nicely in the pack sack. The chief requisite is to keep the inside bright if successful baking is expected, therefore, to protect the bright surfaces it should be constructed in such a manner that these will be inside when folded. The illustration shows the inside or bright surface on top, and this must be kept in mind at all times when laying it out. To close it, fold over the points L, M, N and O on top of P and Q, then bring together the two parts P and Q, this will make a package 14⅝ inches by 9¼ inches and 5/16 inch thick.

The only tools required are a tin shears, hammer (a wooden mallet is better), pliers (with wire-cutting attachments if possible) and a file to remove the burrs from the edges of the metal and holes. An ice-pick may be used to prick the holes. Procure some galvanized iron wire not over ⅛ inch thick, and sufficient sheet aluminum of a little under 1/32 inch thick.

There will be required one each of the following: L, M, N and O, of which all are alike, except that U and S are the same on L and N and T, also section A A is the same on M and O; one each of P and Q is also required, and both are identical, except the hinge notches at V and W which are varied to fit into one another. All hinge notches as indicated at B or V-W and all others not specifically lettered must be bent upward and over as indicated at C, that is, they must all point in one direction when assuming that the pieces are laid as shown in the illustration; the pieces as shown at L, M, N, O, P, Q represent the way they will look after being cut out and lugs put on. When ready for bending the hinge lugs, the wire at K will serve as a hinge pin and a support at the back end as shown at J. The one end of K cannot be bent to shape until it has been placed in its respective position. The pointed end is placed on a small flat rock or twig to prevent its sinking into the ground; for all other

WE are depending upon the friends and admirers of our old correspondent Nessmuk to make this department worthy of his name. No man knew the woods better than Nessmuk or wrote of them with quainter charm. Many of his practical ideas on camping and "going light" have been adopted by the United States Army; his canoe has been preserved in the Smithsonian Institution; and we hope that all good woodsmen will contribute to this department their Hints and Kinks and Trail-tested Contrivances.—[EDITOR.]

hinge pins the detail at R is used; all notches for hinge lugs in this case are cut 13/32 inch deep, just enough to bend around the wires R and K. This is important in order to get tight joints.

The hole in the lug at S will come in line with the hole at T when the baker is set up, and the wire at E is then inserted as shown at H and locks the oven so it will not fall apart when moved around. The notch at U provides clearance for F when it is in position as at G. This will keep sides intact and prevents

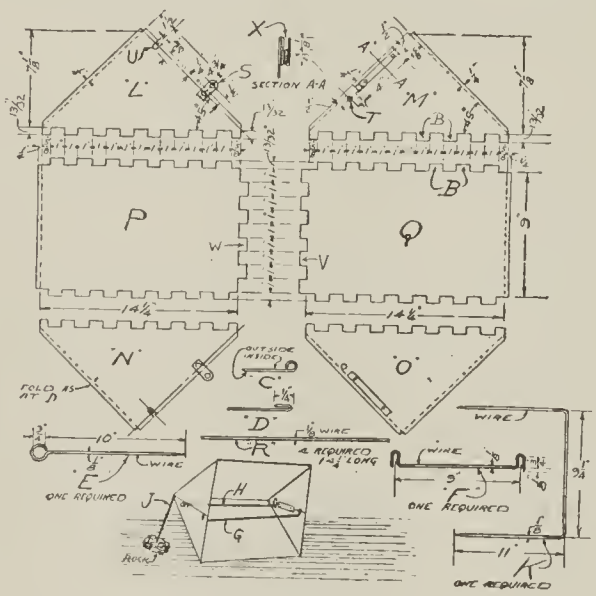


Diagram of reflecting baker

them from bulging out or in. Incidentally the wires E and F serve as a support for the baking pans, and these are the only loose parts.

Sufficient margin should be allowed when laying out, to permit folding the edges as shown by dotted lines or at D. The piece shown at section A-A is riveted to the sides with small shingle nails; the nails must be heated red hot and allowed to cool slowly before they can be used as rivets; the edges of L and N fit in the recess at X when the baker is set up.

A few brief suggestions on how to use the reflecting heater: A back log will be required to reflect the heat of the fire; rocks may be used in place of logs, or the fire may be built against a bank. Use only small, dry sticks, which can be broken with the hands, in order to furnish a quick hot blaze. Keep enough fuel on hand so you can devote your time to baking, as this will require close watching. If one end bakes faster than the other, the pans should be reversed. Use a dish towel or gloves to handle the baker or pans to avoid burnt fingers, as it will get hot.

To bake biscuits, put them in the baker and set only near enough to the fire to get a fair heat in order to let the biscuits raise, then move the baker up close to the fire and bake. The time required to bake biscuits depends on conditions. If there is no wind and the fire is good and hot it should not take over twenty minutes. To test them to see if they are done, insert a fork in them, and if no dough adheres they are ready for the table; this is better than trying to time them.

THERE are many dainties which can be prepared in camp with these little bakers: To make a batch if biscuits for one man, use one half pint (one cup) of flour, sugar level teaspoonful, baking powder rounding teaspoonful, salt three-fourths teaspoonful, and one-half cup water; the baking powder, sugar, salt and flour should be mixed dry, to which is added three-fourths teaspoonful of lard or grease; then add water sufficient to make a stiff dough; do not put the hands in it, use a spoon. To roll out the dough take a long piece of oilcloth 18 inches square, white preferable, and lay it over the baker when folded, sprinkle well with flour both on oilcloth and on top of the dough so it will not stick. Use a peeled stick on a can to roll the dough; cut the biscuits of sufficient size to make two rows in each cook kit pan. I might mention that the oilcloth can be folded and packed inside the baker where it will keep clean. This little outfit is certainly worth the trouble to take along on your trips no matter whether it is for two days or two weeks.

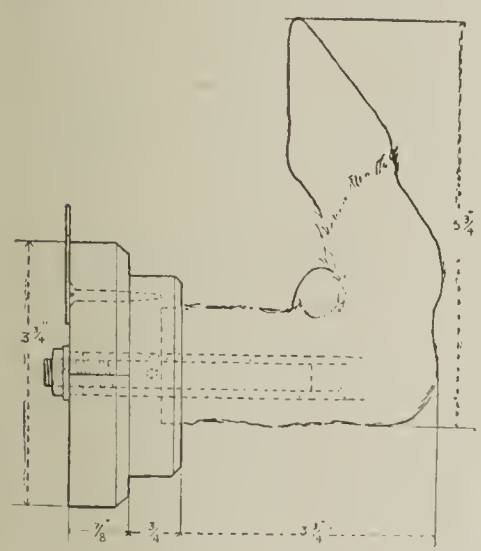
P. C. KANGIESER, Kansas.

A DEER-FOOT GUN RACK

I CAME out of the woods with four more feet than I had gone in with; harder feet, too, were these daintily formed leg-ends than my number eights—I realized, after the first two or three days of tramping that my feet, as well as the rest of my plump self were, to put it mildly, distressingly soft.

Those feet (not mine but the other ones), had been so useful to the previous owner that it really did seem a shame to throw them away now that he could use them no more; they ought to serve some purpose—what could I do with them?

As I thought the matter over, there came to mind the interior of a log-built hunting shack belonging to a friend of mine, a member of the tribe Disgustingly Rich. The walls, as I recalled them to mind, had been adorned with all manner of trophies: heads of deer, moose, elk, cat and bear gazed pleasantly or balefully, according to the nature of the beast, across the fire-lit space to where record fish, much out of their element, seemed in the flickering light of the fire, to writhe beneath the protecting glass. I recalled his guns and rifles—



Side view of deer-foot gun rack

Gee! how I would have loved one or two of that array of beauties. As I thought of those guns I remembered how he had them supported on the walls and then I knew just what I would do with those four feet that so lightly and swiftly had carried the huge buck that once possessed them, through swamp and wood. I decided to try to construct a rack for my little 30-30 carbine. I felt that I was not up to mounting the head in a very life-like manner, so *that* I had left to more experienced hands up in the woods to be shipped to me later, but a rack I thought that even such a dub as I might contrive very well. I do not know if I went at it right or if I did it at all in the way it would have been done at a taxidermists, but the result is up to my expectations and that is saying a whole lot, too, as I really think that I am more critical of my own work than some tolerant friend might be.

For the benefit of the chap who likes to fuss with tools and who might profit by my experience, should he wish to make something of the kind, here goes for a description of how I did it.

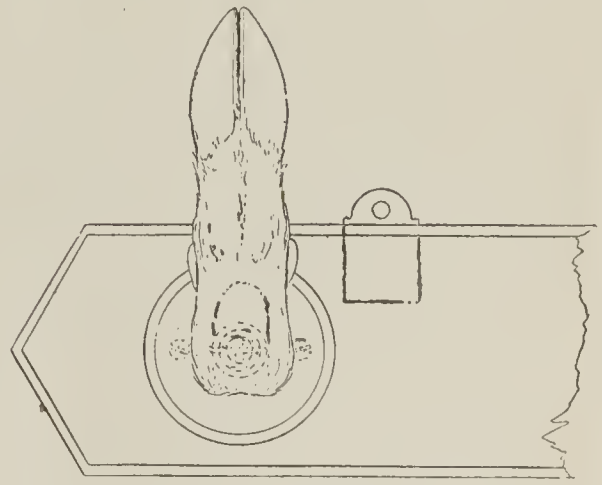
FIRSTLY, the hoof: with a stick and a metal rod that I flattened at the end, I cleaned out the marrow from the bones. Before the bones, hide and sinew became hardened I bent up the hoofs to an "L" and tied, in the position as shown in the side view of the illustration, with a heavy piece of twine. I then packed them in wet salt for about a week so the hide would become well salted, then brushed them off and hung them up to dry. I had cut off the hide down to about where I wanted it, leaving about a quarter of an inch to allow for shrinking. I let them hang up where it was warm for about a month, then removed the strings. By that time they had dried out nicely and they were ready to be worked up for fastening to the board or panel or whatever else was decided upon.

I procured a nice piece of chestnut—did you notice that "I procured"? Well, all directions in any well written article, start off with the word "procure." I am so doggone poor that I hardly ever buy anything anyway — it is nearly always necessary for me to "procure," so as I have said, I procured a nice piece of chestnut, about seven-eighths of an inch thick, three and three-quarters of an inch wide and twenty-eight inches long. These dimensions of course may be changed to suit one's ideas, but the rack I describe nicely holds my little carbine, so I will give the dimensions followed in making my rack.

Two round blocks, two and seven-eighths inches in diameter and about three-quarters of an inch thick I screwed to the panel as shown to give additional thickness of wood as better supports to the bones. Through the centers of these blocks and the panel I bored holes with a five-eighths inch bit. These holes are twenty-one inches from center to center.

Now for the hoof or foot—I cut off the hide to about where I wanted it to project from the block. At that point I sawed down through the sinew and trimmed away until the bone was laid bare. With a flat file I rounded up the bone to fit the hole snugly, being careful not to file off so much of the bone that the walls would be too thin. The thicker the bone is left the better; if the bone is a large one it is better to make a larger hole through your panel rather than to file the bone too much. I spoiled one hoof in not being careful in this direction; I used a half-inch bit for the holes at first and filed one bone so thin that in forcing it into the block it broke square off, much to my sorrow as I had planned at first to make a rack that would hold all four feet.

Now shove the bone into the hole until the hide butts against the face of the round block and with a pencil mark upon the block the outline of the hide-covered bone. With a gouge or chisel cut a recess in the round block (I made mine about three-eighths of an inch deep) for the hide-covered bone to fit into a way,



Front view of deer-foot gun rack

to keep the hoof from turning. When both feet have been fitted they may be permanently fastened to the panel; if no great weight is to be supported, marine glue or some good ferrule cement will answer for fastening, but I put mine in for keeps. I procured some long brass machine-threaded screws, nearly the same diameter as the holes in the bones. I cut off the head end and filed the sides of the shank flat. I melted up some black cement, such as I use on metal fishing-rod ferrules, and covered the screws with

(*Continued on page* 145)

LETTERS, QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

WESTERN TROUT WATERS

Dear FOREST AND STREAM:

HAVING long been a follower of fly fishing and also a student of fish life I am naturally much interested in all new developments in artificial lures.

I probably was the first man to introduce the dry fly on Western waters and in the course of the past thirteen or fourteen years have produced many converts. However, our waters are quite different in all respects from the Eastern streams and absolutely opposite in nature from the streams on which Mr. Halford developed the dry fly.

Much could be written on the use of the dry fly as well as other lures in reference to their use on fast water. I have found that to successfully use them on fast water one must become educated in a new *science,* so different is the method which brings best results. To say the least I have demonstrated that even one unaccustomed to the use of the dry fly can procure larger fish with it under most conditions than can be taken under similar ones with the sunken fly.

At one time there was a body of water that was undoubtedly one of the finest and best adapted places for the ideal use of the dry fly in America or probably in the world. This was located in what was known as the Big Meadows and was the headwaters of the North Fork of the Feather River, consisting of a series of large springs. The enormous volume of water that came from these springs ran off very slowly through rather deep sloughs. In 1911 I probably cast the first dry fly that had ever been dropped upon these waters. The net result was that during my stay at the meadows I killed larger fish than were known to exist there and much larger than I had ever before taken there myself.

The year 1911 was the last year that fishing could be had in the Big Meadows as it was dammed up by the Great Western Power Co., and a lake formed. Last year I saw a rainbow taken with light tackle by a lady from Reno, Nev., that weighed 24½ pounds. The fish, however, are not fit to eat unless they are taken up in the streams.

Late last fall a friend and myself observed in one pool what we estimated as eight to ten tons of these rainbows from this lake, ranging in size from 6 inches to 36 or 40 inches in length; probably some of these fish weigh as much as 40 or 50 pounds and even more. The largest that there is any record of was 36 pounds and this fish was taken out of a flume or ditch by a U. S. Forest Ranger and returned to the stream.

Mr. Rhead's recent article in FOREST AND STREAM was of great interest to me especially at the mention of our friend and benefactor Chas. Orvis. I have a very interesting file of letters from Mr. Orvis which I hold in highest esteem. For years I used to send him all the feathers from the birds bagged on my trips afield. On receipt of a package of duck, snipe or curlew wings, would come in return a letter of heart-felt thanks and some interesting news. I would not part with these letters for anything. They breathe "goodfellowship, kindness, good-will and true sportsmanship" in every word and are a lesson worthy of being written in the creed of all true sportsmen.

E. B. HUMPHREY, California.

DEER HUNTING IN HAWAII

Dear FOREST AND STREAM:

BACK home in the States the deer hunting season is at a time when the frost is in the air, when the cold, snappy weather makes your ears, toes and fingers tingle, and warm, snug hunting jackets are in order.

Out here in Hawaii frost is unknown, and most of the natives never heard of it. It's warm all the year 'round and we often hunt in our undershirts—depending, of course, on the kind of game we're after and the character of the country—but we always wear as few clothes as possible.

The hunting on these islands is unsurpassed, game of all sorts is abundant, and Americans fresh from the States who are real sportsmen, lose little time in taking a trip and getting into camp. The wild boar and the chita (Japanese deer), afford the best sport.

The chita is about the size of the American deer, perhaps a little heavier, is covered with white spots, and is exceptionally speedy, extremely wild and very clever. They often fool the huntsman by their wily tricks. Their sense of smell is exceptionally acute, even when the wind is blowing in the hunter's favor, and they seem to be able to scent a man for a great distance. Therefore one must expect to get only long range shots at them. I have been hunting them for a number of years and always used a Savage .303, Featherweight (20" barrel)—it gives perfect satisfaction and others who use the same gun express the same opinion.

Chita are to be found among the foothills of the higher mountains of the islands and they exist in abundant numbers. It must be remembered that hunters are few out here in Hawaii as compared with the great numbers who rush to the hunting grounds when the season opens in the United States. The season here is from September 1, to January 1—four months. The natives, having gone to the towns and cities, no longer do much hunting, so the white men (mostly Americans), have things pretty much to themselves.

It's a splendid country in which to hunt. The scenery is magnificent, the air at night is glorious; simply ideal for camping. Cool breezes and brilliant moonlight, such as one only sees in the tropics. Warm blankets are required at night and only during mid-day is it uncomfortably warm. We take that time to eat our dinner and then loaf for an hour or two with a good pipe or cigar to help pass the time.

Chita steak, as it is called here, is fine—good flavor and always tender, even the cuts from the oldest bucks being delicious. It is served quite generally in all Hawaiian lunch rooms and cafés.

For several years, on every trip I've taken I have tried to get a close-up photograph of a live chita, but have failed to even come near accomplishing it. You simply can't get close to them and there is no chance of their coming near you.

Just as an example of the very acute sense of smell of these animals, I can cite one particular incident that occurred on our last year's trip.

We discovered, by hoofmarks, a new drinking or watering place for the chita, and knowing the hour when they drink, we decided to hide in a nearby thicket and wait for them. Our hiding place was about 60 yards from the spot where they drank.

We had a wait of about an hour and a half, when in the distance we saw half a dozen chita approaching. They were moving very slowly, and, as is their custom, on the alert for any strange or unusual sight, smell or sound. They moved forward steadily till about 300 yards distant, then all of them stopped suddenly, as if they had received some sort of a shock. We decided to take hurried shots at them while they were motionless, but before we could raise our guns they bolted off in different directions, with the speed of lightning. Evidently they must have received a sud-

den whiff of us in their wonderful nostrils and it saved them from sure death.

It really requires a great amount of skill as a marksman and hunter to "get" these wild, wise and shifty animals and that is what makes it such good sport.

P. M. Smoot, Hawaii

THE ELK SITUATION IN MONTANA

Dear Forest and Stream:

FROM the door of my ranch house I can look out onto the winter range of the Gallitan elk herd now numbering about 2,000 head and ranging on the headwaters of the West Gallitan river from the Yellowstone Park line down as far as the mouth of Porqupine Creek. While designated as a herd these elk are never bunched up in one herd except in very cold weather and are usually scattered in bands of from ten to one hundred animals. During the summer months they live among the high ranges within the Park where the timberline meadows and little grassy parks furnish excellent forage and where the cool mountain breezes keep the flies from bothering them, but with the first heavy snows they commence to drift to the lower levels.

The open season for elk in southern Montana extended to December 15th, and in two counties until December 25th until 1921. Thousands of elk have starved because they were kept back in the Park by hunters until they were too weak to battle their way through the deep snows to where there was feed. Thousands more have been slaughtered when extremely severe snowstorms drove them out of the Park in great herds, as at Gardiner in 1919, and still other thousands have died when they got to their winter range and found it sheeped off so clean that there wasn't enough feed left for a rabbit. It really is a wonder that there are any elk left, but there are still about 20,000 in and around Yellowstone Park, and these would now have a fair chance for existence except for one thing: the Tooth Hunter.

The hunting season now closes November 15th, giving the elk a chance to get out before the snow gets too deep and there is a Game Commission that has the power to close the season before that date if conditions warrant it. The Forestry Department have thrown a good many sections of fine winter range into a Game Reserve, keeping the cattle and sheep off of it during the summer months so that when the elk come down there is something for them to eat. It has taken a long time to bring all of these changes and it looked as though they would come too late, but if we can put the tooth hunter out of business so that there will be enough bull elk to insure a good crop of calfs every year there is no reason why the elk should not hold their own or be on the increase.

At the Ninth Annual Game Conference of the American Game Protective Ass'n. on December 12th, Representative Johnson of Washington spoke on the evils of tooth hunting. He pointed out that if it were not stopped at once the elk in the Olympic Mountains in Washington would be exterminated, and he urged the Elks Lodge to discourage the use of the elk tooth for an emblem or charm. We know that it is no longer an official emblem but those who possess elk teeth continue to wear them, and those members who are not so fortunate are often willing to pay a good big price for a pair. That is what makes business for the tooth hunter and as long as he can find a sale for teeth he will manage to get them. The situation that the elk are facing in the Olympic Mountains of Washington is equally true concerning the herds in and around Yellowstone Park, for while tooth hunting has been stamped out within the boundaries of the Park by a large and efficient force of Rangers, the majority of the elk are outside of the Park boundaries at the most critical time of the year. It is when the snows are deep that the tooth hunters come in on skis. They are usually equipped with high power rifles and these are often fitted with Maxim Silencers. At this time of the year the full grown bulls herd together and I have seen as many as thirty-five or forty in one band. This makes it easy for the tooth hound to kill all he wants from one stand, pull the teeth and slide out of the country.

It would be a hard matter to keep a force of rangers large enough to insure the elk protection against this bunch of killers, for they are dangerous customers to handle and, furthermore, when they are caught, which is seldom, they get off with a small fine. They make this up by killing a few more elk at the first opportunity.

During the average fall the elk do not come out of the Park and its neighboring refuge, the Gallitan Game Preserve, lying just north of the Park on the east side of the Gallitan river, until about the middle of December. This is a month after the close of the hunting season. As there are less than half a dozen ranches on the upper West Gallitan and they are small and widely scattered there is nothing to molest these animals except the tooth hunter. These hounds usually come in from the Yellowstone River, north of the Park, and after making their killings they go out by the same route. Because of the killing of so many big breeding bulls there are not half enough for the number of cows and as a result the majority of these cows are barren every year. Such a condition cannot continue if we are to save the elk.

The average number of elk killed during the last five hunting seasons on the West Gallitan is about seventy-five (75) per season. This is less than a 5 per cent. cut in the herd every year, and the number killed by legitimate hunting would never be very great because the main herds of elk leave their winter range on the Gallitan about the first of May and do not come out of the Park again until after the hunting season. The elk that we have a chance to hunt are the few locals that hang around all summer, and the few that drift out of the Park before the hunting season is over. This hunting will never hinder the growth of the Gallitan herd, and as they now have a fine winter range very few are dying from starvation. The thing that is cutting down the herds is the tooth hunter, and he has to be stopped. The only effective way to stop him is to make it a disgrace to be seen wearing an elk tooth. If this is done and the winter ranges kept free from sheep and cattle during the summer months there will be plenty of elk for our great-grandchildren to hunt and their great-grandchildren following them.

Ernest Miller, Montana.

Elk range at the head of the West Gallitan River, Montana

THE BOSS BASS

Dear Forest and Stream:

A BOSS bass made his home in a pond in my neighborhood, under a small bridge that connected a beautiful island with the mainland. The waters of the pond are very clear, which made it easy to see the bass and study his habits. He was very large—quite the largest smallmouth bass that I have ever known in Bassdom. When I call him a "Boss" I speak advisedly, for it was very noticeable when he was absent and other fish were swimming in his home that just before he made his reappearance the other fish would disappear like magic.

For years many anglers tried to catch this bass without success. All the known bass bait had been offered to him. Angle worms had been given him; one large worm dropped in, then another, then one on a hook, then one above the one on a hook. He would take the first two, skip the one with the hook and take the one above the one with the hook and line.

The Boss bass became so afraid of being caught that he appointed a bodyguard. The bodyguard would swim just above and back of the large bass, and when the large bass would stop the little one would go ahead to investigate.

The fish that did accompany him was small, undersize, not legal to catch. It was the duty of the small fish to try the bait that was offered first. If he were caught he would be returned to the water. This line of defense was perfect. It is possible that the Chinese got their idea of making the cook try the food first, from a bass. Let that be as it may, it cannot be denied that the monstrous bass was shrewd. If the small fish were caught, the old fellow would not bother his head about the bait. The small fish was his menial.

In fact, the big bass was never seen without his bodyguard until a few months before he died, when it was discovered that the bodyguard was absent. (We assume he had tried out so many different kinds of bait for his master that he had to go to the hospital for treatment; or, perhaps in a moment of desperation, while suffering from the acute pangs of hunger, the master had eaten him.)

If our assumption is correct and the big bass ate his bodyguard, it was probably his last meal, for as time went on he became so suspicious and afraid to eat that he grew thin and weak and finally starved to death.

An old lady who lives on this beautiful island, saw him flapping in the water, and slipping a net under him, brought him to land—dead. He was a mighty fish in length and breadth, but emaciated in flesh.

How much better if he had let me catch him after a mighty fight! I know he could have put up the best scrap of his race! His build would have made the best fisherman take long breaths! He would now be mounted and hanging in the Hall of Fish Fame—a study for all good disciples of Isaak Walton—receiving the well-merited praise of all who had the luck to view him.

A. J. Fox, New York.

BLACKFEET INDIANS STARVING

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

WHILE visiting the Glacier National Park last summer, I devoted some of my time in examining quite a number of children and adults of the Blackfoot tribe, whose reservation lies at the foot of the eastern part of the Rocky Mountains.

I found that practically all children were undernourished, anæmic and showed clinical manifestations of active tuberculosis. The medical survey seemed to be entirely inadequate and neglected. The two weekly rations which are supplied to the Indians do not contain enough caloric values to sustain them.

The memoranda of my findings and suggestions for improvements were submitted as per request to the Indian Bureau at Washington, but no action has been taken as yet.

The Glacier Park, "the happy playground of the Blackfeet Indians," as one of our big railroads in its summer folder so proudly advertises, will be turned into a cemetery of the Blackfeet tribe before long. So the Redman has turned to the benevolent and generous tourist for help in his fight for justice for the many wrongs that have been handed to him since 1855.

Hunger and disease knock again at the Blackfeet Indian's teepee. I appeal to brother sportsmen for material help. Money contributions should be sent to the Blackfeet Indian Relief Fund, National Bank, Browning, Montana. Mr. James Willard Schultz, of Los Angeles, Cal., well known author of Blackfeet folk lore, has charge of this fund and will distribute the money to the most needy.

Act quickly and generously before the last of the tribe is gone.

DR. HANS NACHTIGALL,
2742 N. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Blackfoot camp in Glacier National Park

WINTER VISITORS IN FLORIDA

Dear FOREST AND STREAM:

DURING the years of the Great War the road of the winter tourist did not lead to Europe. Because of unsettled conditions abroad the road of all winter tourists does not lead to Europe now, but in 1914 it did and it does still, lead to Florida.

Every autumn since 1914 the current of travel has been towards the south and there is no substantial change in sight this year. By railroad, by steamship, by motor boat, my motor car, from all walks of life, from all sections of the United States, from Canada, even from countries across the ocean, travel moves steadily towards Florida to enjoy the genial climate of that peninsula. More than a million people, possibly, visit Florida each winter.

Ocean, gulf and inland resorts have been developed to such an extent that Florida affords more varied attractive accommodations during the winter months, probably, than any other state in this country, and California is not excepted.

There are all manner and types of hotels, from the most palatial to the

In the April Number

Early Spring Trout Fishing, by *Eugene V. Connett 3rd*, author of "Wing Shooting and Angling," a book which has attracted a good deal of interest among sportsmen. *Afloat and Afoot in Alaska*, by *Edward F. Ball*—a story of adventure on the mighty Yukon which will recall early pioneer days in our Northern Territory. *The Fire on Albany Mountain*, by *Paul Brandreth*—a reminiscence of Adirondack days. *How to Use a Compass*, by *Elon Jessup*. *Bass in Strange Waters*, by *Robert P. Lowry*. *W. Livingston Larned* continues his *Adventures in Comradeship*, and *Raymond Thompson* adds another chapter on *Trapping the Three River Zone*.

A Special Offer of
Ernest Thompson Seton

The Wizard of Woodcraft and Animal Lore

Read these Extracts— Then Send Today

Wild Animals at Home

"As he approached within forty yards. 'Now is your chance.' Then the wicked 'crack' of the rifle, the snort and whirl of the great, gray, looming brute, and a second shot as he reached the willows, only to go down with a crash and sob his life out on the ground."—Page 79.

Wild Animal Ways

"Another swing, a feint, and the Bear rushed in. Thud—thud—thud—went the huge paws. They staggered the Boar but did not down him. His white knives flashed with upward slash. As they reeled apart, the Boar was bruised, but the Bear had half a dozen bleeding rips." —Page 82.

Woodland Tales

"When the leaves have fallen and before yet the Ice-King is here, there come, for a little while, the calm, dreamy days when the Great Spirit is smoking his pipe and the smoke is on the land. The Redmen call them the Smoking Days, but we call them Indian Summer."—Page 126.

Two Little Savages

"The Fox sprung straight for the sleeper. Sleeping? Oh, no! Bunny was playing his own game. The moment the Fox leaped, he leaped with equal vigor the opposite way and out under his enemy, so Reynard landed on the empty bunch of grass." —Page 354.

Rolf in the Woods

"The buck made a furious lunge and Rolf went down. He was pinned at once, the fierce brute above him pressing on his chest, striving to bring its horns to bear. His only salvation had been that their wide spread gave his body room between."—Page 150.

The Book of Woodcraft

"The old buffalo hunters had an established signal. Two shots in rapid succession, an interval of five seconds, then one shot. This means, 'Where are you?' The answer, exactly the same, means, 'Here I am; what do you want?' "—Page 165.

2,275 Pages of Fascinating Wild Animal and Nature Stories, Indian Tales, Woodcraft—Profusely illustrated with the Author's Own Inimitable Drawings and Photographs—sent on 5 Days' FREE EXAMINATION.

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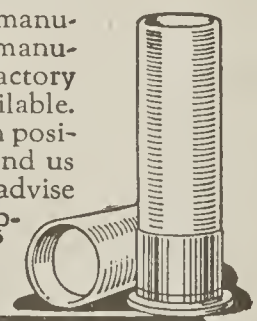

CORK TEX
The New WAD Endorsed by SCIENCE

most unpretentious. There are winter homes of millionaires, of near millionaires and of would-be millionaires. There are modest bungalows and democratic shanty house-boats.

When ice, sleet or snow cover the northern states; when the winds blow cold and cruel; when heavy and thick clothing must be worn to insure body warmth, it is exceedingly pleasant to sojourn where light clothing suffices and where the water is of such temperature that sea-bathing may be indulged in each day. Golf may be played regularly, for each village appears to have a golf course.

A profusion of fine vegetables are produced during the winter months and citrus fruits of extra de luxe quality may be gathered ripe from the trees.

The sport of catching fish for sport's sake may be enjoyed in the salt water along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts; in thousands of fresh-water lakes and in great rivers, some of which, like the Indian and Halifax rivers, are really but elongated salt-water lakes.

The whole state is a lure to the Nimrod as well as to the disciple of Isaak Walton, and the great Everglades jungle constitutes one of the few remaining natural habitats for deer, wild turkeys, quail and other game.

A large proportion of the wealth of the whole state lies in the potentials of this wild region; it forms a wonderful breeding place for all sorts of furred and feathered game; every deer in it is worth one hundred dollars to the people of the state of Florida and every wild turkey killed by a tourist represents the expenditure by the hunter of fifty dollars at least within the state.

The game and fish laws of Florida are a joke. Natural resources, wonderfully great, appear destined to be wiped out within a few years simply because the legislators of the state seem determined to encourage the killing of the goose that lays the golden egg. The greed of selfish interest will first, probably, be permitted to exhaust the supply of food fish and then the wilder regions will be made barren of game animals and birds, even of alligators. Seining for fish is permitted in fresh-water lakes, deer are killed without regard to size, age or sex, and five wild turkeys a season may be killed by each holder of a shooting license.

For general tourist purposes Florida may be divided into the East Coast Section, Interior Lake Region and the West (Gulf) Coast. The East Coast offers a chain of great resorts from Jacksonville down to Key West. The lakes and the rivers of the interior offer outdoor sports and upland beauties that insistently coax all who hunger after ease, comfort and recreation to flee from the frosts, storms and blizzards of northern latitudes. On the West Coast are many thriving communities, each of which possesses an individual attractiveness; Tampa, St. Petersburg, Pensacola, Cedar Key, Fort Myers, Panama City, Naples and Usippa Island amongst others. This is a new country to the northerner down in this region for the first time and its wonderfully alluring appeal becomes well-nigh irresistible after the tourist has journeyed to the latitude of Rockledge, which place is about one hundred and seventy-five miles, in an almost direct line, south of Jacksonville.

The auto-camping tourists, "The Nomads of the North," begin to trek towards Florida in October; from then on, for months, auto-tourists cross the state line daily at various places. As darkness comes on the occupants of these cars camp for the night, sometimes by the highway, sometimes in camping places set apart for such use and sometimes in places that are wild, junglelike, and primitive. Florida makes all the motor tourists welcome, for every community has a glad hand for the auto tourist and for his pocketbook. Each city, town or hamlet has these tourists; some localities have gone a long way seeking to make camping comfortable for these "Motor Car Arabs" and have erected assembly halls at camping places, established community post offices and provide fuel, water, electric lights and comfort stations free of charge. Committees of citizens often meet the incoming campers and make them feel so thoroughly at home that many "tin can tourists" stay for several weeks at places that appeal to them, or even for the entire period of rigorous winter weather in the north.

The camping motor tourists journey in cars of all sorts and that range in kind from luxurious traveling coaches to the most rusty sort of a "Tin Lizzie"; even auto trucks are sometimes utilized by camping parties. These motor campers constitute a grave danger to the game animals and fish of the regions traveled through, for nearly every camper carries along fishing tackle and a firearm of some sort; disregards the game laws utterly; catches fish and shoots game as opportunity offers and very seldom indeed has a proper license. Now that the state of Florida exacts from non-resident hunters a fee of $25 for each county hunted in, the number of auto tourists who take out proper licenses is very small indeed, yet it is the camping motor tourist who shoots game birds while they are dusting in the sunny places along the highway, who pollute streams and who often start destructive fires in the forests because of lack of proper care with camp fires or with smoking.

For all-around comfort and ease during the period when the North may be covered with snow or sleet or experiencing zero weather, no county in Florida exceeds Lee County. Lee is the largest of the fifty-two counties in the state and the average winter temperature is 64 degrees. It is on the edge and really forms a part of the great Florida wilderness, and offers to the anglers and hunters sport of a character not surpassed in any section of this country. The salt waters contain

Do Your Camp Cooking This Pleasant Way This Year

YOU don't have to return to the Cave-man stuff when you go camping this year. A deer-steak broiled or a trout fried in the open-air tastes mighty sweet to hungry hunters and fishers, and better yet when there are no ashes to blow into it or smoke to blind your eyes.

Let part of your 1923 camping outfit be the sturdy little Prest-O-Lite gas tank and Prest-O-Lite stove. The tank is the same that you see on practically every motor truck; takes up little room; and the stove, why, it folds into a space 1½ inches by 6 inches and it weighs just ten ounces.

It solves all your camp cooking troubles. No wood to collect and chop; no fire to make; no shavings for kindling. Just turn a cock and light it. It fries a nice big bass in four minutes; boils your coffee in four minutes. No danger of forest fires; no sparks, no smoke, no ashes, no ill-smelling fumes. NOTHING BUT SHEER COMFORT. Helps you have a clean, safe camp.

Would You Like Details?

One tank of Prest-O-Lite gas holds enough to cook three meals a day a week for four or five campers.

It slips into the bow of the canoe; fits on the running-board of your car. It's small enough to be out of the way until it's wanted.

Yes, the same tank furnishes all the bright, clear light you want for the camp.

The Prest-O-Lite stove weighs about as much as the camp-ax would have weighed, and it stows away anywhere.

Get your meals when you want them. It's all there, handy. Just turn a cock and light.

Procurable at any one of 22,000 stores and garages which are Prest-O-Lite gas stations. When the tank's empty exchange for a full one at a nominal cost for the gas. No waiting on a smelly, slow fire apparatus or wood chopping.

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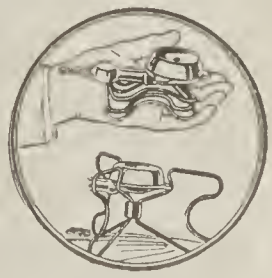

The Reel
That Made Good
In a Season

The MEISSELBACH

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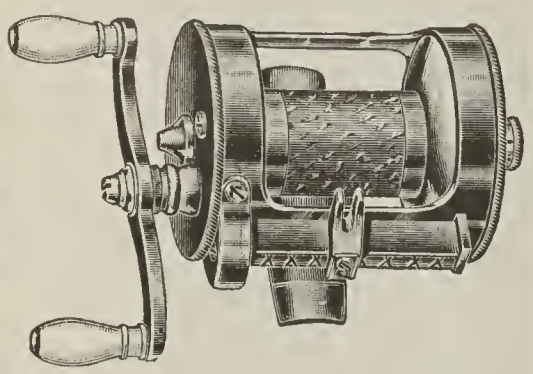

LEVEL WIND
REEL

Guaranteed to Last a Lifetime

Another Meisselbach Triumph after 35 years of fishing reel manufacturing. A level wind reel —100 yd. capacity—cork arbor—free spool—all Takapart advantages—and with a name that has always stood for the finest in fishing reels.

Ask your dealer for demonstration—or—

Write for "Brief Castlets" with detailed description of complete line.

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"Tripart" "Neptune"
"Rainbow" "Surf"

Manufactured by

A. F. MEISSELBACH MFG. CO.

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NEW YORK CITY

heroic game fish, tarpon, jewfish, jackfish, sharks, devil-fish, sea-trout, mackerel, mango snappers, channel bass and a great host of other varieties. The fresh waters are teeming with largemouth bass, and it is possible for an adventurous angler to reach virgin lakes where few or none have ever cast a lure.

The hunter who visits Lee County may make headquarters in the thriving and beautiful city of Fort Myers; can leave hotel or boarding house there at daybreak in an automobile, select a camping site, set up camp and shoot wild turkeys before dark. There are other varieties of game in plenty, for quail, deer, wild cat, even bears and alligators, are quite numerous. Over 500 square miles of land and swamp territory within the boundaries of Lee County have not been surveyed even, and form a marvelous playground for the nerve-jaded lovers of outdoor life.

South of Lee County lies the county of Monroe, another vast winter playground for those red-blooded folks who seek diversion or recreation in combination with rod and gun. Monroe embraces much unsurveyed territory within its borders and contains those gems of scenic beauty, "The Ten Thousand Islands" and a natural fish and game refuge, a regular sporting Paradise, in the White Water Bay region and in the Shark River country.

At this season of the year all roads in the United States bear tourists headed towards Florida. Some for a stay of a few days; others for a much longer time, perhaps even until next June. The air is so soft and balmy, the sun so pleasantly warm, the stars so many, so bright and so near, the nights so quiet and so very restful that a first trip to Florida during the winter is but preparatory training for the trips that will surely follow annually. That goes double should the tourist be angler or hunter.

JOSEPH W. STRAY, New York.

TRAPPING THE THREE RIVER ZONE

(*Continued from page* 111)

got to the Athabasca. It was 2 A. M. and we had traveled nearly all night in order to reach there in time. Mrs. Murphy and her two boys were weak from hunger, but in a few days were as well as ever. Rapeljes had been out of flour two days when we got there, and, although I never mentioned it to them, I noticed where some steaks had been sliced from the "ham" of a horse that hung in a shed! But, all's well that ends well!

Knowles had had about all he wanted of the Athabasca for a while, so I trapped alone over at the Baptiste; my principal catch being bears, three of which were grizzlies. I had extra good luck around the carcasses of Mr. Rapelje's horses. Thus ended the hardest season I had ever experienced!

(*To be continued*)

OF THE OLD NORTHWEST

MATTERS move so fast in North America, the country is so wide and the people so many, that many interesting matters entirely worthy of record are neglected, passed over and forgotten.

We may congratulate ourselves, therefore, that a story of travel and exploration in the Canadian northwest, fifty years ago, has recently made its appearance in The Life of John Macoun, brought out by the Ottawa Field Naturalists' Club.

Professor Macoun was a Canadian explorer and naturalist whose life covered nearly 90 years—from 1831 to 1920. His travels and explorations in the northwest began in 1872, and he covered, besides the northwest, a great deal of eastern Canada. In his western journeyings he was familiar with such forgotten animals as the buffalo and the wild pigeon, and, of course, he saw something of the Indians of the western plains and the mountains—then not so greatly changed in their ways of life from earlier days.

Professor Macoun tells his story in simple and direct fashion, and we learn much from him not only about the difficulties of travels and the animals and plants of that great country, but much also about the daily experiences of one who travelled through it. He discovered early that warmth could be had and food cooked over buffalo chips, and he was obliged to eat pemmican until it palled on him and he felt that he would rather starve than eat more of it. Incidentally he paints a picture of his supper one night in which he says: "I sat at the table and ate fish and potatoes with a knife and fork. The men sat on the floor and ate them with their fingers. Old Edward Big Belly with his wife sat in a corner eating pemmican, while all around on the floor were Indians smoking and staring at the eaters."

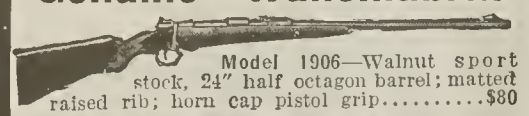
The narrative is largely of travel and adventure in the wilds, and the story one which should appeal with force to men devoted to the out-of-doors. Now and then in looking through this book we come on names familiar to old readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and one of these is Mr. Moberly, an old-time Hudson Bay factor, who many years ago was a contributor to these columns.

Professor Macoun was fundamentally a botanist, but he was greatly interested in other branches of natural history, made an important list of the birds of Canada, and wrote many books. Aside from his work in the field and the books he produced he was, of course, familiar with museum work, and was deeply interested in the museum collections. He was for many years Assistant Director and Naturalist of the Geological Survey of Canada, for which he performed most useful services.

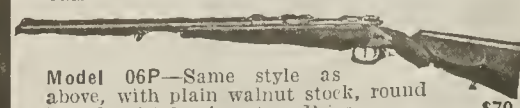
Young Men! If you combine a love for outdoor sports, with some mechanical knowledge and real sales ability, we can use you immediately as demonstrator-salesmen to work with established Johnson dealers.

30-06 Mauser Rifles

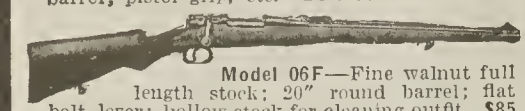
Genuine "Waffenfabrik"



Model 1906—Walnut sport stock, 24" half octagon barrel; matted raised rib; horn cap pistol grip.....$80



Model 06P—Same style as above, with plain walnut stock, round barrel; pistol grip, etc. Price.....$70



Model 06F—Fine walnut full length stock; 20" round barrel; flat bolt lever; hollow stock for cleaning outfit..$85

All three models have cheek piece.

Rifle Ammunition—All calibers, per 100, $9.00

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Long Lugers-9mm. 6" or 8" barrel. A perfectly rebuilt automatic. Special price $27.50

Luger Magazines—32 shot. Makes a machine gun out of any Luger pistol. A few at $15

SIMSON 22 CAL. Precision Rifle $10

The most perfectly made .22 Bolt action rifle. Absolutely accurate and reliable. Wt. about 5 lbs., 24" barrel. Length overall 42". Shoots short, long, extra long and long rifle.

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Single Barrel, $12.50; Double Barrel, $25

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Worth its weight in gold to every lover of a gun. The greatest combination gun solvent, lubricant, rust preventor, wound oil, and for many other uses. Write for circular. Price per can.....$1.00

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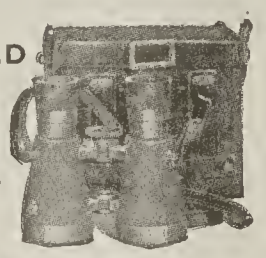

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THIS MONTH IN THE OUTDOORS

(*Continued from page* 123)

wonderful collection of heads and horns and big fish he has caught told the world about this big brook trout, Kit Clarke, an angler of eighty or more summers and winters, having helped to take from Lake Amabellish, Canada, twelve trout that weighed 56½ pounds (which three men caught with two hours' time) wanted "to be shown."

Kit Clarke was familiar with the George Shepard Page trout which was taken in Rangeley Lake, Maine, in 1867, and weighed 10 pounds after three days captured, and it was thought by experts to have lost 1½ pounds in its transit from Maine to New Jersey.

It so happened that the Cook 14½-pound trout was placed on exhibition in New York. Word was sent to Mr. Clarke, who was as spry at eighty as the average man of sixty (failing only when he met with an automobile accident), and he took the subway from Brooklyn to Manhattan, saw the fish, pronounced it without question a brook trout, withdrew his skeptical remarks, and told the world that the George Shepard Page trout that held the record for almost half a century must assume second place.

Topics in the Smoker

ON two days last month, the writer sat in the smoking compartment of a Pennsylvania Railroad train crossing the Alleghanies from Baltimore to Pittsburgh and again from Pittsburgh to New York, and what do you suppose was the subject of conversation for half a day? The Ruhr? Yes, for a brief period. Prohibition? Yes, for a brief period. But the sole topic of conversation, not introduced by the writer, was hunting and fishing.

Pennsylvania men were on the train and they told of hunting and killing bear within ten miles of big cities; then the conversation drifted to fishing, which carried the travelers in the smoker from Florida to northern Canada. Most of it was fact stuff; the simple recital of tales of fishing and hunting; without seeming exaggeration at any time, with occasionally an old story told to add enlivenment to the discussion.

IN THE HEART OF NOVA SCOTIA

(*Continued from page* 105)

last shove of the paddle made it fast.

Spasmodically a light breeze blew from the forest to us, swaying the tops of the trees and creating an almost incredible disturbance in the still air.

"Not de bes' night," whispered the guide. "De win' she blow too much."

We were facing the shore in the canoe, the guide in the bow and merely a slight rustle told us that he had risen to his feet. Then the simulated wail of the cow moose burst from the birchbark horn, plaintive, longing, alluring, followed by the two brief snorts of the imaginary calf with her. From side to side the horn swung, the raucous blast piercing the woodland on all sides.

The echoes died away in the distance and we settled down in silence to wait. There was something eerie in that waiting, the air pregnant with a subtle something that defies description. There was a frosty chill in the air, the last shred of light was flickering, the shadows of the wood growing deeper. We heard a thousand noises, real and imaginary. Each rustle of the tree tops we judged to be the progress of the towering animal through the brush. Leaves seemed to fall with a veritable crash. Small birds moved in the noisesome manner of mammoths. Our attitude was tense, heart pumping rapidly, eyes keenly alert. Each fancied stir ahead of us set the blood coursing more rapidly.

Fifteen minutes or so passed and the guide again rose to his feet and sent the impassioned bellow ringing through the woods. Then silence again. Close beside us was a beaver dam and we occasionally heard the muffled movements of the animals and their curious breathing. A muskrat dropped into the water with a plomp that resounded in the intense stillness and sent the heart into the mouth. A few roystering songsters still stirred twittering about the branches of the pines.

In periods of about fifteen minutes, for more than an hour, the guide called. The last vestige of light had disappeared and the night was becoming inkier every minute. We were growing cramped and chilled and a trifle discouraged. Though we heard many imaginary moose plunging headlong through the brush or footing their way cautiously as indicated by breaking twigs, they never materialized. We were disappointed, cold, and it was too dark to see anything anyway.

Just then the guide whispered, "Listen," and pointed with his paddle. From the direction came the noise of breaking twigs, similar to a hundred sounds we had heard. Then directly ahead of us the darkness seemed to open up and a blacker shadow emerge. The huge bulk moved and there was the sound of harsh, deep breathing. We waited for what seemed an hour but could hardly have been more than a minute. There was a further movement, a crashing of branches, and the dark blotch melted again in the murk of the night.

"Too dark to see," said the guide, well pleased with himself and no doubt feeling justified, though we could not have been more deeply thrilled than at this magic of the night. "We see him in the morning. Going to be dam' fine morning."

IT was about three o'clock on a pitch-black morning when the guide again roused us with a steaming can of coffee in his hand. Logs piled one on another were blazing away furiously and throwing their heat into the interior of the tent. The light they diffused disclosed a ground white with frost. We shivered as we stumbled down to the water's edge and soused our faces and hands.

That tense moment with dogs at point, just before the whirr of wings brings action. The gun will snap to the shoulder with more confidence—results will be surer—if the shells are loaded with Du Pont or Ballistite.

Du Pont makes powder—not shells. Du Pont Powders are loaded in every brand of shell. The name "DU PONT" or "BALLISTITE", printed on the carton and the top shot wad, tells you what powder you are shooting. Specify the powder when you buy the shell.

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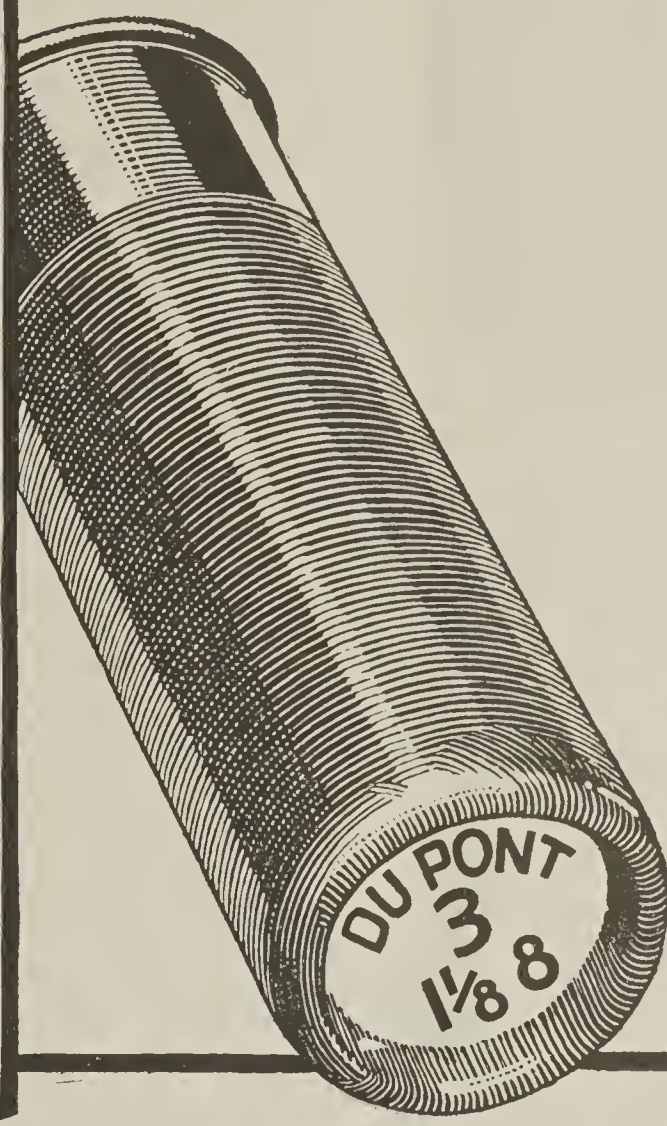

When you shoot a shell loaded with Du Pont or Ballistite Powder there is a century of experience back of your trigger-finger. Isn't it worth your while to look for the name on the top shot wad?

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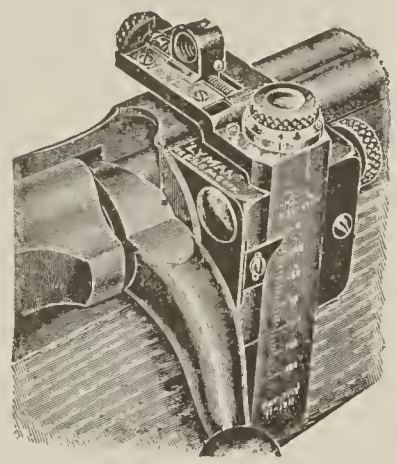

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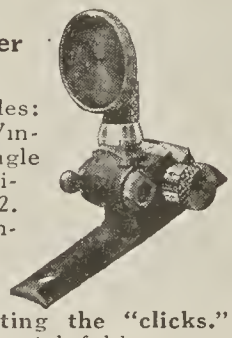

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"Dam' fine morning," said the guide, as he poured the steaming coffee into our mugs. "De vin' she stay quiet."

We stood on the border of the lake and watched the day break over the further rim of the earth, a wondrous sight which man sees too seldom for his own spiritual good. Gradually the blackness became less opaque, and slowly a narrow arch of dull light appeared in the eastern sky. The mirrored reflection of the stars in the water became dimmer.

Before the first rays of the sun had had time to show themselves we were seated in the canoe with a supply of blankets and headed once more for the cove. Arrived there we put the blankets about us and huddled up in the craft. The forest was yet deeply shrouded in the cloak of night but every minute

(*Continued on page* 146)

A JACK RABBIT DRIVE IN UTAH

(*Continued from page* 107)

expensive, the method has been discontinued.

The ranchers scattered along the old line of the Union Pacific Railroad which skirts the shores of Great Salt Lake for over a hundred miles, through sage brush and desert, suffer the greatest loss from the jack rabbit pest, and, in the winter months, soon after the first snows, they generally get together and have a series of round-ups, which results in a great number of the animals being killed.

And it is at this time when the sportsmen of Salt Lake City, Ogden and Brigham receive their annual appeal from the ranchmen to come to their rescue. Great preparations are made for their coming, as they spare no pains to help them in every possible manner. To begin with, the sportsmen of the above-named cities charter a special train, known as the "Rabbit Hunter's Special," to take them to whatever point the ranchers have designated. On their arrival, they are met with horses and bobsleds, the horses being for the use of the "pickers," those who pick up the rabbits as fast as they are shot, and load them on the sleds which follow close behind the hunters. The hunt generally starts from the point where the train stops, but quite some time is lost by the captains of each squad organizing their men. Each captain has from 25 to 50 men to look after and keep in line during the drive. The train sometimes makes two stops, half the hunters getting off, while the others go farther on, say from two to five miles, when each body starts toward the other, gradually forming a great circle, which grows smaller as they advance. Hundreds of rabbits are shot as the circle decreases, all of which are gathered up by the "pickers" and carried to the sleds which take them to the waiting train where they are loaded and taken back to the city and are distributed among the poor.

Imagine a great circle composed of from three to four hundred hunters whose guns are constantly cracking at thousands of rabbits, running hither and thither, vainly seeking a place to escape those deadly guns. The sharp commands of the captains of each squad who are trying to hold their excited men in line rise above the din. Many of the hunters fall out of line on account of their guns becoming so hot from constant shooting that they could no longer hold them. After swinging them several minutes they are ready for action again, and rejoin the line, which, by this time, has drawn closer together. Crack, crack, bang, bang, and high above the boom of the guns comes the command to "Shoot Down," which means that the circle has become to small that shooting from the shoulder would endanger each other.

During all this time the rabbits are actually piling on top of each other, the circle being so small that many of them make their escape through the lines, in spite of the fact that all the hunters are now shooting from their hips, which is kept up until the word "Turn" comes from the captains. At this command all turn their backs to the rabbits, while the horsemen ride into the bunch, scattering them in all directions, which makes shooting safer as each hunter then shoots straight away from the others, reducing accidents to a minimum.

The shooting gradually ceases as the rabbits scamper away, and by the time the last gun is fired several thousand are lying around. After they are loaded on the train, if another round-up is to be had, the hunters climb into the sleds which drive in a circle of a mile or two, the hunters getting out in pairs every twenty-five or fifty yards, depending upon the number taking part. After the last man has left the sleds, a signal is given and the drive begins.

THESE round-ups are so arranged that the last one brings the hunters near the place where the wives of the ranchers have prepared an elaborate feast. They are generally held on the open prairie where a huge tank of coffee, containing from twenty-five to fifty gallons, is in readiness, not to speak of mountains of pies, cakes and doughnuts which are dealt out with a lavish hand.

After the feast is over, the engineer of the train which stands nearby, gives several long blasts from the whistle which causes all the stragglers to hurry in, and, in a few minutes, the train is homeward bound, going at a very slow rate of speed, as the hunt is not over yet.

Each window on the train, which generally contains five coaches and two baggage cars, is thrown up and the guns keep up a constant fusilade for twenty-five miles, leaving hundreds of rabbits scattered along the way.

The last round-up in which the writer participated was held at Promontory Summit where the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific railroads met in the course of construction, and which joined the East with the West. The spot is now marked by a monument, as it was the place where the golden spike was driven. The spike used in the ceremony was the gift of David H. Herves, of San Francisco, and was seven inches long, being made out of twenty-three twenty-dollar gold pieces. As a matter of fact, the spike did not go into the road. Like

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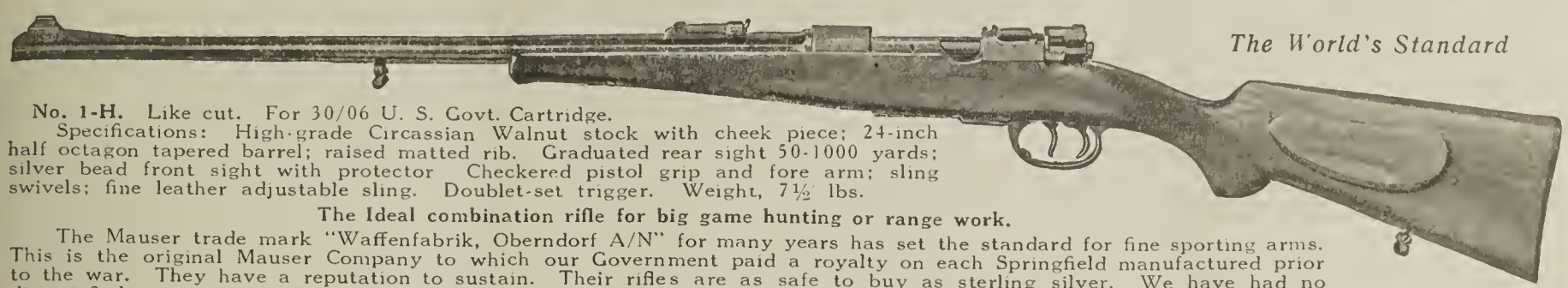

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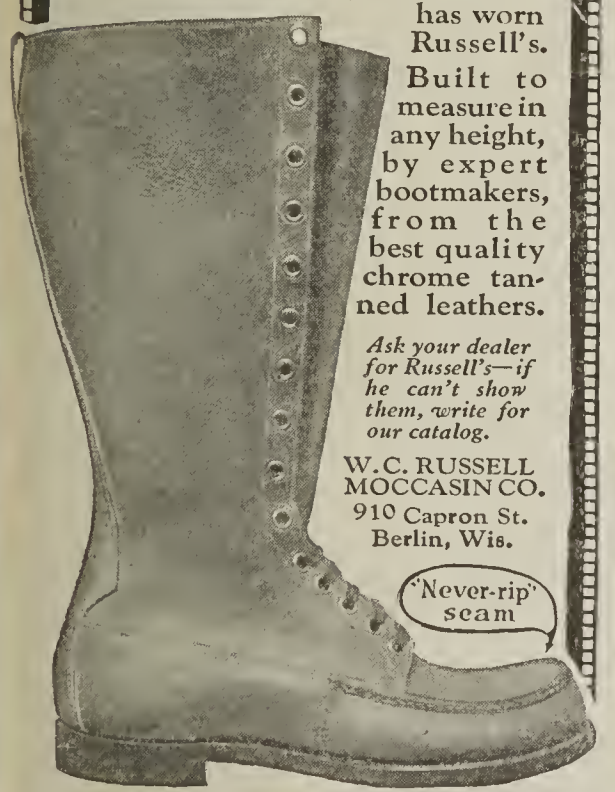

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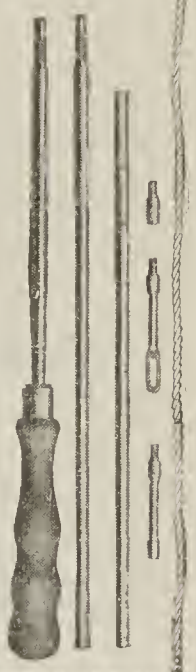

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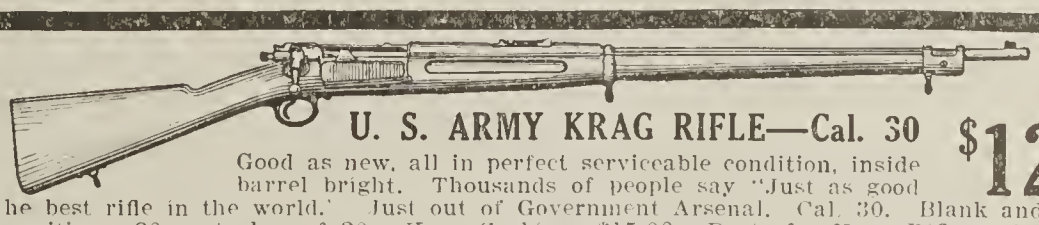

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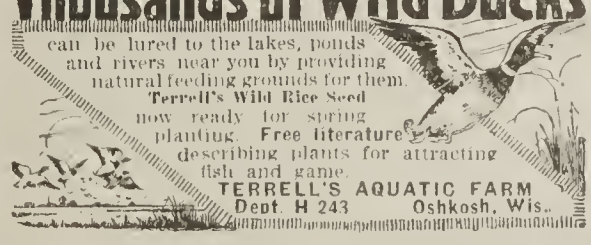

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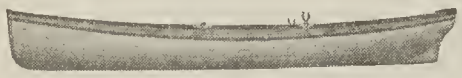

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the silver-plated tie, which, as soon as laid, was removed, and an ordinary tie substituted, the spike and tie were preserved as mementos of the occasion.

Although several round-ups and drives have been held the present winter, the one held a Promontory Summit the 29th of January, 1922, was the most successful held so far, as it resulted in killing over eleven thousand rabbits.

ADVENTURES IN COMRADESHIP

(*Continued from page* 103)

feet. Beside the dock was a crazy little sponger's dory made up of the driftwood of innumerable wrecks. A silence as of some haunted and long-deserted place brooded everywhere. Only the sea voiced a monotone of protest, as if the Key was a bold intrusion.

We tied the "Lucretia" to a pile and for the first time looked downward into the shallow water of the channel.

"LOOK at em!"

It was Sonny-Boy's quivering, half-audible cry.

And I could understand his amazed enthusiasm; on every side, as far as we could see, the channel swarmed with fish—large and small and of more kinds than I was able to count. Their shimmering bodies at play, glistening colorfully as the sunlight penetrated downward and made golden patterns on the sandy and coral bottom.

Here were small groupers, snappers, porgies, grunts and once three plump bonefish passed in majestic review, unafraid. There were the most gorgeous angelfish as well, thin as wafers, and willowy with fantastically tinted plumes of carmine and brilliant yellow—no two alike, and all a challenge to the imaginative eye.

The channel was a great, natural aquarium, so plentifully stocked that the fish crowded one another, and as Sonny-Boy threw a fragment of shrimp bait overboard hundreds of them made a concerted rush for it, until a squirming, rainbow of color became congested at our bow. Now we knew why Cap'n Jimmy had called it "All-the-Fish-in-the-World Key."

(To be continued)

GUN PRACTICE FOR FIELD WORK

(*Continued from page* 113)

will enable a man to swing a gun at least three times as fast as he now can—and straight down—and still keep on aiming.

Then there is the bird that flies almost directly at the shooter. To some this is a sure miss ninety-nine times out of one hundred. Many a live pigeon match was won or lost in years gone by because a crafty trapper started a couple of white or brown birds directly away from the firing line, and then unexpectedly trapped a small black or blue hen so that she flew low and directly at the shooter. Such a bird gets under the gun muzzle surprisingly quick, especially if the background is dark and the bird hugs the ground. A trick like this has cost many a man a thousand dollars or more, for they shot for real stakes in the old days.

If it is a quail or a duck flying a trifle higher than the shooter's face and is not closer than twenty yards from the gunner when first seen, such a shot is dead easy if the trigger is pulled just as the muzzle is swung past the head.

In field shooting the odd and unusual shots are often remembered years after the ordinary ones are forgotten. Some of them are hopelessly funny.

I am built quite short, and some years ago on a rabbit hunt a very tall fox-hound tried to follow a rabbit that dodged between my feet just as I jumped down off a stone wall. The dog found the archway about six inches too low and had quite a hard time getting through—but he made it while I got the rabbit. But my hunting companion still laughs about that day's shooting. How is anyone going to practice for that kind of a shot? It simply isn't being done.

This article naturally can only suggest a very few of the odd or unusual, but nearly always very practical, methods of practicing for field shooting. Which to choose should depend upon the facilities available, the kind of hunting to be done, and a knowledge of those shots which for the reader are the hardest to successfully accomplish. Long runs of consecutive hits are not desired in practice shooting. If they are obtained there is evidently little need for such practice.

The thing to do is to practice those shots that always give you trouble and of which, therefore, you should have greater knowledge or familiarity.

If the incomers are the hard ones, try incomers until you can stop them. If a towering shot is difficult, try shooting at stones—while they are traveling up, and then a black duck will seem a whole lot easier.

The reason why standard target shooting is sometimes condemned is because it is standard, not because it is target shooting. Variety is what gives the spice to life.

SHOOTING of this kind will show the shooter a good deal more than he imagines about the type of load that he ought to use. It will demonstrate the fallacy of using an overload of shot because a load of this kind is invariably slow and it kicks hard. Both low velocity and heavy recoil will cut down the number of hits that are made by almost anyone—and particularly by those who do very little shooting and who are usually, as a result, the most susceptible to the effect of recoil and are the slowest in action.

As recoil depends much more upon the weight of the shot charge than upon its velocity it follows that any 12-gauge load containing 1¼ ounces of shot will be considerably more uncomfortable to use, particularly in a field

gun, than one containing 1 or 1⅛ ounces. A session or two at artificial marks will soon show whether you are one of those who can effectively use a charge like 3¼ or 3½—1¼ ounces or whether you should stick to a light, snappy charge like 2¾ or 3 drams and 1 ounce.

The velocities over a 40-yard range of a load of 3 drams, 1 ounce, and one of 3¼ drams and 1¼ ounces, are practically identical—with any size shot.

A pellet from one load will give exactly the same penetration as a pellet of the same size from the other. Therefore, it will kill just as well. As the heavier load contains 20 per cent. more shot it will naturally throw a closer pattern, but there are few varieties of game that require a 1¼ ounce pattern, particularly in field shooting where most of the shots are under 30 yards.

If you can hit 10 per cent. or 20 per cent. more artificial targets with the light, fast load, it is almost certain that you will average higher with it on game, especially when you are tired and think and act more slowly than when you are all keyed up at a target shoot. Incidentally it is less expensive and lighter to carry.

In many cases a lighter load and a systematic and practical style of target practice that is patterned as closely as possible after the field shooting to be done will convert a persistent and discouraged flincher into an accomplished and successful field shot. The difference between the 95 per cent. shot and the 60 per cent. shot is usually largely one of practice at the particular type of shooting in which he is interested.

FISHING THE DEPENDABLE WET FLY

(*Continued from page* 119)

hook nowadays, how many times have you seen an angler lose several fish before he takes the trouble to find out that either his point has been broken off against a rock, or that his barb has disappeared? A tiny hook-stone—if it is used—will soon pay for itself.

THE decision as to whether to fish up or down stream with wet flies, lies largely in the size and character of the water to be fished. I might say the wise angler will determine his general plan of action according to the circumstances with which he is faced on the stream rather than by strictly adhering to any set of rules—no matter how clever these may be. It is a weakness of the present-day angler that he appears to fish by maxim rather than experience. This is due to the number of excellent fishing books that have appeared during the last generation or so; I feel sure that the almost unlimited number of really fine books on angling tend to turn out a race of book-taught fishermen. This is quite natural, when one stops to consider it; I confess that my first appearance on the stream (fly fishing for trout) found me thoroughly primed with excellent advice which I had carefully

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culled from between the covers of fishing books. A good many years of constant fishing have proved most of the advice to be good, *if used at the right time*, and plentifully supplemented with a great deal of "experience." The beginner, lacking a personal instructor, can do no better than to follow what he has read, striving constantly to learn by experience. And so I say that the question of whether to fish upstream or down is to be decided on the water rather than by belonging to one "school" or the other. On large waters, or on very fast ones, the wet fly can be fished with the current to advantage. The flies should be cast across the stream, and allowed to sweep down with the current until they reach a point directly below the angler. Where the water is very fast, flowing between narrow banks, it becomes necessary to cast almost straight downstream; the fly must be worked back and forth across the current in this situation. A trout will take a wet fly that is moving with or across the current much more readily than one which is being pulled up against the water. In small streams, plentifully supplied with quiet stretches and pools, one will generally do better by fishing upstream—supposing that the sun is in such a position that the angler will not throw shadows ahead of him.

Unlike the dry fly, the wet variety may be given a certain amount of motion by the angler; sometimes the trout seem to prefer a lively fly that is twisted along by slightly shaking the rod, while at others they want a fly that glides along smoothly. They almost always rise better to a wet fly that is just under the surface. The dropper fly may be danced along over the surface—if the angler's skill permits the proper execution of this pretty maneuver. Under all circumstances trout insist that the flies be dropped as light as thistle-down on the water; that they be undisturbed by careless wading, shadows, and ripples caused by the angler's movements.

I do not wish to leave the impression that wet fly fishing is always the most difficult or the most desirable. There are proper times and conditions for the dry fly, and an angler who persisted in the use of the wet under such circumstances would merely prove that he still had a lot to learn. The best information available as to when to use one and the other is always given by the trout themselves; should your judgment of the situation indicate a dry fly, try it, and see whether the fish coincide with your views. If they don't, give them a wet fly. I presume that you will be skillful enough to offer both varieties in a versatile manner, not being content to acknowledge failure with either until your whole bag of tricks has been exhausted. Because the trout will not rise to a wet fly cast toward the left bank does not mean that they will refuse one cast toward the right. Such seemingly trivial matters sometimes make the difference between a heavy creel and a light one. In searching for the proper offering make use of every size of fly you carry; this will often have more bearing on the matter than the color of the fly. And do not overlook the fact that various patterns have different shapes. On the whole I do not recommend a constant change of flies; the fault is more likely to lie in the manner of presenting them. If I had to choose between having one fly or one method of presentation, I would not hesitate for an instant to choose the one fly with freedom to put it over the trout in as many ways as I cared to.

As a last word: most of us have a peculiar style of fishing of our own, and when we fail to catch fish we become upset. This is not a theory, but an actual fact. There is nothing more disastrous to a happy day on the stream than to find that we have lost confidence in our ability to take fish. Every sportsman, whether he be angler or shooter, has experienced those miserable days which either opened with missing two or three rises, or missing a few easy shots; we vividly recall how we lost more and more control of ourselves until we were actually glad to put up our rod or gun at the end of the day. I, for one, have experienced this unhappy feeling enough times, so that I am determined to reduce the chances of its occurence as much as I can. For the angler, safety lies in refusing to become wedded to a particular style of fishing, in becoming proficient with wet or dry fly, in being equally at home fishing up or down stream, and having enough control of his nerves so that he may strike early or late at will, sharply or by merely tightening up his line. In other words, study to become a "Compleat Angler."

BIG-MOUTH BASS IN FLORIDA

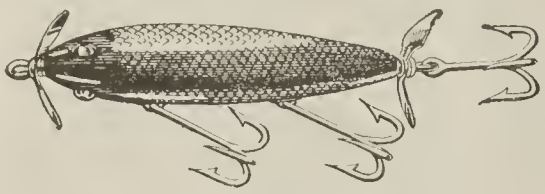
(*Continued from page* 119)

of the fish. Handling him carefully, I got him up to the boat, when he took one look and disappeared only to come up fighting strong on the other side. Out he went again, taking line like a runaway kite. I got him stopped again when he began to sulk. Tugging on him gently, he started out with another mad rush straight for the boat and under it again. You may believe me, I had my hands full reeling in and getting the line around in under the bow of the boat. Playing him steadily on this side, I soon had him fagged out and he came up to the surface on his side. I reached carefully over, taking no chances on a landing net, hooked my fingers into his mouth and gills and lifted him into the boat.

I think we all heaved a sigh of relief when I actually had him safely in the boat. Paul sat transfixed with wonder and open-mouthed awe. He reluctantly admitted it was some fish. Walter was not unduly ruffled, although he wanted to know if I believed him now about his tale of a duck-eating bass.

The thirty minutes or so I spent in playing the bass seemed to me to have been but a few moments, and I was

TIE ON A NEW FLAT SIDE CHUB



No. 1500

Price, $1.00

Weight, nearly ¾-oz. Length, 3¾ in. Color a beautiful blend of dark green, silver and red in scale finish. New loose vibration spinners. Or a

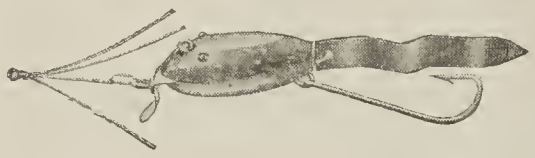
Baby Flat Side Chub,

with reversible double hooks. Weight, about ½-oz. Length, 2¾ in. No. 1600.

Price, 95c.

If the casting will be along the shore or over the weeds, the bass will instantly take a lure which they believe to be a minnow in trouble and therefore easy to catch. No other lure so well represents an injured minnow. Cast this beautiful Flat Side Chub, give some short, slow jerks and if there is a bass around—Biff-Bang—and the fight is on. They can't resist it.

Tie on



The New Polly Wiggle Pork Rind Lure

No. 1700. **Price $1.00**

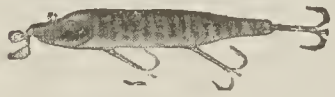
Length of body, 1¾ in. Weight, over ½-oz.

No. 1701—White with Red Head

If you are going to cast in weedy places, among the pads and surface weeds, turn over the piece in the mouth of the Polly Wiggle, make your cast, start the lure at once and bring it in slowly and the big old bass or pick, who is out looking for a nice juicy meal will hit and hit hard, this wiggling life-like Polly Wiggle. **It gets the big ones in the bad places.** If the day is hot and the fish down deep—with the mouthpiece pointed down, make the cast, reel rather fast and be ready for the strike. In no other pork rind lure can you get both the surface and deep bait; in no other can you get such a fine side wiggle to the rind. Be sure to have one to **tie to** on the opening day so you can Catch More Fish.

No casting outfit is complete without the

Famous Pikie Minnow



Length, 4½ in.
Weight, ¾-oz.

Price $1.00

Get from Your Dealer or Direct
Every Bait Guaranteed Satisfactory or Money Refunded
Send for Our FREE Tackle Catalogue

THE CREEK CHUB BAIT CO.
31 SOUTH RANDOLPH ST., GARRETT, IND.

covered with perspiration. Then I began wondering how much he weighed. Afterwards the scales showed him to be nine pounds and two ounces.

Content to rest on my laurels for the day, I now took the paddle and let Walter try his hand with the casting outfit. It was a new business to him and many times he endangered his safety as well as our own by the close swish of a bunch of sharp hooks on the Dowagiac as he endeavored to get the bait out. After patiently untangling a few "birdnests" in the line, he finally got out a good cast. A fair-sized bass hit the bait, and after "the smoke had cleared away" there was one more convert to "them new-fangled fishin' poles," as he called our tackle.

As we sat about the camp fire that evening, our pipes going, and listened to the tales of adventure from Walter, who had fished and hunted through all of this country, I could not help but feel how close we were, after all, despite the development of our present-day civilization, to the life of our forefathers who had lived in daily contact with the wild affairs of Nature. I realized the need of the present generation for the good that could be derived from a closer union with Nature and her manifold manifestations. To this end I then and there resolved to do all I could from then on to encourage and foster the spirit of sportsmanship in our coming generation.

STUDIES IN TROUT PSYCHOLOGY

(*Continued from page* 117)

it can discriminate between the natural and the artificial. At one time I was fishing for bass in a small river. I cast the fly, a large Brown Hackle, near a log. At once a fair-sized bass rose and seized it as I looked on. A sudden curiosity led me to delay the strike to see what would happen. The fish deliberately chewed the artificial two or three times and then blew it out of its mouth, returning to its place under the log. Several casts made in the same spot got no rises, but a cast down and across the stream at once got a rise from another fish, which was hooked, played and creeled. Touch or taste, or both, would seem to be the only explanation.

Grasshoppers and crickets were a very acceptable diet to my larger trout. The smaller fish could do little with the hard forward parts, but the soft abdomen, if broken off and thrown into the water, was taken and swallowed. The natural insect has long been known to be a deadly bait, and from my own experience artificials tied in the proper manner are just about as taking as the natural, if properly manipulated.

One trout would occasionally take a small, light-green fly with gauzy wings and golden eyes. However, the greater number of insects of this species were not noticed when placed on the water, not even being pulled under and drowned.

When several insects of different species were on the water at the same

Savage Model 1899 lever-action

Note the hammerless, solid breech. Nothing can get in to jam that powerful action. Built for .22 hi-power; .250-3000; .30-30; .300; .303.

From the tough little woodchuck to the giant bears of the North

A Savage High-Power for every kind of American game

Savage has led in making the difference between the hunting of yesterday and the hunting of today as great as the difference between travelling in an old stage coach and a modern express train.

Savage made the first hammerless repeating rifle—the first light sporting rifle to handle truly high-speed cartridges.

And since the Savage .303 first made its reputation twenty years ago, Savage has accomplished wonders in developing high-power rifles—light, well-balanced rifles with an unbelievably slight recoil.

Today—in the Savage lever-action or bolt-action high-power rifles—a calibre for every kind and type of American game.

.22 Hi-Power
The amazing little "Imp"—smallest of all high-power rifles. Ideal for small and medium game—from woodchucks to wolves—capable of killing even much larger animals. Accurate at long and uncertain ranges.

.30-30
A standard and an ever-dependable cartridge for deer and similar game at moderate ranges. Used by many seasoned hunters against the largest American animals.

.303
The hard-hitting, deadly-accurate old .303—famous for 20 years. Ideal for deer, caribou and black bear. Has been used effectively against moose and grizzly. Unsurpassed for timbered country.

.250-3000
An all-around rifle—powerful enough for any animal in the Western Hemisphere. Terrific speed and accuracy make it *the* gun for mountain sheep, goats, and other game at extreme ranges. Excellent also for deer.

.300
Delivers a smashing blow that will drop the great Alaskan brown bear in his tracks. The most modern cartridge for the biggest game. Splendid for moose and elk as well as smaller animals.

It is advisable, whenever possible, in order to get the best results, to use ammunition manufactured by Savage. Ask for the Savage red box. Ask at your dealer's, or write for the interesting catalog describing in detail the complete Savage line. Address

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION
Dept. 103, Utica, N. Y.
Owners and operators of the J. Stevens Arms Company

Savage Model 1920 bolt-action

Note the solid locking lugs, short throw of bolt-handle. There's strength and speed there. It won't jam. Built for .250-3000 and .300.

SAVAGE

"HELLO, IKE!"

Meet "Bill"—that's me. Some call me "Smiling Bill." Some few others who have not been lucky with my baits on the first trial call me other names. Names that are not mentioned in polite society. However they get over that after another trial, or two. Reason why. The baits I sell must be good enough for me to fish with. I am too lazy to monkey with a bait that keeps me busy picking weeds off of it. I like a regular lazy man's bait. That is, one that catches the most fish with the least effort. If a fellow finds he is getting too many he can either quit or put them back, can't he? That's what I do. So I have a clear conscience and can look a game warden square in the eye any old time.

Shannon Twin Spinner

J. P. Shannon Patents

85c each

Here's my "lazy man's bait." Take a look. You can easily see that it is weedless and when you note how close the spoons spin to the point of the hook you'll agree that it is some killer. Also it looks good to any old "he" bass or "she" bass either—they all like it. All you have to do is to show it to a bass. The bass will do the rest. Being weedless you have no trouble showing it to them either, no matter where they are or how thick the weeds.

We make the Shannon with Red, White or Yellow feather fly and also with natural colored bucktail fly. If your dealer can't or won't supply you send direct to me.

Well, "Ike," that is about all I have to say. So long and good luck go with you, but to make sure better take a couple of Shannons along.

Fishingly yours,
BILL JAMISON.

How About a Good Silk Line?

Here's the line that Bill Jamison and all of his friends use. The softest and easiest casting line you ever saw. Made of finest silk and guaranteed to be the best line you can buy at any price. Give it a trial. You'll surely like it.

No. 5, 12 lb. test. 50 yard spools, each, $1.00
No. 4, 16 lb. test. 50 yard spools, each, 1.20

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CHICAGO ILLINOIS

time the smaller moths or spiders were taken in preference. If the actions of my trout are any guide at all, the conclusion is justified that trout exercise considerable discrimination as between the different varieties of the creatures that supply them with their diet, and this by mere inspection.

We have noted that at least in captivity angleworms are without exception an attractive food. These can hardly be classed as "flies" or insects and so would have to be ruled out of the fly-fisher's list of models. Various small, mealy-winged moths, some varieties of spiders, slim, grey flies, small, black insects and mosquitoes were the forms of insect life within the range of my experimentation.

ON the basis of my observation I should presume that artificials very exactly copied from these as models in shape, size, color and texture, and corresponding as far as might be to the insects of the waters to be fished would supply the fly-fisher with his lures. The several dozen kinds of insects classed under the above list, including the many varieties of smaller moths, will give the "fan" in fly-fishing plenty of material to practice his tying and casting ability upon.

In the case of fish kept out of doors, weather conditions for them would parallel quite closely those for trout in a stream or lake, except that unless care were taken the temperature of the water in the container would vary more, being warmer in the daytime and colder at night. My fish, as a rule, at least during the warm season of the year, fed better on moderately cool days than on those that were either very warm or quite cold.

A cold day, accompanied by a drizzly rain, usually put them somewhat off their feed. Still, if there were motion enough given to the floating insect, the fish would generally rise. Temperature conditions vary much less in water than in air, in a moderately short time, so that it is extremely doubtful if the temperature of such cool waters as the trout lives in would vary markedly in a few days of cool weather.

On an excessively hot day, the fish were inclined to be sluggish, and would either lie inert on the bottom or but slightly above it, slowly fanning their front fins. A bright, cool day, not cold, usually found them ready to feed. Hence, if trout do not rise readily on such days it is probable that the motions of the angler or of his rod are so readily seen as to frighten the fish.

A warm, lowery day, with an occasional drizzle, was about the best of all. Yet insects prefer bright, warm days to be abroad in. This idea may not be exactly in line with the theory usually held, but I am disposed to believe that trout often rise best on those days because they are hungry and do not find at the surface the insects that make their food. A jumping and splashing in the pool where a trout is kept is understood as a hint by me that the fish is willing to feed and trying to get where food is to be found. A well-fed fish is not uneasy, but lies dormant on the bottom, barely even moving the gills and apparently asleep.

Sometimes fish would not feed under the best of conditions. But an investigation would show it to be fed so full as hardly to be able to swim. We may from this infer that a similar condition will put a wild trout "off his feed." Now it sometimes happened that a fish would feed under apparently unfavorable conditions, which should encourage the angler to fish wherever he can find water enough to wet his line.

Now what about manipulation, or the lack of it, when fishing with the fly? Many "flies," upon falling into the water, move their wings rapidly with a peculiar whirring motion, something which the angler evidently cannot immitate. Others —like the various duns or upwing flies —settle quietly and remain floating with vertical wings during the egg-laying process, rising occasionally and flying a short distance, then settling down to deposit their eggs again.

The action of such flies can evidently be best imitated by the angler if he leaves the artificial entirely to itself, or to the action of the wind or current. La Branche gives an interesting account of a skipping cast, very effective when he could sometimes make it. The fly is made to leave the water, go a short distance and settle upon the surface several times in succession, provoking a rise at each movement. Has not manipulation then considerable importance in inducing the fish to rise to the artificial?

Perhaps some light can be shed upon this interesting question by knowledge gathered from my experience with captive trout. On a still surface, representing a lake or pool in a stream, living, fluttering insects were preferred. This would hardly bear out the dictum of certain dry-fly anglers that the artificial should be cast upon the surface and never manipulated. Insects, dead and partly submerged, were not, as a rule, taken at all. But if, by blowing, motion was given, these were sometimes, though rarely, seized. (Score one for the dry-fly man).

Sometimes insects were taken as soon as dropped upon the surface. At other times it was necessary to blow them slightly to set up a little motion and so simulate life. (How about the still dry-fly on a quiet pool?) When dry-fly fishing on a lake or pool I have been most successful when a very gentle breeze barely rippled the water, causing the fly to dance up and down a little but without setting up motion enough to saturate and submerge it.

Insects were sometimes taken and either immediately ejected, or rejected after being chewed once or twice. Again, the fish would come up to a favorite kind repeatedly and tear it to pieces in its efforts. Sometimes small bits of leaves or wood were taken, tasted and then ejected. This latter circumstance may explain why at times evidently when hungry, trout will ris

to "most anything;" or why a trout will rise once, and once only, to a certain fly. This may also explain the success of the so-called "fancy" flies which in color resemble nothing in the earth, the heavens or the waters under the earth. The same sense of curiosity (shall we call it?) may help to explain why, when standard artificials fail, a battered, grizzled veteran of a nondescript may be the only taking thing in sight.

THERE has been much speculation as to the relative importance of color, shape, size, and motion of the artificial. In a rapid current the fish probably gets an impression of something coming, moving and small enough to eat, which must be seized as it passes if at all and so come up to almost any object diminutive enough to provoke a rise. But on a still and gently moving water the fish has ample chance to study more closely anything on the surface. Hence it is but reasonable to suppose that in this case the closer the resemblance of the artificial to the natural, the greater the likelihood of getting a rise.

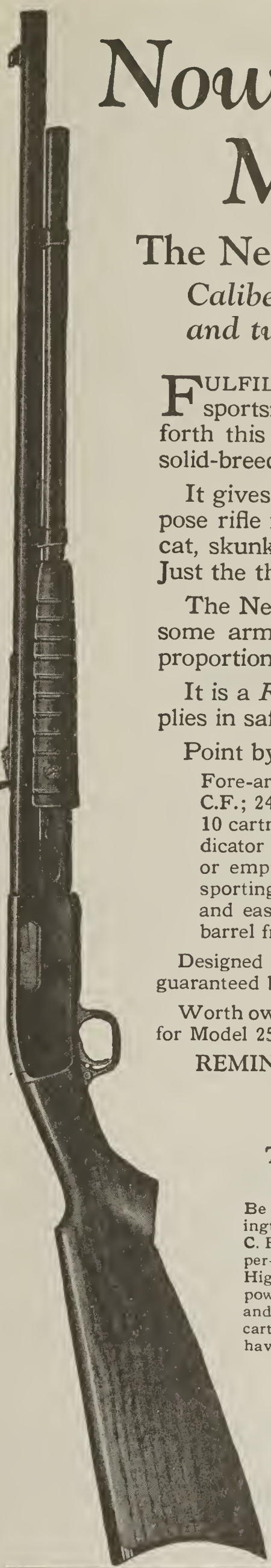
In this light can a "fancy" be properly called a fly at all? How does its status differ from that of a feather minnow" or a trout "plug"? Should not all flies except those copied accurately from the natural insect be barred in fishing contests where the conditions state that only those fish will be considered that are caught by "casting a fly with fly-tackle?" In other words, should the fly-fisher care at all how he gets his fish provided he gets them? Or should the method be of equal or more importance than the game?

INLAND BIRD-BANDING ASSOCIATION

(*Continued from page* 122)

Leon J. Cole (now with the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.) was perhaps the most active. Bands were placed mostly on young birds about to leave the nest. Considerable bookkeeping, in financing, distributing bands, and keeping of records resulted in a small percentage of birds retaken by chance (especially as killing birds for the purpose of recovering bands was always considered an unjustifiable infringement of wise laws for their conservation). Returns, though small in number, were however so worth while, that those interested in the movement were far from being discouraged. Nevertheless, in a few years they found themselves unable to carry on the work properly due to the time and application it involved. It was therefore turned over to the Linnæan Society of New York, which appointed a bird-banding committee. Mr. Howard H. Cleaves was the active member of this committee. He made of "The American Bird-Banding Association" a strong and active organization, national in scope, which issued bands and kept records. Finding of these bands was reported to the American Museum of Natural History, N. Y., the headquarters of the Linnæan Society.

(*Continued on page* 154)



Now Ready Model 25

The New Remington Repeater

Calibers .25-20 and .32 W.C.F.— and two new Hi-Speed Cartridges

FULFILLING an unwritten obligation to the sportsman and trapper Remington brings forth this new rifle—the *first hammerless*, solid-breech rifle in these calibers.

It gives the hunter a *modern* general purpose rifle for such game as raccoon, fox, bobcat, skunk and otter. Fine for the trap-line. Just the thing to exterminate pests.

The New Model 25 is an outstanding, handsome arm—trim as an arrow and beautifully proportioned and balanced.

It is a *Remington* rifle—with all that implies in safety, reliability and accuracy.

Point by point note the details:

Fore-arm slide action type; .25-20 or .32 W. C.F.; 24-inch round barrel; magazine capacity 10 cartridges—*unusually quick to load;* indicator showing whether magazine is loaded or empty; steel rifle metal butt-plate; open sporting sight, adjustable for elevation; quick and easy take-down, permitting cleaning the barrel from the breech; weight 5½ pounds.

Designed by Remington, perfected by Remington, guaranteed by Remington.

Worth owning. See it. Find out all about it. Write for Model 25 folder.

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Established 1816

Two New Remington Hi-Speed Cartridges

Be sure to shoot the New Remington Hi-Speed .25-20 or .32 W. C. F. cartridges—with the copper-jacketed *mushroom* bullets. Higher velocity, greater killing power, equal or greater accuracy and flatter trajectory than any cartridges in these calibers you have ever shot heretofore.

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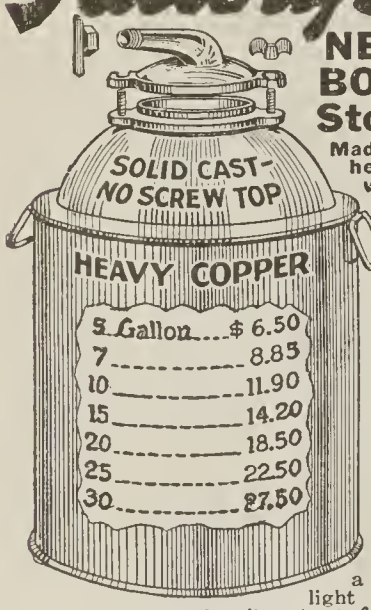

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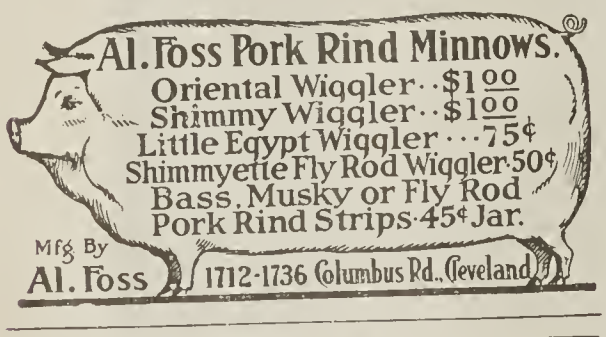

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Mingan river and its branch the Manitou, the third best salmon river on the North Shore of the Gulf St. Lawrence, offered for lease with the option of purchase. Further particulars on application to

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276 Pine Avenue - - W. Montreal

BIRD VISITORS FROM THE NORTH

(*Continued from page* 109)

pine boughs where it hangs in chickadee manner. It is a gossipy bird, feeding and talking and prowling to the bough's end, and its musical voice is a pleasant thing in the silent, grayish, snow-streaked corridors of the forest. The sight of merry birds and listening of bough-flung song breaks the dull routine of many a forest hour.

Redpoll and Goldfinch

A SMALL sparrow-like bird who aids the farmer and holds down the summer weed crop. The great good done by the redpoll cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents—it is beyond numbers. Vast numbers sweep out of the polar regions and spread over New England. Flocks take possession of open country, waste pastures and fields, where weeds of all discription tower above the snow levels. In rapid flight they settle in the shrubbery and border trees, then suddenly swoop down to the fields. A soft undercurrent of birdy twittering essays from the flock, a constant hum which is not song and yet is music heard as it is in the solitude of the snowy waste. No weed head full of seeds escapes the plying bill and searching eyes, and no lost seeds lay upon the snow as the redpolls believe in a clean sweep. With their round plump bodies, crimson cap, gleam of rosy breast and pinkish rump, combined with rapid flight and restless movement they form an admirable picture of wintry fields.

I have never been to Carcassonne might be compared with I have never seen a goldfinch in a New Hampsire winter. Many observers have had such good fortune. The yellow of summer plumage turns to dark with just a suggestion of yellow about the throat, head, and back. In habits they have much that is pine siskin and something of the crossbills, and can be recognized by the lack of streakiness of the siskin and the red of the crossbill. They are seed eaters, destroyers of harmful weeds.

The Three-toed Woodpeckers

A MUCH criticized and condemned bird is the woodpecker, and yet there are many lovers of the family who can see nothing but good in their habits. According to biological analysis both are right. As the Arctic three-toed and the American three-toed only come to us in the winter, their place in economic values cannot be estimated. As the name implies, trees are necessary to woodpeckers, and woodpeckers are necessary to trees. These northern wanderers are shy birds, loving the seclusion of the forests, never seen in large flocks, and mingling with the resident birds in such an unobstructive manner their presence is hardly known except to the experienced observer. The yellow crown patch identifies them, while one has a black back, the other a white stripe down its back barred with black. Like many of winter's birds, they prefer the conifer trees. They are important to the trees, their food consisting largely of the larvæ of wood-borers, yet they love beechnuts and can quite readily be found in the vicinity of beech trees if the yield has been a good one. Their cry, like that of the blue jay or hawk or owl, has the very soul of the wilderness in its tone—it is the symbol of unmapped wilderness, it is in harmony with the silence and gloom of the conifers. How the blood quickens at the wild scream of some bird in the silent woods!

The Goshawk

ON powerful pinions a sinister bird sweeps down from the Canadian wilds to quest the half-wild reaches of New England. The flocks of goshawks may be compared to the wolves which drift to the settlements during hard winters. It is a raider without true courage, sometimes hunting in small flocks and other times scattering in order that individual birds may range a wide area of country. No respector of life, it swoops upon anything which it knows will not put up any sort of battle. It cannot be given the benefit of doubt in economic ornithology as the taking of ruffed grouse, rabbits, quail, squirrels, even barnyard fowl, weigh against it. The grouse has no show in escaping, as the short wings and long tail combined with great speed of the hawk make the bird an easy victim. Squirrels are snatched off the ground and picked out of the trees, hares and rabbits in their greatest spurts of speed are caught easily, covies of quail huddling in the leeward of corn shocks and wheat stubble are wiped out, while poultry of barnyards fall innocent victims to a sudden ruffle of wings and clutch of sharp talons. As a raider, marauder, the goshawk is peer among all the winter hunters in sheer savagery, and the very boldness of some of its exploits give it a tinge of romance and adventure. It is terror out of the cold North, the fierce unrelentless terror which we associate with the awe and glory and silence of long winters.

Rough-legged Hawk

THE rough-legged is a large, heavily-built bird sometimes seen by close observers, but so irregular is its appearance it is little known. It haunts thi woods, pastures and meadows where voles and mice are abundant. A goo flier, yet sluggish in flight, it has few bad qualities and its presence means plenty of good for agricultural inter ests.

Great Gray and Snowy Owl

OLD as hills and history, owls have fascination for many people. The are birds of mystery, superstition, an fable, of song and story, and the findin of a gray owl is a red-letter day in th calendar of the tramper. The gray ow is not common to New Hampshire, an being a nocturnal bird it is rarely note Hares, rabbits, and rodents are its prey

In a rabbit year look for the big whit owls. In the back-country the old folk

combine heavy storms with the invasion of the snowy owl and they have a horror of one passing over the farmhouse and hooting when illness is about. The snowy owl seems the symbol of winter, the spirit of winter itself. We think of it as a bird riding the storm; there is something brutal in the stern vigors of a strong blizzard, and to imagine the bird on broad wings, white as the wind-whipped flakes, sweeping southward, is a bit of high adventure. The hunting of the snowy owl is done by day or night, and fortunate is one who can catch the big bird in at the death of the kill. There is the very cold, fierceness and terror of the Arctic wastes! It is a true hunter, preying upon birds, animals even larger than its own weight, and haunts the icy streams where open waters abound to catch fish. The muskrat, even the fighting capacities of the mink, do not scare this northern interloper. Its quest knows no limit, and its heart is as hard as its cold calculating eyes, this bird which is winter itself.

A DEER-FOOT GUN RACK

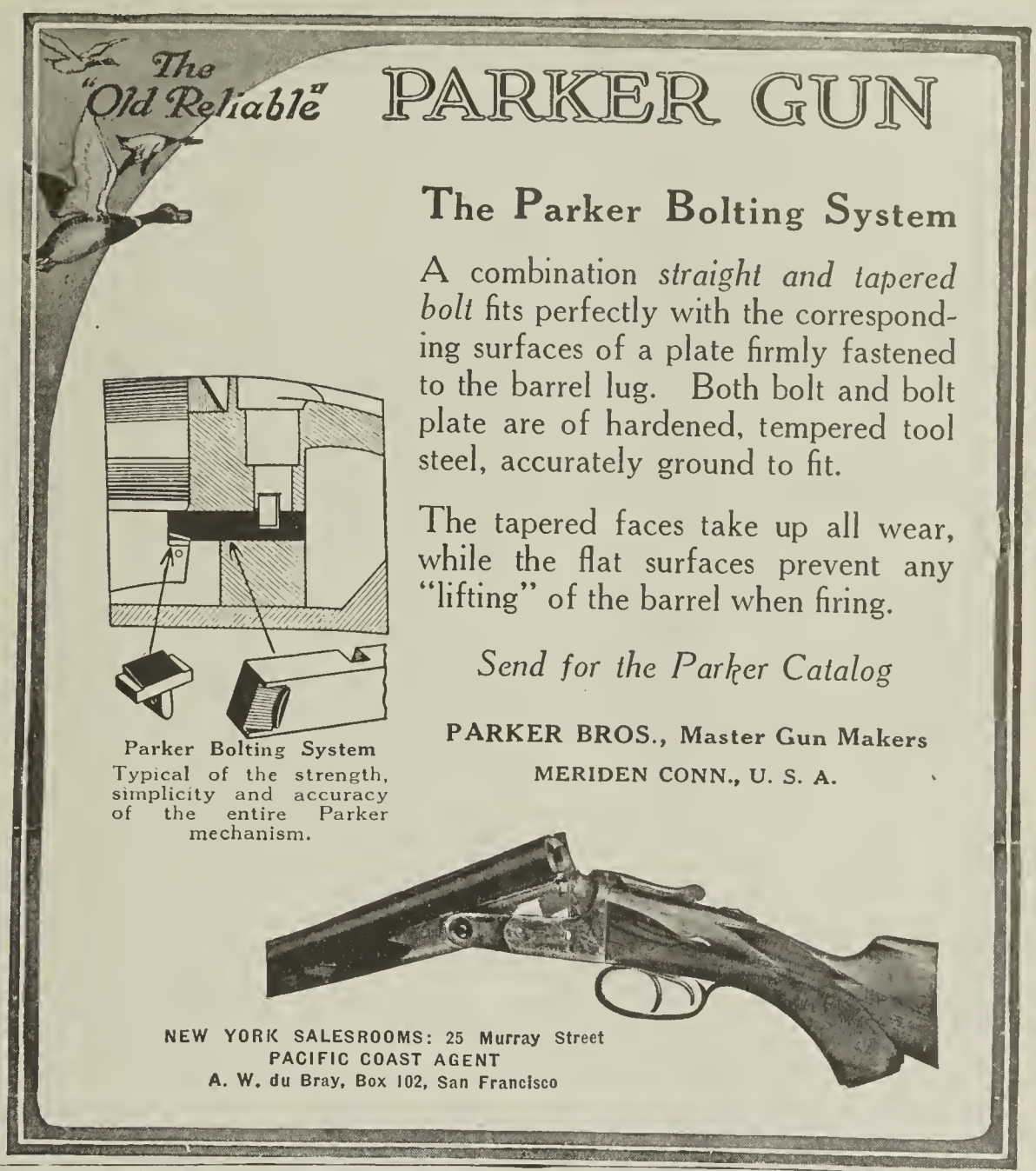
(*Continued from page* 125)

it and pushed them in the bones until but a little over an inch of threaded end projected. Then I drilled through the side—through skin, bone and flatted screw—with a small drill and forced a brass wire nail through all and filed off. Then I put the feet in the proper positions with the bones snugly fitting the holes in the panel. This left the brass ends of the screws projecting a bit at the back; over the screw ends I placed washers and brought all up tight and firm by means of hexagonal brass nuts.

AFTER the panel had been sandpapered to a good smooth finish I went over it with oak stain and filler and, after permanently fastening the feet in position as I have just described, I went over the wood with two or three coats of Valspar varnish. The hoofs I painted black and rubbed, when dry, with curled hair to destroy the glittery appearance. Of course they may be left shiny as one usually sees them when mounted, but to my mind they look unnatural that way. Some merely oil the hoofs and rub up to a finish.

To hang the panel I found a couple of little flat brass curtain hanger arrangements that at one time had been bought at the "Five and Ten" and screwed them in at the back. I lettered an appropriate (at least I thought it was) line of an old hunting-song, "Yo-Ho! The Mellow Horn" upon the panel and hung her up. My little carbine lies in it and above it the well-mounted head of the buck looks down. I look up at the head and hoofs and wish that I could do a head as nicely as I did the hoofs—but I cannot; I am much better with the feet than with the head, so my friends tell me, anyway. I wonder what they mean!

A. F. WESTERVELT,
New York.



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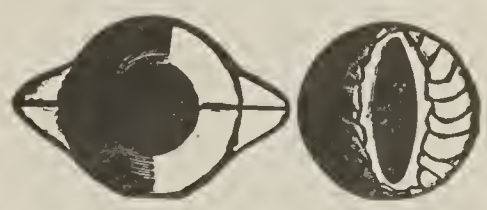

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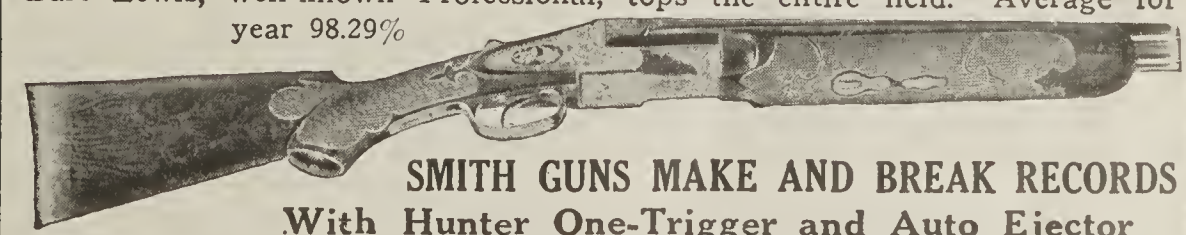

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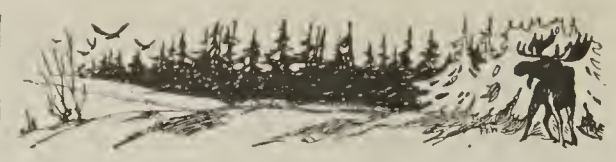

IN THE HEART OF NOVA SCOTIA

(*Continued from page* 136)

revealed new details. There was scarce a sound; never a ripple on the waters or soughing in the trees; even the birds seemed to have not yet awakened to herald the new day.

The cadence of the mating moose issued from the guide's trumpet, splitting the morning air, traveling far into the woods on the motionless air. Shiveringly we waited for a response. For nearly an hour we sat there, cramped and cold, while the guide periodically called.

"Hear that?" whispered the guide at length, and from afar off came deep staccato notes, not unlike the short, sharp brayings of a hound.

"Bull there," said the guide.

We waited a long while but there was no further development. As the guide explained to us later the bull which had fitfully responded was already mated and not to be lured away by another siren call.

Just with what faculty he made the discovery I am unable to determine, but a few seconds later there was an insistent whisper from the guide and we turned to see him pointing to the other side of the cove, several hundred yards away. The light was yet dim and for a while it was impossible to distinguish anything but the monotonous stretch of trees. Already the guide was moving the canoe in the direction he had pointed with long, powerful but silent strokes. Then there was a movement in the spot upon which our eyes were glued and as cautiously we approached closer the familiar proportions of the monarch of all Canadian animals revealed himself.

Clearer and clearer the bulk of the noble animal loomed up in its immensity as the canoe with imperceptible motion crept up. It was moving now along the denuded edge of the lake in our full view and apparently so unapprehensive that we got within fifty yards or so of him and could distinguish the huge swinging head, the ponderous ears, the tuft of hair hanging from the jowl. I have not been able to satisfy myself whether he saw us or not. Occasionally he would pause in his heavy progress and turn his head towards the lake, his eyes apparently fixed upon the canoe. Instantly, with a deft turn of the wrist, the guide would bring the craft to an absolute standstill and the animal would continue his leisurely unruffled way.

"He go 'round to where I call," whispered the guide, as the beast was hidden for a moment by a clump of brush.

It was exactly so. The bull, apparently not yet having attained his full strength and being consequently cautious and unaggressive, was making his way 'round to where he had been led to be-

(*Continued on page* 160)

AUTO-TOURING WAYS AND MEANS

(*Continued from page* 115)

The tourist who is not a careless rascal with his gun or rod will not lack for sport if he turns into the byways of the country. He must follow difficult automobile roads. He must obey local public sentiment. He will find quail guarded by jealous opinion where a coin in a fence corner will be replaced by a bottle of moonshine. But he will find friendliness and opportunity for sport fit for any man of moderate appetite given him by open-hearted fellows who know the lay of the land and who will gladly share their pleasure with the chance visitor who has come, not to kill but to live for a little while a new life in the open.

Automobile touring is as much a sport and is engrossing as anything to be had with rod or gun; we can—and should—miss no chances to go shooting or fishing in a car; but touring is exploring rather than hunting or fishing. With this in mind and not expecting too much, or even anything, one may well pause in celebrated game lands or beside famous waters and for a few hours test the local opportunities.

While touring does not make for expertness in anything but automobile driving and skilled judgment of highways, it does broaden one's viewpoint immensely. Those who confine themselves to one class of sport will miss many a charming experience; those who are willing to try anything once will find the diversity of big-mouth bass, catfish, trout, carp, and perch fishing in fresh waters; redfish and blackfish, sea bass and flounder, even tarpon and tuna sea fishing within cast of automobile roadsides or road ends. A night after possum and coon, a day after rabbits or quail, fine shooting at prairie dogs, or running coyote, even a day amid the peaks after sheep or bear, or a day in the swamps after wild hogs or fox squirrels—these things one may have. He may even run a line of spot-sets for fur as he flees the northern snows and perhaps gather fresh water terrapin, or frog legs, or hunt for pearls in mussel shells. These things lie along the trails ahead.

DAILY ROUTINE

CARS differ greatly in their daily mileage capacity. A car weighing two tons, with a thousand or so pounds burden, will carry one comfortably up to 200 or more miles a day over gravel and even rougher roads where the light cars will shake one out of endurance in a hundred or so miles. Driving all day into the white glare of desert at a ten or twelve miles an hour rate is harder on the eyes than twice that distance in a restful green landscape. A schedule compiled from map and road logs and adhered to day after day, regardless of comfort, conditions and opportunities, may prove to be almost an unmitigated nuisance.

The fact is, with roads as they now are throughout the United States, it is difficult to say off hand what one should

expect to do. The tourist east of the Mississippi, north of the Ohio, having main routes mostly of stone, concrete, or at least good gravel, may well figure on far greater mileage than elsewhere in the country. But even in these states detours and digressions from the main roads may mean just as bad roads as anywhere else in the country.

My own plan with a medium weight seven-passenger, six-cylinder car has been to reckon my gait at from eighty to a hundred miles a day average and I made the west-bound transcontinental in forty-two days, the east-bound in twenty-eight, and the diagonal from central New York to Texas in twenty-four days gross; that is 100 miles a day net—constant driving, but sundry mechanical difficulties caused delays.

Generally speaking, for every seven days on the road an automobile should have a day's tinkering and oiling. This means more than an hour a day. It can be given the car daily, in two half days, or on one day. Here, again, cars differ widely. Also, the extraordinary difficulties such as breaks, smashes and baffling stops, due to obscure motor troubles, wiring and driving parts may claim a day, or even two or three days in a garage. Starting with a car in first class condition one may have no trouble, not even tire troubles, for several weeks and in going thousands of miles. Cars have made the transcontinental without being touched for repairs. Automobiles of all makes often perform wonderfully under stress of necessity. We came from the Pacific to the Mohawk valley with only tire trouble and a baffling tail-light short circuit.

Comfort, food and rest are more important than mileage. We tried early and late starting, morning, noon and night "main meals," schedules as to miles, as to hours driven and the like. We found that it was generally better to take it rather easy, without worrying about starting or stopping or of the miles made per day. We started on the west-bound transcontinental (not knowing it would be more than a few hundred miles jaunt toward the Mississippi) at 6 o'clock in the afternoon. Returning eastward we started toward mid-day. The other day heading for Texas (toward which I started to walk twenty-odd years ago), we left home at 4 o'clock p. m., starting when we were ready. Making the start is enough for any one day. And the thirty-five, sixty or eighty miles added to that day comprises a good day's work when camp is made.

DAY after day the trip changes, the days vary, till at last doubts and experiments give way to genuine efficiency and schedules are developed out of experience. Thus, breakfast is a matter of thirty minutes to an hour, depending on the menu. While breakfast is preparing, camp is broken and the load made. But work ceases when the grub is ready. Then dishes are washed and the load completed.

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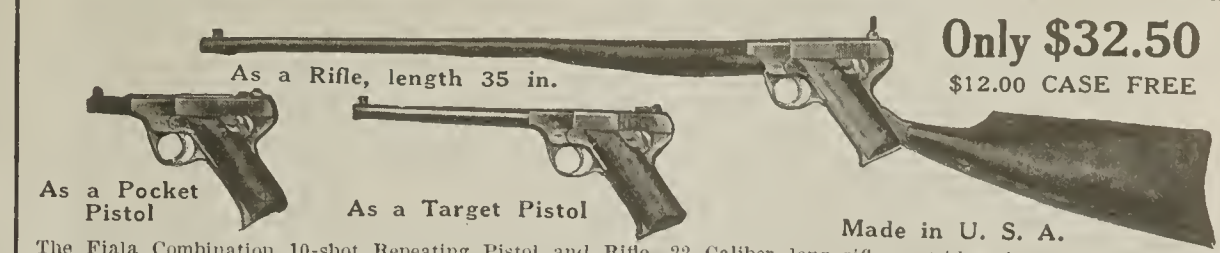

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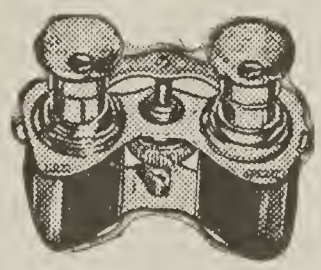

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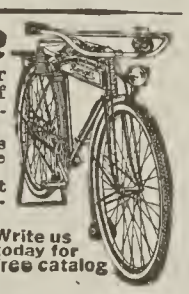

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more or less. Within the dinner period a favorable spot swings the car to the roadside and a good meal is prepared. This noonday meal is by far the most important of the day. A light breakfast, such as bread and milk, cup of coffee or cocoa and boiled eggs is enough. But the dinner at noon may well take up two hours or so.

The point is that a broiled steak, vegetables, dessert, a hot drink, soup, and other fixings can be worked over and lingered over, eaten and enjoyed. Perhaps two hours seem a long time to give to this meal. The time is not merely for eating, however. It is also for relaxing, for recuperating from the morning strain for the afternoon drive.

Starting after this noon meal, which may begin at 11 or not till after 1 o'clock, the driver and travelers are well rested. In the summer months when it is not dark till nearly 9 o'clock at night, five or six hours of daylight still remain for rolling along. In the autumn, when the nightfall may come in three or four hours, there is no worry for fear the supper meal will be missed. The "big" noon meal does away with the need of more than a lunch, which may be prepared by spot or hand light. The fact is, we would sometimes drop into a restaurant in the evening as we came to some town. The restaurant people would give information as to local camp grounds or road conditions beyond.

In any event, having had a good meal and a good rest in midday, we could go on even for an hour or two after dark without inconvenience when making a summer or an autumnal journey. If perchance there was no good camping ground, and this condition may extend for fifty miles or so, it did not matter as we could drive on till a good ground was located, even after dark.

Summer touring gives long hours of daylight. Autumn and winter means long nights. Touring generally means more or less night driving. This night driving can often be traced, doubtless, to slow starts in the morning, and long noon-day meals; but the equanimity and comfort gained in having the complete meal at least once a day, rather than snatched lunches, offsets the drawbacks. I think that confirmed tourists invariably seize upon the one square meal at whatever cost in time or money.

A car is handled better if during the long nooning a few grease cups are filled, oil squirted into the springs and the radiator filled, burrs tightened, etc. These little attentions, taking from a few minutes to an hour, are part of the driver's job. While he works on the car, others prepare the meal. Nothing prevents trouble quite so thoroughly as constant supervision of the car, inside and out. Where two or three are driving, spelling one another, the drivers all note this or that about the car which needs attending to. It does not pay to neglect anything, whether a softening tire or a broken spring leaf. The spare tire should always be kept pumped up ready for use.

Where little children are among those touring, it is worth while to stop every hour or so at some fine shade tree be-

side the road or in the open prairie to give the youngsters a chance to romp and stretch. Keeping any members of the party cramped in the car too long is sure to make the journey wearisome beyond need. This applies especially to the trips taking two weeks or longer. It may be questioned whether it is worth while to undertake an elaborate camping trip of less than two weeks. If it is a matter of going to some place, for the sake of arriving there, perhaps it would be better to drive steadily, stopping at restaurants for meals and hotels or wayside lodgings for the night, doing away with the outfit entirely—except the drinking-water can.

For a week or two the tourists can stand the privation and the irregularities, such as sleeping in catnaps and quick-lunch rations, but a trip to the Rockies and back, to either Coast and return, to the faraway places, demands ample equipment, ample meals and ample time.

OLD timers on the roads are as regular as at home. Watch the transcontinental tourists come into camp. They stop, probably to look around for a parking place; they note the location of the water taps; they look for ruts, ditches, deep grass so as to avoid them. When they pick their place they may back their car into it in order to have the tent backed against a convenient wire fence to save driving stakes; they consider the question of fire for cooking.

When the car is in place, one whittles a few shavings from a stick picked up beside the road; another unstraps the tent and another pulls the bedding out and the party cook raises the lid of the grub box. In fifteen minutes the tent and beds are up and the fire is cooking the evening meal. In 45 minutes supper is finished and there is nothing to do but to go down to the movies in town, or perhaps go down to the pool to try for a mess of fish, or, more likely, to bed.

In the morning the tent is struck, the beds taken down, the bedding and tent folded up and lashed fast. In the meanwhile someone has a fire built and the breakfast is being cooked. It takes an hour, perhaps, for the breakfast, from lighting the fire to washing the dishes. It takes an hour to break camp, pack the car and make ready to start. Division of the work, each doing what he can, means one hour to the getaway, instead of two or three hours.

Always it is worth while to note other tourists in a camp, learning new wrinkles. Here is a man with a collapsible stove; here is one with a folding grid; here is one with a gasolene stove; here is one with a camp-fire stake holding four or five dishes over the fire at various heights. Tents, beds, luggage carriers, dishes, racks—no matter how much one may have simplified and elaborated his own outfit, he will see something else to make it better, more complete. One learns most by watching the outfits traveling in one's own kind of car, make and model. What serves well on a huge sedan would be impossible on a roadster.

When the trip is along a famous trail it will be found that several cars are

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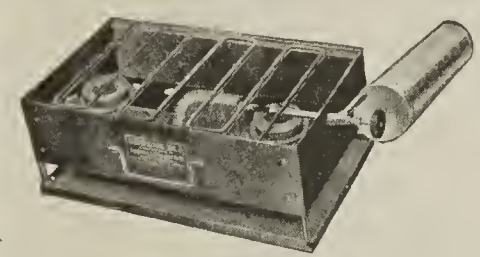

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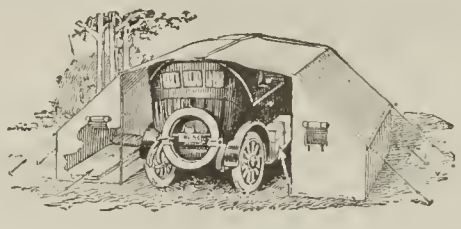

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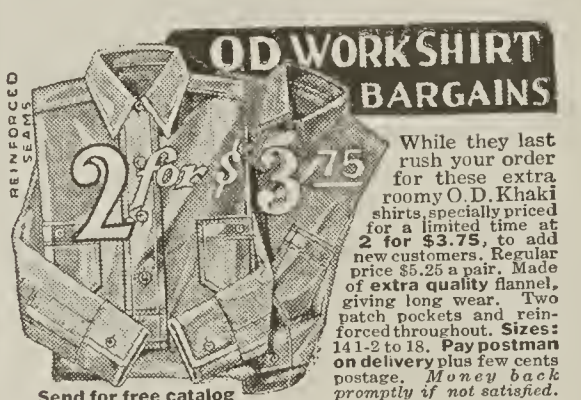

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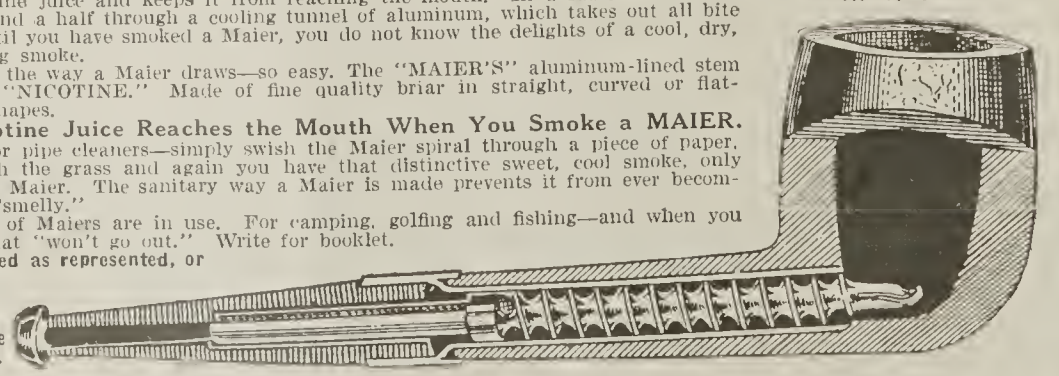

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making about the same mileage per day. This mileage is somewhere between eighty and a hundred miles. Some do the distance in eight hours, some in ten hours. When cars have met two or three times in a camp ground, acquaintances are struck up. When the western country is reached, and deserts and mountain ranges must be crossed, the cars travel in pairs, or even trains, and then speed is varied to keep all together, one behind the other but far enough apart not to have to eat the dust. These comradeships of the highway are surprising to those unused to them. The easterners, especially, have to learn the mutual protection and safety from arid land jeopardies, where houses are fifty miles apart and it may be two hundred miles between garages.

Any daily program must be left open, subject to the conditions. Any car trouble, delay, unexpectedly fast driving (good road), or poor roads will upset plans. Trying to adhere to plans in such circumstances is simply folly. I have expected to make a town by noon or a little later and found myself three days in going to the place. On the other hand, I have occasionally passed a town at noon when I did not anticipate reaching it before the following day, or even later.

By having no set ideas or intentions, on the average I find I have done far more with my car than we ever believed we could.

CURIOUSLY enough, having a set program will lead to long delays in the aggregate. Consider, for example, an inflexible schedule from New York to Chicago, or the Mississippi river, giving a daily average of 150 miles. A fair driver is almost sure to overrun his day's expectations. He will stop an hour sooner in the day than needful; he will lose by this hour from twenty to thirty miles; in a week he has lost 150 miles, and perhaps 200 or 250 miles. This was our experience west of Chatauqua Lake in New York. Figuring on seventy or eighty miles a day we reached Denver on a Mississippi river estimate.

Having set ideas with regard to any feature of the trip may lead to embarassment and disappointment. We traveled with a New England house-car outfit, Coast bound from Portsmouth, N. H., who insisted that camp grounds, to be available, must have shade, water and other conveniences. Despite the house-car, there was no provision for carrying a water supply in it. Consider their amazement in western Nebraska and across Colorado, to the Rockies, and from the Rockies into the Colorado state and Utah deserts! No shade but alkali openness extending to the horizon. They stared at the Rockies and with delightful loyalty remarked that these bare heights could not compare in real beauty with their own dear Mt. Washington.

The personal equation must determine the meeting of the conditions inevitable in touring. One sees tourists enjoying the most incredible difficulties. We saw in Omaha, a five-passenger fliver come into the park with eight people on board

five adults and three children in their teens. They had a camping outfit. They decided in camp that perhaps they had better have another car, so some of them went down town and purchased a roadster—seating three—which gave them, in comparison, lots of room.

We saw a great grandfather and his wife going to visit "one of the boys," eight hundred miles from home, in a six-cylinder car purchased the previous week. They were stuck on a narrow bridge and had held up seven or eight cars in the early dusk, but a garage worker traced the difficulty in five minutes to a grain of sand in the distributor. They expected to sleep in the car beside the road but were gain-speeding by night-running.

Obviously what serves the purpose of hardy young adventurers, young men out for a lark, will not do at all for a man, wife and three or four young children; not in outfit, not in daily routine and not in the miles traversed. The most disappointed tourists I ever saw were a family which had expected to make their two hundred miles a day, but who found 100 miles a terrific task. The father was simply unspeakable in his oath-full worry, while the others would have been having the time of their lives but for the man's inability to stand up squarely under the unexpected delays, highway difficulties and hardships, which are not hardships except as one makes them so. What do people go touring for if it isn't to taste again the primitive and meet troubles man-fashion? Women and young people are better sports than men in this respect, and where there is one sniffy woman there are a dozen snorting men. Men seem to find it harder to forego their comforts and accustomed luxuries than all the other types of humans put together, girls, boys, women, grandmothers and the rest. And men lose their nerve, too.

The toil of a trip is considerable. One must study the roads to drive on them successfully, and it may not be amiss to discuss the various types of highways in our next article.

(To be continued)

THE BIG GAME OF NORTH CHINA

(Continued from page 112)

conspicuous white croup-disc. The tail is very short. The full-grown ram stands over 44 inches at the shoulder, and carries horns that range from 17 to 19½ inches in circumference at the base, and from 47 to 52 inches in length. The skull and horns of a specimen shot by the writer weighed 43 lbs., a fact which will give some idea of the magnificent trophy the head of such a sheep makes. This species is confined, as far as is at present known, to the mountains of North Shansi and North Chihli, though its presence today in the latter province is doubtful. Frequenting the highest ranges and grassy uplands, this sheep is difficult to come at, and requires a deal of arduous and very careful stalking. Both rams and ewes are expert climbers, scaling the most difficult and dizzy cliffs with comparative ease. The Chinese

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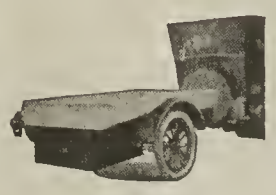

Above shows how outfit folds flat into trailer. No side-sway, not top heavy.

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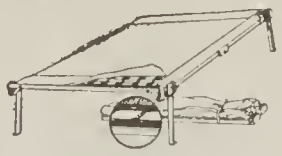

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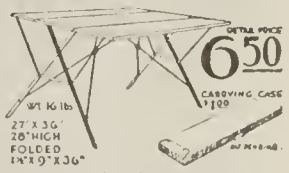

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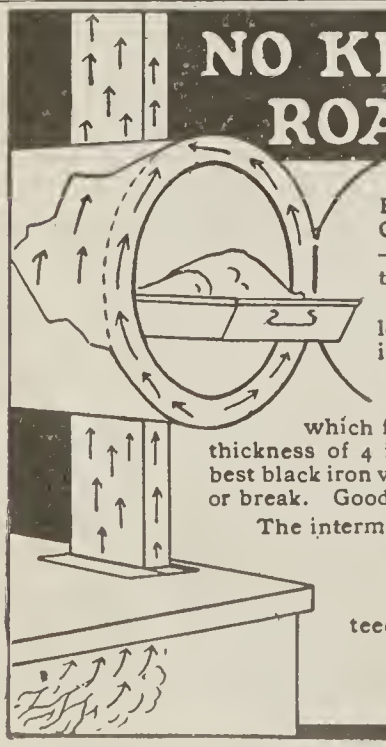

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name is *Pan-Yang,* the word *pan* meaning a circle or disc, and referring to the horns. The Mongol name is *argoli.*

In Southwestern Kansu a smaller wild-sheep occurs. This is the bharal, or blue sheep, known to science as *Psuedoïs nahura.* In this form the horns instead of being in the form of a compressed spiral, as in the domestic ram, make a graceful curve outward and backward, more like those of a goat. It is of a grayish color with black and white, or cream, legs.

THREE kinds of antelope, or gazelle, may be said to occur in North China, albeit only on the fringes. These are the Mongolian gazelle (*Gazella gutturosa*), which may be found in the extreme north of both Chihli and Shansi; its true home being the grass lands of inner Mongolia; Przewalski's gazelle (*Gazella przewalskii*), whose home is the Ordos Desert and the Gobi, but which ranges into Northern Shensi; and the Tibetan gazelle (*Gazella picticaudata*), which occurs in Western Kansu on the Tibetan frontier. These are all graceful animals of a light, buff-fawn color above, whitish below. They occur in herds, often of considerable strength, in the regions they occupy. The Mongolian gazelle is the largest, and is characterized by its large head, swollen larynx, and very small tail. Przewalski's gazelle has a much longer, rather bushy tail, which it often holds erect in a goat-like manner, especially when alarmed or on the alert, while its horns are more sharply curved than in the preceding species. The Tibetan gazelle is the smallest, and has somewhat longer horns than the others, while its tail though longer than that of the Mongolian gazelle, is considerably shorter and less bushy than that of Przewalski's gazelle. All three species go by the name *Hwang Yang,* or "yellow sheep" in China, while the Mongols call them *gurrusu.*

The gorals, of which four species occur in our region, may be described as connecting links between the true goats and the antelopes. They are small, active animals, not unlike the well-known chamoise of Europe in general appearance and habits, but with straight, or only slightly curved horns. Two species are found on the Kansu-Tibetan border, namely, the gray goral (*Urotragus cinereus,* M.-Edw.), a large form, and the grizzled goral (*U. griseus,* M.-Edw.), a smaller form. In these the color is gray. In the Tsing Ling, in South Shensi, a much darker form occurs, the name *U. niger* having been given it by Heude; while in Shansi and Chihli a fourth species in which the color is brownish-grey, and the tail is very long is fairly abundant in certain districts. This last was called *U. caudatus* by Milne-Edwards, who described it from the Chihli mountains. The genus is represented in Manchuria by a very large form named *U. raddeanus* by Heude; on the middle Yang-tzu by another form called *U. henryanus,* and in the coastal mountains of Southeastern China by yet another called *U. arnoux-*

ianus, both by the same authority. Other forms occur in Indo-China, the Himalayas, and Japan. These little goats frequent high, precipitous cliffs, and offer the hunter the most exciting kind of sport. They inherit all the agility of their kind, are quick as lightning in seeking cover, and seem to be possessed of extraordinary cunning in eluding their enemies. They love to sit out on the end of some spur of rock scanning the country below them, and the hunter will find his work cut out to approach them unseen. His best chance is to use beaters and to wait, rifle or shotgun ready, at some strategic point till the nimble animals are driven his way. Gorals are called *Ching Yang* or *Ling Yang*, "gray-sheep" or "crag-sheep" by the Chinese.

The serows (*Nemorhœdus*) are large cousins of the gorals, which they much resemble in general appearance and habits, though preferring more wooded country, and differing in their greater size, and in the presence of an open gland on either side of the face below the eye, with a corresponding pit in the skull. So far as is known, no serow occurs further north than the Tsing Ling, the species that are to be found in that range being *Nemorhœdus vidianus*, Heude, in South Shensi, and *N. milne-edwardsi*, David, in Southwestern Kansu. Both these forms extend into Ssu-chuan, and are characterized by having white manes in some individuals, the head and body blackish, varying to gray according to season, and the lower parts of the legs chestnut-red. The only difference between the two forms appears to lie in the wider spread, smaller sized, and more deeply grooved horns of the western specie, *N. milne-edwardsi*. The true white-maned serow is *N. argyrochœtes*, Heude, of the coastal province of Chekiang, in Southeast China. This species has been spoken of by authorities such as the late Mr. Lydebeker as occurring in Ssu-chuan, but this is not the case. A wide gap, uninhabited by any serows occurs between the habitat of *N. argyrochœtes* and Ssu-chuan. In South China and Tonkin *N. collasinus*, Heude, and *N. rocherianus*, Heude, respectively occur. The latter has no white mane; the former is known only by a pair of horns from Canton province. Serows are very difficult animals to hunt, living as they do in inaccessible mountainous and forested areas. Few Europeans have ever shot any of the Chinese species, though the Sikawei Museum in Shanghai has a fine series of skins and skulls gathered together by the late Père Heude.

THE last and probably by common consent the most desirable from a sportsman's point of view of the big game animals of these regions is the so-called golden takin (*Budorcas bedfordi*, Thos.) of the Tai Pei Shan section of the Tsing Ling mountains in southwestern Shensi. The takins are related to the gorals and serows on the one hand, and to the musk-ox (*Ovibos*) on the other. Only three species are known, namely *Budorcas thibetanus*, M.-

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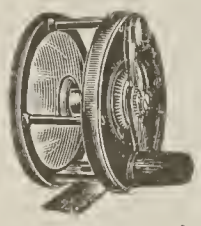

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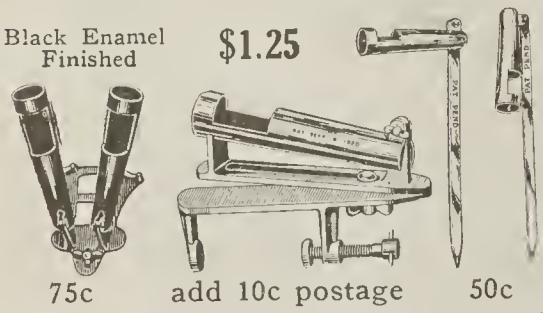

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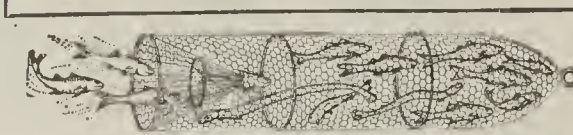

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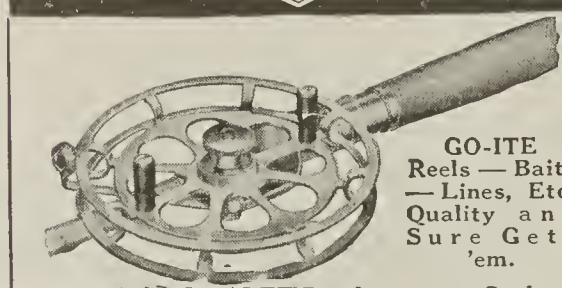

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NOW READY, SETS OF NATURE DRYFLIES FOR APRIL, MAY, JUNE, JULY, AT 2.50 PER DOZ. Send for Revised New Price List Free to LOUIS RHEAD, 217 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Edw., from Western Ssu-chuan; *B. taxicolor* from Bhutan and the eastern Himalayas, and our present form, which is the most northerly form. There appear to be more than one variety of the Bhutan takin.

The size of an ox, with black, graceful horns that rise up on the forehead, turn outward and then backward, a short tail, thick, heavy legs and large hoofs, the takin is one of the most peculiar-looking animals of modern times. It somewhat resembles the Rocky Mountain goat, but its horns are very different. It is much larger and has a very high, strongly convex bridge to the nose. In spite of its bulk, however, it is an expert climber, and lives at altitudes of from 8,000 to 12,000 feet, keeping to the most precipitous slopes and cliffs, which it negotiates as easily as any goat. In fact, it has all the habits of a goat, and is very nearly as quick and agile as the goral itself.

In color our species is of a fine pale, golden-white, the hair in winter being long and wavy. But for its clumsiness and the high, rounded nose, the takin might be considered a beautiful animal, and in any case its head makes a magnificent trophy and its coat a splendid rug. The takin lives in a region where rhododendrons grow in great forests, and bamboos in thick jungles, in spite of the altitude, and it is on the leaves of the bamboos that it mainly lives.

On a trip to the Tai Shan the present writer was fortunate enough to shoot two takin bulls, of which the larger, now in the United States National Museum, measured 50 inches at the shoulder, weighed about 600 pounds, and had horns over 20 inches in length.

The Chinese hunters call this takin *Pan-tou Yang* or *Pan Yang*, a name which has led to some confusion between it and the North Shansi wild sheep. Indeed, one writer on Chinese big game, owing to this confusion, has made the statement that takins occur in North Shansi. Another name used by the Tai Pei Shan natives for the takin is *Pei Yang*, or "white sheep"; while in Ssu-chuan the word *Yeh Niu*, or "wild ox," is used for the local species.

INLAND BIRD-BANDING ASSOCIATION

(*Continued from page* 143)

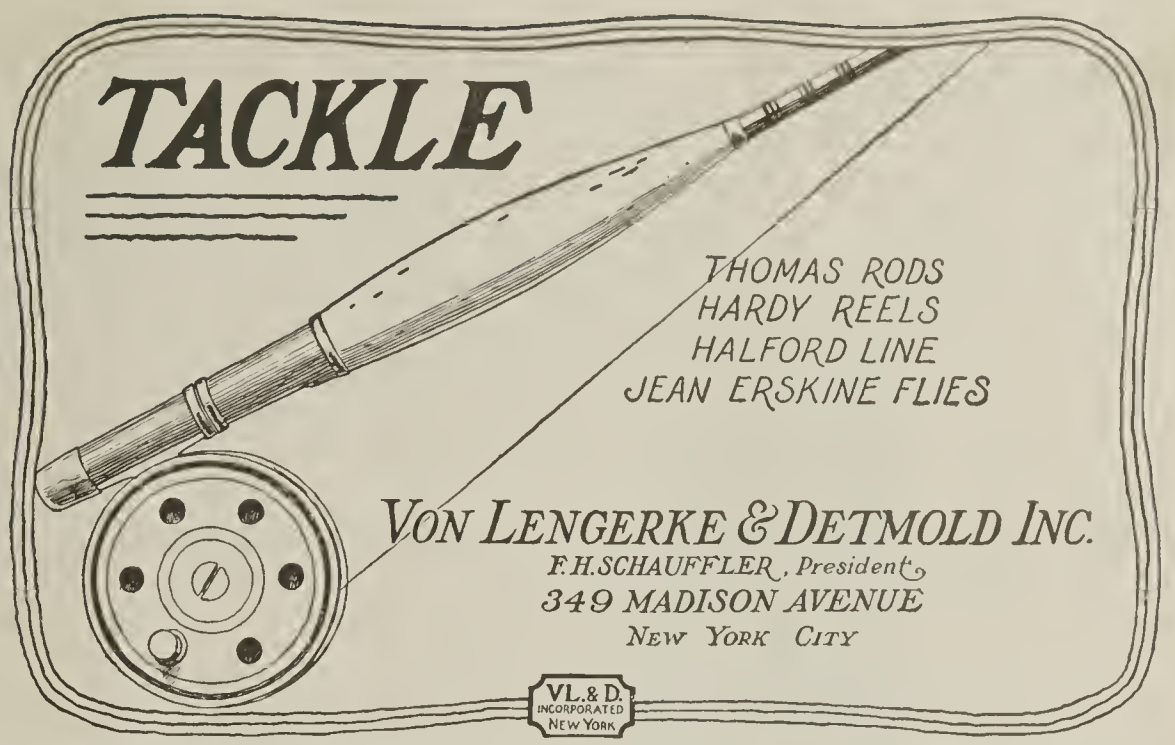
Under Mr. Cleaves' direction the Bird Banding Association grew rapidly, and when his work called him from the vicinity of New York City and he found himself unable longer to be its directing genius, it was also apparent that bird banding had outgrown the resources of the Linnæan Society. The latest important development under the Cleaves régime had to do with trapping birds. Mr. S. Prentiss Baldwin (whose address is the Williamson Building, Cleveland, Ohio), at that time one of the most active members of the Association, had just worked out methods and possibilities of trapping adult birds at feeding stations. The birds are in no way harmed and return again and again to the traps in the

same and succeeding years, so that many times more returns are obtained than by casual banding with no chance of recovery save by accident. It was results from this trapping method which enabled Mr. Baldwin to bring the possibilities of bird-banding so convincingly to the attention of the United States Biological Survey, Washington, D. C., that that Bureau of the Government took it over at this point, and bands are now issued by, returns made to, and records kept by them.

A PARAGRAPH as to a few of the interesting discoveries about American birds made by bird-banding may be in order here. Definite data of the return, year after year, of individual birds to a given nesting site has been obtained, none more remarkable than that of the chimney swift to the identical chimney after a winter spent in the tropics. Young night herons, old enough to travel in midsummer, make considerable journeys to the north before they go south with other birds to escape approaching winter. Individuals of several species of winter sparrows, after nesting in the north, have been found to return to the identical winter quarters. A certain lot of ducks, mostly mallards and black ducks, banded north of western Lake Ontario in 1920, moved south as follows: The majority of mallards and blacks down the Mississippi Valley. A smaller number crossed the Alleghanies to reach the Atlantic Coast at Chesapeake Bay. Two ring-necked ducks seem to have followed the latter course and were killed respectively in Virginia in November and South Carolina in January. Several Blue-winged Teal were banded, but the early migration of this species seems to have carried them beyond the United States before the opening of the gunning season. One, however, was taken at Port of Spain, Trinidad!

In the accompanying map, the star indicates the locality where black and mallard ducks, a few blue-winged teal and two ring-necked ducks were banded; dots show where blacks and mallards were killed; circles mark the end of the two ring-necks; and a cross that of one of the teal in far-away Trinidad. (Data from a paper in "The Auk," by F. C. Lincoln of the U. S. Biological Survey.)

Comparatively few persons have at once the interest and the opportunity to take an active part in bird-banding. A great many persons should be interested to know of it, and be on the lookout for banded birds (in the game-bag if they be sportsmen). To place a band on a bird's leg does not necessarily prove anything. To find a band on a bird's leg, placed there by someone else, at some other place, at some other time, will almost always bring to light something interesting about that individual bird, if reported to the United States Biological Survey, Washington, D. C.



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Easiest bait to cast you ever handled—cuts the air like a knife, and when in the water you can make it float or dive deep, just as you wish.

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1	35	"	"				
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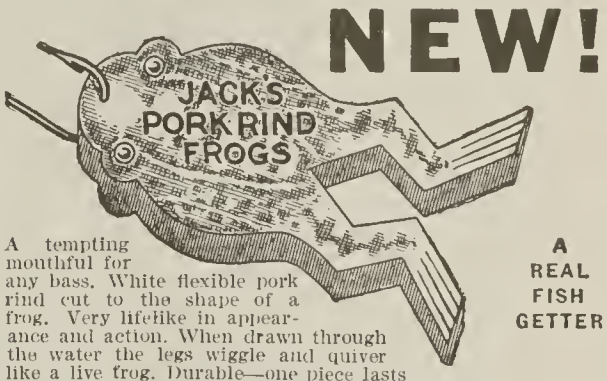

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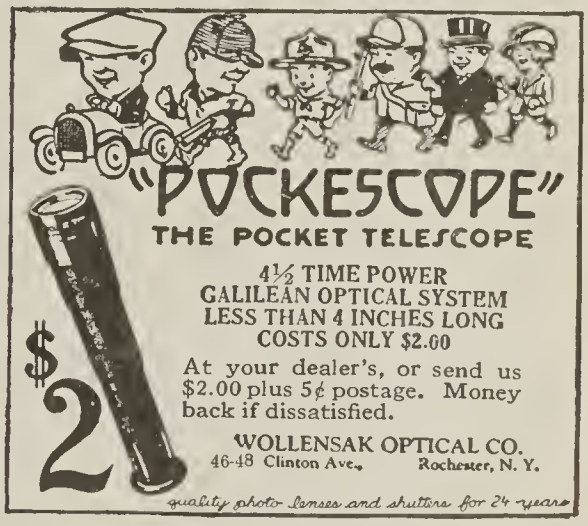

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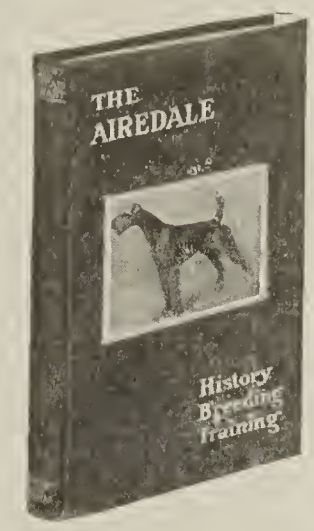

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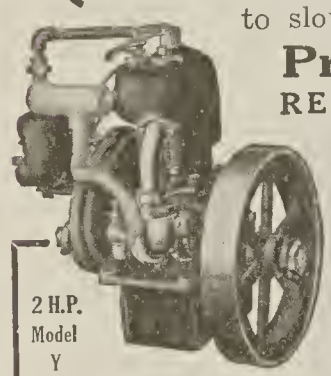

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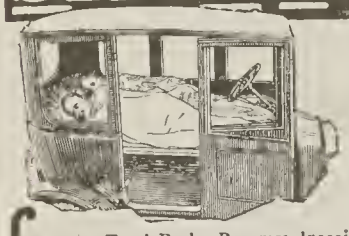

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GLORIOUS DAYS WITH THE QUAIL

(*Continued from page* 106)

brambles. Our belief was strengthened by the dogs' trailing toward the river.

It was Bill's greatest desire, on that first day of the season, to get the bag limit and he lacked only two birds; but guns were resting heavily on our shoulders and weary legs brought thoughts of home and rest, to say nothing of those longing thoughts that go hand in hand with an empty stomach and besides those well bulged pockets of our hunting coats gave sufficient evidence that our little jaunt had been successful enough, so to my satisfaction Bill decided to let well enough alone.

Slowly we plodded along, now through the tall dead grass of an unused meadow, now through a stubble patch or over a strip of freshly plowed ground, talking of the various hits and misses, the successful and failing points of our dog training, the location of different coveys and plans for our next hunt; or reveling in the beauties of old-time scenery that we had known from boyhood, but which seemed always to grow more and more beautiful and pleasing. We were just commenting on an old peak which lay a full thirty miles away when four almost unnoticed pointers that had continued eagerly on the hunt froze as one at a brushy old fence row. This was altogether unexpected, for we had almost forgotten the hunt as we trudged along talking of incidents that had passed into history. Quickly I looked at Bill and likewise Bill looked at me. Surely he was thinking of those two birds he needed to fill his bag to the limit. We had only a short time to think, however, for our jogging had ceased and a livelier pace had brought us quickly to where the covey had gathered to remain under cover until even'-time when they would again go out to feed. All was alertness. Guns were ready for immediate action, for we were positive that this would be the last shooting for that day. But the birds were a bit hard to rout from the thick patch of brambles and I was busily engaged in untangling myself from a barbed wire fence when they whizzed out. Strange as it may seem they went in all directions.

Bang! Bang! Bill's gun was dealing death, for I plainly saw a bird crumble at each report. I had no more time for wire and clothing and leaped free of the fence. A few naturally resulting ripping sounds were cut short by another bang! Bill had lined with a third as it sailed off to the left. Down it went—winged—and marked down by one of the pups that soon had it caught. As I took the bird from the dog I called to Bill that we had him.

"Good, keep 'im. I've got all I want. You and the dog are responsible for that bird. I nearly went over the limit—understand? Guess that's what they call a tight fight with a short stick. What say?"

So the first day passed, never to be forgotten as long as the call of a Bob-white is remembered. Likewise many other hunts during the season passed and each singular incident and odd shot that bore interest of mutual importance to us. But really, it was all just quail hunting, and that was enough, yet we must not forget those goodly feasts that always followed a successful trip.

WE had just "gotten in a good way," as the old timer says, when it dawned upon us that the season was drawing to a close. You bet we would have a hunt on that last day! We would go, rain or shine, or anything, so as usual, anticipation played a great part, for plans were carefully made and enjoyed. But all too often Hard Luck interferes at the most important moment. So it was on the morning of the last day of the season. Unheard of circumstances arose, and it mattered not whether our broilers had swooped down upon the neighbors' front yard flower bed as a result of a broken fence or that we had remembered at the last moment that the second mortgage had fallen due. The main idea was to get the matter attended to as soon as possible.

When we were at last ready to depart in pursuit of our beloved pastime, it was high noon. This was indeed quite an odd time for Bill and me to start after quail, for we always made it a point to get them during the early feeding hour. We knew this was to be a real hunt, for we must flush them from the shady briar patches and liveoak thickets. Therefore, as the cornfield coveys had long since been thinned to the minimum, we beat it off to a distant cover we thought most likely. It was midafternoon when we arrived. A slight breeze blowing from the northwest continually shifted the thin white clouds that streaked the skies. Our way led up a steep and thinly wooded hillside. Scrubby little trees stood black and bare save for patches of moss that stood out in strong contrast against the blacks and browns of winter. A few remaining crows cawed lazily on that sleepy afternoon as a slightly dimmed sun cast abroad the spell of the fast approaching springtime. We hardly expected to find any birds before reaching the top of the rise where there were numerous small thickets and where a coarse tall grass abounded; but, nevertheless, the dogs were given the command and quickly began to work upward. The three young dogs had turned out to be excellent workers, in fact, even better than we had expected, and, seemingly with as much skill and enjoyment as their mother, they scented carefully as they ranged widely up the little hill. We had them all named now—Dick, Tom and Harry—and, indeed, our careful training and watchful waiting had not been in vain.

"There's some dogs that would please anybody in another year," Bill said thoughtfully as he watched their every move and seemed to forget all else.

The climbing was becoming tiresome when Bill called my attention to something in a low voice. I looked. Old Tip stood rigid with one forefoot raised from the ground. But it was only a

moment until she hit a few cautious steps to the windward and—the birds were located. Immediately we forgot the labors of up-grade walking and hurriedly followed her.

"Look!" I thought Bill surely must be out of his head by yelling around the dog in such a manner when she was on point.

But I looked and I could not blame him when I saw one of the younger dogs holding on the opposite side of the little clump of bushes. It was an admirable sight, yet it was almost fit to laugh at. There he stood with muscles held tense enough to produce cramp and with such earnestness in his eyes that I almost feared he might bark, or even leap headlong into the midst of the birds, he was so young. But Bill gave stern, yet kind words of warning, and the pup drew back slightly, moving not an eye or a foot from where it rested. He simply ceased his forward trend to allow his body to relax.

We flushed the covey ourselves on account of the pup. Up they went, a dozen strong, flying in a general uphill direction. Our shooting ability had surely improved. For myself, however, I was well satisfied with one hit; but Bill, who had now been dubbed the Crafty Colonel, thought nothing of a double in the brush and quite a number of times he had knocked three in the open with apparent ease.

AS we walked on, gathering a few singles, frequent sounds of shotgun boomings came to us from down the valley, telling us that there were other anxious souls afield on that day whose sunset would close the Bob-White season for ten long months. For quail hunting this was far from an ideal place for actually bagging them, but for sport and a real test of one's shooting abilities there was nothing better. Twice did Bill score a double. When the covey was first flushed two shots rang from his repeater before I could well line with one, and try as I would I could never outdo him. After thinking it over from every other angle, I even envied him his ability to pick the best vantage point. Never will one find a hunter named Bill who will come dragging up pumping for breath after the shooting is all over. If anyone does the first shooting it will be he, as it always proved true with the Colonel. Again he took two, and the only two at that, when two of the pups made a dandy point in the bottom of a deep ravine that cut through the hill. Invariably it seemed that Bill saw the dogs first. This had been the case during the past two months of hunting. Now I wanted to beat him just once before we set the guns away. I almost fell into the ravine bent on getting the first shot. I was well satisfied to see that Bill remained behind. Apparently he really wanted me to have it all to himself. The little gulch was almost choked with dry leaves and the sounds made by my walking on them sent the birds up—two of them. Unfortunately for me they had moved up the bank about two yards and arose with a thin

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screen of branches slightly obstructing my view.

Imagine my dismay when two sharp cracks came from that same old repeater and I heard Bill carefully coaxing the young pointers to retrieve the dead birds while I stood in the gully with an empty gun; the only results of my shooting being a few leaves from a live-oak whisked away by the gentle breeze. That was enough. I would win some time and then I could boast, for it would be an achievement; but as it was—well, I didn't have a fair shot in the first place. Finally we quit the brushy hillside and stepped out on the flat top, where we had started at first. Once in the open we dropped down to rest on a mossy old rock almost with a thud. The dogs hurried to us panting heavily, but ever whining as if reprimanding us for hesitating. Presently our thoughts were wandering away as if we were in another life. There we sat on the uppermost edge of the little hillock that overlooked many miles of timber land that marked the course of the winding river. Already our minds were stealing away from us overwhelmed by thoughts of the first happenings of the yet unfinished hunt. But the Colonel soon broke the spell.

"What's the idea of our sitting here like idiots when it's only two hours 'til this license will only be good to start a fire with? What do you say, do we wait ten months or ten months and two hours before we drop another bird?"

"Ten months only," was my answer, and we were off again with something new ahead of us to think about. The stiff grass rustled against our leggings as we hustled off with renewed vigor. The pointers ranged with such swiftness and alertness that it seemed they might continue their task indefinitely. Loaded shells still comprised the principal weight in our coat pockets, for we had taken no heavy toll from the first covey, which only added to our anxiety for striking new prospects.

After an hour of uneventful hunting we swung around in the direction of home. The lull in shooting had started Bill to talking, a thing he seldom does on such an occasion as this. I saw that he was not watching closely and faint hopes presented themselves that even yet I might beat him at shooting. It was growing late, but still I had hopes. After several minutes of watchful waiting Bill began growling about his coat being too hot when I noticed that the dogs' actions gave evidence of a find. I did everything possible to divert his attention. Presently he again mentioned the coat and I saw out of the corner of my eye that one of the dogs had pointed some distance to the left.

"Why don't you take it off?" I asked, trying to be sympathetic.

"That's a good idea. Guess I'll try carrying it awhile." Slowly he leaned the wicked looking repeater on a bush and unbuttoned the coat that I thought had brought my great luck.

"Sure get up steam walkin'," he drawled as he slipped it over his shoulders.

Eagerly I awaited my chance. An arm hung, and I burst out with, "Look yonder."

I had to beat him to it. It was an awful thing to do, but I had to outdo the Crafty Colonel somehow. How cocksure I was when the birds went up. Surely I would get three by lining two with the first barrel. But at the next moment prospects didn't look so well. I took a chance for two at one shot. Bang—a clean miss. Then the second followed bringing only a winged bird.

Bill came strolling up carrying his coat and grinning. I felt that I was suffering with an intense fever or sunstroke or something, but was relieved by Bill's remark:

"Guess it's no use worrying after any more, the light's failing some."

"Think not," I replied quickly, "I'm getting hot anyway. Think I'll carry my coat." And I was only too glad to be on my way.

Bill heaved his gun to his shoulder with a sigh and I saw that he had enjoyed the afternoon. So had I. And really who would have not? As we trudged homeward we saw the little town two miles away with a dense smoke settled over it, for the breeze had died away. The sun had set, leaving only a red glow in the west. We looked at the old peak as we always did and still it stood, dark and mighty, with the last glint of sunlight reflected from high up on its westward side. It stood out in wonderful silhouette against a sky that was clear excepting a few smoky streaks that closely fringed the horizon. Twilight seemed to herald a heavy frost with the coming of nightfall. Aside from the sounds of our walking all was silent save the shrill notes of the Bob-Whites as the scattered covey was being called together. Little did they know they would not be disturbed again for almost a year.

IN THE HEART OF NOVA SCOTIA

(*Continued from page* 146)

lieve a cow waited, but he was not unduly advertising the fact and wished to avoid the risk of a combat with a more mature bull.

For fully twenty minutes we followed his progress along the shore. At any time within that period he offered himself a target for the merest tyro among marksmen. But I could not bring myself to regret that the hunting season was not yet open or that the most lethal weapon we had with us was a camera. That magnificent animal slaughtered could never have possessed the interest and attraction he compelled as he stood there most truly a king, looking over the expanse of lake and woodland which was his kingdom. Disappointed and doubtless somewhat puzzled he returned to the woods.

"I'm satisfied," I said. "Me, too," said my companion, and the guide smiled. The rays of the rising sun were now warm upon our blankets as we dipped in the paddles and plied our way back to camp and breakfast.

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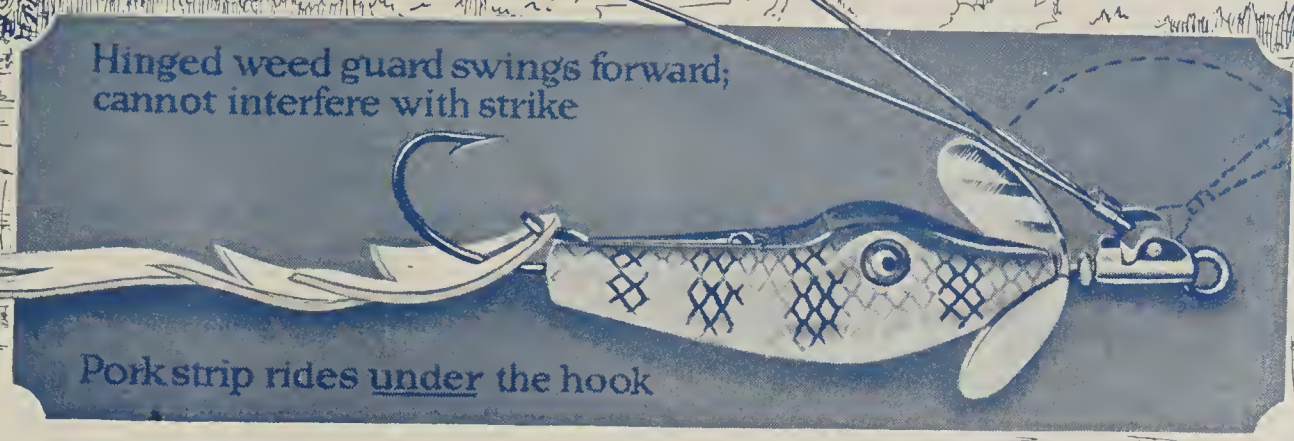

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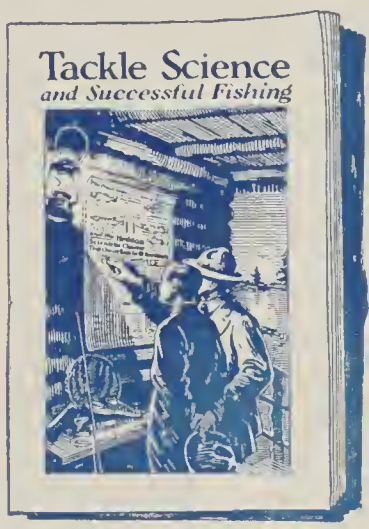

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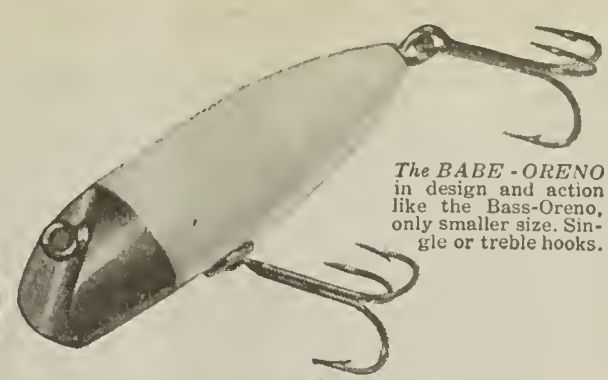

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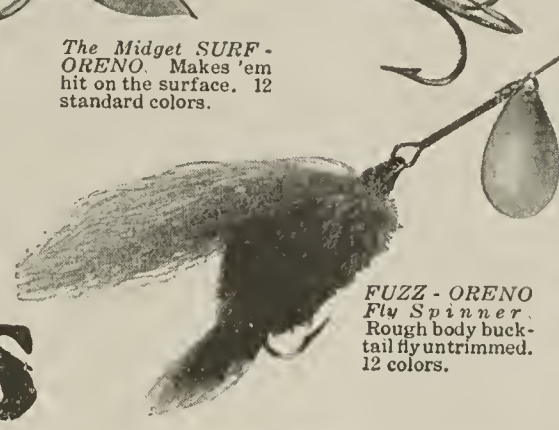

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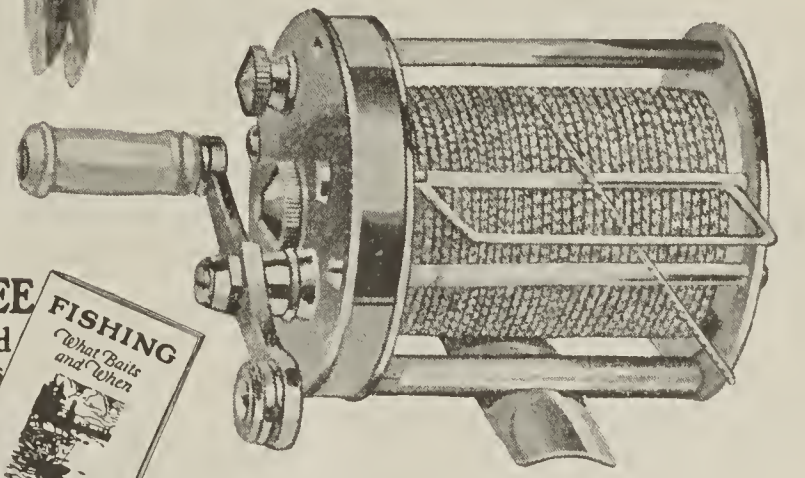

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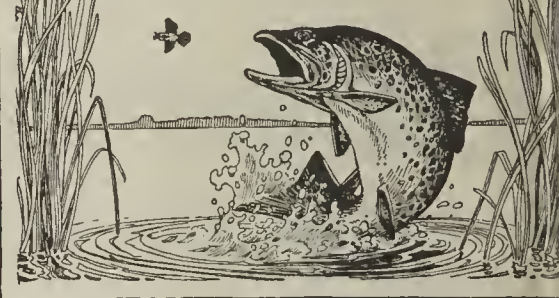

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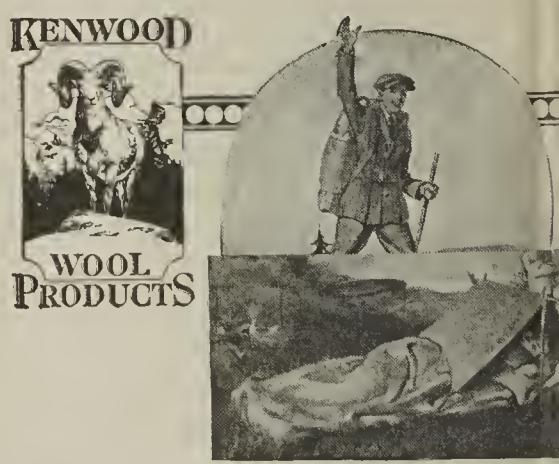

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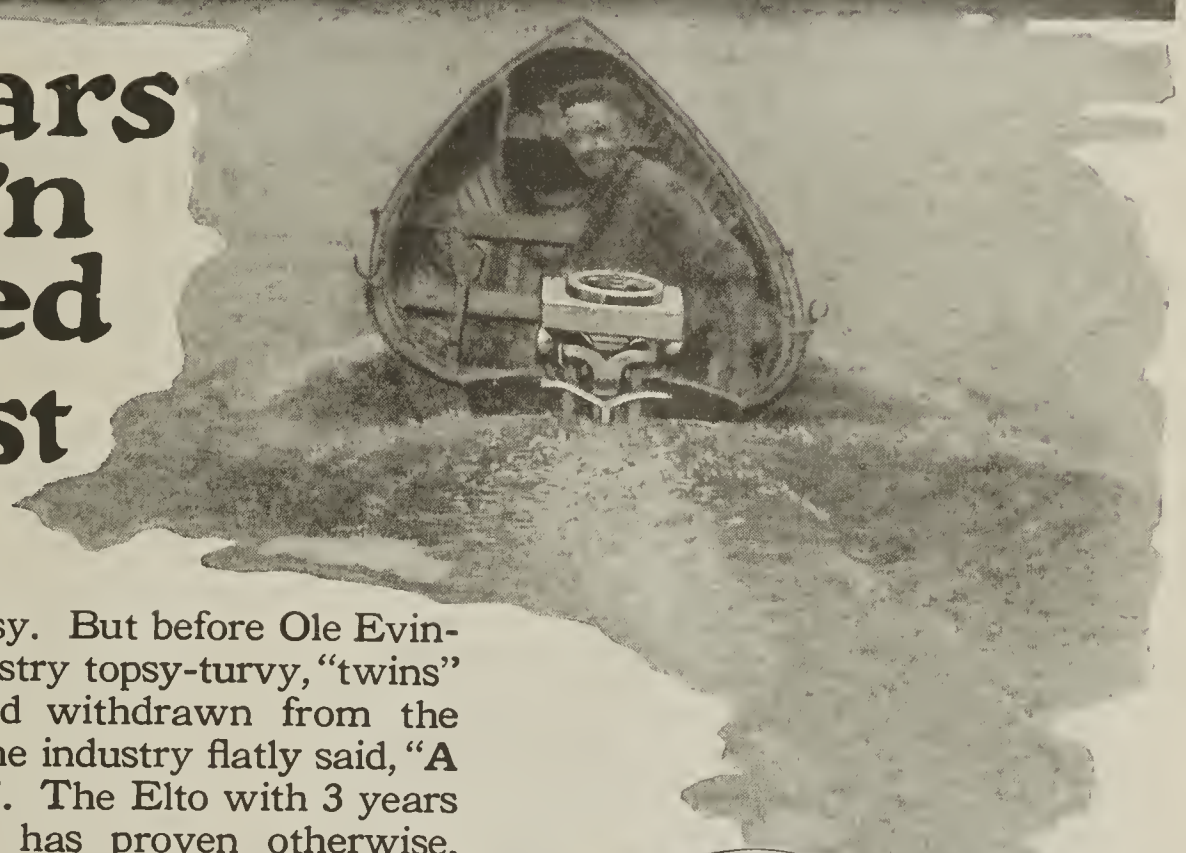
Seven years to design the tested light fast twin



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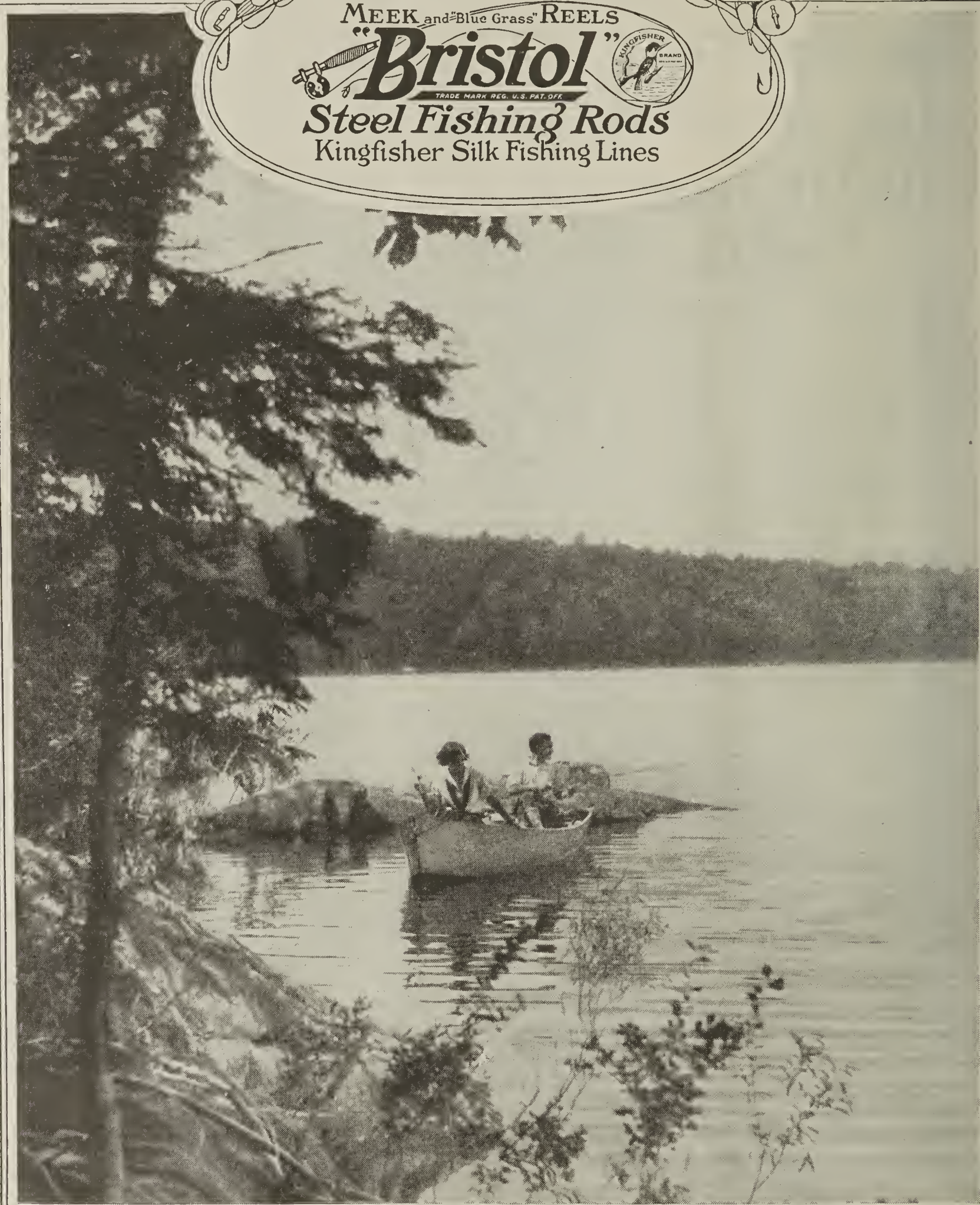

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Vol. XCIII APRIL, 1923 No. 4

EARLY SPRING TROUT FISHING

THE IMPATIENT ANGLER EAGERLY AWAITS THE DAWN OF "OPENING DAY' WHEN HIS FAVORITE STREAMS WILL KNOW HIM AGAIN

By EUGENE V. CONNETT 3RD

THERE are two reasons why we find so many more anglers out on the streams in the earlier part of the season than later on in June and July; I shouldn't care to say which of the reasons is the more weighty.

Sometime during the month of February the angler is conscious of a stirring in his blood; something within him awakes; his mind seems to throw off the husk of winter, just as a snake sloughs its skin. A warm day with its attendant thaw affects him to the extent that he turns his thoughts, willy-nilly, to fishing. He realizes that he cannot fish for trout for two months yet, but for some reason he must look to his tackle, replenishing it in such departments as are weak; he is a rare angler who can bring his stock of flies and other accessories up to the point of practical sufficiency without going materially beyond this point.

There is a day in March—it falls on a different date for each angler, perhaps—when he foots up the total days and hours that separate him from the "opening;" from that time on he counts the minutes as they pass. During these last few weeks his desire to go fishing reaches a fever heat, until, with the dawn of the first day of the open season, he is seized with a madness to wade and cast and—catch a trout.

So the first reason for finding so many anglers on the stream early in the season is this six weeks preceding the opening day. The sap of awakening spring stirs through our veins; the call of the buds, the ice-free waters, and the arriving birds urge us to bestir ourselves from the fireside. Just as the young man's fancy lightly turns in a very laudable direction, so does the angler's in a somewhat different one. And the result of all this is that we stumble over each other on the stream, trying to find casting room among our happy fellows of the angle.

Now the other reason for the great popularity of the early season is not rooted in quite so poetically enriched ground; it springs from baser soil, but like the gnarled old tree among the rocks, its roots go deep. Consider for a moment that trout have fasted the winter long, and imagine the ungovernable hunger that must gnaw at their vitals. One can hardly blame them for not yet having acquired the appetites of epicures. They are to be forgiven for swirling and darting at bottom and midwater, instead of dining at the surface with leisure and dignity on the dainty winged morsels that May and June will set before them. That trout will reward the efforts of less expert anglers during this period of the spring feast, while they begrudge success to the most skillful later on, accounts for the presence of many and many a fisherman on the streams in April and early May; or, we may say, accounts for the absence of them during the more difficult time.

The first one of the season

With a March Brown for clear, and a Coachman for cloudy water, the angler of April searches the rushing freshets with singing heart and numbed fingers. The novice proudly takes on the colors of the expert during this happy period, dispensing his catch among admiring and grateful friends with a forgivable touch of hauteur. For at least one month in the year it would seem that all men are created equal. Those moderns who look askance on the honorable wet fly of ancient times, content themselves with the thought that by the end of next month their superior art will win where it must now concede at least equality with the "baser" method.

Comes a time when the waters recede; the melted mantle of winter has run off to the sea, and the trout have taken on a becoming plumpness. It would seem that the number of anglers varies directly with the

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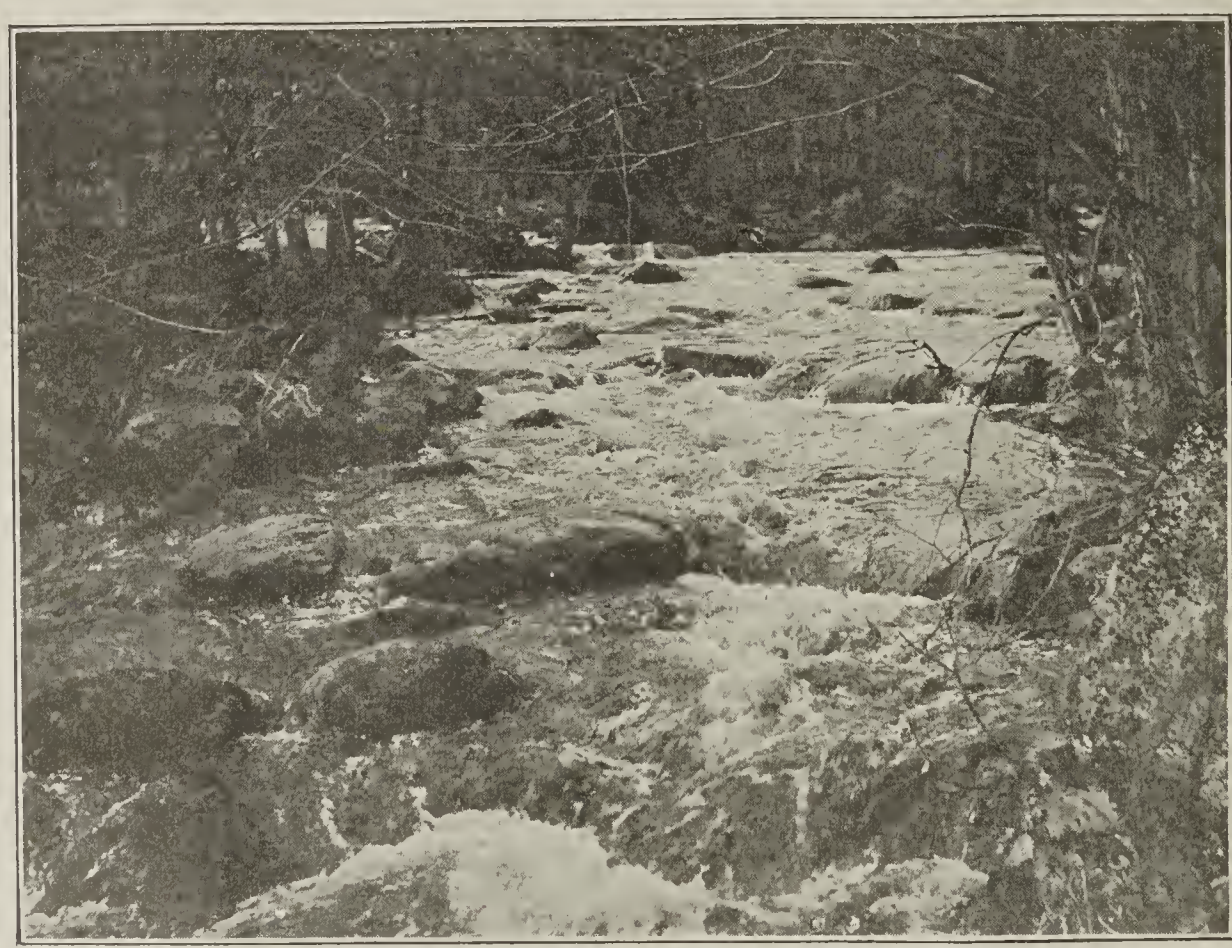
height of the water, only the men who have taken their M.A. (Master Angler) degree in the university of experience now being seen on the quiet pools and sparkling riffles, revealing in the loveliest period of the angling calendar.

IN spite of this high falutin' stuff that I have just unburdened myself of, I must confess to a great deal of pleasure in early spring fishing. I am much keener to catch a nice mess of trout in April than I am in June; by the latter time the thrill of hooking into a fish has lessened, and the intense satisfaction of feeling the creel grow heavier and heavier diminishes as each month passes. Just to show that it is not all a matter of killing trout in April, let me tell you of the least satisfactory opening day I ever had. It was the day I caught seven brown trout, all over three-quarters of a pound, two of them reaching the salubrious weight of a pound and a half each. I was fishing a lovely little stream that had been recommended to me by a very friendly game warden. A week before the season opened we had motored to this water together, and my guardian had extracted a promise from me that I would surely go there on the first. For all of which I was and am very grateful. I started fishing in a cold drizzle at a pretty little bridge and followed the stream down through the hemlocks where it spilled from one fine pool into another. I fished every inch of a mile with a total catch of nothing. Then I returned to the bridge and started up stream. A few hundred yards of fishing in this direction and I decided to walk about a mile up into the hills and fish down, for the simple reason that the water was so high that nothing was to be gained by careful and artistic up-stream work. So, just below a likely-looking bend, I left the water and walked through fields and woods, over barb-wire fences (the invention of the devil, by the way) and stone walls, until I not only decided that I had gone far enough, but also that it was time to devour a sandwich.

After a very pleasant interlude I started down-stream, putting my flies in all the little back-waters under the banks, where fish are liable to lie in high water, and letting them swirl in as alluring a manner as I knew how through every fishable cubic inch of water. Not a rise; not even an underwater tug; nothing. I was thoroughly enjoying myself in spite of the drizzle and conspicuous lack of action, for wasn't it the opening day? Was there ever a true angler who didn't enjoy every minute of the first day of the season, fish or no fish? Isn't it remarkable how we can put up with numb fingers, frozen feet, a boot full of water, and every other conceivable discomfort on that wonderful opening day. Just one rise and we are warm; another and we are comfortable. Well, there were no rises for me on that trip down-stream and I had not yet reached the comfortable and warm stage when I came to the bend below which I had left the water some time before. For some unaccountable reason I had left my waders at the hotel, and was wearing boots; this prevented my crossing the stream above the pool so that I might get to the shallow, inside edge of the bend. Therefore I had to hang on to an alder bush with one hand, the water within a fraction of an inch of my boot tops, while I dropped the flies on the turbulent surface of what afterwards proved to be a very deep pool. About the third cast my fisherman's instinct, or whatever you wish to call it, suddenly told me that something was going to happen. It omitted to say in just what part of this bend the event would take place and I continued to work the flies in the upper section of the bend for some time, in fact until I got cramps from the uncomfortable position in which I was fishing. This forced me out of the water with the feeling still on me that something was going to happen in the near future.

> There are a few experienced anglers who declare that they find no incentive to fish until May has mellowed the weather and brought forth the ephemeral flies. These men we pity. They are as unfortunate as the children who no longer believe in Santa Claus. How fortunate are they who on the last night of March go to bed with just the feelings they had as children when they retired on Christmas eve.

In a few minutes I had gingerly lowered myself into another precarious position, somewhat nearer the spot where the water turned sharp to the right. My second cast almost caused me to slip my mooring. Something *had* happened; it felt as though it might weigh a few pounds. If you have ever had to cling to an alder bush with one hand and try to get hold of your line as it ran out about as fast as it could with your other, in which you are incidentally holding your rod, you will understand my allowing the fish to run out almost everything on the reel. And there we were. You can't reel in a trout and hold a rod with the same hand, and you can't—at least I couldn't—get off the ledge of rock on which my feet were crowded, unless I could forget my rod for a minute; and the particular fish in question, with a flood of heavy water assisting him, was preventing me very successfully from forgetting the rod. As I say, there we were. Every few seconds the trout would flop up on the surface and try to land me, which, by the way, he very nearly succeeded in doing; and during the alternate seconds my heart was trying to come up for air for fear I should lose this fine big brown trout, the first fish of the season.



Released at last from the ice-bound fetters of winter

I regret to say that I cannot satisfy your curiosity as to how I broke the deadlock; all I know is that finally my foot slipped and at the end of a very poignant minute, filled with splashing, clutching, stumbling, heaving and swearing, I found myself on the bank, with the fish still hooked. After that it was merely a question of doing the proper thing at the proper time, until I had the fish in the creel.

It took very little mental activity to decide that there were some more trout in that bend pool; I had fished several miles of the stream without a sign of

On the first day of the season the angler is seized with a madness to wade and cast—and catch a trout

sh, and my friend the game warden id not extract my promise to fish this tream for the sake of one lone brown rout—no matter if he did weigh over pound—the fish I mean. So I got ack onto the ledge, saw that the line assed under my fingers this time, and ast over the same spot as before. Re-ılt, after considerable jockeying, an-ther fine big brown trout. To be done ith this tale, I caught five more big sh in exactly the same place, just bout as fast as I could handle them.

STARTED to tell of this experience as an example of an unsatisfactory pening day, and you may think I am little balmy; but in spite of the good ın I had with the fish, there is always ıe knowledge that they were planted ı that bend by my friend the game war-en, probably not more than twenty-our hours before I caught them. Two ears before that I had what I look ack on as a thoroughly satisfactory pening day; I returned with two trout hich did not weigh more than half a ound together, but I found them miles part, and I took them on a dry fly the rst day of April. In addition to that ıey were wild fish, who had never ven heard of friendly game wardens. Iardly a year goes by but what at least ne trout finds his way to my creel via ıe dry fly.

If you take the trouble to go out on he trout streams on the warm days in late February you will be delighted and probably somewhat surprised to see a few fish rising toward the middle of the day; in March they will be rising more freely if the day is sunny and you will very likely see a few odd flies on the water. Last spring I remember watching the fish rise to a little hatch of March Browns two weeks before the season opened. And so, if the sun is shining on April first and you are on the watch for flies, there is no reason why you cannot have the satisfaction of taking a fish or two on a dry fly. I have found that a March Brown, tied with plenty of English partridge hackle, is the best fly for these first early rises. Do not make the mistake of using too large a fly at this time; twelve is about right. The Stone Fly is also worth trying. If you are eating your lunch at noon-time you will very likely miss the rise, and no matter how hard you fish the rest of the day, the chances are greatly against your doing much with a floating fly.

In spite of the worm fisher's insistence that his method is the only sensible one for the early season, I have never yet failed to take my share on April first with flies; in fact, there has only been one year when I met a bait fisherman who had more trout than I had. Which is not quoted to prove what a devil of a fisherman I am, but merely in defense of the *fly*. I might add that I don't rush up and down the stream hunting for bait fishermen with whom to compare baskets; my record might be spoiled! There is nothing unnatural about being able to take trout on flies early in the season; in fact, they are easier to take at that time of year than they are in June. They have hardly eaten a thing since the previous fall; at least they have not had a good square meal in that time and they are extremely busy hunting for something with which to relieve the winter hunger. Why they should turn up their noses at a well-presented fly is more than I can understand. And they don't. If the water is high—as it ordinarily is—and inclined to be claret, or even porter-colored (descriptive words now obsolete in this fair land of thirst)—one must remember to handle the flies in such a way that the fish may have every opportunity of seeing them. In other words, instead of allowing the current to carry them down with a rush, it is well to check their speed somewhat, letting them play around a rock, or glance back and forth across a productive-looking riffle a bit longer than one would if the water were normally clear and lower. Experience has shown that a Coachman is by far the most visible fly to a trout under the conditions; at least it is the most taking pattern in cloudy water. I mentioned above that the fish will hug the bank in the spring floods and by that I mean they will literally

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Adventures in Comradeship

SHARING THE EXHILARATING EXPERIENCES OF OUTDOOR SPORT WELD FATHER AND SON IN BONDS OF CLOSE INTIMACY—PART II

By W. LIVINGSTON LARNED

SONNYBOY'S first desire was to explore his enchanted island and the impulse was a natural one. To me it was a revelation, an exultant thrill . . . this spirit of Boyhood, budding under the tropic warmth of Soldier Key. I was strangely drawn to an analysis of the youngster, as he reacted to his new environment. Every boy has a little of Adventure in his veins. Where is the lad who has not constructed a crude raft and gone filibustering, pirate-fashion, on the muddy creek or wind-blown lake?

Amidst the hurly-burly of modern civilization, is it not possible that fathers forget this instinctive dash of the primeval in their sons? Youth has its inevitable hours of humdrum. There appears to be an inherent thirst in the best, as well as the worst of us, for far horizons, a palm against a burnished sky, and ports o' peril. Even now I never sniff the exotic odors of salt-spray, teas and spices, and chests of what-not from the other rim of the world whose gateway is South street, without wanting to climb aboard a scrubby old four-master, and leave my own petty universe behind. To Boyhood, these lures are terribly real. Little savages revert to ancestral traits, and Captain Kidd is an immortal, whatever you may think.

WE left Cap'n Jim fixing the lines, as The "Lucretia," rocked soothingly alongside the rickety dock, by tide-waters of the channel, saucily beaconed our sole contact with civilization; and, hand-in-hand, strolled over the Captain's All-the-Fish-in-the-World Key. It was so tiny we could look across its sandy expanse, from any fixed point, and glimpse water . . . brilliant, shimmering opal-green ocean or bay or "cut," through port-holes of palm and mangrove.

To Sonnyboy it fulfilled every vivid play of imagination. Had he been marooned on one of the Marquesas, the blood could not have flamed more brilliantly in his cheeks: the sparkle of his eyes been more genuine. For there were little open places along shore, where the twisted mangroves fell away, their writhing trunks and limbs blown into indescribably strange forms by the wind; the leaning cocoanut palms threw fantastic shadows, and beaches as white as a tablespread, ran down to lazy combers, their strength spent one hundred feet out from land.

The shuttered windows and barred doors of the little house at the dock, its caretaker fortunately gone, could not rob us of our sensation of complete and colorful isolation. Soldier Key, to a boy of fourteen, was a symbol of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island." There was the sea, its white line dimly seen across the intervening sand bars; there was the heady palms, the cocoanuts scattered on the sand, the consciousness of a deathless wind, always blowing, blowing; and a weird absence of all conventional sounds. Even the deserted wreck of the sponger's boat on the lee shore might have been the "Hispaniola," and every cavern of damp, dark leaves and driven seaweed held a Long John Silver or a George Merry—as for Sonnyboy, reincarnated, he was none other than Jim Hawkins, to the life!

> Like modern Crusoes we dwell temporarily on a fairy tropic isle, and go upon sundry fishing expeditions to fill our larder. The culminating thrill comes when the good ship "Sumurun" goes on a bar and we teach a lesson in decent sportsmanship.

Sonnyboy at the wheel

We poked under the coral and limestone crags, dragging quaint crustaceans into the sunlight; we sat upon an old mangrove and watched the breakers as they came bravely in from that charging line of snowy horsemen to the eastward, or, boys together, barefooted, we ran a race across the protected beach, Sonnyboy's sturdy little figure silhouetted against the tropic sky!

Once he came up to me—timidly—a look of sudden fear in his eyes.

"Dad," he asked, "would you have had a better time if you'd left me at home? I'm in the way, I guess. Don't know how to fish or anything! Am I— am I a bother?"

For the life of me I couldn't answer. There was something in my throat that choked me, but I did reach for him roughly, bear-fashion, and snuggle him up and hug him. And he understood. How much I had missed the last few years!

CAP'N JIM had the rowboat ready when we trudged back to the dock and was scanning the sky, with the hand curved over squinting eyes.

"Don't know exactly what th' weather is goin' to do," he ruminated, "but we won't worry about THAT! We can stay on the key over night if necessary. I'm thinkin' we might have a tryout at the mouth of the channel for small groupers or snappers. They ought to bite just right in a little while, with the tide as it is."

He was nodding his head and thinking—his face a study. Then he continued: "But it makes me hoppin' mad when I think of th' way most of these unsportsmanlike tourists fish in these waters. It's never a case of how many they want or to what use they can put 'em; it's always HOW MANY, and to hang with waste! It's th' curse of modern sport—folks don't seem to have no conscience." He turned to Sonnyboy as his big hands closed over the oars and we eased out from alongside the "Lucretia." "Now you, young sir, when you grow up, never act that way. Be a reg'lar fisherman or hunter. Feel sorry fer game the very minute you kill it beyond a certain point."

Sonny's cheeks burned. "Oh," he stammered, "Oh, I never want to kill even ONE. Would it hurt to just catch them and—and throw them back?"

The Captain laughed immoderately.

"Son," he returned, "you are going to catch a mess of something today and I'm going to fry it for you for lunch. Goin' back — well — if the storm blows up and it turns rough, and you get the idea you want to throw a fish or two back, I won't be the one to stop you. But speakin' of game conservation makes me think of Malheur Lake."

Sailfish on the dock at Miami — they are not edible and it is a willful waste to kill them

A view through the palms from Soldier Key

We both pleaded with Cap'n Jim to tell his story.

"I took a trip out to Central Oregon not long ago in the summer season to visit a son of mine who lives near Malheur Lake. Everybody was up in arms to fight the proposed movement to drain the entire area. Proposed legislation has been feelin' folks out on that score; it would mean reclaimin' a lot of valuable land, fer cultivation purposes. I guess discussions on th' subject have been up in th' legislature fer years, but it never got over. There was always a band of bird lovers and true sportsmen who threw logs on th' track. When I was out there last time th' 'lake-drainage' bill was again on th' table.

"My boy used to pesticate around th' Klamath Lake region and he knows what happened there and what would happen at Malheur. Funny how short-sighted some fools are, just because they're selfish. And with so much dry land waitin' fer cultivation without dryin' up lakes! A dam was built across the upper end of Klamath Lake cutting off the overflow of the river. And every year that river had drained into the lake. Before long the lake dried up. Gradually th' tules and other vegetation dried up also, and some hunter, droppin' a pipeful of ashes, set th' whole region on fire!

"It was a mighty sad sight, my boy said, to see th' next step: thousands an' thousands of ducks, geese, herons, pelicans, terns, grebes and all th' waterfowl either died or went away. Nothin' to hold 'em there. And once—once th' lake had been alive with 'em! It was just plain ruin! Nothin' left—on wings—alive! Just another way of drivin' our birds from pillar t' post. An' no farmin' activity, after all!

"If those land grubbers have their way, th' same disaster will happen to Malheur, and species that ain't any too plentiful will be put out of business. Queer, ain't it, how folks is? Can't let what God has put on earth alone! Everybody knows what happened t' th' buffalo. An' th' elks! Down here in Florida, 'pears like money will do away with th' last of th' egrets. An' sailfish!" Cap'n Jim raised his hands from the oars in a mute expression of disgust. "I won't take nobody out in my boat if they're after sailfish. These modern fishermen think they've had a poor day of sport, if they don't bring back from six to twelve. And what fer?—just to let 'em die! You ain't goin' to grow up into THAT sort of a sportsman, ARE you?"

Sonnyboy shook his head strenuously.

"If we don't have luck with groupers or snappers out here in the channel," resumed Cap'n Jim, snipping off the memory of Klamath Lake with a scowl, "then we might make a try at bonefishing around Little Soldier Key. It's nothing but a rock a little south of here. Mighty nice catch, them bonefish. Always look t' me as if somebody had just scrubbed 'em clean with washin' powder. But I feel like a grouper."

"Who could ask for a better fishing ground than right off the end of the dock yonder?" I demanded, with a memory of that amazing aquarium.

Sonnyboy nodded. I could tell, by the longing glances he had shot islandward, that the same thought had occurred to him.

"Show you about that later," answered the Captain. "There's somethin' funny in connection with it."

WE were now well out in the channel and after Cap'n Jim had looked around to his heart's content, obviously to make sure the spot tallied with past angling records, the anchor was dropped and we made ready to test our luck.

Sonnyboy, fearful lest he awake and find that this, his first adventure, was no more than a dream, squatted beside Medders as the latter made a hand-line ready for him. I had quietly asked the Captain to give the boy the foundational information which might help him on many later expeditions.

"Cut mullet makes the best snapper or grouper bait," drawled the affable Medders, "but I couldn't get any at the markets this morning and they're not bitin' for us ordinary fisher fellers. There are days when you can run up a creek or into a bay, on th' west shore of Biscayne, and get mullet by the boatload. We'll go after our groupers two ways. Here's a hand-line fer you, with some nice fresh shrimp on it. They might just take to 'em today. I've known grouper to have a hunger fer canned clams. What I'm really hopin' for, tho', is to get a small chap, an' then we'll give 'em cannibal bait."

Returning from the tarpon grounds of Angle Fish Creek

"I—I guess I don't understand," stam-

mered the perplexed Sonnyboy. "Cannibal?"

"A grouper is all of that," explained Cap'n Jim. "He'll eat his own kith an' kin when his stummick ain't sot just right for th' best there is on th' table. Your father an' me will drag a couple o' phantoms down through that nice, clean, deep water an' see what happens. It's all a case of discoverin' how their appetites are runnin'. By rights, I ought to be at th' oars and both of you trollin', but there ain't any too much time if we expect to get back to Miami tonight."

But at the expiration of fifteen minutes we had never a bite. For my part, I could not keep my eyes off Sonnyboy; tense, nerves on edge, lips puckered, brow frowning, he held his line as if he half expected to land a whale or an old seaman's chest filled with glittering doubloons. Now and again, during a second of relaxation, he turned in my direction, his expression a caress.

"What do you say if we chum 'em up?" said Cap'n Jim, to the youngster.

"If—If you say so," Sonnyboy responded, tremulously, although it was all Greek to him.

A palm fairyland on Soldier Key

"Down in this section," explained the Captain, "if things don't go nicely at th' start, we do what we call 'chummin'. It means no more than throwing out some food teasers. Everybody has their pet variety. Sometimes it's fiddler crabs—a whole bucket of 'em. Then again it's minced crawfish. That's me! An' I got a pailful. Watch me—I learned this trick in Florida fifteen years or more ago.

"Most of th' meat in a crawfish is in th' tail, as you'll notice, so I just nip it out neatly, and ferget th' shell an' antenny—which is whiskers. Next, I ties a clump of nice shells onto a string—like this—and a sinker, and lower it over the side until it comes t' within a foot or so of th' bottom—th' infernal tide is agoin' to worry me.

"Some meat sticks to them shells and a grouper would rather have it than a slice off his own brother-in-law—sort o' teases him—like gettin' goodies out of hickory-nuts—you know. An' it lasts a quite likely while. What sense is there doin' what so many fishermen do—just throwin' it loose, overboard? Th' tide takes it to Madagascar before you can turn 'round."

The chumming helped. And I am delighted to chronicle that the first fish caught was a handsome eight-pound grouper, by the youngest member of the party. Twice he dropped the line, twice he let out little screeches of delight, and at last he had at his feet, in the boat, a catch well worth his while.

"And a beauty!" exclaimed Cap'n Jim. "You win th' rubber fish-hook, m'lad! That's a youngster from th' mangrove section over on one of th' keys. Got no business here. There's as many kind of groupers as there are matches in a box. I'm likin' th' spotted babies—dark browns and bright reds. Folks call 'em everything from Speckled Hinds to John Paws, an' Cabrillas, an' Polka Dots an' what not. This variety go up as high as fifty or sixty pounds. That's why there ain't any sayin' what tackle to try out if you don't know your water. It may be a number 9 line or a 21; it may be a 2% hook or a 10%. That was a fighter you got, Sonny, but nine times in ten, th' small fellers are lazy; your lively customers are up in th' 50-pound class. Good eatin'? Well, not much after ten pounds. That's a prime mess you got there, an' I'll keep my promise an' fix you a meal of him—boiled or baked is best fer groupers."

WE had no luck with our phantoms and spoons were just as unsuccessful, but it was shrimp-day for grouper in that channel and the three of us caught nine in a little less than two hours.

Sonnyboy had his first genuine thrill. He had hooked a small grouper and was bringing him to the surface, when, with an eddy of water, a swish and a sinister dash of spray and fin, a shark made a spring for the catch, and made off with it, leaving Sonnyboy no more than a fragment of bloody head.

"That devil weighed five hundred pounds if an ounce," Cap'n Jim exclaimed. "They're wise to us now. I've half a mind to play around here and try to get him."

Sonnyboy was recovering from the surprise of the adventure. But we were in the shark zone, and I had expected some such finale to our sport.

"Look here, Son," said the Captain, as he began to row back to the dock (I was trolling just for luck), "you want to KEEP PULLIN' ON THAT LINE when you get your strike. I've been watchin' you. Too much give an' take. Once you start bringin' 'em up—no matter what it is or may be—just keep her rigid. A fish can' spit out a hook if it ain't caught right."

Sonnyboy nodded and I could see that he was stowing the information away in the most serious mood possible.

However, it was reserved for Dad to stage the really dramatic event of the day. As I have said, I was trolling, with no real expectations of doing anything, when, midway of the distance to the dock, there came a smart yank at my line and I followed the Captain's advice in the matter of alert action. Something red — something beautifully, gorgeously red — shot into the air and over into the boat, like a scarlet meteor—a rainbow flash of fire!

At the same moment, Cap'n Jim let out a yell that signified the utmost amazement.

"Hold it — hold it!" he thundered, "I can't believe my own eyes — never been done before—it's a miracle — wait 'till I tell the boys about this back at the pier—nobody will believe me—I wouldn't take ten dollars fer you catchin' that fish!"

He dropped his oars and rushed at my catch like a madman.

"It's a Red Snapper, isn't it?" I queried.

"SURE it's a Red Snapper!" he shouted, "But—but—man alive! That's the FIRST red snapper I ever saw caught inside, since I'VE been down here—an' I can't settle my mind that it's true, even NOW! Ain't she purty! Ain't she handsome! Mebbe 11 pounds, or more! You have to go out at least five miles to get a beauty like that and THEN they ain't so easy to catch. Lots of fishermen catch mutton-fish an' hog-fish an' THINK they've got Red Snappers. Wonderful! Hold her pretty!"

Until we landed at the dock at Miami, Cap'n Jim continued to jabber his appreciation and astonishment over my catch.

By the time we gained the Key, the wind was considerably stiffer, and we had lost some of the penetrating brilliancy of the tropic sunshine. I did not need the Captain's gloomy hint to realize that his earlier predictions were destined to come true with a vengeance. Under no circumstances could we attempt to make Miami that day. Already the

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HOW TO OPERATE A COMPASS

CONCERNING THE POSSIBILITIES AND LIMITATIONS OF THIS HANDY LITTLE INSTRUMENT IN DETERMINING YOUR WAY IN THE WOODS

By ELON JESSUP

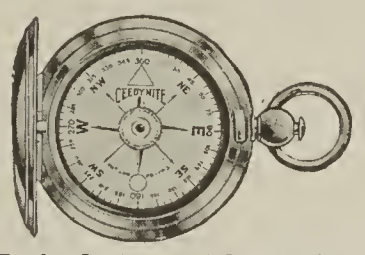
THERE is a common belief that the compass is a fool-proof kind of instrument; that it radiates a weird sort of rabbit-foot magic which eliminates all possibility of one's going astray in the woods so long as it is carried on the person. This is far from being the case. A compass has great possibilities, but it also has distinct limitations. I will give an instance in my own experience as being fairly typical. I was once lost in the Nova Scotia wilderness for three days and I had a compass with me every minute of the time. This distressing experience, however, was not the fault of the compass. It was an example of the limitations of the compass and my own overconfidence and carelessness.

I was hunting moose at the time, the lay was gray, and I became so fascinated in following tracks that I paid no attention either to natural landmarks or the direction I was going from camp. I carried no maps, for the lay of the country had seemed perfectly simple to me. New tracks in swampy mire drew me on and on. Then, suddenly, there came the startling realization that I was completely lost. I drew out my compass and consulted it, but in doing so I knew very well that a compass was now of no use whatever to me. For I had not the lightest idea of the direction in which camp was located in relation to the points of the compass. Either a map or familiar landmarks used in connection with the compass would have set me right. But both of these were lacking. Three bewildering days with neither food nor blankets had the effect of making me a more careful person after that in using a compass.

If you have never used a woods' compass, you should most assuredly know what this valuable little instrument looks like and how it works. It has the general outward appearance of a small watch. Similarly, it may have an open face, thus leaving the crystal unprotected or it may have a hinged hunter case which completely covers the crystal when the compass is not being consulted. When one is feeling his way through unfamiliar country he relies to such a great extent upon the compass that he doesn't wish to run any chances of breaking it, and for this reason the hinged case is preferable.

Indeed, there are some careful people who always carry two compasses when entering the woods. There is much to be said in favor of this custom not only because of the possibility of breaking one of these but also because of the added confidence which comes from having two. You may not always believe one compass, but when both show exactly the same bearings you feel reasonably safe.

WOODS' compasses are of two general types. One of these is known as the "floating dial" and the other as the "needle" type. In the first named the dial is movable and a certain spot on it always points north, while in the second type the dial is static and one end of a movable needle points north. One is as serviceable as the other, but the "needle" compass is more generally used than the "floating dial," so for this reason all that I have to say concerns chiefly the needle type.

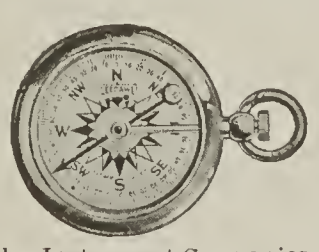


Courtesy Taylor Instrument Companies

Floating dial compass

At respective equi-distant intervals around the 360 degrees which comprise the circle dial of the compass are found the terms N, NE, E, SE, S, SW, W, NW. These, of course, mean North, Northeast, and so on. This dial would be quite useless if it were not for the presence of the needle. The needle is suspended in air, half way between the dial and the crystal. A compass should always have a locking device which holds the needle immovable when not in use. This saves wear and tear.

When the compass is held still and level and the needle is released, this trembling pointer moves uncertainly back and forth several times and then comes to a quivering rest. And when it does so, one end of the needle always points north and the other end always points south. There is no confusion as to which is which, for the north end of the needle is clearly designated in some manner. In most compasses the north end is colored



Courtesy Taylor Instrument Companies

Needle compass

either black or blue, in others the north end is recognizable by the presence of a tiny piece of wire wound around it, while in still others, the north end assumes the form of an arrow head.

Remember that the north end of the needle always points north and the south end always points south, irrespective of what the letters on the dial under the needle may say. One must not make the rather natural mistake of thinking that because one end of needle comes to rest, we will say, over the term SE, that the direction it is pointing is Southeast.

So far as the location of North and South are concerned, the dial might just as well not be there, but, on the other hand, only by means of the dial is it possible to locate intermediate points between North and South. This is accomplished by slowly revolving the compass case in your hands until the dial has been brought in such a position that the N is directly under the north end of the needle. And then the numerous readings on the dial show you the location of all points of the compass.

I HAVE referred to the possibilities and limitations of a compass. Let us see what some of these possibilities may be in average forest and field travel without recourse to the help of a paper map. This is the most simple use of the compass. It can never be absolutely accurate, but provided one etches in his head a reliable mental map of landmarks it is sufficiently accurate for a considerable part of outdoor walking.

A compass always shows clearly the general direction. It will take you in a reasonably straight line to a visible landmark in the distance even though this landmark is completely lost to view during the greater part of the time while you are walking toward it. Or a compass will take you to an unseen spot beyond the horizon provided you know upon starting the direction in which your destination is located.

The average forest trail is a typical example of general direction. You make no pretence of walking in a straight line because it is easier and safer to follow the well trodden path. Most trails twist and squirm like a snake, but in spite of this fact follow a certain general direction. It is always well to know this direction in relation to the points of the compass. On a bright, sunny day the position of the sun may tell enough, but on a gray day the compass is the only guide.

The reason why it is wise to know this direction is that few people can resist the temptation to step off the trail now and then and explore the unbroken forest at one side. This is one of the most common methods of getting lost. With a clearly marked trail only a few feet away one may become completely turned around without knowing it, strike off in the wrong direction, thinking one's self headed for the trail, and then spend hours of bewilderment trying to find it again. Yet, if one carries and consults a compass, the general location of the trail is always perfectly clear. Upon retracing your steps you may not strike the

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TRAPPING THE THREE RIVER ZONE

AN AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF TRAPPING LIFE ON THE HEAD-WATERS OF THE ATHABASCA IN NORTHERN ALBERTA—Part Five

By RAYMOND THOMPSON

KNOWLES and I spent most of the summer at the Baptiste and Athabasca Ferries. After the close of the trapping season Knowles' father had come out to the Athabasca and we boys bought the outfit from Jim Hindmarsh, so in consequence we had the two ferries to look after. Knowles spent a good part of his time on the trail, freighting for Rapelje, and his father and I tended the ferryboats at rare intervals, whenever a traveler happened along.

As fall drew nigh I saw that young Knowles wasn't very anxious about trapping another winter, so we put the whole outfit together and sold everything but traps, rifles, etc., to Mr. Rapeje, and he moved from the Baptiste back to the Athabasca. Knowles went to town and I took my outfit up to the Ninety Mile House and threw in with a fur trader by name of Theodore Walters.

Walters was a native of Michigan but came to Canada when but a young fellow. He had knocked about this country for fifteen years; hunting, trapping, trading and lumbering. He was an average-sized man and so dark that at first glance one would have taken him for an Indian or Breed. In that respect he was somewhat akin to me, and I have sometimes been asked pointblank if there was any Indian blood in me. Walters had been well educated, but he was thoroughly at home in the wilderness and wanted nothing to do with the outside world. His location at the Ninety Mile was certainly ideal.

To the west, north and east stretched a vast wilderness trapped by a scattering bunch of native Crees, with whom Walters traded; and yet they never trapped within considerable distance of the Ninety Mile, cheerfully alloting this to the trader. There was all the trapping territory two men could well handle, even with an outfit such as Walters' and mine, as I intended trapping south to within ten miles or so of the Baptiste.

About the middle of October we had an extremely heavy fall of snow with an accompanying cold snap that augured well for a long hard winter. This snow had taken us unawares; it being a little early in the season we had no traps set out. The only thing we could do was to get after the beavers. There was a large number of these animals in the neighboring streams. Right past the Ninety Mile House flowed the Iosegun River and but a few miles east it emptied into the Little Smoky. All along these streams were different families of beavers.

The Indians regard the beaver as a sort of weather prophet; if the beaver gathers a heavy store of poplar, alder, willow, etc., early in the season, it is taken as a sign that winter is due in short order. On the other hand, if the amphibians show no haste in amassing their food caches, the first cold snap is supposed to be a false alarm, and a late fall results. Although the river was frozen over so that we could drive across it, the beavers had not completed their caches, and we were therefore looking to see nice weather.

By now I had come to consider myself something of a trapper, and indeed I had progressed fairly well for a youngster. But I soon discovered that Walters knew more about beaver trapping, in fifteen minutes, than I knew in a whole year. Catching these amphibians seemed to be his chief forte. There was one wise old fellow that had his home in a back channel on the Little Smoky, a mile or so above the mouth of the Iosegun. I tried to catch that beaver for upward of two weeks and got both of his front feet, where he had left them in tearing out of two of my traps, all in the same night. These traps had been weighted with heavy drowning stones and I could not figure how he was able to drag them up on the bank and twist off his feet. In later years I have reasoned the matter out in the following manner: In selecting my drowning stones I did not figure on what buoyancy they had, that is, while there was enough dead weight in one of these stones to seriously handicap a strong animal on land, there was enough buoyancy in them to offset at least half their weight, as long as they were in the water. After I saw through this I always tested a stone in the water before fastening a trap to it. The test may be made by lowering the stone in the water, by means of a stout cord attached to it, and taking an account of the pressure it requires to raise it.

Although tending a trapline day after day is a rather commonplace affair there are many adventures to relieve the monotony. In this installment the author and his partner have some rather unusual experiences. A monarch beaver gives them considerable trouble and a huge grizzly supplies them with some exciting moments. They have an interesting encounter with a large pike of ferocious mien and meet a strange wanderer who stumbles into camp and turns out to be a fugitive from justice. All these happenings are the highlights in a narrative of compelling interest that treats primarily with the life of a trapper in the wilderness and is replete with practical hints on the taking of fur bearers.

At any event, I had to give up this particular beaver, so Walters went after him. When he saw what the beaver had done to my traps he realized that here indeed was one larger than the ordinary. He took a number 5 Newhouse Bear Trap, and after displacing one of the springs, set it carefully for Mr. Flat Tail. The second night he got him way up on the hip. This beaver was the largest I have ever seen, and a number of Indians who saw the pelt said it was a very rare one. I do not remember the exact size but I do recollect that it was easily six inches in diameter more than any other we had in the entire lot of what we caught and traded for amongst the Indians.

WALTERS was one of the most generous-hearted fellows I ever met and he did everything in his power to make my winter with him both pleasant and profitable. I had a fair number of traps, but he took me into his storeroom where he had several hundred more and told me to help myself. Besides he had a team of cayuses, equally good in the harness or with the pack saddle, and abundant feed for them stacked in meadows below the house. In order to cover all the ground possible in the shortest time we put out our traps together and often placed them almost opposite one another on the trails. We trapped north to Mile 108; west up the Iosegun; east to Buck Lake, and south to within ten miles of the Baptiste.

You will remember I said something about the beavers as weather prophets. Well, it was true in this instance, and in the early part of November the snow practically all left and it was real warm.

In setting out our line of traps south toward the Baptiste, Walters and I took his team, hitched to a light sleigh. This was a pretty slick way of setting traps, and we made good time. We stopped for dinner at the Little Smoky Crossing (Mile 78 on the trail), as we were using the old deserted stopping places as a trapping cabin. About two o'clock, just as we came up out of the Smoky valley, we noticed where an enormous bear had crossed the trail, evidently headed for a high ridge some ten miles east of there. On inspection we decided that it was a grizzly and as the snow was not very old we figured on finding where he denned.

We tied up the horses to a neighboring tree and after sorting out our load, dumped all the hay on the ground and turned the ponies loose. We were not at all sure of getting back that night, in fact we hardly expected to, so left the horses free to go back to the Iosegun or stay there, as they liked. We packed enough grub to last three days, as well as a blanket each.

For three or four miles the trail led

traight away to the east and except for occasional hard climbing amongst windfalls we made good time. Then we truck a big swamp and it seemed as hough that grizzly had tried to track up . square mile of it and we counted a lozen different places where he had tarted digging, as though in search of a lace to den. After considerable trouble ve caught his track, leading east again, nd followed it with increasing difficulty or another four or five miles, where we ad to give up and camp when night vertook us. By this time we were not uite so enthusiastic over the chase and ealized that a grizzly bear can travel a ighty long ways in a mighty short time. Before retiring we agreed that we would ollow him until noon of the next day nd then retrace our steps.

Daylight again found us on the trail f *Ursus horribilis,* and freshened by our ight's rest, we pushed forward, eager to nake as far as possible ere night overook us. We were crossing a wide tamaack swamp. Walters was at one side f me and slightly ahead when we heard crashing off to my right. There, amling off through a maze of downfallen amarack poles, was the grizzly. I leaped p on a fallen log and fired just as he ove in sight clearing some small brush The recoil of the .280 Ross I carried was ot very noticeable under ordinary cirumstances, but in this instance it was ufficient to upset me off that log so that couldn't tell whether I had hit Bruin r not.

"I believe you hit him, Ray," Walters aid as he stopped to see if I was hurt. was on my feet in a short time and we urried on to where the grizzly had disppeared. A red trail marked the direcion he had taken and from the way he vas running we came to the conclusion hat I had hit him in the right hind foot. Ve waited there a good hour in order to et him have a chance to lie down, in hich event his leg would stiffen up and reatly handicap him in traveling. Acording to some writers that grizzly hould have attacked us when I fired on im, but he must have been a faintearted one. I am not making light of a rizzly's ferocity for I personally know of men who have had some close calls at the hands of these gentlemen. I do believe, however, that under ordinary circumstances a grizzly will give a man all the room he wants.

Cree Camp on the Sturgeon Reserve, a hundred miles north of Ninety-mile House

When we took up the grizzly's trail again we soon came to where he had swung off back toward the northwest. In the course of a mile or so he had lain down three times and the snow was crimsoned all about. He was certainly bleeding badly and the farther we went the more copious became the signs of blood. This cheered us up, for we knew that no animal could long keep up while losing such an enormous amount of blood, so we pressed on at an ever increasing pace. We concluded that the bones in his leg or foot must be badly shattered to allow of so much bleeding, and that being so low down the wound would drain every drop of blood that flowed through that limb. One would have sworn from the amount of sign that no animal could have so much blood in his system!

We confidently expected to run into the bear within the next mile or so and kept a sharp lookout so as to avoid any ambush on Bruin's part. Even so, Walters almost fell on top of him! The grizzly, instead of keeping to the more open country, where the traveling was easy, had made for the worst deadfalls he could find, and it was quite a job for us to climb over some of them. My partner had just stepped, or rather climbed, up onto a mass of fallen spruce until he must have been easily six feet above the ground, when the grizzly rose immediately on his right from behind a small but heavily-limbed balsam and made directly for him. I was still to the right of Walters and the bear was between us, so I never was sure whether he was really charging my partner or merely trying to escape me.

Walters, in endeavoring to get his balance on the log, slipped off without firing a shot, and before I could get a chance the grizzly was gone again. He was traveling pretty slow by then and falling every hundred yards or so, but he kept going for another mile after which we came on him lying too far gone to move and we dispatched him right there. When he was lying at our feet he looked even larger than before and he was by far the biggest bear whose killing I have ever had any hand in. He was of the true Silver Tip variety. There were not many grizzlies in that country, so we were somewhat elated getting this fellow. The native haunts of these wandering grizzlies is some fifty miles directly west in the Canadian Rockies, but there are nearly always a few of them somewhere near the Athabasca Valley.

THE warm weather did not last for long, after our grizzly hunt, and with the next cold snap came Walters' first customer for the year, a French-Canadian named La Rocque. He was one of the "educated" type and could speak English, French and Cree; he was married and wished to leave his squaw and little boy in one of Walters' shacks while he went over to Buck Lake, as his trapping grounds were east of there.

La Rocque informed us that an unusually large number of Indians were figuring on trading at Ninety Mile House on account of its being so much handier to their trapping grounds than the Hudson's Bay Post at Sturgeon Lake. He also told us that Dan McMillar, an old-timer

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Knowles in a canoe on the Athabasca River

THE FIRE ON ALBANY MOUNTAIN

HUNTING DEER WITH SHERIFF COLE AND A VIVID EXPERIENCE WITH A DESTRUCTIVE FOREST FIRE IN THE ADIRONDACKS

By PAUL BRANDRETH

NO one who has visited the Adirondacks for any length of time can fail to note the rapid and often extraordinary climatic variations. Within twenty-four hours it is no uncommon thing for the temperature to rise or fall as much as thirty degrees; and the changes are not infrequently even more astonishing than this. Glancing at the thermometer at noon you see that it registers 80 degrees in the shade. With the advent of a storm or shift of wind, however, it may drop toward evening to a point dangerously approaching frost. Owing also to the high altitude and consequent rapid condensation of moisture from the forests, the average yearly rainfall in the region is considerably in excess of that in the lower countries.

Thus, when you set out under the genial auspices of a sun-bright sky it is well to cast about for that little cloud lurking on the horizon which may arrive in the course of a brief half hour to administer to you a thorough drenching. And so at all seasons will you find the weather of a novel and capricious temperament. Yet perhaps it is this very uncertainty of climate, this constant activity of temperature, that gives to Adirondack air a flavor all its own—a freshness, a quality of exhilaration, a delicious health-stimulating variety that is never to be found in the lowlands nor at the sea level.

Particularly to my mind, with relation to these abrupt climatic changes, there comes the memory of an afternoon I spent on Albany Mountain with Sheriff Cole. Within a few hours on that occasion more "sorts of weather" made themselves evident than one would believe possible. Rain, hail, fog, wind and snow followed each other in succession or were jumbled together as a most enlivening mixture. Toward late afternoon we were treated to a violent thunderstorm, and concluded our day's hunt under a mellow flood of sunlight.

IT must have been as late as 10 o'clock when I met the Sheriff one stormy November morning at Mac D's tote road. In having been able to negotiate a hunt with this six-foot, strong-armed mountaineer of the law, I felt myself fortunate. Being a man whose occupation was necessarily of a pressing nature, he had little or no time to indulge in the pastime of hunting. But this fact, however, did not interfere with the reputation he bore as trailer, woodsman and still-hunter. Indeed, for a heavily built and powerful individual, the Sheriff is about as quick on his feet and as agile as anyone I have ever met. Nor would you find anyone in the North Woods who takes keener interest in forest conservation or the welfare of wilderness creatures.

> Fire annihilates the finest products of man and nature. When man-made products are destroyed they can be rebuilt and are very often improved upon, but nothnig made by nature has ever changed or been improved upon since the world began. When a forest is burned it is lost to a generation of men.
>
> Read this story and you will ever after be careful how you handle your fire when in the woods.

On the morning in question there seemed to hang about the Sheriff an atmosphere indicative of success. He prophesied with confidence and a most assuring smile that we would enjoy the best of luck. And so we did. Shortly after we had joined forces we came on the freshly vacated beds of two large deer. There was a good tracking snow, and within ten minutes we sighted a fine dark-colored buck. A lucky shot dropped him and then, as we ran forward, the second deer, who all this time had kept cleverly out of sight, broke cover and bounded up the slope of the mountain.

"Gentle Moses!" gasped the Sheriff, "Did you see that head?"

So the big one gave us the slip, as big ones usually do. The deer we had bagged was a splendid specimen, but the vision of those other branching tawny-colored horns hung persistently before us. At last, when we were ready to again set out, the Sheriff voiced most aptly what was going on in my own mind.

"Suppose we have a look for the other chap," he suggested.

The next three hours we followed with sleuthlike care the trail of this wily whitetail. And truly a merry chase he gave us!

It was only when we gained the crest of the mountain that we realized to full extent what the weather was doing. Now a hurricane of wind would come trampling overhead, followed by clouds of fog and sheets of stinging rain. Again there would be a lull. Suddenly the woods would darken to ghostlike obscurities and the mist descend in a thick, drenching blanket. And then, all at once the gale, with renewed fury, would surge against the mountain, while its steady organ roar among the spruce tops deadened all other sound.

OWING to this elemental confusion and noise we felt almost certain of sighting our quarry. But once he had reached the highest point of land we perceived, to our dismay, that he was resorting to that old ancestral trick of back tracking. In and out through the

The graveyard of a forest once beautiful and gracious

dense cover of young spruce he played us literally a game of hide-and-seek. After sending us around in a circle several times he abruptly changed his tactics and plunged down the southwesterly slope of the mountain. In the teeth of the wind we followed him. When he reached the bottom, he turned to the right, and skirting level ground a short distance, proceeded to climb up again!

"I never saw such a deer," blustered the Sheriff, "Where's he takin' us to?"

As a matter of fact, he was not taking us anywhere. Apparently this follow-the-leader business was mightily to his liking. Not once in all those hours of trailing did we obtain even a fleeting glimpse of his lordship. And when, after laborious efforts, we had climbed up the mountain a second time, only to find he had gone down the other side, we were at length forced to acknowledge ourselves beaten.

The Sheriff pulled out his watch. "It's nearly half past two," he announced. "Seems as if we ought to be eatin' our lunch."

Without further delay we slipped a few hundred yards down the mountain to a snug lodge, where we could hear the wind marching overhead, but were well protected from its chilly blast. Here the Sheriff kindled a neat fire and for half an hour we sat and devoured one sandwich after another and drank cold tea and steamed and smoked and luxuriated in the generous heat.

All the time we were eating my thoughts kept turning back to that sagacious old buck who had so tritely made himself victor of the occasion. Indeed I was glad he had escaped; glad because I admired so much his cleverness and glad also because he was left to perpetuate that intelligence among his descendants. Apparently, the chase to him had been but pure sport—as pure sport, in fact, as it had been to us. And the incident of this hunt well illustrates the battle of contention relative to following the trail of the whitetail. The odds are nearly always divided evenly. The deer has as fair a chance of giving you slip as you have of bagging him. Sometimes, of course, the odds may be more or less in favor of one or the other, but whichever way the wind sets the game of still-hunting is a square one. Even on the snow, if your buck is of that alert, watchful and clever type, he will leave you in the lurch nine times out of ten. So, go your way rejoicing, old yellow horns! May you never suffer the pangs of thirst or hunger, nor lay yourself down amid the bitter snows as provender for those little red wolves of the wilderness who are and ever shall be the sworn enemies of your clan. Live and grow fat, and build in the airs of some future spring and summer such a set of antlers as will royally grace that hour when you shall fall to the painless end of a swift, clean bullet!

BEFORE we finished lunch the rain, which had descended steadily all day, turned into hail and presently the hail gave place to large goose-feather flakes of snow. For a time the woods grew hushed with that peculiar quiet usually attending the advent of a snow storm. We extinguished our cheerful blaze under the ledge and struck off down the mountain, the Sheriff leading off at a stride that ate up the miles with extraordinary speed. Just before we reached the wagon road the snow ceased falling. Then abruptly a weird gloom descended into the forest—a gloom dank and fog-laden and charged with ominous portent.

The supreme destroyer which leaves a country barren, waterless and hungry

We were following along a log trail when a jagged flame of violet-colored lightning uplit the woods. Almost immediately an ear-splitting crash of thunder rolled over our heads. Nor was the downpour long delayed in its arrival. Soaked to the skin and wading up to our ankles in snow and slush, we pushed forward and presently, after another very severe flash of lightning there came distinctly to our nostrils the smell of smoke. At once the Sheriff halted and tested the air anxiously.

"Can't be that Mac D's camp has took fire?" he questioned.

"It smells closer than that," I rejoined.

We were half inclined to turn back in order to find out where the bolt had struck. But the afternoon was nearly gone, so on second thought we continued our way. It came to our ears shortly after that a large skidway located but a short distance from the spot where we had stood at the time of the flash had been reduced to a smouldering heap of ashes and twenty or thirty cords of valuable pulp wood lost.

"I always hate that smell of wood burning," remarked the Sheriff as we plowed homeward. I was curious to know why.

"It reminds me of forest fires," said he, as we tramped through rivers of muddy water with the sun glinting on the drenched hillsides. "I don't know of anything I hate worse. I've seen some bad ones, too," he added.

A BRIEF seven months after that exhilarating hunt in company with the Sheriff, I had a vivid experience with a forest fire that swept the better portion of Albany Mountain from base to summit.

It happened in June. I was at the Lake. The day was Saturday and I was finishing up some letters in my cabin preparatory to driving over the road to the railroad. About 10 o'clock there came a knock on my door and I opened it to find Rube standing outside with an anxious face.

"Come out and have a look at what's going on," said he.

Up from the horizon, in a westerly direction, towered a solid column of blue-white smoke. As I looked a piece of leaf, charred and cold, sifted down from nowhere and fell on my hand. The wind was blowing stiffly from the south.

Fifteen or twenty minutes later we were rattling over the road. Always as we drew near the region sentineled by Albany mountain did the smoke grow denser and more pungent. No one of us knew at that time how very near we were to the fire. Indeed Rube surmised it to be five or six miles farther away than it actually was. Had we been able to look over the crest of a certain hill within a mile of the wagon road what a scene would have met our eyes! But in ignorance amid a steady sifting of ashes and burned leaves we drove on to the railroad and little lumber town gathered at this particular point.

Here we were at once elucidated as to the position of the fire. Men with shovels and pails and mattocks were piling on the flat cars of the lumber train. Anxiously the Sheriff was hurrying from one place to another attending

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AUTO-TOURING WAYS AND MEANS

HOW TO CONFRONT DIFFICULT HIGHWAY CONDITIONS AND THE JEOPARDIES ARISING ALONG THE WAY—Second Paper

By RAYMOND S. SPEARS

A MAN grows pretty confident driving around in his own home country. Growing used to the local conditions, whether in a city with busy corners or in a back region with mean going, he learns how to go against all the difficult conditions. The tourist sees a highway once and cannot possibly know definitely what lies around the next bend. For that reason New York state with its developed roads may baffle the visitor from the untouched alkali chucks; and as for the New Yorker, off his own concrete, asphalt or oiled roads he has some most amazing enlightening coming to his ignorance.

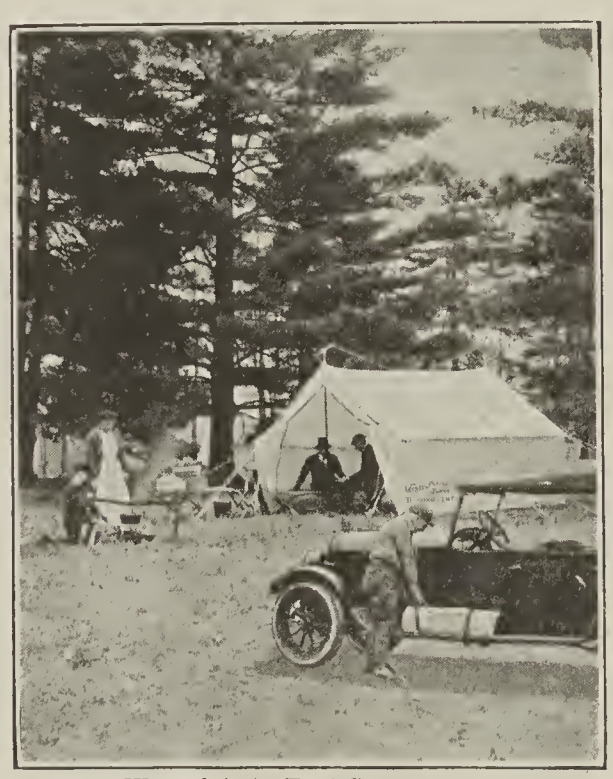
The Department of Agriculture sometime since examined a piece of concrete highway down in Maryland. They took a stretch some miles long, visible throughout its length to any driver and kept tabs on it. There they found more accidents per mile, per week, than on the rough-and-tumble highways. It follows, therefore, that roads ought not to be improved.

I am a country, small-town driver. My feelings in a city thoroughfare are miserable beyond words. My normal country good-road gait is rather less than 25 miles per hour, but when my speedometer had been out of whack for a year and I had it repaired, I discovered that I was plowing along at 30 miles or more without realizing it. This in Central New York. These details are cited because in what I say the bias should be mentioned. The fact is, no two drivers are alike in their view-points. One of my best friends says: "Spears goes where a goat wouldn't think of going"; nevertheless, this man's driving when I ride with him gives me fits at times, although he handles a car beautifully and never has an accident.

The jeopardy of a fine, concrete highway is the combination of speed and inaccurate handling of the wheel. One of the worst scares I ever had was when I struck a wet clay coating where hay-wagons had swung out of a field onto a fine concrete highway. My car swung four ways at once and but for the tires taking hold again, I would have been ditched and probably smashed up. Freshly oiled roads, even when stone dust or sand has been spread on them as in New York (a practice worthy of being followed in other states), may throw a car completely or partly out of a driver's control. I have seen five cars ditched in a hundred yards by fresh oil. Even when well sanded such a road means spattered chassis and underparts. When I arrived in California I ran a screw-driver along the bottom of my motor-pan by chance. Oil and dust and mud coated the metal to a depth of nearly an inch and more than 100 pounds of this accumulation was scraped off—a burden I didn't know was there!

Speed is the jeopardy of the best highways. The man who has been accustomed to ten miles an hour over rough highways, when he hits fine macadam or concrete feels inspired to "hit it up." For several years in western New York drivers from beyond the Mississippi met with disaster because they took advantage of the "good roads" and tried out the speed of their cars. They simply didn't know the technic of fast driving on good roads, though many of them could go through conditions that would have stalled people accustomed to making forty or fifty miles an hour.

There are few men who have made so many journeys along the highways of our country as Mr. Spears. He has been on the road for twenty years and knows the subject of auto-touring from a practical standpoint as well as from an ethical one, and his conclusions are invaluable to all who contemplate a motor-camping trip.



Courtesy Wenzel Auto-Tent Co.

Ready for the night

NEXT to the slick places on concrete and other stone road surfaces, the most treacherous highway is the gravel road, freshly laid. The gravel is several inches thick. It is loose. It is rutted. The stranger feels the highway as a firm bed and in a mile or two begins to creep up in speed. Suddenly, without warning, in spite of every effort, the car takes to the ditch, and perhaps breaks off a telephone pole, rolls over or blows up—doing some deadly dangerous thing. The gravel is practically like roller bearings under an automobile tire, and at a certain moment for every kind of tire, it goes into action. The worst highway I ever struck was one on which gravel had been laid in clay and was wet from a shower. Here, in the night, the native drivers stopped and let the other fellow go by, even when both had chains. This was in southwestern Arkansas.

Every highway has its own special jeopardy, or jeopardies. Before the days of prohibition we had drunken drivers on good roads with high speed cars. This jeopardy was probably the worst that ever confronted any decent and careful driver. One could not escape it except by good fortune. Then there are careless drivers, stubborn drivers and roadhog drivers. The tourist will find, as he goes from state to state, that each state has a special type of driver. Thus in Utah one will find probably the kindliest and most polite drivers there are. In states where people afflicted with lung troubles find haven, victims of these diseases will crowd everybody including one another. There is a peculiar type of driver in California, the Merry-hellers they are called, who are far from home and who "just cut loose." People out for a good time are much more apt to be reckless, even when sober, than those who are out on business or who, as most tourists, seek far places for enjoyment but not deviltry. Also it is advisable as a matter of safety, to give women drivers all the road available, for women frequently expect this much at least and need it, apparently, as they generally lack strength or initative, the one for the quick turn at the last minute, affected by some professional drivers, and the other to make a start to turn out in time. I believe California statistics showed for a period that while 20% of the drivers were women, they had something like 60% of the accidents. A tourist in strange regions had better act on the assumption that local drivers, men and women, are going to take all there is, especially in regions where the illiteracy rate is high.

Mud is not just mud; it differs considerably. There are kinds of mud which do not demand chains, even. These are in sandy loams. But in Kansas, for instance, there are muds which if one does not put on chains will daub the wheels and stick in the fenders so tightly as to stop a car by choking up.

Courtesy of Denver Tourist Bureau

The noon-time meal at one of the many auto-camping grounds in Colorado

In any strange mud, however, the tourist must assume that chains are necessary. Where dirt roads are noted ahead in the logs, it is best to put the chains on when reaching the poor road, or on starting out in the morning, or when it begins to rain.

Concrete, asphalt, gravel, shell, sandy, rocky and all types of stone roads can be traveled without chains in wet weather. But "improved" roads are by no means safe unless they are stone surfaced. Thus the "levee" roads, filled in across Arkansas, the graded roads in Tennessee, the dragged ("drug") abominations of Kansas, and all roads which are clay, loam or "soil" must be entered upon with chains when wet.

During 1922 enormous efforts to improve highways were apparent throughout the country. The painted blaze trails are being filled in with wonderful stretches of highest type highways. Main thoroughfares everywhere are under construction—with consequent temporary detours, or "travel at your own risk" conditions.

In the greater states, the highway contractors as a matter of law or habit put up signs along the detours. Detours are selected with some regard for the local and "foreign" traffic. But, as in some parts of Arkansas, Tennessee and some other states, contractors or public authorities pay little or no attention to the strangers' needs, while local automobile clubs and blatant boosters let things go. Thus a traveler runs into a "Road Closed" sign, and an arrow pointing to right or left along some muddy lane. A contractor building a stretch of highway, for example, involving tens of thousands of dollars expenditure to coax in tourist and emigrant traffic, did not even bother to put up a board on two boxes where a concrete culvert was under construction, with the result that a native son tore up a $2,500 automobile in that grade. We spent two hours and $4.50 being hauled out of this same culvert, after it had been covered over from the adjacent ditch muck.

Owing to the thieving propensities along some of the new highway construction, contractors could not put up lanterns warning of danger. The tourist, of course, must have his headlights in best condition and should have his spotlight in good order, even though he does not intend to travel at night over rough or strange highways. Fast driving at night over any kind of highway one doesn't know is criminal folly.

I DO not know how many hundred automobile wrecks we have seen beside the highways; cars so badly smashed up it wasn't worth while hauling them in. Many times more cars had been wrecked along our route but had been salvaged and we did not see them unless the accident had occurred within an hour or two of our passing. But eyes familiarized with the marks of trouble often noted where cars had been stalled, ditched and dragged out, wheels broken, spring leaves snaped out, tires repaired, etc. And all such sights to the practiced tourist are warning signs, as important as the huge painted danger signals which, as in New York, spread a blatant "STOP" where only fool drivers need them, or where railroads camouflage their varied "Stop, Look, Listen" weatherworn crossing signs with diamonds, bars, X's, etc.

In narrow two-rut highways, every hill one goes over, every turn one makes around a shoulder of land, every highway intersection, every farm house or field gateway means possible trouble from collision. So many accidents happened at schools in every State that I believe every State now specifically marks with warnings the school-house sites. The tourist must observe these places of possible trouble, for neither local authorities nor his own conscience excuse an accident that could have been avoided by not taking a chance.

Eastern cattle are the stupidest animals in the country. I do not believe I ever saw a New York or New England cow that wasn't a potential trouble maker. A cow beside the road may mean a crash anywhere in the northeastern states. But cattle in the Tennessee, Arkansas and Texas country, and in western states generally, clear the way before a traveler, but of course where one must drive through a herd of a thousand head in a three-rod-wide highway lane, he must observe the amenities. He should stop, for example, if any of the crowded animals show sign of panic, or if any of the cowboys signal for him to halt.

A mule, too, may take a passing thrust with his heels, and a team of horses may be inexperienced and run away should the automobile happen to make a noise strange to them, or even make its customary motions. A tourist must always bear in mind the necessity of looking out for the other fellow, whether a child, a man on horseback, or even chickens in the highway. A dog is probably one of the easiest animals to kill there is. No matter how exasperating a yapping dog is, it isn't worth while to endanger a fellow tourist coming after by making him suffer

(*Continued on page* 196)

Second and fourth row, natural insects drawn from live specimens. First and third row, imitations tied by author

TWELVE NEW TINY NATURE FLIES

NATURAL IMITATIONS OF INSECTS CONSIDERED MOST USEFUL TO ANGLERS FOR THE CAPTURE OF TROUT EARLY IN THE SEASON

By LOUIS RHEAD

DURING the several years' work in collecting and making life pictures of insect food of trout in the northern continent for my book "Trout Stream Insects," I made studies of several hundred species, carefully selecting a number of those insects considered most useful to anglers in their capture of trout with artificial copies of them. But the number of insects in the book had to be limited because of the classified system I chose to employ, so that a great many important though very abundant small insects were not included in the five monthly lists. After further study and practical experience during the intervening eight years in revising and re-collecting the best small specimens I think anglers will find it invaluable if I now include twelve additional new species of very small imitations tied on No. 12 and No. 14 hooks.

This decision has been made after most careful consideration because the series of nature flies, as now tied, seem to require a number of the smaller flies inluded in the list. Many anglers from California and north Pacific coastal states are now using small flies and have requested this. My own practice in fly fishing our Eastern trout streams shows conclusively that a dozen flies of very small size will make the nature series more perfect, especially in very early and midsummer season.

This last year I have been greatly impressed and very pleased after reading Mr. Skue's "Minor Tactics" in that I have for years had precisely the same views concerning methods we should pursue on our own streams that he describes is best on British streams. I had refrained from reading that, and other admirable books, wishing to be free from other influence upon my own nature studies, observing at the same time the host of anglers go stark mad over dry-fly fishing, which I think will as rapidly decline into normal and right conditions, when as good if not better sport may be enjoyed under water as on the surface.

To meet that situation the new patterns hereafter mentioned I have purposely tied wet with one or two exceptions, and those will be tied wet as well as dry. In describing this supplementary list of new nature flies I think it best to include at least one each of the six "classes" of insects which will make the artificials more varied and I am sure will prove more effective killers. The monthly divisions are two for April, four for May, three for June and three for July, though most of them hatch out some weeks before and after the time mentioned. In naming them I have followed the system used in the book, that is, the name denotes some color or other feature of the live insect.

No. 1.—May. Speckled olive; is a pretty little drake, rapid in flight, hatching all through May into early June.

No. 2.—June. Dark claret, a thick body drake, dull brown-grey wings, often alighting on surface in swarms.

No. 3.—May and June. Tiny ruby. Beautifully colored small drake, like a miniature of the golden drake. Its curious body, however, is thicker at the middle. Specimens vary in size, some appear quite large.

No. 4.—July. Little celt with green body, white tip on tail, grayish wings and legs. Very plentiful late afternoons.

No. 5.—June. Silver sedge. A bright little fly, quite lively; very abundant just before dark. When the wings are closed the insect appears much darker as it floats than when in flight.

No. 6.—April and May. Pale claret. The upper body is pale claret with wings and legs speckled in brown. The rises are thick, floating mostly in swarms during midday. Toward dark they get off the water in flight.

No. 7.—July. Ruby tip is a small, wasp-like fly, abundant on elderberry blossoms. Very rapid in flight.

No. 8.—July. Green spinner is a late, small, though plentiful, spinner. Appears also in August. Light green body with brown-pink tip, pale yellow legs.

No. 9.—April. Brown dipper. Very early lapwing dun. Toward beginning of May it becomes very abundant, frequently dipping on the surface. Brownish-green wings. Jet-black body and legs. Much like a miniature alder in its rapid flight.

No. 10.—June. June orange. Small drake, orange tail banded on tip with pale green. Whisks well marked in spots.

No. 11.—May. Dark olive. Dark greenish body with hairy shoulders, long black legs.

No. 12.—May. Maple fly. Small two-wing fly with bright pink crossmarks on dark green body. Not common on the water but flies round about the maple leaves and blossoms.

A NOTICEABLE feature of this supplementary set is that I have tied almost half the artificial imitations with

some part of the bodies in either gold or silver to imitate the delicate silvery or golden tints of the insects which I think will vastly improve the killing qualities of these new nature flies. Though not yet tested they will be ready for the first day of the coming season. To those anglers who are not used to very small flies, I should advise them to get leaders that are quite fine and tapered, and use at least three flies on one leader.

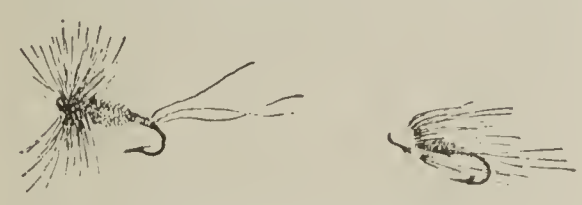
With such a cast it is sure to attract trout in midwater while they are "bulging" or rushing after the many nymphs ascending to the surface. The latest English style for this fishing, however, is to cast up-stream for the flies to come back along with waterflow, the rodtip guiding the fly cast to either right or left of angler till well below him, according to position in the stream. Elsewhere I have stated there are several disadvantages in up-stream fishing, one in particular when fishing with extra fine gut as these flies require, is that when the strike is given it most often pulls the hook back from the mouth to miss a nice fish. The only remedy for that is not to strike but let the fish fix the barb, which under ordinary circumstances it naturally does by darting away. After the mouth is shut the difference between the soft flesh of the insect and the hard steel hook is instantly felt.

Owing to the new tariff causing much higher prices and the difficulty in getting nature flies tied in England exactly like natural insect patterns, I am preparing to establish a fly-tying studio where trained American fly-tyers will work under my personal supervision in order to attain perfection in every detail on all patterns of flies and nymphs on good hooks of the right size. This will, I trust, open up a new industry that will be followed by others. Flies tied in America by natives for domestic use will certainly furnish more perfect results. So far as I have gone, my efforts have proved most gratifying, because any correction or change can be made at once without waiting for a final satisfactory copy of the pattern that is required by anglers for the special type of fishing they have in mind or for the kind of water they are angling on.

TUPS INDISPENSABLE

ALWAYS alert to give my readers first-hand information of the newest and best in our craft, I begged our editor to print this short note before season of trout fishing begins.

At the present moment this Tup nymph is considered by far the best trout killer now in use over in Europe.



The Pink Lady nymph

I have been told on good authority it is not a new creation, but it has been used more or less for sixty years in England though its form and color has varied according to those who tied it. A well-known American fly-fisher praised it beyond compare some years ago and renamed it the Pink Lady, and, as such, may be got in the tackle shops. Its present great popularity is entirely due to Mr. G. E. M. Skues, its British champion, who ties it in two ways (see cut), tied dry, with stiff outstanding hackle, tied wet with soft pliable sloping hackle. Both hackles and whisks are a pinkish-cream color, with thick body of pinkish red wool, tail wrapping of yellow silk.

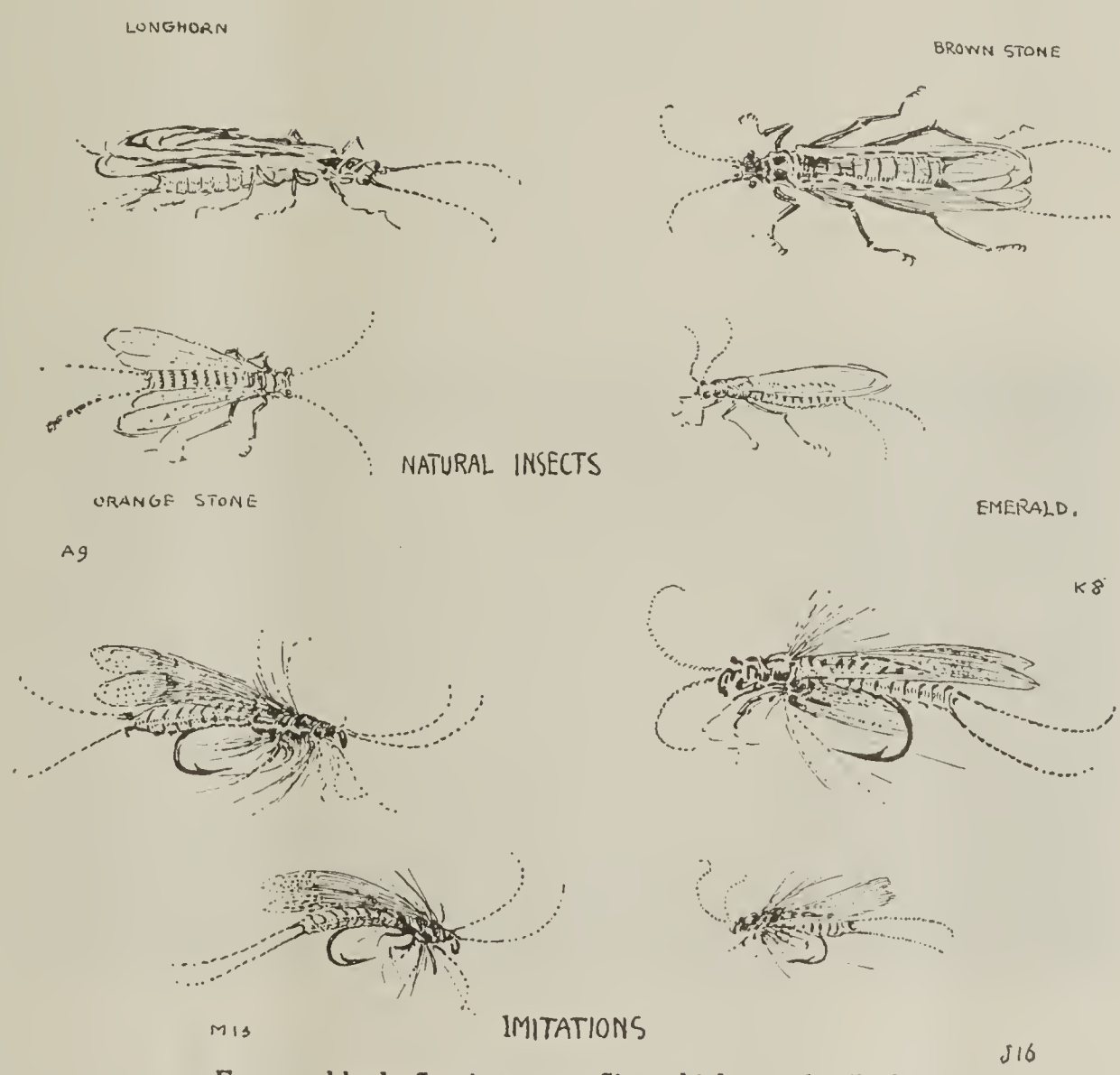
In minor tactics, Mr. Skues says: "Perhaps this nymph is taken for a shrimp by bulging trout." Personally, I see no resemblance whatever. We have a trout insect that I call the tiny ruby, described in a separate chapter on "Twelve new tiny flies and nymphs," and the imitation fly is almost the same in form and color as the Tup.

Last year I tied quite a number both wet and dry for trial in various places with most excellent results, and I believe it will take its place as one of the best trout killers in our streams.

My friend and neighbor Fred G. Shaw, tells a good story as to the origin of its peculiar name: In England, a male sheep or ram is known as a Tup, and the remarkably prominent appendage hanging from its lower body is covered with fine, downy hair, which is supposed to be the only genuine for this nymph's hackle. After vain effort I failed to get this genuine Tup's hair, and used as a fair substitute a very fine pliable hen's hackle.

UNSINKABLE CORKBODY STONE FLIES

EVERY observing fly-fisher is familiar with the luscious, fat-bodied stone-flies, of which some species hatch earlier, others later than any other angling flies. British anglers for centuries have considered stone flies (both live and imitative) far superior to entice trout than any other insect. In the north of England and some Scotch localities it is called the May-fly, rising in vast flocks during June and July. Yorkshire anglers are famous in the skillful way they cast the live insect on the surface where it struggles, remaining alive for some time after being impaled on the hook. Here, in America, the live insect is extensively used on Western streams, especially on the Big Hole River, Montana, for large rainbows. Many Eastern anglers I know have tried the live insects of large size at evenings for brown trout but with little success because the fish are so adroit as to nip off the fly hundreds of times without getting hooked or even pricked.



Four corkbody floating stone flies which are deadly killers

Any angler who takes the trouble to examine one, especially the large-size species, will find the body contains as much food as several hundred average trout insects. The family of "Browns" of which stone-flies form a large part,

(*Continued on page 212*)

TROUT FISHING NEAR NEW YORK

WITHIN THREE HOURS FROM YOUR OFFICE YOU CAN HAVE YOUR LINE IN AS PRETTY A STREAM AS YOU COULD DESIRE

By W. E. SCUDAMORE

IT is astonishing to find what a large proportion of the business men of New York City are keen trout fishermen, and how few dare allow their minds to dwell on this sport during their spare moments. The general reason for the relegation of Isaak Walton's sport into the back of their minds is, I find, the fact that they either believe a fishing trip should be a fortnight's holiday, or, that, to be worth while, it entails the subtraction of at least one or two days from the week's work.

They are apt to agree that nothing is better for the recuperation of the tired business man than a few days' fishing, but the question "Do you often go fishing?" generally brings the answer, "Oh, no! The nearest good trout fishing is at Phoenicia, New York, and it is difficult to reach over the week-end. One wants a clear week and I can't spare the time."

This, of course, is absurd. Though nothing is further from my mind than to detract from the excellence of the sport to be obtained at Phoenicia—I have never been there, can't spare the time, in fact—I do want to point out that there is excellent trout fishing to be obtained, even though you, like myself, do not own a car and should count the shekels with care, very much nearer to your New York office than an all-night journey or even five or six hours by rail followed by a motor drive. In fact, well within three hours from your office you can have your line in as pretty a trout stream as your heart could desire.

Beginning early in April and lasting until July 15, there are innumerable places of which I could tell you—and just two or three brooks of which I wouldn't tell you for any consideration — where you can have a nice Saturday evening's sport and fish until a reasonable lateness Sunday by leaving New York at noon on Saturday and returning either Sunday evening or Monday morning in time for business, *and with Fish.*

Before proceeding further, let me assure you that I speak from experience. Although not a "star fisherman," and with no walloping bag of which to speak, I can assure you that not one week last season did my wife and I return with less than one trout between us—the story of that one is another tale and has no place here—while my best single day's catch netted me seventeen. If this sounds alluring, I will now tell you where you may go and do likewise.

WITH the Lackawanna Station at Hoboken as your starting point, you can make any of three stations your objective—Hackettstown, Blairstown, or Newton. All are in New Jersey and trains are frequent and convenient.

> Because of the unceasing activities of the New Jersey State Fish and Game Commission the streams of that state are kept stocked with trout and the fishing is better to-day than it was in the days of Frank Forester. It is a source of great satisfaction that the rising generation of anglers will never know the despair that came to the trout fisherman a generation ago who waded the length of many an ideal stream for trout without ever getting a rise.

At Hackettstown, two hours from Hoboken, there are two small but comfortable hotels and the choice of at least two streams. The smaller, called the Musconetcong, runs through the town and can be fished without recourse to a flivver, whilst on the larger stream, the Pequest, a few miles west of the town, good fishing can be reached in a quarter of an hour's drive.

Photo by E. V. Connett 3rd

Opening-day on a New Jersey stream

May I remind you of three things necessary for comfortable fishing in these streams? Wading trousers of the heavy kind are necessary, for the water is high in the spring; other tackle than the dry-fly in April, for the water is discolored as well as fast; and a license—your wife will not need the latter.

On the Musconetcong, about half a mile from the center of Hackettstown is a mill, a few yards to the left of a gasoline station on the main road, and from there down the stream is a good twelve miles of fishing. You will find plenty of trout early in the season for the entire stretch, "posted," so far as I know, for only two short stretches, and there is actually no one place better than another at that time. Later in the season,—and there is a good little boarding house about two miles out of the town, right on the bank of the stream, which I can recommend highly—the water is low and one must fish further down the stream and with a dry fly. Quietly, at that, if you wish to be successful. Yet, fish are always there and many of them, as I well know, all through the season.

It was on this stream last year one broiling hot June afternoon that a friend and myself, after having fished for a couple of hours and caught two small fish each, were discussing the advantage of using a tiny July Dun as we strolled up the stream, when we met a man fishing down-stream with a sea rod and a huge hook baited with one of those large earthworms known as a "nightcrawler." This man, whom we afterwards heard described as the local bootlegger, showed us a 17-inch brown trout which still had a little life left in him.

Wading in the other stream near Hackettstown, the Pequest which I have mentioned, is by no means easy at any time. I warn you, therefore, to take good care at *all* times of the year, for the bottom is composed of boulders and there are some deep holes which earlier in the year are not visible, and though I do not wish to frighten you, for fish abound and the scenery is glorious, yet please remember to be constantly on the alert for pitfalls.

The fishing commences about five miles by good road to the west of Hackettstown below a swamp, and is almost equally good for the entire stretch of what I should judge to be well over twenty miles, that is, until the stream flows into the Delaware.

The Pequest meets an excellent main road at various short intervals, and though several good stretches are

(*Continued on page 206*)

THIS MONTH IN THE OUTDOORS

APRIL USHERS IN THE DAYS OF OUTDOOR RECREATION AND THE ANGLER COMES INTO HIS OWN ONCE MORE

Trout Time

APRIL is trout time in practically all the states where brook, brown, rainbow, lake, steelhead, cut-throat and other species are found. Regardless of weather conditions, the first day of the open season finds anglers along favorite streams because of habit or the urge that must have sway. Fly-casting for trout, the highest art in fresh water fishing, still continues after hundreds of years to hold its place in the spring in the outdoor magazines and in newspaper articles on trout; its popularity is growing with the years. Probably there have been more books written on trout than on any other fish, although Doctor Henshall has remarked that the black bass is "inch for inch and pound for pound, the gamest fish that swims."

Jersey Trout Flies

A NORTHERN New Jersey reader, who fishes the Musconetcong River, incidentally the best trout stream in Northern New Jersey, suggests to this department that the best flies to take on a trout fishing trip during the open season in New Jersey are the following dozen: Beaverkill, Cahill, Coachman, March Brown, Stone, Royal Coachman, Black Gnat, Catskill, Cowdung, Hare's Ear, Queen of Waters and Wickham's Fancy.

Trout Kings

"I WAS very much interested," writes Beaverkill, "in the story in the March issue of the 'King of Speckled Beauties' landed by Dr. J. W. Cook of Fort William, Ontario, a brook trout that weighed 14½ pounds. Can you also give the records of rainbow, lake, steelhead, cut-throat and brown trout?"

The largest rainbow trout known to be taken by rod and reel, so far as the knowledge of this writer is concerned, weighed 26½ pounds, the fish being 42 inches long and 27 inches in girth. It was taken by A. A. Cass on July 12, 1914, in the Skycomish River, Washington.

The Lake of the Woods, Ontario, Canada, on May 16, 1919, yielded on rod and reel the largest lake trout, a fish of 35 pounds, 4 ounces, 42 inches in length and 26¾ inches in girth, the fish taken by E. D. Calvert. Jordan and Evermann report a lake trout of over 60 pounds, but there is nothing to indicate that it was taken by angling methods.

The Rogue River, Oregon, in August, 1911, yielded to C. E. Duffield, a steelhead trout of 14 pounds, 34 inches in length and 16 inches in girth. This was taken by rod and reel. The United States Fish Commission has a record of a 30-pound fish taken in the Columbia River, Oregon, but not by angling.

The largest cut-throat trout taken by angling weighed 12 pounds with a length of 30½ inches and a girth of 18 inches. It was captured July 14, 1911, by George W. Collier, Jr., in the Lake of Two Rivers, Algonquin Park, Canada.

The largest brown trout captured in American waters by rod and reel, weighed 10 pounds and was 27 inches in length with a girth of 16½ inches. Harry Ackley captured the fish in the Mohawk River, New York. It might not be uninteresting to state that the brown trout, introduced in New Zealand waters, has produced a specimen of 28½ pounds, which New Zealand exhibited at the World's Fair in St. Louis, 1904.

Forest and Stream conducts this department for the purpose of telling sportsmen where to go and what to do throughout each month of the year. It is not a mere directory but is intended to be a newsy department of interest to men who fish and hunt.

It is compiled by Alexander Stoddart, who was Rod and Gun editor of the New York *Press*, the *Sun*, and the New York *Herald* for the twenty years from 1900 to 1920.

Angling Brings Longevity

THERE is no doubt that "the gentle pastime," as Isaak Walton termed fishing, leads to longevity. Of course, not indulging in excesses too much and living the simple life with a fishing trip as often as possible, which, in most cases, is as often as convenient, leads to long life. Isaak Walton himself lived to be 90 years old. Other anglers, who reached 90 and over, though not so famous, included Thomas H. Roe, 100; Charles H. Haswell, 99; Thomas Storms, 98; Walter M. Brackett, 95; H. H. Thompson, Samuel C. Clarke and Isaac McLellab, 94; W. H. Venig, 93 and L. H. Smith, 92; and Dr. Henshall is still going strong at 87.

Well-known anglers, who reached beyond four score years were, J. U. Gregory, Theodatus Garlick, Alvah G. Dunning and Alex Shewan, 89; William C. Kennerly, John Bartlett and F. E. Spinner, 85; Jay Cooke, George D. Alexander and Kit Clarke, 84; Charles Hallock, William H. Gregg, Charles F. Orvis, Joshua Cooke and William C. Prime, 83; Andrew Carnegie, Hamilton Busbey, Benjamin C. Milam and Alex. Starbuck, 82; W. N. Haldeman, Com. L. A. Beardslee ("Piseco"), Col. F. G. Skinner, W. T. Dennis, Genio C. Scott and T. R. Warren, 81.

Among prominent anglers who have gone beyond the three score and ten years, are George W. Winage, Allan Gilmour, Thomas A. Logan ("Gloan"), J. H. Walsh ("Stonehenge"), Gen. J. H. Smith, T. S. Van Dyke, R. B. Roosevelt, Charles Fenno Hoffman, George B. Raymond, Charles E. Whitehead, Charles Lanman, George W. Sears ("Nessmuk"), Joseph Jefferson, Gen. John McNulta, William C. Harris, L. B. France ("Burgeois"), Henry Ward Beecher, William E. Simmons, Andrew B. Hendryx, Henry Thorpe ("Walton"), L. H. Smith, Dr. B. M. Briggs, Julius Vom Hofe, Seth Green, Daniel Webster, John Wilson ("Christopher North"), Gen. Lew Wallace and Alfred B. Street.

Frederick E. Pond ("Will Wildwood"), who is close to the three score and ten class but who keeps the youthful point of view, who edited three volumes of Frank Forester's works, Isaac McLellan's "Poems of Rod and Gun," Charles Hallock's "An Angler's Reminiscences," and who has written half a dozen books including "Handbook for Young Sportsmen" and "Life and Adventures of Ned Buntline," has recently been appointed editor of the "Rod and Gun" of the New York *Herald*.

First Spring Fish

NOW is sucker time. It is the first spring fish. In New England when the ice breaks up, the run attracts the small boy and his sister and often pa and ma. Sucker time begins really when the days grow longer and the sun begins to grow warm at noontime; then the "B-o-o-m!" tells of the ice breaking. Then it is that the old three-tinned spear comes from its hiding place. The "Pap's" pet lantern is filled with oil, dip nets overhauled, gunnysacks hunted up and all is ready for the spearing of suckers. When the suckerin' is good, groups of men and boys go nightly and mother's frying-pan is kept busy for some time thereafter.

Flounders—Sign of Spring

TO the salt water fisherman, the biting of flounders is a sign of spring. They are the first fish to be taken after the long winter months in the bays along the North Atlantic coast. The flounder is a fish of personality, full of rascality, although he is fashioned like a pan-cake. Because of his popularity, he has been given such distinctive names as fluke, splaice, the latter an evident corruption of plaice, the proper name for "fluke"; eel-back flounder, slippery sole, peacock flounder, whiff, diamond flounder, hog choker, soft flounder, carter, lemon sole, merry sole, dab, rough and smear dab.

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August 14, 1873.

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A GOOD BILL DEFEATED

THE Game Refuge—Public Shooting Grounds bill came to a vote in the House of Representatives February 13th, and was defeated by twenty votes. This defeat is a real misfortune. It postpones the further protection of wild-fowl, and postpones, also, the opportunity for the man of moderate means to get better shooting.

Many people worked for a long time to bring about the passage of this bill, and if a full attendance of the House had been present when the vote was taken, it would have passed by a handsome margin. Unfortunately, it was brought up near a holiday, when many nearby members, whose votes were certain to be cast for it, had left Washington to spend two or three days at their homes. This loss of more than 50 votes caused the defeat of the bill.

The measure's most bitter opponent in the House of Representatives was Frank Mondell of Wyoming, the floor-leader on the Republican side. As the leader of the House he could postpone or advance consideration of the bill, and having this power he chose for bringing it up the time which would most favor his own plans against it. After nearly twenty-five years' service in Congress, Mr. Mondell was last fall defeated for Senator from Wyoming, and will not be on the floor at the next session of Congress to continue to oppose conservation. He has been active on some occasions in support of good measures, but his usual attitude has been one of hostility to bills advocated by the men best informed about game protection, and most active in its behalf.

The defeat of this measure need not greatly discourage those who have worked so hard to push it through Congress. Had the bill been passed in proper form, it would have provided for migratory wild-fowl refuges, where for nine months of the year the birds would have been safe from molestation, and would have tended to increase in numbers. It would have given the average man whose means do not permit him to belong to an expensive duck club, the opportunity to shoot during open season on these public refuges, and thus would have furnished to everyone better shooting. It would have provided money to pay federal game wardens, who would have enforced, and created more general respect for the Federal Migratory Bird law, and would have made possible the purchase by the Government of swamps and waste lands where federal reservations could have been established. All this was understood by many Congressmen.

The bill's chief purpose was to give better opportunities for sport to the poor man, yet its opponents, with small regard for truth, talked of it as a rich man's bill. They declared, also, that it would interfere with State rights, although in its final form it contained provisions that the Legislature of each State should pass upon any proposed purchase of land before it could be made.

The bill provided for a federal license to cost $1.00, to be paid by each man who wished to shoot migratory wild-fowl. This is about the price of one box of shells and would not bear hardly on any gunner.

It takes a long time to familiarize people with a new idea, and to the majority of our people the suggestion of a federal gunning license and of the use to which the money produced should be put was new.

Just as it took many years to enact into law the federal migratory bird proposition, first made by Hon. George Shiras 3rd in 1904, so it may take two or three sessions of Congress to pass this Game Refuge—Public Shooting Grounds bill—a measure of prime importance to the average man. It will pass finally, and soon after it passes the man of modest means will be benefited.

WILLIAM FOSTER PATTERSON

THOREAU kept a lifelong watch on Nature, recording minutely what he saw in language loved by all who are privileged to understand. In referring to the career of William Foster Patterson who died at Maplewood, New Jersey, January 17, 1923, we recall some lines read at Thoreau's funeral:

> "We sighing said Our Pan is dead;
> His pipe hangs mute beside the river,
> Around it wistful sunbeams quiver,
> But Music's airy voice is fled."

This man sang no song to please the world, but dwelt with Nature for the love of her and sang only to please himself and those around him. It was a privilege to be with him in the wilderness and he was the valued companion of several men of science.

A master in woodcraft, the Boy Scouts to whom he was always devoted, followed him like children, learning things to be cherished all their lives, the older boys later writing him letters of appreciation from the battle-front in France.

He put aside the gun and the rod long ago, finding greater enjoyment in seeking and observing wild life. His love of trees and shrubs resulted in the enrichment of his home grounds with wild forms of plant life carefully transported from the banks of far away rivers where his canoe often floated. He knew them both by sight and by the book.

Prosperous enough for the comfort of his family, he played truant from business only to betake himself to the woods and streams. He was a naturalist unconsciously. Whether with Mayor the biologist in the Everglades, with Chapman the ornithologist, on Mount Orizaba, or with Frederick Vreeland exploring a thousand miles of the great wilderness of the Peace River, he was always the cheerful and efficient comrade who made easy the hard places, through an innate understanding of the ways of Nature not unlike that of the aborigine.

Several explorers, Roy Andrews among them, sought his advice on the essentials of camp equipment. Vreeland writes "I have never known a man with a keener appreciation of the beauties of Nature. When we passed through a growth of untouched firs and spruces, he would linger to revel in the beauty of it. With a commission from the National Museum to procure certain mammals and birds, his collection was small because of his aversion to killing. He would spend hours watching birds through his field glass."

Another friend writes: "Patterson was the guide and inspiration of scores of boys in all the clean and best things of life in the open."

It is to be regretted that while giving freely of his knowledge of Nature to those with whom he associated, he had little inclination to write about what he knew so well. We lingered with him by many campfires in the enjoyment of his wood lore and his companionship.

Competent and courageous among men in the great outdoors, he was in equal degree generous and tender with old and young in daily life. Half a dozen strong men have each acclaimed him as "my most intimate personal friend."

He died too young but his spirit will live long in the lives of many, especially the boys who came under his influence.

C. H. T.

OUTDOOR BOOKS

SO many books appear every year on such a variety of subjects that one is at a loss to choose which will interest most, but the current of thought among people of to-day turns toward those books which tend to build up a happy frame of mind and a healthy body —toward the great outdoors and the recreation to be found in the silent places away from the fret and care of every-day life. Those who cannot find the time to undertake physical journeys to the land of heart's desire can turn their thoughts toward it and find rest and consolation by reading the accounts of their more fortunate fellows.

To the youth of the land the appeal is in a sense stronger as young men are more in sympathy with the ways of the open and to them come bright visions in anticipation of the years to come when they too may travel and see strange sights and countries new.

There is a strange delight in contemplating a new book on an outdoor subject, whether it treats of big-game hunting, fishing, motor-camping or of the wild life around us. Life forever renews itself and genius blooms in unexpected places. Maybe the book we hold is a second Treasure Island or another Walden. The Victorian Age will some day be eclipsed by another more glorious. There is no limit to experience.

A man is known by the books he has around him no less than by the company he keeps. If the books on the shelves treat of the outdoors the character of their owner is generally clean and wholesome. If a growing boy is surrounded by literature of this nature it will help him to build a strong and rugged character and will cultivate in him a love for outdoor pursuits that will bring durable satisfaction throughout his life.

A DECOY EXHIBITION

THE First Annual Exhibition of Duck and Shore Bird Decoys for the Championship of Suffolk County, Long Island, will be held in the new Library Building at Bellport, N. Y., under the auspices of The Howell's Point Anti-Duskers Society.

There will be cash prizes for professional makers and a silver cup for amateurs. Each exhibitor may enter as many species as he wishes, but only a male and female of each. Impartial judges will decide on the merits of the examples, judging them on points. Competitors will receive one point for each decoy entered. Competition is open to all and there is no entrance fee as one of the officers has agreed to assume the expense.

The show will last from August 27th to 31st, 1923, and the entries close August 25th, 1923.

Entries will be carefully returned to the exhibtors at the termination of the show and the interest of every exhibitor will be safeguarded and a fair award guaranteed. Many interesting exhibits for this unique competition have already been promised.

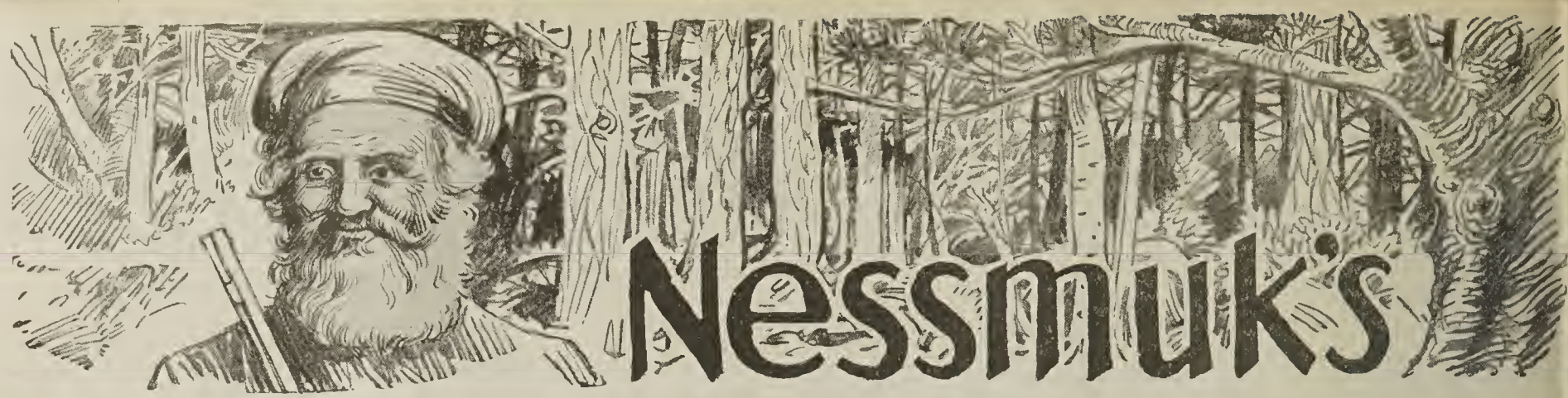
Those who would like to participate in the event by sending entries of decoys, loaning suitable pictures or mounted specimens of water game-birds will kindly communicate with Mr. Paul Bigelow, Secretary and Treasurer, 39 and 41 Cortlandt St., New York City.

DOG-RACING DERBY

THE dog-racing derby rises in popularity, and the event which originated in Alaska has now spread over the Dominion of Canada and in numerous northern States, where the snow permits the running of this sport. This is the sixth year of the two hundred mile course non-stop derby of the Pas Dog Derby Association, Billy Grayson, veteran musher of the north country, driving C. B. Morgan's entry, finishing at The Pas, Manitoba, covering the two hundred mile course in 26 hours and 52 minutes. Also it was the third consecutive win for Morgan's team and he now retains permanent possession of the Burns cup. Last year, Billy Grayson, driving the Moran team, won in 24 hours and 51 minutes.

Almost at the same time that Billy Grayson was winning the two hundred non-stop derby, Jean Lebel, driving a team of huskies, was leading the field in the first heat of the Quebec course of thirty-six miles from Quebec to Lorette and return. And the same day that the veteran musher of the north was on his way to The Pas, the American Dog Derby, at Ashton, Idaho, was run off. In this derby, Smoky Gaston, veteran of Northern trails, led Tud Kent, last year's champion, the leading dogs nose to nose. During the last few yards Gaston, punctuating his shouts at his leader with rifle-like cracks of his blacksnake, lunged his team into the traces in a spurt that carried it over the finish fourteen seconds ahead.

The unusual thing about this American Dog Derby was that Lydia Hutchinson, a girl musher, was fifth and came in ahead of four men.

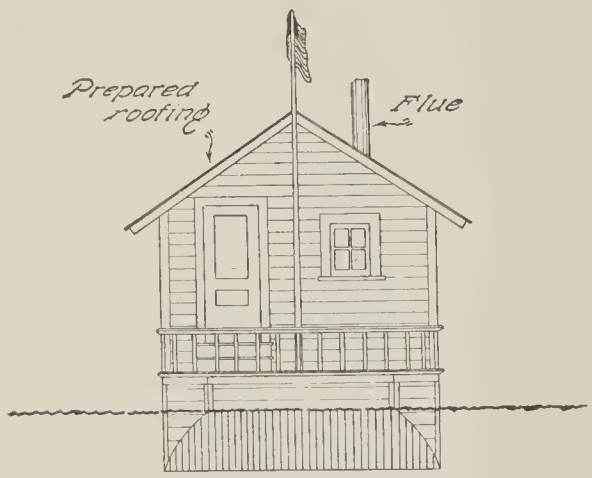


A SERVICEABLE HOUSE-BOAT

WE are depending upon the friends and admirers of our old correspondent Nessmuk to make this department worthy of his name. No man knew the woods better than Nessmuk or wrote of them with quainter charm. Many of his practical ideas on camping and "going light" have been adopted by the United States Army; his canoe has been preserved in the Smithsonian Institution; and we hope that all good woodsmen will contribute to this department their Hints and Kinks and Trail-tested Contrivances.—[EDITOR.]

TO be a whole, all-around success, a house-boat must be relatively inexpensive and it must contain room for actual living conditions of from two to four or six persons. Moreover, the joy and thrill to be obtained from the craft will be immensely increased if all of the work can be done by the hands of the owner. Human nature calls for pride in one's own doings.

The house-boat which is herewith described and illustrated by means of working drawings, meets these conditions. It is compact and inexpensive and contains a "garage" for the small motor-boat or speed launch, which makes it possible to use the boat, in its mooring, as the power unit for propelling the whole craft. It is roofed and has two large rooms which may be of equal size, each ten and one-half by eleven and one half feet, affording plenty of room for actual living for long periods of time. There is a deck at the forward end which is eight feet wide and twelve feet long, while at the rear, beneath the floor of the two rooms, and centrally located, is the space for the boat. The framework is so constructed that when the motor-boat is set in motion, the whole craft will be propelled along without undue strain on any of the parts. Buoyancy is maintained by a number of water-tight galvanized iron



Front · Elevation · RH

tanks, all of a size, which can be procured in quantities for almost nothing, at any plumbing establishment. These tanks are held within the lower framework, and there is room for the addition of others should unequal weights overhead in the rooms warrant their addition. The framing is simple and can be accomplished by anyone familiar with the use of tools. The exterior, both above and below the water-line, is of matched lumber, though the kind and style will be governed by the amount of cash available and by the taste of the owner. The roof is either shingle or prepared roofing. The deck is enclosed by a railing and steps lead up to the door in the forward end. And there are two trap-doors over the boat compartment which are raised and lowered when putting up the boat for the night or for making repairs.

THE house-boat shown is thirty feet long and twelve feet wide over all. The first step will be to build the bed, up to and including the water-line. The work will need to be started upon horses to permit easy access to the under side. The outside pieces are two by six inch timbers while the cross pieces are either two by six or two by four. In the plan of the framing it will be noted that the stringers are tied every four feet by the cross pieces, except the extreme rear which is tied at two feet. The two by sixes are steamed to permit the bend at the forward end.

The compartment for the boat is shown as exactly four feet. Since the fit should not be tight, there should be just enough clearance between the housing and the boat to admit bumpers to prevent marring of the paint. If the boat to be used varies from four feet in width, then the stringers should be set accordingly. If the boat is too long to be accommodated within the space alloted, then the inside forward end must be extended far enough so that all of the boat will be enclosed. Then, if you so desire, the opening at the rear can be enclosed by two doors above the water-line, the latch and lock working from the inside. Beside the use of two-inch material, ties of one-inch boards should be extended in somewhat the manner indicated to lessen the tendency to work out of plumb. Another factor which will govern the building of the bed will be the size of the tanks to be used. Assuming that each is just under four feet in length and ten or eleven inches in diameter, then four will fit into each compartment, except the two extreme spaces which will hold only two. Fifty tanks of this size will float the boat admirably. But should there be need of more they can be added for the depth of these compartments is two feet.

While discussing the floats, it should be said that if tight and sound barrels are more readily procurable and cheaper, then these can be substituted for the tanks. In this case the compartments should be built to hold only one barrel. It might be well to arrange each, if the barrels are used, with the bungs well plugged but on the top side so that if any should spring a leak they can be pumped out without much trouble. For the tops of the tanks, whether of iron or barrels, will be above water.

To the corners of the bed are then nailed the corner posts and the studding for the sides. This step needs no detailed comment since it involves straight carpentering methods. The doors and windows are, of course, pre-determined and laid out accordingly.

In fact, from here on the structure is

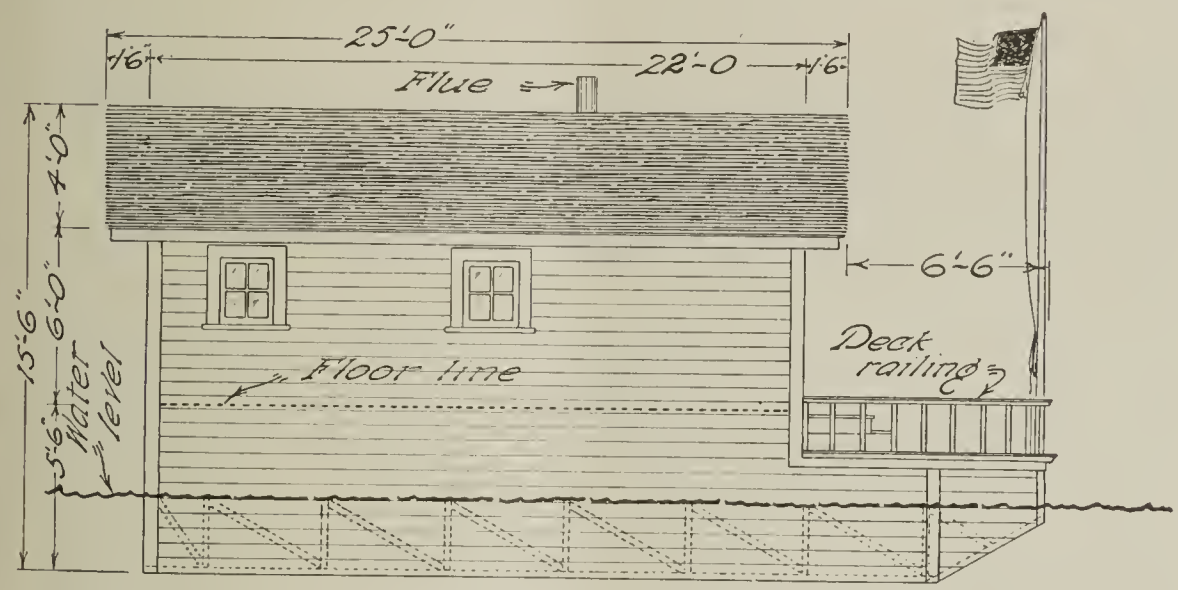
Showing by dotted lines the position of trap doors in floor over the boat compartment

· Rear · Elevation · RH

built much as one would set about to erect a small garage. The forward end may be covered with wainscoting if desired, and the corner boards, while adding much to the appearance of the building, are not essential to its welfare.

Once the outside structure is completed, the interior will need some attention to make it homelike. Composition board, when used to cover the walls, will cover the studding and provide an in-

expensive trim that harmonizes completely with the plan of things. If desired, a ceiling can be extended across the two sides of the roof though this will hardly be necessary. It will be noted that at the sides, each room has a clearance of only six feet. This increases to nine and one-half feet at the center or the roof gable.



Dotted lines indicate manner of framing below the water line
· Side · Elevation · RH

For outside protection, a good gray or white paint should be used. Two coats should be applied, besides a priming coat, and this carried well below the water-line.

The deck should be given two or three coats of deck paint or ordinary porch paint if the other is not procurable.

Of course, you will want a flagstaff. This should be a smooth-grained spar fifteen feet high. The pole should be two and one-half or three inches square at the base and the top should be at least one and a quarter inches through. By extending it below the deck and bolting it to the bed, then fastening it also at the rail, it will stand any ordinary wind.

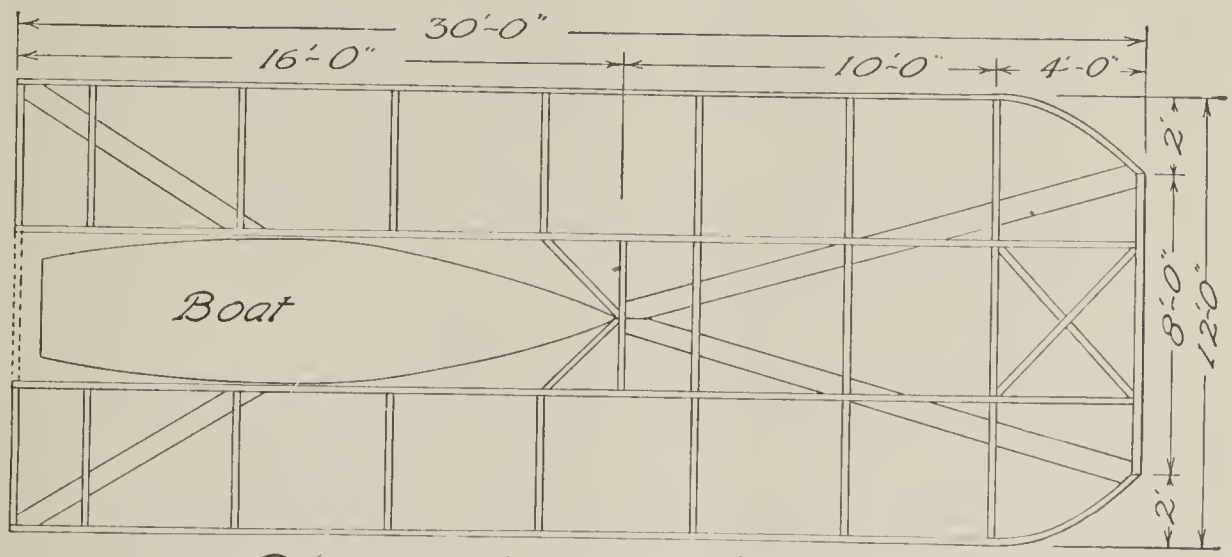
Two heavy eyebolts are fastened to the forward end of the boat for anchoring purposes. If the boat is to be docked every night, then these will do when ropes are used. If it is to be often stationed off-shore, two anchors will be necessary, and one attached to each eyebolt before thrown overboard.

An anchor suitable for the purpose can be made by fashioning a double prong of heavy iron rod, and inserting this in a tin can so that each prong extends at least six inches. A rod should be formed into an eye and this extended above the can top, then the whole interfilled with concrete and allowed to harden. The prongs should be bent to form hooks, to give the best results, though not too much. Each anchor should not weigh more than one hundred pounds when complete. Either rope or chain or steel cable can be used with these anchors.

SOME may question the sea-worthiness of this craft because of its ratio of height and width. This craft was designed primarily for small streams and still lakes. It should be said here that while for ordinary purposes the house will withstand a lot of use, by dropping the floor of the forward room level with the deck and using the rear room for sleeping quarters, the height of the roof can be lowered approximately three and one-half feet by also reducing the pitch of the roof, and this without causing much inconvenience. Or, going still further, the roof can be built flat, and this made accessible by installing a short flight of stairs. By running a light rail about the edge, this will serve as a dandy promenade deck. But it must be remembered that in doing this, two feet at the very least must be reserved for trussing and bracing. The higher the pitch of roof, the greater will be the bracing effect which, under the circumstances, is necessary. But for those who would prefer it thus, the change can be made as noted.

The idle space below the floor and above the water-line can be used for storage. A trap door, opening either onto the deck or through the forward room floor, will be sufficient. Here can be stored fishing tackle, nets and that sort of thing.

Perhaps the best arrangement will be to divide the enclosed space above the floor proper into two rooms, one measuring twelve by fourteen feet and the other twelve by nine and one half feet. These dimensions, of course, include the space taken up by the walls and partition.



· Plan · of · Framing · RH

The steel tanks are assembled in lots of three or four and placed between the cross members of the frame.

With this arrangement, the small room will best serve as a kitchen and the rear room for the sleeping quarters. This room, if desired, can be again divided, the partition running lengthwise with the boat, and either cots installed or bunks built against the walls.

DALE R. VAN HORN,
Nebraska.

LETTERS, QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

GULLS AND FISH

Dear Forest and Stream:

MANY articles are being written in these days about the pollution of streams and the destruction in other ways of the food fish of America and other countries. Every intelligent man and woman knows we need the fish on our tables and that the supply does not offset the demand, unless we pay a price that to the average family is prohibitive. In this letter I will deal only with the shad and herring of North Carolina. Twenty-five years ago the finest of shad caught in North Carolina could be bought in Elizabeth City, N. C., or in Norfolk, Va., at 50 to 75 cents each, and only a little higher in New York City. The price that will have to be paid this spring is something like $2.50—$5.00 for roe shad and $1.50 to $2.50 for bucks. What has caused this condition of things?

The writer will admit that the population of America has increased rapidly, and that we take many unfair advantages of our fish in the way they are caught, and with so little protection. But it is his opinion that by far the greatest destroyer of all fish is the Gull family. Our country today is doing all it can to protect them, making it a penalty of $10 to kill a single gull or tern. They have been protected many years and today there are billions of them. We use every scheme known to man to catch fish to feed the human family, and raise all the gulls we can to devour the balance. This is what I call disturbing the plans of the Creator.

During the past 35 years I have gathered (for examination) many thousand stomachs of ducks, geese, shore birds, and—before it was illegal to take them—a great many gulls. The stomachs of the gulls I found to be invariably filled with the best of our food fish, in Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds. Mainly shad and herring. Any man of intelligence living in that vicinity will admit that one Royal tern, one Caspian tern or one of the large gull family will, in one hour, destroy enough young shad to feed a dozen families one day, were the shad left to reach maturity.

This article does not intend to condemn the whole family of gulls. The smaller varieties, such as least terns, Wilson terns, sea-pigeons, etc., in my opinion, do very little harm, nothing to compare with the larger varieties. Cormorant and loons are also very destructive to our food fish in North Carolina and Virginia.

The writer is an old hunter who has shot waterfowl for fifty years. He believes absolutely in the protection of game, in stopping spring shooting, in the bag limit, and has never, even in boyhood, believed in killing game except for food. He expects to be severely criticized for expressing his opinion on this subject, but believes the time has come when something must be done to raise *more fish* and *less gulls* to destroy them.

The cormorant, like the buzzard, of loathsome aspect, is very abundant in our shad-growing industry, and live entirely on fish. Can anyone give a semblance of reason why they should be protected?

I expect to be told that the large gull is a scavenger, like the buzzard, but that is worthy of another letter: "What has happened to the buzzard?"

Jasper B. White,
Waterlily, N. C.

ANTELOPE IN THE WEST

Dear Forest and Stream:

AN editorial on Antelope in Forest and Stream for July, 1922, contains a statement that there are very few antelope left in the western part of the United States and that they can only be found in Southern California, Southern New Mexico and Arizona.

In the spring of 1919, I was on a ranch near Albine, Montana. One day I walked out to get the mail and while on the road, about a half mile from the house, just on the other side of a small artificial lake, I saw one buck and three doe antelope.

After a week on the ranch I started to ride the range, and in two weeks within a 25-mile radius of the ranch I saw and counted twenty antelope.

After a time I went through the Bad Lands of South Dakota and there I saw many antelope. Also some in the east and northeastern part of Wyoming.

The first of June I started out to find a band of sheep which had strayed for two weeks. A heavy rain and hail storm had driven them north. There was a reward for this band of sheep, so a native cowpuncher and myself started out to find them. We made Ekalaka, Montana the first night, and a month later we were near the Highwood Mountains. From the time we left Ekalaka until we made camp in the Highwood Mountains we saw twenty antelope in one bunch grazing on a small meadow stream, and on another day a doe and calf. At another spot we saw a buck and a doe.

From the Highwood Mountains we went to the Milk River district, after we had given up hope of finding the band of sheep, and from there to Glacier National Park, and along the western part of Montana to Lewiston. We saw a few antelope near Teton Ridge in Teton County. It was late in September when we returned. Four days out of Billings, Montana, we saw a buck and two does with calves.

E. H. Jung, Chicago, Ill.

THAT MILAN PISTOL MATCH

Dear Forest and Stream:

I AM rather ashamed that you should put such an article in your January issue as "That Milan Pistol Match." Your first offense is holding men up to ridicule. Your second offense is false statement. Reports were made in the public press in more than one paper and before the team returned home. Within a week after the return of at least one member of the team I heard a public statement made of the defeat, and for you to say that "not a single report has been published"; that "the team sneaked up the back stairs between midnight and morning"; that "they have been acting as though they had never heard of such a thing as an International Pistol Shoot"; that their conduct was "a most regrettable display of poor sportsmanship"; to say these things, I say, is a reiteration of absolute falsehoods, and as to how deliberate it is on your part, of course, I do not know.

It seems too bad to see such an article in your paper, and I think it wise for you to make an investigation and apologize for allowing such an article to appear in your publication. I am not sure but that the article is a libel under the law that to hold men up to ridicule by stating falsehoods is a libel.

David T. Abercrombie, New York.

TO NEW JERSEY SURF FISHERMEN

Dear Forest and Stream:

FELLOW surf anglers, especially we who sojourn by auto to the Seaside Park Coast Guard Station No. 110—we park our cars at the little barn at the end of the run and grab our sticks and off to the beach; at the end of our stay we pile in our cars and, with our hearts in our mouths for fear of being stuck, we gingerly crawl off through the dunes over (or mostly in) the little sandy roadway to the village. How

many of us, as we curse the road, the cause of broken springs, loss of time and temper, give a thought to those who, for our pleasure, endeavor to keep this little road in condition.

A regular appropriation has been found to be out of the question, so the little box on the barn and the sign over it requesting donations; should we not be a little bit ashamed of ourselves as we remember our small contributions or entire lack of any. Just to show you, I have before me a statement of what was collected by the Coast Guard boys last season for the upkeep of this road. It AVERAGED ABOUT 50 CENTS A DAY and they are in debt $6.50 for hay used in padding this same road.

Now are we thoughtless or are we merely tightwads? Remembering the many kindnesses on the part of the Coast Guard fellows and remembering the state of the roadway last season, perhaps the little sign on the barn asking for contributions for the upkeep of the road may appeal a little more strongly to us this coming season. If each and every one of us adds his bit we may consider ourselves sportsmen in fact as well as name.

A. F. Westervelt, New York.

THE "LAST ADIRONDACK WOLF" IS NOT YET

Dear Forest and Stream:

NEWS will "break" with odd coincidences at times. The writer had just read in Forest and Stream for February about Reuben Cary and the last Adirondack wolf which was killed some thirty years ago at Brandreth Lake in the Adirondacks, when the startling information came that Carl Lawrence had just killed a gray timber wolf about a mile outside of Wilmington in the deep snow near Whiteface Mountain.

It is probably certain that Reuben Cary's wolf can be truthfully called the last of the Adirondack packs, for all authorities agree that this latest wolf is undoubtedly a stray from Canada. The Canadian border is less than a hundred miles north of the spot where Carl Lawrence made his kill. It has also been reported frequently during the current winter that the Canadian wolves were active and adventurous.

The wolf near Wilmington had been hunted for several weeks in the belief that it was a silver fox. Some of the woodsmen had got a glimpse of it in the distance and naturally presumed that it was a fine specimen of large fox. Of course, all the local men were keyed to a high pitch in the hope of capturing the animal. The man who made the kill believed that he had a silver fox until he came close to it. His doubts were soon dispelled, however, for it proved that the first shot had only injured the wolf's spine in such a manner that his hind quarters were paralyzed; but as Lawrence came near, the wolf put ferocious strength into his front legs and propelled himself toward the hunter in a vicious charge, his jaws wide open and his long fangs almost terrifying. It required a second shot to bring him to bay.

Carl Lawrence and George Marshall were hunting foxes with dogs at the time that the wolf's trail was found. They had come to a spot where some spoiled meat had been placed as bait. The dogs found the tracks and became highly excited. Lawrence took up a post at the side of a mountain and the other man went off with the dogs. Three wide circles were made and it was nearly four hours before the wolf was discovered. He was finally driven in the direction of Lawrence, with the result that a well placed rifle-shot broke the animal's back.

At first there were a number of doubting Thomases among spectators who witnessed the exhibit. "There hain't no sech animal in these here parts," they said, and therefore the kill could not be a wolf. But then authorities were consulted, including a zoological book of standards, and the classification of the

Wolf killed in the Adirondacks

animal was fixed beyond doubt. His weight was forty-one pounds, and his measurement fully five feet from nose to tail tip.

It happened, too, that a representative of the State Forest Conservation Commission hurried to the scene of the killing within a few days. His story seems to prove that there are indeed more wolves in the Adirondacks. It seems that the Conservation Commission has heard several reports concerning the presence of wolves and for that reason is anxious to authenticate them. The representative of the commission made a report in which he recorded the kill and the circumstances and also established the identity of the animal as a gray timber wolf. He informed the hunter, however, that this was the first authenticated instance of a wolf's capture in the Adirondacks in recent years.

Thomas F. Moffett,
Saranac Lake, N. Y.

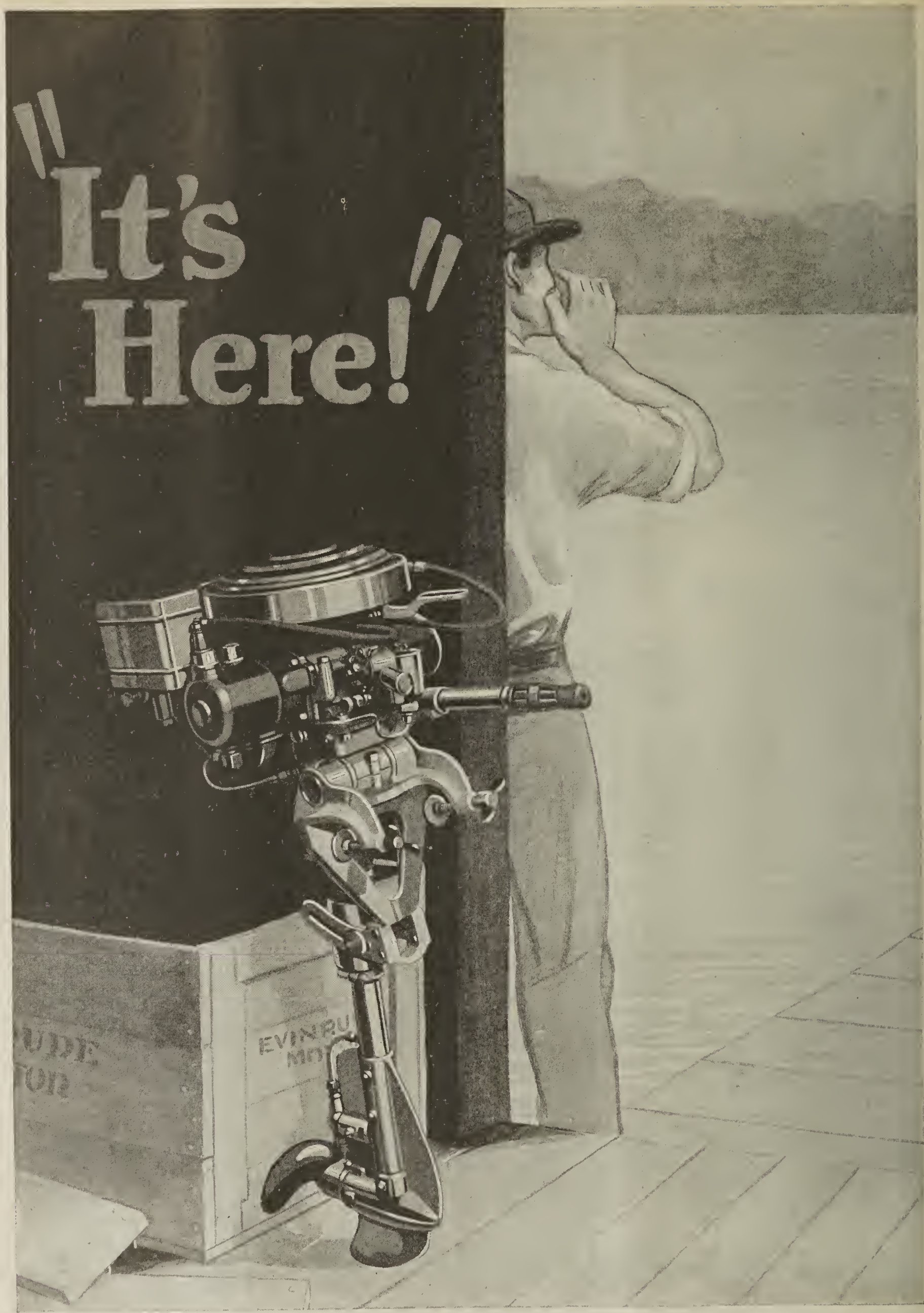
A SLY OLD 'COON

Dear Forest and Stream:

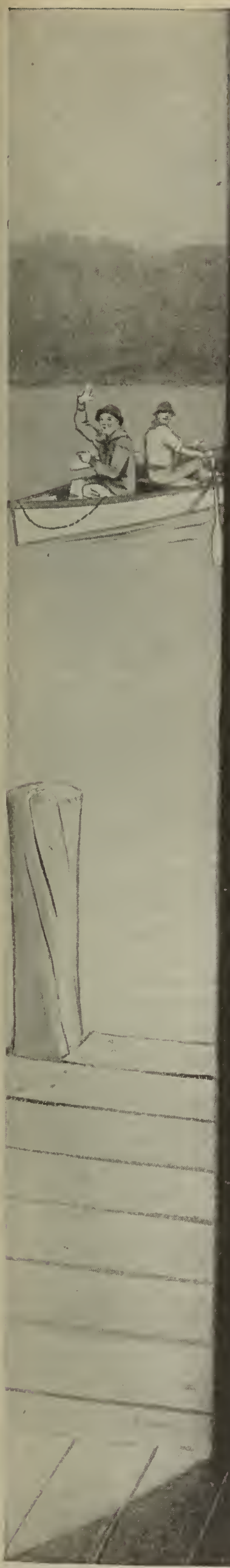
DURING the season of the year when fur-bearing animals are being taken for their fur, two classes of people are constantly pursuing them, namely, the trapper and the hound-man, sometimes called night-hunter. Although I have always belonged to the former class, preferring to study the habits of the animals and to take them by strategy, I have often spent the greater part of a night with friends who were following the hounds that were on the trail of some wily 'coon. The raccoon is by far the most sagacious animal with which the night-hunter has to deal. While many sportsmen place the fox ahead of the 'coon in this respect, I am sure if they lived in a country where both of these animals could be trailed, the honors would soon go to the raccoon. The average hunter is well acquainted with the usual tricks played by the 'coon, such as crossing through interlaced limbs from one tree to another, back-tracking and swimming in streams.

I was trapping in the vicinity of Dunbar, a small town in eastern Nebraska, when the following incident happened: Several boys in the village owned trained 'coon dogs and had been successful in running down most of the young and less sly animals in that section during the early part of the season, but had met their match in an "old-timer" that roamed the territory along a small stream below the town. The boys, hearing that I was an old hunter, asked me to assist them in capturing the animal that was leading their dogs so many fruitless chases. Upon inquiry as to the manner in which the 'coon would elude the dogs, I was told that the animal, after leading the dogs a long chase, would take to one of several wild cherry trees that grew along the stream. Here the trail would end and although the boys would search the tree from top to bottom, no 'coon could be found nor could the dogs again pick up the scent in the neighborhood. Upon closer inquiry I found that, with the exception of one tree which had been climbed twice, the 'coon had no choice of trees as long as it was a wild cherry.

The first night out the usual occurrence was repeated. The chase ended several miles from where we had started the 'coon at a medium-sized, wild-cherry tree. Climbing the tree I searched every nook and corner that might hide an animal but no 'coon could be found. Descending to the ground I told the boys to lead the dogs in circles quite a distance from the tree in hopes that they would again pick up the trail but with no better success. It was getting late so we returned to town. I spent considerable time that night in deep study, hoping that I might solve the secret of the animal's mysterious disappearance. I decided that I would not leave that section until I had learned more about the 'coon, so the next day I had one of the boys show me the tree that the 'coon had chosen to climb a second time.



In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.



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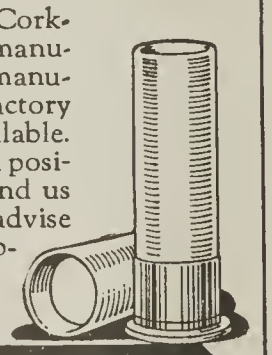

CORK TEX
The New WAD Endorsed by SCIENCE

That night when the moon rose I instructed them to proceed with the hunt as usual while I concealed myself near the chosen tree in the hope that the animal would again select it when it had become tired of running before the hounds. I had been there some time when I heard the baying of the dogs in the distance below me. This told me that the trail had again been picked up. The pack came slowly in my direction and I expected to see the 'coon appear at any minute. But the hounds swerved when a short distance away and passed me on the opposite side of the stream, soon to be followed by the boys. I retained my position, believing that the animal would return by a circuitous route and let the boys continue the chase. When they had gone for nearly a mile the dogs barked, treed, and hurrying up to them, I found that the animal had escaped in the same manner as before. Two other nights in succession I lay at my post without success. Both times the 'coon had been easily started but had taken to trees far from where I was stationed.

By the fourth night the boys were not very eager for the chase but as I had decided to unravel the mystery if possible, I stimulated them a little by passing a dollar bill to each hunter. Again I hastened to the tree where I stationed myself as before. I had not waited long until the bellowing of the hounds told me that the "sly-one" was again on the move. Leaving the stream the dogs spent almost an hour circling through the hilly country when their notes became clearer and I knew that they were coming in my direction. When they were, as I judged, about one-half mile distant, I was thrilled by the sound of ripping bark on the base of the tree that I had spent so many hours guarding. Keeping my eyes in that direction I soon saw a very large 'coon in the upper crotch of the tree. Almost immediately he crept out upon a large limb and stopping about twelve feet from the body of the tree, went through a series of antics. Patting and clawing the limb with his front paws he advanced a few inches and repeated the performance with his hind feet, then, turning crosswise with the limb and selecting an opening through the branches he leaped, striking the ground with a thud. Seemingly none the worse for his fall, he trotted away and disappeared among the shadows of the heavier timber near me. The dogs soon came up to be followed almost immediately by the boys who, knowing that the 'coon would return to the heavy timber sooner or later had continued along the stream. Telling the boys that the sly old fellow could not escape this time we called the dogs to the spot where he had hit the ground. You can imagine our astonishment when the hounds refused to pick up the trail and seemed completely baffled. Leading them to the spot where I had seen the animal enter the underbrush we had no better success. Holding a council we decided that the animal had some mysterious powers so returned home in disgust.

Feeling rather ashamed of myself for not being able to hold the confidence that the boys had placed in me I slipped away and to bed. Again I lay awake for a while trying to unravel the secret of the wily animal. My mind kept returning to the antics that the 'coon had gone through when on the limb before jumping to the ground. I decided that if possible I would find the cause of his strange actions. With this thought on my mind I returned alone to the tree the next day and scaling the trunk, climbed out upon the limb to the spot where the 'coon had performed the night before. There, smeared over a space some six inches across, was a liberal supply of that gum-like substance which is formed by the hardening of sap as it flows from a wound in the bark of a cherry-tree. I was completely dumbfounded as the facts began to dawn upon me. Certainly this animal was of almost human intelligence. During the early part of the season the sly old fellow had searched out the trees which contained a supply of this substance. Later when chased by the hunters, he would choose one of these trees and after thoroughly covering his feet with the gum, would jump to the ground. Of course, this substance would immediately become clogged with the fallen leaves and the animal would trot away on padded feet without leaving a scented trail for the dogs to follow. Thinking that it would be a shame to destroy such a clever animal, I kept the secret and sacrificing my reputation in that section as an authority on outdoor subjects, I immediately left town.

David Pugh,
Lawrence, Kansas.

TROUT AND THEIR THRILLS

Dear Forest and Stream:

THERE is no greater opportunity for pleasure offered any man than when he packs his kit, slings it across his shoulder and sets out fishing. In spite of the good-natured gibs at those escaped fish which are consequently the "Big" ones, the sport continues each year; not only continues but gains new enthusiasts who firmly believe that fishing is not "a pole and a string with a worm on one end and a fool on the other." There is something ennobling about the sport; a man cannot match his wits cleanly all day against those speckled inhabitants of the mountain brooks without benefit. The tonic of God's pure air invades his real being. Tramping across unfrequented fields leads his mind to romantic adventurings. Far fetched, you say? Perhaps; but the fact remains that the genuine fisherman would relinquish worlds for a pipe between his teeth and the slap of a fly skipping the ripples.

His solace is indissolubly interwoven with the charm of woods and streams; perhaps angling itself is only secondary. But whatever pursuit can render hundreds of men as oblivious of rain or shine as fishing, must certainly be capable of producing some interesting sidelights on life.

The country exists only for fishing in

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

Your camp fire always on tap

Carry your camp fire with you—in the small Prest-O-Lite tank such as you see everywhere on motorcycles, trucks and boats. No weary chopping of wood—just unfold the little pocket stove, connect it with a bit of tubing to the tank—and have the meal ready in a jiffy. Broil your fish to a nicety, have piping hot coffee in four minutes—cook everything without getting smoke in your eyes or ashes in the grub. And you don't leave any embers or coals to start forest fires.

Furthermore, when you want a good, clear, brilliant camp light at night, you have it just as conveniently, from the same tank.

"Camp like a King" with

Prest-O-Lite Gas

This is the Tank

THE PREST-O-LITE COMPANY, Inc.
SMALL TANK SALES DEPARTMENT
Indianapolis, Ind.

New York Office: 30 East 42nd Street
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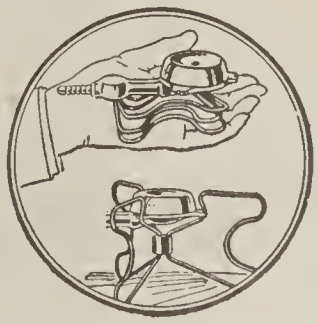
In Canada: Prest-O-Lite Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

This is the Stove



"OSPREY" DARDEVLE

"Best Bait I Ever Saw"

Says W. J. Smith, Marshfield, Wisc.

"ENCLOSED are two prints taken while camping on Lake Namakagen last Summer. The one of the fish was taken one morning about 9 o'clock on my return from the lake. As the picture shows, I had my share!

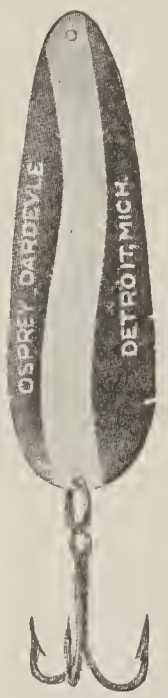
"Each day I came in with a bunch like this and my camp mates had one grand time figuring out how in blazes I made my catches, when they fished practically the same grounds and got a meager lot.

"For three days I kept the secret. On the fourth we were short of boats and had to double up. Then my secret was out! To make matters worse, after I landed my seventh pike, I tried an extra long cast—and I guess my bait is going yet! Downhearted, I returned to camp with my seven pike, to find that even then I had more than any two of the other fellows at that. . . .

"That bait was the red and white Dardevle. Passing the station where a train was due I saw a group of anglers going home, and an idea struck me. Canvassing the bunch I found one who had a Dardevle, but it turned out to be a black and white. I asked him if he would sell it, as, while I had never tried a black and white, I felt it would probably live up to old 'Red-and-White's' reputation. . . .

"Lo and behold, the pike were just as crazy for the black and white as they were for the red and white, and I can assure you the rest of my time was spent with pleasure. . . .

"Since then I always carry several Dardevle, and I must say IT IS THE BEST BAIT I EVER SAW." . . . —W. J. Smith, Marshfield, Wisc.



Dardevle Will Get Them For You Too

BY all odds Dardevle is the best known lure in this country. Thousands of sportsmen swear by it. Easiest bait to cast you ever saw. Cuts the air like a knife, because it offers practically no wind resistance. Handles beautifully in the water—you can make it float or dive deep, just as you wish.

The fish just can't seem to keep away from it. If you have never used one before, by all means get Dardevle this season and you will never again want to be without it.

If your dealer cannot supply you—write us direct and we will see that you are supplied.

Dardevle, 1-oz. weight, 85 cents
Dardavlet, 3/5 and 2/5-oz., 85 cents
Dardevles Imp., ½-oz., 65 cents

OSPREY "NOSTEALUM" INSECT HOOKS

Hold everything from a housefly to a shiner—and how they do hold. Save you lots of bait and bother. Full range of sizes: No. 15 to 4/0, at 15 cents to 55 cents each, according to size. Complete circular free on request.

"Osprey" Waterproofed Silk Line Slides through the guides as smooth as can be. Lasts far longer than any other line we know of. Fine for either salt or fresh water.

Sample free on request—write for it.

"Osprey" Brand Fishing Supplies Are Always in the Lead

Write for interesting free folder, describing the complete "Osprey" line of Lures, Insect Hooks and Waterproofed Silk Lines. Every article a genuine winner—with years of use and thousands of satisfied users behind it. Please give your dealer's name when writing for folder.

LOU J. EPPINGER

310 Congress Street, East

Dept. O. Detroit, Mich.

the eyes of the devotee of Isaak Walton. Mountain streams and pools within the dark scenery of glens interest him; there is no spot more seductive than where a quarrelsome brook scolds its way over stones slippery with moss; if valley or canyons intervene—they are but a few more obstacles to impart the joy of triumph to him; and should interlacing trees shroud that same quarrelsome brook beneath their feligree, he only casts a calculating eye and shrewdly figures if their height permits his rod to whip the eddies. His pleasures are simple things: sunlight through a tree, or spring leaves swirling from pools made great with spring rains; to him, the sound of water falling over rust-brown logs or splashing down the face of age-old rocks is celestial music. If he may be so fortunate as to discover a trout lazily weaving his way beneath the ripples he has seen his vision.

Many a long winter afternoon has been devoted to the careful preparation and selection of the lures which will wreck the greatest destruction when spring arrives. The little, gaudy flies are strung and restrung; leaders inspected, and rods given a fresh coat of shellac. Depend upon it, your real fisherman has marked the opening day of the season upon his calendar, and that day finds him warmly wrapped on his favorite trout stream.

His steady wrist casts the fly and imparts that seductive, tricky skip which hypnotizes the big fellows. All expectancy, he smokes stolidly, yet nerved for instant action. If perhaps this particular fly is not suitable or does not tempt elusive finny desires, he is quick to remedy this by changing the delicate bit of floss. If this brings results, you may be sure they will be quick and noticeable. A sudden silver flash in the dark beneath a sunken tree-stump, coincident with the quick shriek of line from his whirring reel, and the battle is on! With nerves atingle, his whole body aids his brain in cheating the finny adversary out of his abundant strength and eventually giving him the *coup de grâce* with the landing net. Many ardent fishermen claim there is nothing to equal the thrill of this moment.

Of course, when the excitement of the struggle has subsided, and the prize has been duly measured, if he has made the fishermen extend himself to the limit, he is all the more a treasure. Nothing adds to the joy of conquest like its difficulty. But should that fish through inadversity or cunning succeed in craftily bringing the line which has ended his freedom under a stone or projecting ledge and so escape, he is if anything even more prized. The genuine fisherman enjoys a sad delight in his probable size and his redoubtable treachery; that fish assumes his place beside others who have in their turn a sure claim to fame; and the fisherman analyses his failure to land his prize for many a long winter evening to come. He always wonders if after all he might not have been able to retain his fish had he used this sized leader or that hook! And where reasoning ends the fisherman's imagination in matters of this kind begins.

When one comes to trace the art of fishing, the historical data surrounding it is profuse and interesting. Even the Old Testament through the prophet speaks of "fishers, and those who cast angle into brooks," while the New Testament is replete with stories of fishing.

When we come into modern times, the earliest writer of fish stories we can recall to mind was curiously enough a woman. Dame Juliana Berners, who, in 1496, gave minute directions in her book as to how to achieve success in this sport. Nowadays it would take you hours and hours to peruse the shelves of our libraries that are devoted to books on fishing.

Ask even the average intelligent man who is not a devotee of the art who is admittedly the greatest authority on fishing and he will tell you undoubtedly "Isaak Walton." Known to everyone for the fame of literary efforts, this gentleman undertook in 1655 to convey all the knowledge surrounding the sport of fishing in his book, "The Compleat Angler."

Whatever your own personal opinion may be, his book is generally regarded as a criterion of piscatorial technique as evidenced by its enormous printings running through fifty or sixty editions. Some of it today provokes laughter for its ancient method. But its greatest value that will remain undimmed throughout all time is its disclosure of the author's sweetness of spirit. Isaak Walton was a fisherman, but he was more; while at his favorite pursuit, he saw the poetry and intrigue of his surroundings and said so in his book. As a result, his words are immortal.

A word about brook trout is always interesting, for like all monarchs, he has considerable fascination for the rest of us. Not only is he monarch in reputation, but in habits, beauty and temperament.

His earliest discovery in North America is not exactly fixed although there is no question that the aborigines and first settlers knew and enjoyed his delicate flesh; we find no word of him previous to 1649, nor was he indexed or studied by scientists until 1814. Yet if these pioneers who depended upon the trout to supply their larders knew nothing about his origin they were quite familiar with his temperament and habits.

Significantly enough, the success of the artificial culture of all the various species of fish is founded upon the results obtained with trout.

CARLYLE F. STRAUB, New York.

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

—*this* at Bungalow Camps in Ontario

All day long—through unsurpassed forest scenery—you can traverse rivers and sparkling lakes teeming with game fish. Think of the glorious hours with rod and line!

Have you smelt woodsmoke at twilight when your day's catch is sizzling in the pan over glowing coals? Do YOU remember the keen appetite—the hearty meal—the luxurious pipe—and the lazy hours around the campfire while the moon makes magic in the clearing? Come and preserve your youth this year. You can fish, swim, canoe from a bungalow camp.

New Bungalow Camps Easy to Reach

Three new bungalow camps are being constructed for use this summer, at Lake of the Woods, Nipigon Bay and French River. Each camp consists of rustic bungalows grouped around a central clubhouse where you dine or enjoy social hours. The camps are situated in the midst of good fishing country yet they are ALL EASY TO REACH BY THE CANADIAN PACIFIC. And this ideal vacation close to Nature actually costs less than an outing at an ordinary summer resort.

Let the nearest Canadian Pacific Agent give you full information:

Atlanta, 49 *N. Forsyth St.*
Boston, 405 *Boylston St.*
Buffalo, 160 *Pearl St.*
Chicago, 140 *So. Clark St.*
Cincinnati, 430 *Walnut St.*
Cleveland, 1040 *Prospect Ave.*
Detroit, 1239 *Griswold St.*
Duluth, *Soo Line Depot*
Kansas City, Mo., 601 *Railway Express Bldg*
Los Angeles, 605 *S. Spring St.*
Minneapolis, 611 *Second Ave. S.*
Montreal, 141 *Saint James St.*
Montreal, *Windsor St. Station*
New York, *Madison Ave. at 44th St.*
Philadelphia, *Locust & 15th St.*
Pittsburgh, 340 *Sixth Ave.*
Portland, Ore., 55 *Third St.*
San Francisco, 675 *Market St.*
Seattle, 608 *Second Ave.*
St. Louis, 420 *Locust St.*
Tacoma, 1113 *Pacific Ave.*
Toronto, 1 *King St., E.*
Washington, D. C., 1419 *New York Ave.*

CANADIAN PACIFIC

IT SPANS THE WORLD

"—bet your life you'll get a Thompson!"

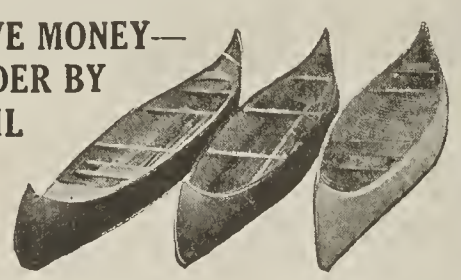
"Joe, listen—any old time you want to peg it up here in the woods for a *real* outing you can bet your life you'll get a Thompson Boat! You're *right*—fishin' ain't fishin' without one, and that's all there be to it."

Write for Beautiful Free Catalog Today!

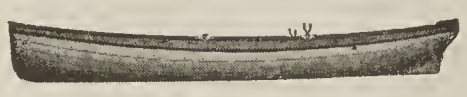
There's a Thompson Boat for every purpose—and every model is a dandy.

The skill of master designers—men who have specialized in this one art alone—is reflected in every one of the 19 different models described in Thompson's new 1923 catalog. Handsomely illustrated in full colors. Write today for your *copy!*

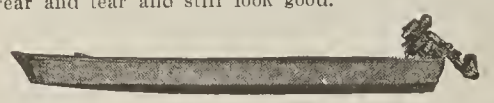
SAVE MONEY—ORDER BY MAIL



CANOES, $45 up. Speedy, beautiful in line, graceful in action—yet strong and durable. Stable in a choppy sea; steady as most rowboats. Responsive to the paddle—less liable to "drift."



ROWBOATS, $40 up. Roomy, handsome rowboats—with trim lines. Finely built of choicest woods. Finished down to the last detail. Stand years of wear and tear and still look good.



FISH and HUNTING BOATS, $32 UP. For oars or outboard motor. Sturdy, stable—won't "roll" when you stand to cast or land a whopper. Light draft for the shallows. Easy on the oarsman.

SPECIAL BOATS for Outboard Motors, $58 up. Special seam construction resists vibration. Unique hull design, combined with just the right clearance, gives speed without sacrificing safety. We handle leading outboard motors also.

MOTOR BOATS, ENGINE INSTALLED, $200 UP. The feature of this full line is the Beach Model—the "Wonder Boat for 1923." Propeller does not project below keel—cannot be injured if run hard aground or amid lurking logs or rocks. Light-weight motor enclosed in rainproof hatch. Women or children can start and operate it. Two men can carry it. Four other motor boats to choose from; 16 to 26 feet in length.

State the kind of boat in which you are interested

Thompson Bros. Boat Mfg. Co.

93 ELLIS AVE., PESHTIGO, WIS.

THOMPSON
BETTER-BUILT BOATS

STRANGE BASS WATERS

HOW SOME HARD-FIGHTING SMALL-MOUTH WERE CAUGHT IN A SURPRISING LOCATION

By ROBERT P. LOWRY

I HAVE fished for bass in Adirondack lakes and rivers, in Maine ponds and in that most beautiful of hill country streams, the Loyalsock Creek in northern central Pennsylvania. I have fished in good weather and bad and with varying success, but an experience I had last August in southern Massachusetts has furnished a new and unique chapter in my piscatorial pursuits. If any fisherman had told me that he had caught bass in the place where I subsequently found them, I would never have believed him.

This is the way it came about: I was spending my vacation on a farm near New Bedford and had been promised bass fishing of the best by cheerful but totally irresponsible relatives by marriage. Each day I went out hopefully to places they suggested seeking that most noble of fresh water fish and I returned with pickerel, perch, both white and yellow, and horned-pout, a name which the misguided Yankees apply to the bullhead or catfish.

I was in despair, when a supposedly truthful medical man told me of a place called Sawdy Pond and asserted that he himself had caught bass there. Accompanied by John G., a youthful farmer of the neighborhood who is always ready to take a day off and go fishing, I visited Sawdy. It is a pretty place. There are rocks, lots of them, and the nicest lily pads and pickerel grass imaginable and there is plenty of perfectly lovely water. There may be bass there too, but no one can prove it by me.

"I know a pond where we can get bass," insinuated John G. as we rode home in the twilight.

"I'll believe it when I see it," I challenged.

"But this is real," he insisted.

"Where is it?"

"That's a secret. Wait and see." And that was all I could get out of the exasperating young man except that I was to be ready in three days for the trip.

Early on the morning appointed I met John G. and a lanky youth in hip boots who smoked infinite cigarettes and answered to the name of Harold. Behind Harold's runabout was a trailer and on the trailer was an eighteen-foot skiff. Thus equipped, we set out and the end of fifteen miles of lovely roads found us going down a hill at the bottom of which appeared no less a body of water than the Atlantic Ocean.

"What's coming off?" I asked. "I thought you meant fresh water bass, or is the pond on Cuttyhunk Island over there?"

"Look over that way," John G. admonished, pointing to the right of the road. I saw a pretty little pond about a mile across. A thin, a painfully thin, neck of land separated it from the Atlantic.

'Don't tell me there are bass in there. I'll bet it's salt," said I.

Harold ran the car and trailer down on the sandy neck. It was not an inch over one hundred and fifty feet in width. Big breakers were dashing up on the ocean side and there was a fishing schooner in the offing. We ran the trailer down to the edge of the pond and slid the skiff into the water. I scooped up some of the water in my hand. It was not even brackish.

In a little gut we put down a seine and soon had enough minnows to make a respectable showing in the bait bucket. Then we pushed the boat through some pickerel grass and started fishing. Har-

Gradually I worked him toward the landing net

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

Arthur Ohme on his 4000 mile trip

Johnson was Right

—Johnson revolutionized the outboard motor business in a single season.—The sturdy 35 pound Johnson Twin did it.—All over America thousands of these powerful little motors have won first place by sheer performance. —They have proved conclusively that pounds don't give power, speed nor durability.—That **35** Pounds is **enough** weight.—That every pound over that is **useless** weight. Vacationists, sportsmen and dealers generally now concede Johnson superiority.

—Arthur Ohme proved it by his 4,000 mile trail-blazing trip through the Great Lakes and wild Thousand Lakes region of Minnesota, by his daring dash—the first to cross Lake Superior.

—Reginald K. Ratcliff proved it when he broke the New York to Albany canoe paddling record, escorted by a 35 Pound Johnson, driving a 16-Foot skiff with a thousand pound load.

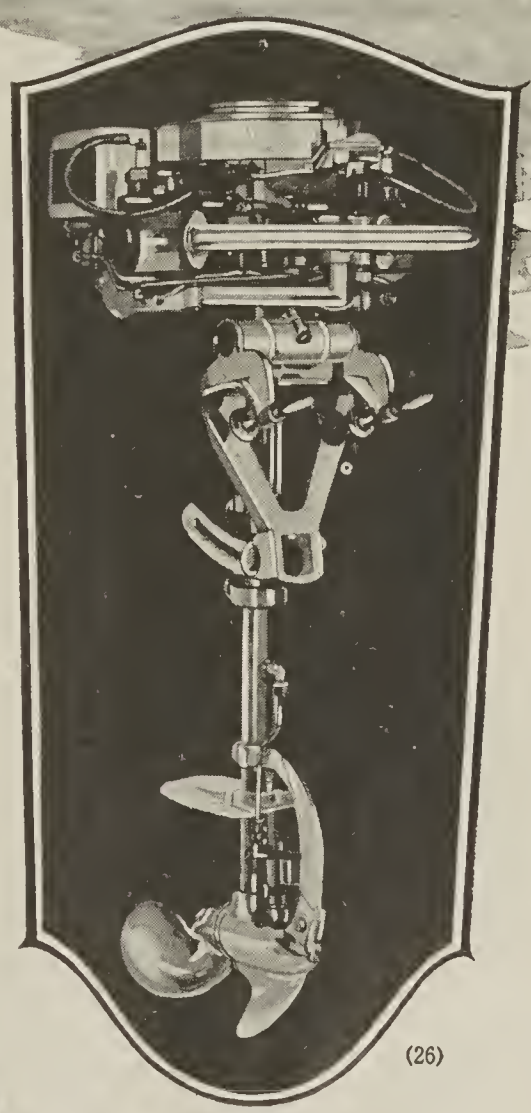
—E. K. Wallace, Marine Supt. of the U. S. Shipping Board proved it when he reported the remarkable power feat of two Johnson Motors fitted to a 12 foot dinghy and a 16 foot life boat towing a 20 ton yacht a distance of a quarter of a mile in 10 minutes.

—But the big Johnson victory has been won on the thousands of lakes and rivers all over America, where such power, such speed, such flexibility of control, such freedom from noise and vibration, such dependability, such convenience in carrying and in use was never before thought possible.

Yes—"Johnson was *right.*"

Send for Free Catalog Folder today

JOHNSON MOTOR CO., 852 Sample St., South Bend, Ind.
Eastern Office, 120 Broadway, New York City



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Johnson "WATER-BUG"

THE LIGHTEST, LIVELIEST BOAT MOTOR ON THE WATER

NOTE:—To present Johnson owners who will write us, giving serial number of their motor, we want to send an interesting souvenir.

"Smiling Bill" says:

"Lot's of people think there is a big secret about catching fish, but there aint nothing of the kind. All you have to do is just fish where the fish are and use your brains mixed with plenty of elbow grease."

The Shannon Twin Spinner

will enable you to fish where the fish are and will prove that you have used your brains, for the Shannon is about the only bait there is with which you can ***always*** fish where the fish are. No matter how thick the rushes or lilies are, you can cast right into them without fear of fouling. As for attractiveness, the game fish don't live that can resist it. It gets big catches where others fail. Try it and see for yourself. You'll have the best fishing you ever had in your life.

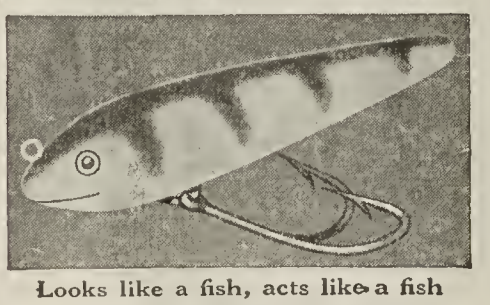
Made with Red, White or Yellow Feather fly. Also Red, Yellow, White and natural color bucktail fly. **Price, each, 85c.**

The Jamison Special Line

Bill Jamison's special made silk casting line will save you a whole lot of elbow grease, for it is the smoothest and easiest casting line you ever saw. Don't burn your thumb and is almost entirely free from the dreaded back-lash. That means less work and more fish. Give it a trial and get the most agreeable surprise of your life. You'll enjoy casting from then on a hundred per cent more than you ever did before.

No, 5, 12 lb. test. 50 yard spools, each, $1.00
No. 4, 16 lb. test. 50 yard spools, each, 1.20

THE FLY ROD WIGGLER



Looks like a fish, acts like a fish

Here is absolutely the greatest fly rod lure that ever fooled a fish. Easy to cast and lifts without a splash. Made in eight lifelike patterns: Silver Shiner, Golden Shiner, Red Side Minnow, Red Head, Yellow Perch, All Yellow, All White and All Red. Three sizes: Trout, 1¼ in.; Small Bass, 1¾ in.; Large, 2⅛ in.

65c each. Four in vest pocket box, $2.60

Send for our catalogue of Baits, Flies, Leaders, Lines, Weedless Hooks, etc.

THE W. J. JAMISON CO.
Dept. S, 736 South California Ave.
CHICAGO ILLINOIS

A thin neck of land separated the pond from the Atlantic Ocean

old landed a small bass as we floated along. We crossed the pond and anchored near shore. I caught four lively little bass in rapid succession. I might have guessed they were over size and let it go at that. But a New England conscience conforming to a ten-inch rule forced me to throw them all back, although all were well over nine inches and one was nine and three-quarters. After a time we rowed back to the car, got out the lunch and went down to where the waves were breaking on the ocean shore to eat it. Meantime the wind was freshening. Blowing straight in from the ocean, it agitated the waves of our little pond. We stopped for some fresh bait and drifted with the wind, catching small bass at intervals. At the far shore we turned and John G. bent his sturdy back to the oars.

Suddenly I felt a fierce tug at my line, far different from anything that had gone before. I struck hard and fifty feet behind the boat a noble bass came out of the water with a whoop. He wanted line and I let him have it, but after a short rush he turned and started straight for the boat. I reeled in for dear life and managed to keep the line tight. Near the boat he came out of the water once more and then started another rush. Gradually he tired and I worked him within reach of John G.'s net and the breathless fight was over.

Even Harold lost his listless air, but no one caught anything really worth while, until half an hour later going in the same direction and almost in the same spot I got hold of another bass only a little smaller than the first. This was followed by two others well over the legal size of ten inches.

At last it was time to leave. We rowed ashore and lifted the boat on the trailer. I turned for one last look at the pond.

"How am I ever going to make any of my old fishing friends believe I ever caught bass in this place?" I asked John G.

"Bring 'em up," he suggested, and I guess that is the only way it can be done.

Back at the farm we got out the scales. The large bass was one pound fourteen ounces and the smaller one an even pound and a half. I've caught bigger ones in my time, but never any harder fighters. Perhaps it's the salt air that makes them so lively.

AUTO-TOURING WAYS AND MEANS

(*Continued from page* 177)

for one's own impatience or impertinence.

CARELESS road driving, careless treatment of native customs or conditions, and especially vandalism, game butchery, dust-throwing and trickery in buying supplies have resulted in the general feeling of hostility against tourists through large regions which have no interest in tourists except as local people may themselves become tourists, and by ranging wide discover that the vandals and fools are the exception rather than the rule.

In tight places, where a narrow bridge, a one-way rut, a difficult stretch or condition of highway is presented, the best plan is to give the other fellow the right of way. The brief pause will be a rest. The stopping of the car will be a relief to the motor, allowing it to cool a bit. Above all, the stop will nine times out of ten induce a feeling of friendliness in the other driver, who may be in a genuine hurry. The tourist, as a wanderer, should never permit himself to be so badly pressed for time that he cannot help the other fellow at least to the extent of pulling out to let him go by in safety. Failure to stop in this way will perhaps gain speed a few minutes a day, but it may result in a crash or a ditching, meaning much greater delay and annoyance.

There are rules of the highways. Membership in a state, local or national automobile club enables one, through the secretary, to obtain the laws of the various states, the rules of the road. No two seem to be alike. But in general, the car from the right has the right of way. Certain streets, however, in certain towns, have the right of way. Northbound traffic may have right of

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

"37 pounds of fightin' Muskie!"

SHIMMYETTE FLY ROD WIGGLER
Weight 1-20 oz., 50c
(used with our fly spinner pork)

"Am enclosing a picture of a 37-pound muskellunge I caught last September on one of your Musky Oriental Wigglers.

"I caught it near Potkins Island, in the French River, Canada.

"If I live to be a hundred years old I don't suppose I'll ever have again the thrill I experienced when this 37 pounds of fightin' Musky hit old Oriental and started off for the next county!

SHIMMY WIGGLER, ½ or ⅝ oz., $1.00

"I have been a bait caster for the past ten years and have tried most all sorts of lures, but for the past four years I have been using your Foss Pork Rind Minnows exclusively. I have come to realize that if the fish fail to rise to these wonderful lures it is a waste of time to try to fool them with any others."

Looking at the picture, who can blame Miss Rose Smythe, of Cleveland, Ohio, for being a bit keen about

ORIENTAL WIGGLER, ½ or ⅝ oz., $1.00
All Red, All White, or Red and White

Al Foss Pork Rind Minnows

LITTLE EGYPT WIGGLER, Weight ½ oz., 75c

Brother Angler, let me extend you a word of friendly caution. Any successful lure is bound to be imitated.

Foss Pork Rind Minnows are no exception to the rule. It looks a simple thing to duplicate a fish lure, but like imitations of other things, there's lots more to it than you'd think.

Near-beer has the color, and it looks, smells and tastes (something) like the real old pre-Volstead foaming amber. But—what a difference! Raw boot-leg moonshine seems from afar very like the "honest-to-Gosh" stuff. (Sometimes it even wears one of the friendly looking old-time labels!) But—Oh, you morning after!

The "action" of a pork rind lure is the result of a delicate combination of weight, shape, balance fore-and-aft, placing of spinner and method of attaching pork rind—also the shape, thickness, weight and tapering of the pork strip itself. To duplicate a Foss Minnows action, which depends on all these, would mean to exactly reproduce the lure in every particular. This is prohibited by patents. So it is impossible to duplicate the fish-get-ability of these lures.

45c—Bass, Musky and Fly Spinner sizes

Be sure you get the genuine "original, undiluted, aged-in-the-wood" Al Foss Pork Rind Minnows this year—and use with them the real Al Foss Pork Strips. If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct to

AL FOSS, 1726 Columbus Road, Cleveland, Ohio

GOODYEAR
GOLD SEAL
TROUTING BOOT

April! And trout a-bitin'! Time to put on your light-weight Gold Seal Trouting Boots and step right into the bubbling brook where the big 'uns are!

Roll up these Pure Para Boots and stow 'em away in your pockets when they're not in use.

Nothing like 'em for spring trips a-trouting, or fall trips a-ducking—so light, so comfortable, and so especially well designed for sportsmen.

Ask Your Dealer or Write to

GOODYEAR RUBBER CO. of NEW YORK

787-89 Broadway, cor. 10th Street, New York City

Branches at Milwaukee, Wis.; St. Paul, Minn.; St. Louis, Mo.; Kansas City, Mo.; Portland, Ore.; San Francisco, Cal.

MAKE A RIFLE OUT OF YOUR LUGER

Long range sights, 32-shot magazines. V CHR. SCHILLING, world famous Mauser sporting rifles. Catalogue ten cents

PACIFIC ARMS CORPORATION, San Francisco, Calif.

RAISING SILVER BLACK FOXES A VERY PROFITABLE BUSINESS

We will have a few pair of our Pedigreed and Registered **ALASKAN STRAIN** 1923 Puppies For Sale this Spring. These beautiful animals are direct descendants of a strain of foxes that have proven their prolificness and ability to breed true to color for over **FIFTEEN YEARS!!!**

MR. PROSPECTIVE FOX-RANCHER, you cannot afford to start with any other than **THE VERY BEST STOCK OBTAINABLE.** You should therefore send for our various sales plans **TO-DAY.**

MILWAUKEE SILVER BLACK FOX CO.
208 Wells Bldg. Milwaukee, Wis.

WILDFOWL GUNS

Our 12-BORE MAGNUMS shooting 3-in. Paper Shells (1½ ozs. shot) have an effective Killing Range of 80 to 100 yards.

Send for particulars to

G. E. LEWIS & SONS

32 & 33, Lower Loveday Street,
BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.
Established 1850

SPECIALLY $6.95 PRICED

Brand new blue steel, double safety automatics bought before recent tariff raise and offered at special prices for a limited time. Regular $22.00, 25-calibre, 7-shot automatic, 4 1-4 in. long, our No. 38B110, **special at $6.95.** Or regular $25.00 heavy service 32-calibre, 10-shot automatic, 5 in. long, our No. 38B120. **special at $9.75.** Both sizes shoot all standard cartridges.

EXTRA MAGAZINE FREE. Rush your order in today and get extra magazine given free with first 500 orders.

PAY POSTMAN ON DELIVERY plus postage.

Money back promptly if Not Satisfied.

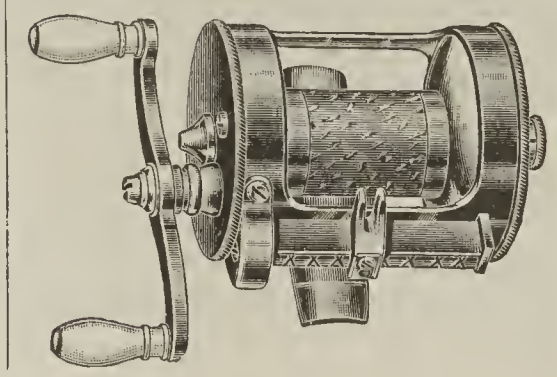
CONSUMERS CO., Dept. 38B **1265 Broadway, N.Y.**

The

Poor Fish

will read this and weep

ANOTHER MEISSELBACH TRIUMPH



THE MEISSELBACH OKeh LEVEL WIND REEL

The greatest improvement since the invention of the first level-winding reel in 1860.

A light, sturdily-built reel with all the individual Meisslebach features.

Takeapart—taken apart and put together again in 20 seconds.

Easy to clean.

Full protection against back lash or hitch.

Ask your dealer for full description—or—

Write for our booklet, "Brief Castlets"

A. F. MEISSELBACH MFG. CO.

Room N

25 WEST 45th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

way over southbound in one-way highways, and eastbound over westbound, or vice versa. Even attorneys and courts are at a loss in some finely drawn conditions. Common sense and doing more than the law demands is the only safe course. A tourist will not find a lawsuit worth while, after he has been smashed up, to determine who had the right of way in the circumstance. Pull out, stop and give the way to the other fellow. I do not recall a delay of five minutes resulting from giving every one else the benefit of the doubt on strange highways.

Up-bound traffic has the right of way in the Rockies. Don't presume on this where one may meet a fool tourist from the East making Coast to Coast or Bust in thirty days. We climbed Berthoud. The old wagon trail, two ruts wide, had every few hundred feet a switch dug in the wall. The other fellow should have pulled into one of these to let us climb. All did but one. We met head on at an aerial cape, with a plunge 2,500 feet deep on our right hand, and a steep slip bank on the left. A head-on collision there, both drivers realized, meant probably one or both cars rolling down into the canyon. No question of right of way could be asked there—neither had blown his horn and neither could stop in that thirty or forty feet. I slammed into low and straddled the brink. He pulled up onto the slip bank and we passed each other, though I felt my car side-slipping in the loose earth.

At this same place Courtney Riley Cooper saw a car, with father, wife and three children go rolling over and down. The father had lost his nerve in the high, tremendous environment. He had skirted the brinks of doom. He had driven under highest tension—his wits were gone. He went on when he should have stopped and waited, a day, a week, or any length of time, to grow cool again.

No man, realizing himself in an unfit condition, should undertake to drive when on a tour. Desert-blindness, mountain sickness, nerve-fatigue, or sleepiness should be warning not to go on into the unknown peril. Going back over a highway may be better, in some conditions, because a road once traversed is easier by far than at the first attempt.

Over-doing is the great peril. Going slowly, taking it easy, resting often, keeping cool, not worrying, and at difficult places walking ahead to look them over, mud-hole or rutted hill, or slick precipitous road—a bit of patient study and exercise of judgment will save unnumbered stalls and accidents. It is even a good thing to wait till some native comes along and shows how it is done.

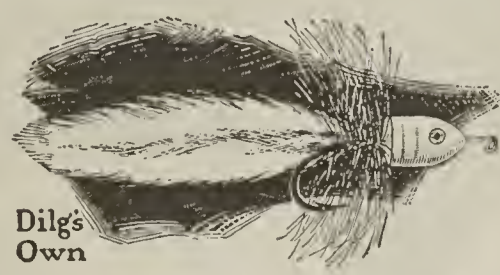
"Hit 'er hard!" for rutted muck, but "Take your time" for water ford or long-continued rutted mud with hard bottom.

A few minutes' talk in local garages and at filling stations, or with tourists or local drivers will often give one the open-sesame that enables one to go through conditions with but one way of

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

Irving Cobb

Will H. Dilg



Actual Size

Mr. Brann

Dr. Wilder

Zane Grey

Bob Davis

Length 2 inches over all. No. 6 O'Shaughnessy hooks. Six selected colors as follows:

No. 30 — **Irvin Cobb;** all red with red and yellow hackle.

No. 31—**Brann's Glory;** all green except body feathers mottled in black and white.

No. 32—**Wilder's Fancy;** black body, orange tail and brown hackle.

No. 33 — **Zane Grey;** all brown.

No. 34 — **Dilg's Own;** white and red hackle.

No. 35 — **Bob Davis;** all yellow except part green in hackle.

At your dealer's, moth-protected, in crumple proof boxes.

Any Color Each 75c

Now in Trout Size

LAST summer the world of fly-casting for bass was swept by the record-breaking success of the wonder-lure originated and perfected by Dr. Wilder and Will H. Dilg.

This novel combination of cork body, feather and hackle, imitating the action of a wounded minnow, gave a new luring principle to the light tackle angler.

The smashingest strikes—the sportingest fighting ever yielded by the waters—that was the universal report. The Wilder-Dilg lure for bass was a wildfire success.

Now in answer to insistent demand, exquisite Heddon craftmanship has produced the same principle and design in dainty miniature size for trout.

Indescribably attractive in color, with an action unique, compelling, irresistible, these tempting masterpieces of effectiveness earn a top place in your book of essential flies

Send for the free booklet and color sheet, illustrating the Wilder-Dilg Feather Lures and giving the inventors' own story of their principle and effectiveness.

James Heddon's Sons, Dowagiac, Mich.

Heddon Fishing Tackle

"Heddon Made—*Well* Made"

Wm. Croft & Sons, Ltd., Toronto, Can., Sole Canadian Representatives

In 11 years of Field and Stream Magazine's Prize Bass Contests Heddon Rods and Heddon Baits have outstripped by overwhelming majorities the combined showings of all other makes of tackle that can be brought into fair comparison.

Lefever

NEW LEFEVER NITRO-SPECIAL ONLY $29.00

O. K.'ed and purchased in quantities by the U. S. Navy. Well finished, considering the price. Built to shoot right and stand as much use as the most expensive gun. Most durable lock ever put in a gun — first lock fired over 77,000 times.

Every gun proof-tested with an extreme load. A standardized gun built only in 20-ga. 28 in., 16-ga. 28 in., and 12-ga. 28 and 30 in. with 14 in. stock and about 2⅞ in. drop. A Lefever won the world's championship at the Olympic games in London. Lefever has stood for service and durability for over 50 yrs. *Write for Catalogue*

Lefever Arms Co., Ithaca, N. Y.

WING SHOOTING MADE EASY

PAT. APPLIED FOR.

WILBUR SHOTGUN PEEP SIGHT,

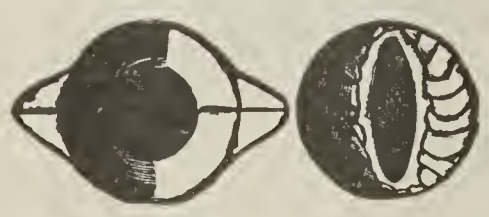
deadly addition to the modern shotgun. Makes good shots of poor ones. Fast enough for snap shooting, ducks, or at traps. Automatically shows how to lead correctly—**No more guess work.** Made of blued steel, clamps rigidly on breech of gun barrels. 12, 16, 20 28 gauges. Double guns only. Postpaid, $2.50 including booklet. "Wing Shooting Made Easy." Booklet alone sent on receipt of ten cents. Teaches the art of wing shooting.

WILBUR GUN SIGHT

116 West 39th St., P.O. Box 185, Times Square, New York

J. KANNOFSKY PRACTICAL GLASS BLOWER

and manufacturer of artificial eyes for birds, animals and manufacturing purposes a specialty. Send for prices. All kinds of heads and skulls for furriers and taxidermists.



328 CHURCH ST., Near Canal St., NEW YORK

Robert H. Rockwell

1440 East 63rd St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World

Madison Avenue and 45th Street New York

Singing Reels

S-s-s-z-z-z-z-z-z!

Get out the fishin' kit tonight—write tomorrow for the new rods and lures it lacks.

"Yellowstone Special"—3 pieces and extra tip, selected split bamboo, cork handle. The most efficient rod produced for the price—8 to 10 ft., 4½ to 7 oz., $10.00.

"Wanita" Reel—aluminum alloy, phosphor bronze bearings, removable click. Weighs 4 oz., 50 yd. capacity, $6.00.

"Touradif" Fly Casting lines—made of best Italian silk. A smooth, durable line. Size E for trout, 25 yds., $1.90.

Tapered leaders—6 ft. length, size M for trout, $.45 each.

Wet Flies snelled, $1.80 to $2.25 per doz. Dry Flies, English Floating, $1.80 to $2.00.

"Rex" Fly Book—solid cowhide covers, holds four dozen flies, $3.00.

Complete stocks of imported trout rods—made by Hardy, Forrest, Allcock, Millward, Westley Richards.

Write for Fishing Tackle Folder

Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

EZRA H. FITCH, President

Madison Avenue and 45th Street New York

"Where the Blazed Trail Crosses the Boulevard"

surmounting. Some kinds of mud must be taken, as in parts of Kansas, at a fast rate of speed. Other kinds must be taken slowly and with the extra power of intermediate or low gears.

The tourist learns to drive expertly on all kinds of highways.

ADVENTURES IN COMRADESHIP

(*Continued from page* 170)

white line of breakers far out across the cut had mounted to imposing hills of green and dusky grey, and the channel was running like a mill-race. Even under the most favorable circumstances it was no child's-play to pilot a boat through this tortuous passage, with its constant menace of sand bars and jagged "patches." We would be compelled to spend the night on Soldier Key!

The Captain stopped his job of cleaning fish long enough to see that the "Lucretia" was in safe and snug berth, whatever might take place. Then he found an open window in the caretaker's house, and we knew that we had safe shelter, although there were few or no comforts in the deserted house.

IT was almost sundown when Sonnyboy sighted a boat to seaward of the island. She was a good-sized powercraft, battered unmercifully by the heavy seas and the impact of the constantly rising wind.

Cap'n Jim's keen eyes took her in, as he lifted from the pan of fish he was cooking in the shelter of an old outhouse. "Th' fools!" he growled, "they'll go on a bar certain sure! Tryin' to get in, but they're nowheres near either of the channels. No Miami boatman on THAT launch!"

Despite his predictions, the newcomer approached to within fifty feet of the dock, and then keeling over, went aground, hard and fast—so much so, that not even tide and wind could give her much motion. We all ran down to the dock.

Even at this distance, we made out that there were three men aboard, all frightened. Every available inch of space was taken up by sailfish. There must have been nine or ten of them—immense fellows.

Cap'n Jim's face hardened. He had visioned one of his pet hates: The Wasters — the Fish Spendthrifts — the Poor Sportsmen! And Sonnyboy was in line for the best lesson of his young career.

"I'd like to see them come to within an inch of drowning," he ejaculated, "just what I was tellin' you of—sailfish pirates. Catchin' as many as they can, just to get their names in the papers, and to be photographed against a rack on th' Miami pier! We'll let 'em dance for a while!"

This, however, was neither humane nor the Captain's true self, and he soon went out after them in the rowboat, handling it nicely. He brought back two of the men and returned for the other—and a sorry sight they were!

(*Continued on page* 215)

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

FREE

CATALOG B

of

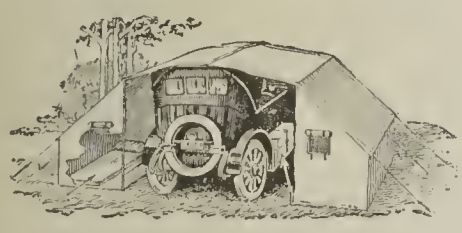
Perfection Capes
Air Mattresses
Cushions, Pillows
and Auto Tents

DEFY THE ELEMENTS —Carry a raincoat in your pocket. Packs 8x4x2 in an Atholemer case. Weighs 20 ounces. Guaranteed absolutely waterproof.

COMFORT SLEEPING POCKET

With air mattress. The most comfortable, compact and practical outdoor bed. Weighs only 12 pounds.

UTILITY AUTO TENT



It Fits the Running Board

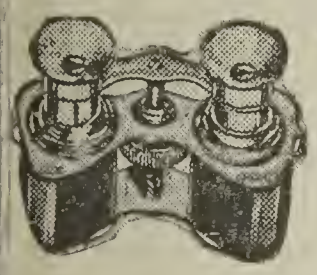
WATER, BUG AND SNAKE PROOF. 7x7 floor space. Packs 8x8x30 inches.

Satisfaction or Money Refunded

Metropolitan Air Goods products have stood the test for the past 40 years and are recommended by thousands of reliable Campers, Forest Service, Automobilists and Fishermen for quality and durability.

Sole Manufacturers

METROPOLITAN AIR GOODS CO.
Athol, Mass.



BINOCULARS

Achromatic Adjustable Prisma Type, High Quality 8X Lenses. Ideal for Hunting, Camping, Yachting, etc. Guaranteed perfect. Well made and serviceable; will last a lifetime. Case and Shoulder Straps included. Value $25.00. Our special price, C.O.D., $8.75. This instrument guaranteed to please or money will be cheerfully refunded.

BENNER & CO., D-5 TRENTON, N. J.

Sportsman's Footwear

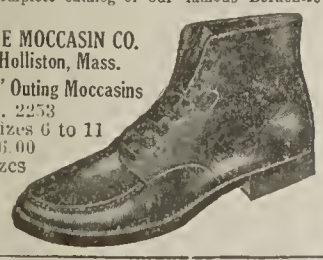
Here is the finest foot covering for all around camp, sport and athletic use. This genuine hand-sewed outing moccasin is made from the best chocolate Elk leather with flexible, non-slipping chrome soles, Goodyear stitched. Rubber heels and counters.

Every pair is guaranteed to be satisfactory or we will refund your money. Sent postage-paid at once upon receipt of price.

Send for complete catalog of our famous Berkshire Moccasins.

BERKSHIRE MOCCASIN CO.
Dept S, Holliston, Mass.

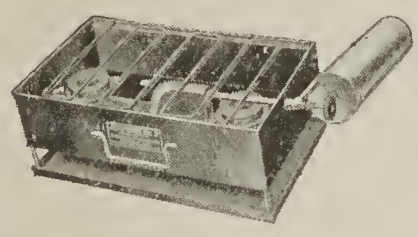
"Crowfoot" Outing Moccasins
Style No. 2253
Men's, sizes 6 to 11
$6.00
Boys', sizes
2 to 5½
$5.50
C or E
width



The Kampkook in the illustration is No. 4, a marvel of efficiency and convenience; has steel top with 7-inch grates, warming shelf, folding wind shield, detachable steel legs. Two-quart, detachable, easily filled tank holds six hours' fuel supply. Folds to 4½ x 10½ x 19 inches, weighs 14 pounds. Price in U. S. $11.75. Other models $7.50 to $15.60.

It's All Inside

All Kampkooks fold as shown above when not in use, with all parts packed inside, protected against loss and breakage. This patented exclusive feature makes Kampkooks handy to carry.



Kampkook No. 3

The smallest size and a very popular one. Used by more than a quarter million campers. Will do all the cooking for six people. Folds to 3½ x 9 x 15 inches, weighs 8 pounds. Price in U. S. $7.50.

When the Appetite Talks

After a strenuous day in the invigorating freshness of the great outdoors; touring, fishing, boating, swimming, and your appetite is talking—that is when you will appreciate your

AMERICAN KAMPKOOK
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
THE IDEAL CAMP STOVE

It is ready instantly for any cooking job. Set up and going full blast in less time than it takes to gather fuel for a wood camp fire. No muss, no trouble, no delay. With a Kampkook you can prepare a big meal or roadside lunch as quickly and conveniently as in your own kitchen.

Makes its own gas from common motor gasoline

the same grade you use in your car and burns a clear blue flame, regulated to any temperature desired, entirely free from smoke, soot or odor. Unaffected by wind or weather, safe anywhere. The American Kampkook is the easiest camp stove to operate, handiest to carry; used by the big majority of experienced campers. Six styles, high or low, two and three burners, $7.50 to $15.60.

Look for the full name and be sure you get the genuine AMERICAN KAMPKOOK. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

Write for catalog of the complete line of Kampkooking necessities.

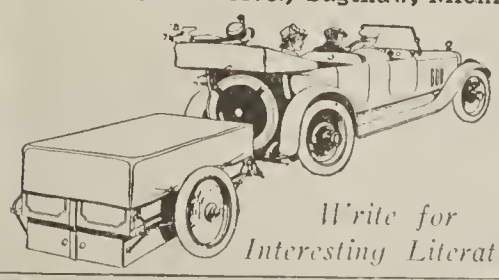
American Gas Machine Co., Inc.
832 Clark St., Albert Lea, Minn.

Open Air Vacation With Your Own Car

GO where you like. Stop when you please. Sleep in the pleasant open places. Breathe pure air and save hotel bills.

An Auto-Kamp Trailer and your car make a real vacation. Plenty of room for the whole family. Large waterproof tent, two beds with sagless springs and restful mattresses, large enough for four. Electric lights, stove, ice-box, food compartments, table and shelf. Set up in 5 to 7 minutes. Thousands in use.

Auto-Kamp Trailer Company
2026 Sheridan Ave., Saginaw, Michigan



Write for Interesting Literature

HIGHEST GRADE

IMPORTED FIREARMS, AMMUNITION, REPAIR PARTS AND ACCESSORIES AT *LOWEST PRICES* FOR THE DISCRIMINATING SPORTSMAN.

WRITE TODAY FOR OUR

FREE CATALOG

LUGER SALES COMPANY
828 GEORGE ST., Dept. B-4, CHICAGO, ILL.

UNION CAMP TRAILER $198

Including Timken Roller Bearings, Pressed Steel Frame, 30 x 3½ Goodyear Tires, Stormproof Tent, Spring Beds, Mattresses, Dividing Curtain, Hinged Folding Camp, Finest Quality Throughout.

The New **UNION CAMP TRAILER** is a revelation in quality, compactness, ease of operation, and exceedingly low price. Multiply the cost of your car by two and you have its value to you with camp trailer attached. This comfortable home on wheels trails along without strain on your car. O'er hills and plains, ready to accommodate the whole family. Don't be without it.

Read These Unsolicited Letters:

"LONGS FOR SUMMER"

Read about U. S. Congressman Browne's trip. Mrs. Browne writes:

"We purchased one of your Union Trailers last summer and were so enthusiastic over it. We hitched our Trailer on behind our Ford Sedan and 'did' New England for seven weeks—following the Coast from New York City up past Portland, Maine; then up to Dixville Notch, N. H.; down to the White Mountains; over to Burlington, Vt.; and later down the Connecticut Valley to Springfield; West through the Berkshires, crossing the Hudson at Poughkeepsie.

"We only slept in a hotel two nights and even when we visited the old ancestral home of fourteen rooms at Randolph Center, Vt., we set up the Trailer in the back yard, and cooked and ate on the back porch, looking out on the mountains.

"We followed the green corn, melons, lima beans and spring chickens from Maryland to Northern New Hampshire. Everyone was lovely to us. Our Hotel de Trailer was always parked where there was a view and fresh air, and take it all in all, I am quite sure there never was such a vacation.

"The Kamp-Kook-Kit, ice chest, and good beds are the three big features of the outfit.

"It makes me long for summer now to think of what a good time we had."

"NO HINDRANCE TO CAR"

Dr. A. F. Cassebeer of Rochester, N. Y., says:

"My family and I had a very enjoyable outing the past summer covering something over fourteen hundred miles without a mishap of any kind. I must say your Trailer is the ideal outfit. My misgivings as to the hindrance of a Trailer have vanished, as we covered some bad hills and heavy roads."

"A SPLENDID ARTICLE"

Mr. Walter E. Miles of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes:

"I bought this Trailer through the Overland Co. early last Spring and I want to compliment you very highly on the splendid article you manufacture. This trailer was in use constantly for over three months."

Above shows how outfit folds flat into trailer. No side-sway, not top heavy.

Write for Free Catalog—Today

UNION TRAILER WORKS

320 CHARLES ST.,
BOONVILLE, N. Y.

THE FIRE ON ALBANY MOUNTAIN

(*Continued from page* 175)

to details, and striving to get the train under way as speedily as possible. I asked him what he thought of the situation.

"We can't do a thing till night," he responded gravely, "the fire's got an awful start of us, and the wind's blowing so hard I'm afraid there's no chance of holding it."

We saw the train and its load of fire-fighters pull out of sight with a feeling of relief. But on our drive back to the Lake our anxiety was redoubled. The smoke hung about us in a glaring yellow pall. Our eyes watered, our nostrils stung, and the horses were restless and fearful.

"Can't we go in and help out along the fire line?" someone suggested.

"It wouldn't do a bit of good," said Rube. "Better wait till to-morrow. There'll be plenty we kin do then. No human being will be able to get near that fire till the wind drops."

Not a person in our little community at the Lake but was up betimes the following morning. In our kitchen we packed enough food to feed twenty-five or thirty men. During preparations the door burst open and in rushed one of the neighbor's boys, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Mr. Cole's gone down the lake to get a thousand men!" he announced pantingly.

Rube, who was filling a basket with loaves of bread, paused to regard the newcomer.

"He'll have to go farther than the foot of the Lake ter do that," he said soothingly.

And so in the midst of work and anxiety a laugh went round. Yet there was no one who did not feel and feel keenly the gravity of the situation. Should the wind by any chance switch around into the north or northwest we knew that no human effort could stop the fire from sweeping directly over to the Lake. The dividing country having been recently lumbered was nothing more or less than a tinder box, cluttered for miles with lopped tree tops and other inflamable debris always to be found in the track of the lumberman. But by the grace of good fortune the wind did not change. Indeed on Sunday it had died down from a steady "blow" to a more squally character and by weather indications would fall entirely toward night.

As we drove over the road to the scene of the fire, the summer beauty of the morning hung about us with golden enchantment. High in the tops of the new leafed maples rose-breasted grosbeaks and scarlet tanagers poured forth their magical lyrics. And indeed the whole forest seemed throbbing with delicious sounds—sounds of birds, and rustling foliage, and babbling waters, and busy rodents, one and all rejoicing in the tender warmth of June sunlight.

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

What a contrast then to this sylvan peacefulness was the forest fire when we finally came to view it!

The farther end of Mac D's old tote road constituted the main fire line, and as we carried in from the wagon road basket loads of provisions for the hungry fire fighters—there drifted to us fragments of information and now and then the vision of weary smoke-begrimed men passing back and forth from that point where the flames were still beyond control.

Beside a long bridge under which flowed a clear cold spring brook, Everett, who acted as chief director of the commissary department, threw together with admirable expediency a large fireplace, and within the next half hour was doling out generous cups of coffee, with ham and bread and butter to dozens of ravenous men and boys. And so, after assisting as best I could I left him hard at work and continued up the fire line in company with Rube.

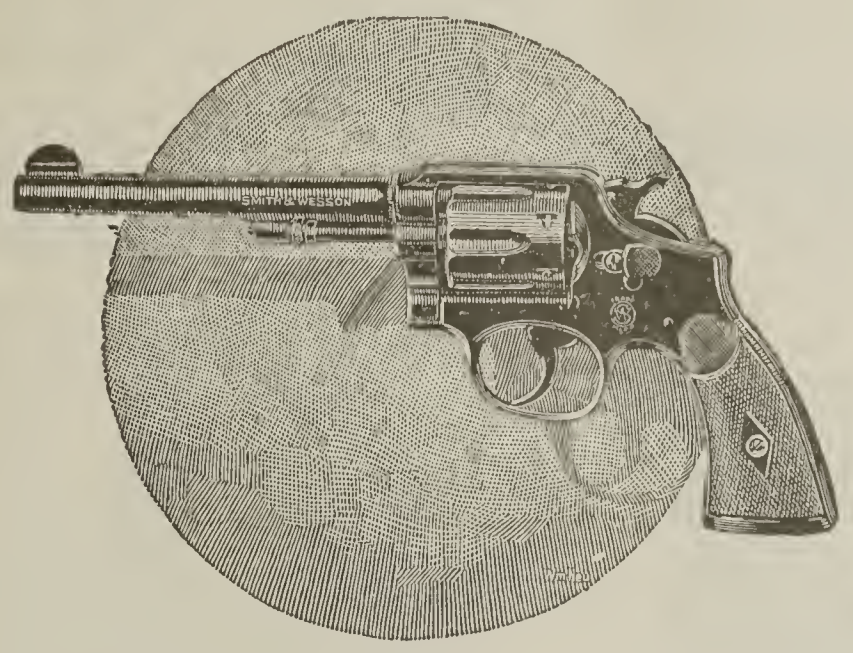
Everywhere the smell of deadened fires hung heavily on the air. At the tote road the advance of the flames had been checked and while on one side lay acres of smouldering ruined woods, on the other we could look into the green vistas of the forest that had luckily escaped. We saw nothing therefore save an aftermath of the real fire until we came finally to Albany pond, which lies tucked under the southerly slope of the mountain. Then Rube drew my attention to a great billowy cloud of smoke soaring heavenward from a spruce point near the lower end of the pond.

"There's some fire in there," said he, "or I'm greatly mistaken. That's where we'll go."

From a tangle of brakes and blueberry bushes he pulled out a leaky old guide boat and in this we paddled down the shore and landed a short distance to windward of the flames. We had expected to find a gang of fire-fighters working in this corner, but on closer investigation found not a living soul in the vicinity. It came about afterwards that the fire had been so fierce at other more strategic points that it was necessary to concentrate the men at these places, and therefore this particular corner had been overlooked.

The roar and crackling of the flames now greeted our ears, and climbing over a low knoll I had my first view of the fire at close range.

What at first impressed me most strongly was the tumult of the flames, and the demon-like swiftness with which they attacked and ate up every twig and branch and tree within reach. When we first started in to make a fire line of what had once been a log road, and where the ground happened to be low and therefore moist, it was almost impossible for us to face the wall of heat which shocked one even as the burst of a white hot furnace. We would run in for a few seconds and beat out frantically with a bunch of spruce boughs the licking flames as they sought to creep across the road, then back we would race to get our breath and



NO illustration can truly show you why Smith & Wesson revolvers are actually "Superior." Any dealer will let you examine one, inside and out. Only then will the dependability and accuracy of the arm be apparent. You will realize also, by comparison, why its slightly higher price is justified.

SMITH & WESSON

Manufacturers of Superior Revolvers

SPRINGFIELD
MASSACHUSETTS

Catalogue sent on request
Address Department I

No arms are genuine Smith & Wesson Arms unlessthey bear, plainly marked on the barrel, the name

SMITH & WESSON, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

HERE'S the boot you can bank on for the hardest kind of hiking. On wet ground or dry, in rough going or smooth. Soft easy-fitting and as near waterproof as a leather boot can be.

RUSSELL'S "NEVER LEAK"

For first-hand facts about their service, comfort and waterproof qualities, ask any sportsman who has worn Russell's.

Built to measure in any height, by expert bootmakers, from the best quality chrome tanned leathers.

Ask your dealer for Russell's—if he can't show them, write for our catalog.

W. C. RUSSELL MOCCASIN CO.
910 Capron St.
Berlin, Wis.

The

"Open Season" Is Here!

Check up on your fishing equipment and be sure to include the indispensable—good looking—well-fitting—sturdy

Eisner-Dupont Sportwear

An outer's garment for every purpose. Unaffected by wind or weather.

Specially designed for the angler—hunter—hiker—motorist — vacationist and country gentleman.

Order these popular priced outdoor garments from your Dealer.

Your copy of "Trout Fishing"—full of practical pointers — mailed on request.

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Showrooms

-EISNER-DUPONT-

SEND NO MONEY
for these AUTOMATICS

$10.25

A Man's Gun, Military Model, built for hard service, just like they used "Over There." .32-cal., 10-shot, blue steel, safety attachment; No. 205 with extra magazine FREE, now reduced to..... **$10.25**

.25-cal., 7-shot, blue steel Gun, vest pocket style, accurate and reliable, perfect grip; No. 105 now reduced to..... **$8.75**

Mauser .25-cal. 8-shot World Famous Gun, No. 805. ..... **$12.25**
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Luger .30-cal. 9-shot, most powerful gun made with automatic magazine ejector, No. 905... **$21.00**

These Guns Are Brand New' and Use Standard Ammunition

Rush Order—Supply Limited; pay postman on arrival our price plus postage, or send cash, check, money order and save postage charges. Examine merchandise carefully upon delivery and if not satisfied return at once and your money will be promptly refunded.

Edwards Import Trading Corp. 258 Broadway NEW YORK

The WENZEL POLELESS TENT
A Wall Tent Without A Ridgepole

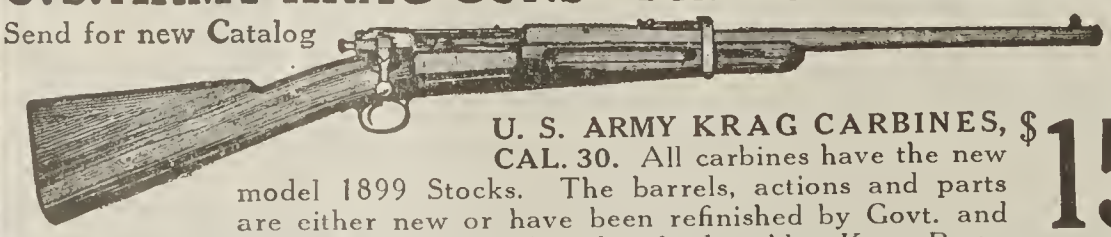
A Real Vacation Home *for*
Care-Free Sportsmen

Here's the tent for woodland camp or auto trail—a roomy wall tent *without a ridgepole.* Up in a jiffy, anywhere. Made of finest waterproof army duck; mosquito-proof window in back; packs *completely* in a handy bag—the only wall tent that's truly portable. 5 sizes. See your dealer now—or write for literature.

H. Wenzel Tent & Duck Co. ***Dept. F***
1035 Paul Street - *St. Louis, Mo.*

U.S. ARMY KRAG GUNS—PARTS—AMMUNITION

Send for new Catalog



U. S. ARMY KRAG CARBINES, CAL. 30. All carbines have the new model 1899 Stocks. The barrels, actions and parts are either new or have been refinished by Govt. and equal to new. Ammunition $4.00 a hundred. Also Krag Parts. **$15.00**

W. STOKES KIRK, 1733 to 39 N. 12th St., Phila., Pa.

energy for a second attack. So great was the heat in fact, that it seemed literally to scorch through one's clothing and yet the smoke owing to the direction of the wind (and in this we were more than fortunate) blew away from our position and kept the sparks dropping on the leeward side.

Primarily we were intent on saving a strip of green timber which bordered on the shore of the pond. To this end, therefore, we worked and with the swampy log road to aid us our efforts were at length rewarded with success.

All the while Rube toiled with methodical persistency. Now he would beat out a little snake-like stream of fire, now clear the line of a pile of dry tree tops, or dump water on a bed of glowing coals. Every once in so often the blaze would seize upon a spruce or tamarack, gummy with the exudations of pitch, and in an instant the whole tree would be wrapped in a mass of towering flame and sparks. The sight was awe-inspiring and magnificent. Yet how it sickened with its sense of ruthless devastation and waste. Especially heart-rending it was to see the ravager lay hold of a great birch four or five feet in diameter, and to stand by knowing you were helpless to prevent its destruction.

BY one o'clock we concluded it was advisable to move our activities to another point where the fire still threatened to demolish a section of the pond's shore line. But in this locality, although we succeeded after several hours of labor in keeping the blaze out of the green timber, the realization soon came to us that there was no possible chance of being able to check or control the general course of the fire. Indeed the woods resembled nothing more or less than a red smoking inferno. And now especially did the uncanny voices of a forest fire commence to make themselves heard. Weird whistlings, the hissing splutter of countless sparks, the crackling of resinous limbs, the dead thud of a fallen stub or fire-eaten branch, continuously assailed our ears. Now and then would come the louder and more startling crash of a big tree, into whose trunk and roots the flames had burrowed until only a hollow shell of white hot coals remained. And always like an undertone of the sea, there fell upon one's hearing the roar of the conflagration itself — implacable, persistent terrifying.

Throughout the day we saw no living creature save one large Canadian hare which fled from under a brush pile before the onsweeping fire; and altho doubtlessly not more than one or two deer had been trapped to their death, I thought often with sorrow of the many little wood folk—chipmunks, squirrels mice and birds that must necessarily have perished in the conflagration. Of their vernal homes and playgrounds nothing now remained but a gray smoking ruin. And in all probability along with these smaller inhabitants of the forest there had fallen also coons, mink marten, and hedge-hogs — the latter

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

pecially slow, shambling Falstaff that is—being one who would ever become easy victim to the hurrying flames. When the afternoon shadows began to ngthen, soot-smeared and ravenously ngry, we returned to the main fire e. Instead of going back by way of at to the head of the pond, however, struck across country thru a section woods which had been burned over day previous. Underfoot the ashes re still hot. Piles of brush still ouldered. Here and there, owing to swampy character of the ground an erald swale remained intact; and ross one of these we saw a chipmunk bbling on three legs, the fourth hav- been burned off. But except for refreshing gleam of the little swales seemed to walk amid sepulchers, and an atmosphere of disaster. The aveyard of a forest once beautiful and acious lay about us; and the sickly ell of charred wood only served to ensify the realization of irreparable s.

When we reached Mac D's tote road presently commenced to fall in with ttered units of the fire-fighters. The es of many were so black it was im- ssible to recognize them, and a more hausted, work-wearied lot of men it uld have been difficult to have found. t as usual, with that proverbial good per of the lumber-jack, most of them, spite of their fatigue, were laughing d joking as they sought for the ision boss who was to tell them what do next. And it was due indeed to splendid individual work of many of se men—more especially a group of edes—that acres and acres of forest re saved that day from sharing a ilar fate to those lying on the south- y slope of the mountain.

"That fire won't stop till she strikes gin timber," remarked Rube as we ve homeward through the soft June k. And indeed this is a fact over ich one interested in forest conserva- n might well ponder. With the ex- tion of regions composed almost en- ly of conifers, fire makes little head- y in a mixed stand of virgin wilder- s. You have but to see for yourself draw your own conclusions. It is y after lumbering industries have ered into the woods, leaving in their h miles of debris and dry tree tops l outcast timber, that the opportunity complete devastation arrives in good nest. Under the present system and orbitant taxation the Adirondack derness, barring land owned by the te and so far protected by the vote the people—is doomed to be cut over, in and yet again. So at last enters supreme destroyer; and a country of ks and erosion—barren, waterless, gry—is all that is left for generations come.

WINCHESTER

TRADE MARK

TRAP GUN

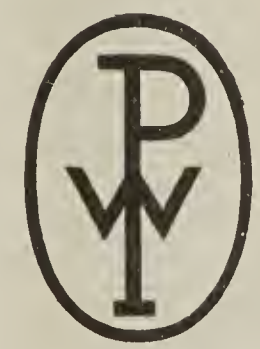
The Man-Plus

THE man who performs at the traps day after day, with unbroken successions of "kills", is a masterpiece of mind and muscle and nerve reactions. But he demands a masterpiece in his hands even nearer perfection than himself.

It is the man-plus—plus gun and shells—to whom the trophies and championships go. These men-plus won 201 championships with Winchester guns in 1922, and 125 championships with Winchester shells.

The Model 12 Winchester Trap Gun handles and points like a "third arm". Its lines are graceful and true. Its slide action is smooth and faultless.

And the ventilated rib maintains a heat-free right-of-way to the flying saucers. No matter how hot the barrel from continuous firing, the line of sight along the rib is cool, clear and precise. *A Winchester masterpiece!* See it wherever Winchester guns are sold.



THIS Winchester Proof Mark is stamped on a Winchester barrel only after a charge 25 to 40 per cent more than standard has been passed without a sign of strain.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

COLT'S

Illustration shows
Colt's Automatic Pistol
Government Model, caliber .45

Length of Barrel, 5 inches
Capacity of Magazine, 7 shots
Weight, 39 ounces

FIRE ARMS

THIS is the most powerful automatic pistol made. Achieved not only a perfect record in World War as the official side arm of land and sea forces, but is also holder of a world's record for accuracy. Your companion to the woods should be a Colt Revolver or Automatic Pistol for safety and reliability.

Send for interesting booklet, "Romance of a Colt"

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
Hartford, Conn.
Pacific Coast Representative, Phil. B. Bekeart Co.
717 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

In Detail of Construction, Durability and Hitting Qualities

SMITH GUNS

are Unequalled

The longer you shoot a Smith Gun, the tighter it gets

Ask your dealer for
"THE GUN THAT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF"

Write for Catalog No. 319

THE HUNTER ARMS CO., Inc.
FULTON, N. Y.

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Call Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

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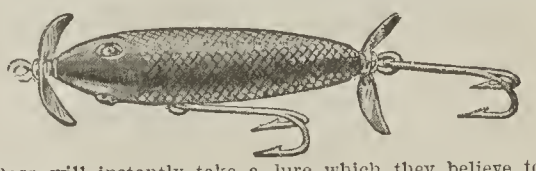
HERE'S OUR LATEST FISH GETTER

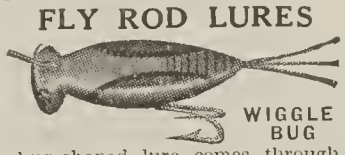
The BABY FLAT SIDE CHUB



Bass will instantly take a lure which they believe to be a minnow in trouble and therefore easy to catch. No other lure with slow, short jerks so well represents an injured minnow lying on its side. The Flat Side Chub is as great a killer on the surface as our Famous Pikie is below the surface.

Baby Flat Side Chub No. 1600—Length of body 3¾ in., weight about ½-oz.; reversible double hooks, **95c**
Flat Side Chub No. 1500—Length 3½ in., weight ¾-oz.; equipped with three treble hooks.....**$1.00**
Color a beautiful blend of dark green, silver and red in large scale finish. New vibration spinners.

FLY ROD LURES



WIGGLE BUG

This little bug-shaped lure comes through the water wiggling and struggling like a bug scrambling to get out and is more attractive than a lure that comes straight through the water. The little black bug No. 1001 trout size should be used when the fish are feeding on crickets, etc., and will be found a killer. No. 1102 White and Red with black stripings is a bass killer. You'll never wear out one of these lures.

Length of body, ⅞-inch:	Length of body, 1¼-inch:
No. 1000—Bug Finish.	No. 1100—Bug Finish.
No. 1001—Black.	No. 1101—Black.
No. 1002—White and Red.	No. 1102—White and Red.

Yellow Gold Body, painted Brown wings and legs, dash of Red on head. Price **65c.**

LITTLE DARTING MINNOWS

Use these little fellows when they are hitting minnows. They are light-strong; dart around like real live ones.
Length of body, 1¼-in.—No. 1200, Natural Pikie, Scale Finish. No. 1201, Red Side Scale Finish. No. 1202, White and Red.
Length of body, 1⅝-in.—No. 1100, Bug Finish. No. 1101, Black. No. 1102, White and Red.
Price 65c.

All baits guaranteed satisfactory in every respect or money refunded. Write to-day for our new tackle catalogue. IT'S FREE!

THE CREEK CHUB BAIT CO.
131 S. RANDOLPH ST., GARRETT, IND.

TROUT FISHING NEAR NEW YORK

(*Continued from page* 180)

"posted," there is plenty of fishing fo all, as these short stretches serve as preserve which is for the general goo being fished but little.

Picturing these two lovely streams cannot help but hope that this seaso more of nature's lovers will visit then if not to fish, then to spend a day o week's end, perhaps, about the end o April or the beginning of May when th violets are so thick that a gorgeous nose gay can be picked in one handful and th whiteness of the blossoming dogwoo presents a striking contrast to the dar green pines and bare brown branches o the hillsides. Indeed, Mr. Harry Cud ney, a game warden for that section o the state who has been unceasingly kin in helping me find good fishing and wh is one of the most lovable men I hav ever met, as well as a true philosoph and a good sportsman, says his greates pleasure in stocking the streams lies i the fact that he knows it brings peopl from the city to enjoy the country.

SHOULD you choose Blairstown fo your week-end, accommodations ar available either at the one inn in th town or at a small boarding house o the hill. Blairstown is a couple of sta tions this side of the Delaware Wate Gap and is on the Paulingskill, whic has been plentifully stocked for sever years. The stream runs through th quaint old village, whose only reason fo being, apparently, is the large school fo boys which dominates it, and you w find good sport in either direction. I fact, one may walk across the field bac of the hotel and fish either way wit good luck. Personally, I prefer th stretch which commences about tw miles downstream (by the road) ar continues for perhaps eight miles water, in which you may be sure the are some large brown trout, so see your tackle carefully.

Or you may walk a couple of mil upstream where the fast water ru close to the road and is the home many fine rainbows as well as a few the beautiful brook trout.

And this reminds me. You know ho disappointing it is when you proud take your trout from the creel only find how sadly the brilliant colorin have changed and how often th beauty has faded to a mottled streak ness. I learned from Mr. Cudney ho best to preserve their color. When y have killed your fish by a tap on t back of the head and cleaned him, you should a short time later, place hi in a piece of dry newspaper. After yo day's fishing is over, the paper can easily soaked off in a little bracki water, and the beauty of your fish w be in no way impaired and will add r a little to the pleasure of whoever fortunate enough to taste it later on.

In this neighborhood there are a many smaller streams of which I can bring myself to tell. I have found th and I hope you may find some of the

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

From one last year my wife and I took ight brook trout between us one rainy norning, each one over nine inches, in bout two hours' fishing. Every one of hese we returned as we had sufficient, aught the afternoon before, to bring ack to town for dinner that evening.

It is not always easy to remember that he hand must be wet before touching fish that one intends to return to the ater and even so the greatest care must e taken so that the film covering the sh is not broken. Otherwise it will die f disease.

THE third of the localities I have mentioned is not far from Blairsown. Newton is the station, and from here a car may be hired for little to rive you to Middleville, eight miles way, where a small hotel puts you up omfortably and cheaply. At the back f this inn is a tiny brook, and early in e season there are an astonishing numer of trout therein. By no means are ey all small fish. However, after May, o not waste time on it as it is infested ith chub, but inquire for the larger rook—only a short distance away—hich flows into the upper waters of the aulingskill. At the junction of these aters, it is well to be careful, for the ater is very deep, smooth-flowing and eceptive, but there, and also for a mile bove this place and especially for a retch of four or five miles beyond, is xcellent water.

Last year I had an opportunity to fish is junction and deserted it after an our, vowing there were no fish there d driving over to Blairstown district here I caught nothing. At night, upon y return to the hotel at Middleville, was shown seven nice fish which had een taken on a March brown fly—ough it was June—from the very spot here I had fished!

I have told at length of these districts ecause I know them well as I have isited one or another of them nearly very week-end for the past two seasons, t there are many other well-stocked reams in northern New Jersey, and I oubt if there is any better fishing earer to New York. If you care to try em, I feel certain you will have good ort as well as enjoy the beauty of the ersey hills.

EARLY SPRING TROUT FISHING

(*Continued from page* 167)

in a few inches of water within a w inches of the bank. And that is so a very natural proceeding when u stop to think of it. In fact, the rly fly fisherman is called upon to use s intelligence in some ways even ore than the May and June angler.

I have fished certain water from out eight in the morning until eleven, ithout doing any serious damage to r wild life; and then the trout began take hold, probably because of some rt of hatch taking place beneath the rface. That this is a plausible reason infer from the fact that very often a ort time after the fish commence to

Now Available—

Remington Model 24 Autoloading Rifle, Chambered for Palma .22 Long Rifle Cartridges

In response to the requests of sportsmen and trappers, Remington now offers this rifle with either .22 long or .22 short chamber, as you prefer.

TO the man who knows fine arms and fine ammunition no more is needed than the bare announcement that the Remington Autoloading Rifle, Model 24, can now be had chambered for Palma .22 Long Rifle Cartridges.

The Remington Autoloading Rifle—chambered for .22 shorts—was the outstanding rifle achievement of 1922. As sportsmen, hunters and trappers got to know its quality, the feeling grew that the usefulness of so fine an arm should not be restricted to the comparatively short ranges and low velocity of the .22 short cartridge.

With the perfection of Palma .22 Long Rifle Cartridges—and the increased accuracy they assured—this demand for the Model 24 chambered to take .22 long rifles was intensified.

So today you can have it in your choice of chambers—.22 long rifle or .22 short—a Remington rifle in all that implies.

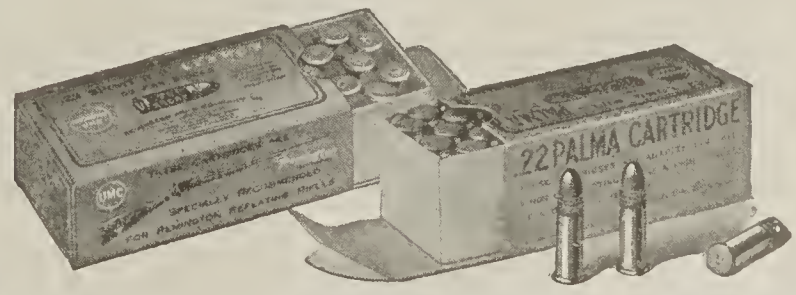
Remington Arms Company, Inc. *New York City*
Established 1816

Remington

THE AUTHORITY IN FIREARMS, AMMUNITION AND CUTLERY

Use Remington Cartridges

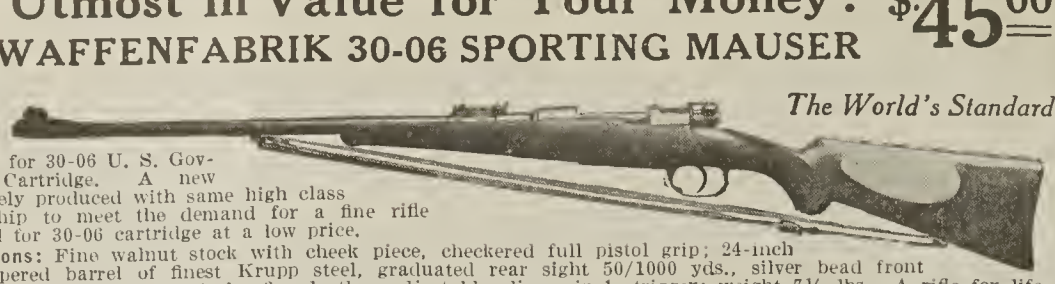
Remington Palma .22 Long Rifle and Lesmok .22 Short Cartridges work perfectly in the Autoloading, Model 24 Rifle. You can get them anywhere.



The Utmost in Value for Your Money! $45.00

THE WAFFENFABRIK 30-06 SPORTING MAUSER

The World's Standard



Our No. 3 for 30-06 U. S. Government Cartridge. A new model lately produced with same high class workmanship to meet the demand for a fine rifle chambered for 30-06 cartridge at a low price.

Specifications: Fine walnut stock with cheek piece, checkered full pistol grip; 24-inch round, tapered barrel of finest Krupp steel, graduated rear sight 50/1000 yds., silver bead front sight with protector, sling swivels, fine leather adjustable sling, single trigger; weight 7½ lbs. A rifle for lifetime service.

The Mauser trademark, "Waffenfabrik, Obendorf A-N," for many years has set the standard for fine sporting arms. This is the original Mauser Company to which our Government paid a royalty on each Springfield manufactured prior to the war. They have a reputation to sustain. Their rifles are as safe to buy as sterling silver. We have had no dissatisfied customers in all the hundreds sold in 1922.

We have only 35 of this grade left. Regular price at retail $70.00. Our price while they last.....$45.00

Leather trimmed canvas case for this rifle..... $5.00

SPECIAL OFFER

We will ship rifle C.O.D. subject to examination on receipt of $5.00 M.O. But during April only we will include with orders accompanied by cash in full one of the $5.00 cases free. This offer expires May 1st. We are Sportsmen ourselves and will deal with you as one Sportsman should with another.

BAKER & KIMBALL, INC., 38B South St., Boston, Mass. Est. 1913.

A Miniature Kitchen Range for Camp

A stove that will cook quick, clean, palatable meals in wind or rain. A stove that will not burn out, warp or explode and will burn either wood, coke or charcoal—that is the

NOT-A-BOLT
PORTABLE CAST IRON STOVE

Erected in one minute, (size 10x10 x18)—knocked down and packed (size 10x4x18) in the same time.

Descriptive circular sent free on request.

TROY FOUNDRY & MACHINE WORKS
Dept. S Troy, N. Y.

Shoot with a Clean Gun!

You need a **clean** gun to shoot straight. The barrel of the best shotgun or rifle will soon pit and foul from the corrosive carbon gases of nitro gun powder and powder specks unless it is properly cleaned.

Oil will not dissolve the corrosion of powder gases—you need a nitro solvent to insure the removal of every dangerous particle from the barrel of firearms.

For twenty years the leading sportsmen everywhere have relied only upon Hoppe's Nitro Solvent No. 9.

Your favorite sporting goods store has it.

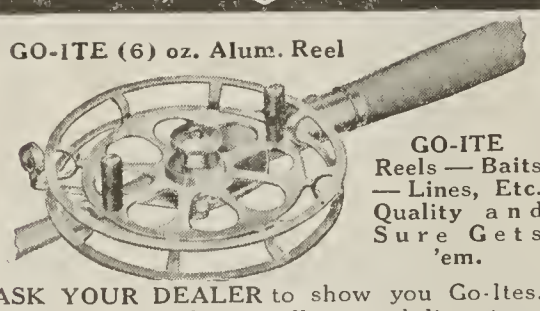
Send 10c for liberal size sample

FRANK A. HOPPE Inc.,
2314 N. 8th ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HOPPE'S
Nitro Powder Solvent
No 9

DEMAND GO-ITE TACKLE

GO-ITE (6) oz. Alum. Reel



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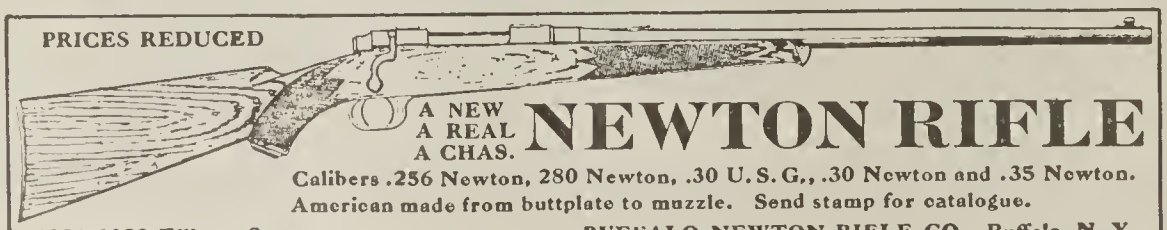

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A REAL
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NEWTON RIFLE

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American made from buttplate to muzzle. Send stamp for catalogue.

1081-1083 Ellicott Square **BUFFALO NEWTON RIFLE CO., Buffalo, N. Y.**

take hold there appears in the air a thin hatch of flies. One thing can be safely asserted regarding the April angler; if he goes ashore every time his hands or feet get cold he will not have to carry home a very heavy basket that night. By everlastingly sticking at it, he is sure to be present when the trout decide that it is time to take flies.

It is difficult to say just where are the best places in which to find trout during the first part of the season, so much depends on the state of the water. If it is an early spring, following an open winter, and the streams lower than usual, the angler seeks fish in those places which would normally be productive a month later: namely, the eddies, pools, holes, and riffles. If the water is in flood he must not overlook any water that will hold a fish, nor spending too much time on the deep pools. Whether I am right in my theory that the shallow water is best—during flood—because the fish are forced to lie nearer the surface, and therefore are more likely to see a fly, I don't know. I do know, however, that the shallows have proved the most liberal providers in my case.

I SHALL never forget my *first* opening day, nor how sure I was that I had graduated into the ranks of the experts by night. All my life I had been very keen about shooting, and except for occasional bass and pickerel fishing excursions, I had done comparatively little fishing. An angling friend was always at me to try trout fishing, but —in my ignorance—I felt that shooting was sport enough for any young man. One winter I had the good fortune to be sick abed for several weeks, during which I read Emlyn Gill's "Practical Dry Fly Fishing." That fortunate event enthused me with the idea of fly fishing for trout, and I have never regretted having been ill. During convalescence I learned how to cast—having ordered a five-dollar rod by mail—and April first found me on a stream. I might say that so remarkable was my progress in all that pertained to fly fishing, that I had succeeded in tying half a dozen flies; their construction was based on materials derived from the feather duster, the work-basket, and a spool of shoe-thread. They were works of art. I also had purchased by mail some Parmacheene Belles and a few Silver Doctors, to say nothing of an assortment of dry flies recommended by Gill. Just like everybody else who knows nothing from experience, but has read a good book on angling, I decided that I would stop after I had caught about fifteen fish, instead of being a pig and taking the twenty-five the law allowed.

Well, I fished all morning, and as I look back on it, I did pretty well for a beginner—except that I didn't catch any trout. After lunch I came to the conclusion that there were several things that Mr. Gill had overlooked—the chief one being the flies which I had tied myself. So I looped one of these marvelous items of my outfit on my leader, and proceeded to show up my favorite author. I did! I actually caught a trout

a fly—no, a hook with light blue wool isted around it, and a few pieces of key feather hanging to it. As I said, t night I was fully convinced that I d graduated into the expert class. It s several weeks before I revised my inion, and it was twice several years fore I had any similar feeling again. e term expert is not a very apt one, I do not think one ever becomes ex- rt at trout fishing. One does become pert at casting, and handling a fly, t one can only become *experienced* at ding trout and tempting them to rise his fly. And the more experienced e becomes, the more he realizes how ch there is still for him to learn. I quite sure that I knew more on my st opening day than I shall ever know ain. In my thoroughly humble opinion is not until a man learns that he ows next to nothing about the whys l wherefores of trout fishing that he in the way of becoming a good trout erman. Then he has an open mind, ling to try everything—even dry-fly ing on April first.

HOW TO OPERATE A COMPASS

(*Continued from page* 171)

il in the exact spot where you have t it, but you are sure to find the trail.

Another valuable element in the gen- l guidance of the compass is the ount of confusion that is eliminated finding one's way even through fairly ll populated districts. You may ve had previous instructions from a end to turn down a certain country d turning to the left. Yet if you hap- to be turned around, that road is to r right. If, on the other hand, you lk in terms of North, South, East and st you can hardly go wrong, for there nly one East and only one West irre- ctive of whatever direction you may walking.

The process of being guided by a com- s in a reasonably straight line with- help of maps for a long distance ough an unbroken forest invariably rs numerous physical obstacles, but can be done. We will suppose that r destination is a certain landmark ich you see in the far distance, say, ne towering pine tree so situated that s readily recognizable.

Before starting, you take compass rings upon that tree. The north end the needle and the N on the dial are ie to coincide and then, we will say, t an imaginary line running from r feet to the tree coincides with NW the dial of the compass. This means t by walking in a straight north- sterly direction you will reach your dmark.

t is not sufficient to get started on the t track. One must continue to keep t. It is probable that during the ater part of the time when you are ching onward through the forest, the tination will be entirely lost to view in this case, if your legs were al- ed to go their own free way they

"Tote a gun!"

There's lots of good shooting before fall

When they're not biting, give the water snakes a good time. They catch more fish than you do anyway. And there's always the hawk, the crow, and sport-destroying pests of all kinds to keep your hand in. Take your rifle, revolver or shotgun and shoot as you fish, hike or tour this Spring and Summer. Practice with traps and targets. You'll have more fun—and bigger bags next fall.

Practice, too, with ammunition which can improve your shooting. Do you know that "*Super-X*," the new Western shotgun load will give you 20 yards more shotgun range and is unequaled for hawks, crows, foxes and other destroyers—or that the "*Lubaloy*" jacket bullet on Western High-Power Cartridges prevents barrel fouling? Are you familiar with the Western "*Boat-tail*" and "*Open-point*" expanding bullets, and the .22 L. R. Marksman cartridge?

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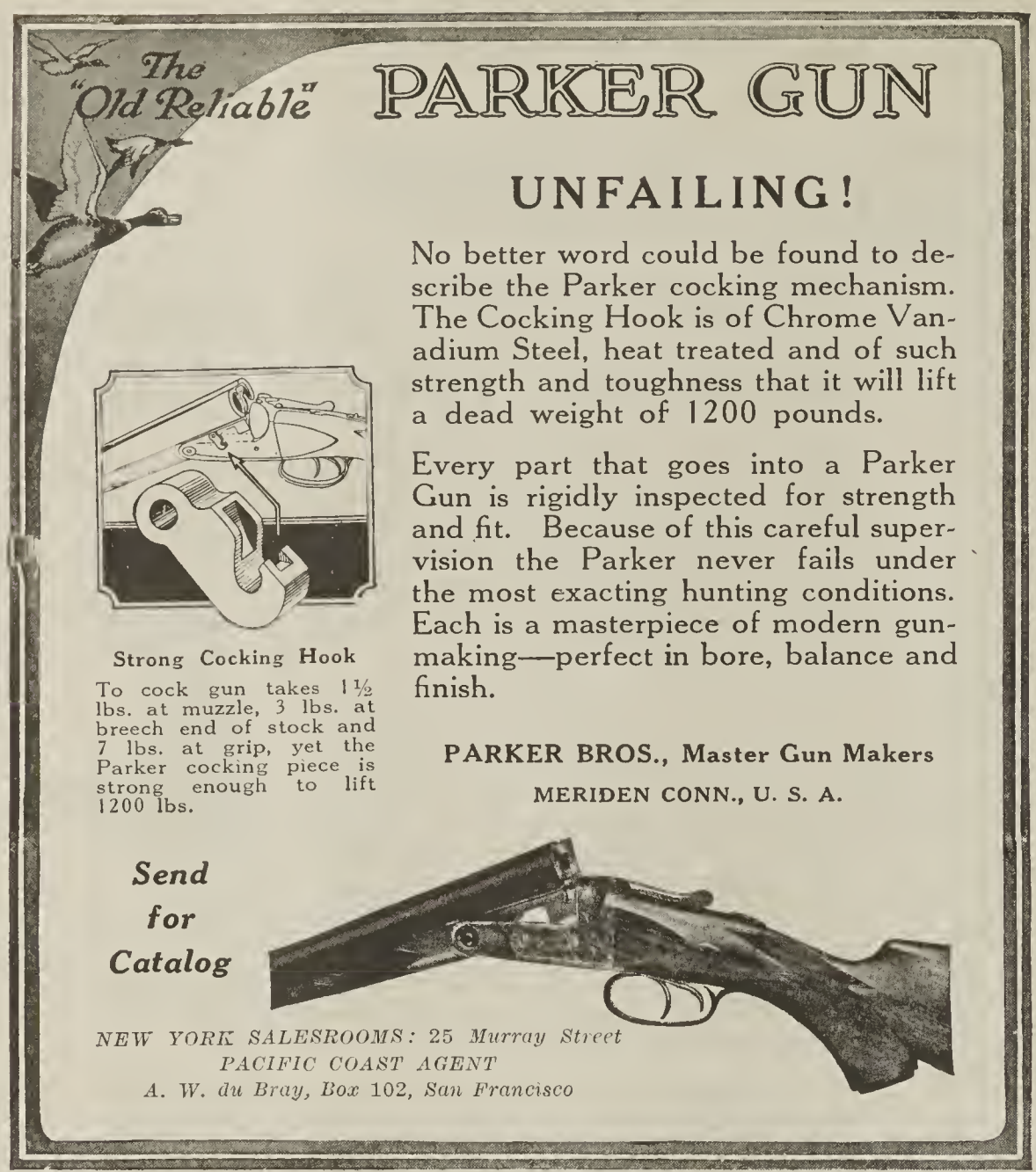

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If the reader is interested in growing duck foods, Wild celery, Sogo pond Widgeon grass or any of our Currituck duck foods, write us. We have been in the business many years and know how to grow the foods. If fond of duck, goose, quail or snipe shooting, write us for reservation for next season.

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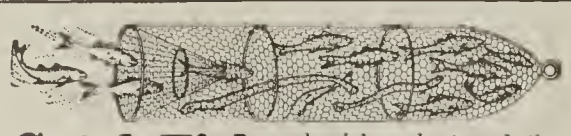
Waterlily, Currituck Sound, N. C.



Catch Fish, Eels, Mink, Muskrats and other fur-bearing animals, in large numbers, with our new, Folding, Galvanized **Steel Wire Trap.** It catches them like a fly-trap catches flies. Made in all sizes. Strong and durable. Write for Descriptive Price List, and our Free Booklet on best bait known for attracting all kinds of fish.
J. F. GREGORY, Dept. 16, Lebanon, Mo.

would describe bewildering circles. Fr quent reference to the compass togeth with numerous intermediate landmar to go by are necessary. Pick out a di tinctive tree some paces ahead which t compass tells you is in the direct line your route, put the compass away in yo pocket for the time being and wa straight to this tree. When you g there, stop. Take out your compass, g the bearings of another landmark so distance ahead and stride ahead to t in the same manner.

Careful traveling of this sort w carry you in a straight line, even in t densest kind of forest, and you kn every minute just where you stand relation both to your starting-point a destination. By continuing on in northwest line you will arrive at yo destination or very close to it, or turning back at any moment and trav ing in a southeast line you will arrive your starting-point.

If the straight line happens to cro some such obstacle as a pond it is nec sary, of course, to change one's directi temporarily while rounding it. But b fore doing so, make a clear mental m of the opposite shore and pick out landmark in the line of direction to sta from when you reach the other side.

In traveling through wholly unknov territory it is essential to have a pap map as well as a compass. A compa will not take you to an unseen spot b yond the horizon unless you know t location of the spot in relation to Nor South, East and West. But through t mutual workings of the compass and ma the right direction can easily be dete mined and followed.

I HAVE abstained from using the wo "correct" in connection with the co pass for the reason that the compass very seldom correct. In using a compa with landmarks and in following gene directions in the manner shown in so of the foregoing examples, extreme a curacy is hardly necessary. The fa that in reality the north end of the co pass seldom points out the *true* No need not worry one. Traveling by ma however, is a different matter. In t case it oftentimes is important that lowances be made for the element variation.

There are only a few places where t compass needle points true north. Th are located on a "no variation" zigz line which runs through Michigan a thence southeast through South Caroli At all places east of this the north e of the compass needle points to the w of true north and at all places west o the needle points to the east of tr north. In the extreme eastern and we ern sections of the country the elem of variation is so great that if you w to travel ten miles in a straight line map and compass and made no allo ance for variation, you would, at the e of the ten miles, find yourself more th three miles away from the spot for whi you had started.

On any good map the direction of tr North is clearly indicated, either meridian lines, an arrow, or some simi

symbol. From the "World Almanac" or a like source of information you can learn what the variation of the compass in a given locality happens to be. Spread the map out flat, and lay your compass on it so that the N on the dial, the north end of the needle, and the north line shown on the map all coincide. Then, slowly revolve the map until the north end of the compass needle points to the degree of variation on the dial which the locality calls for.

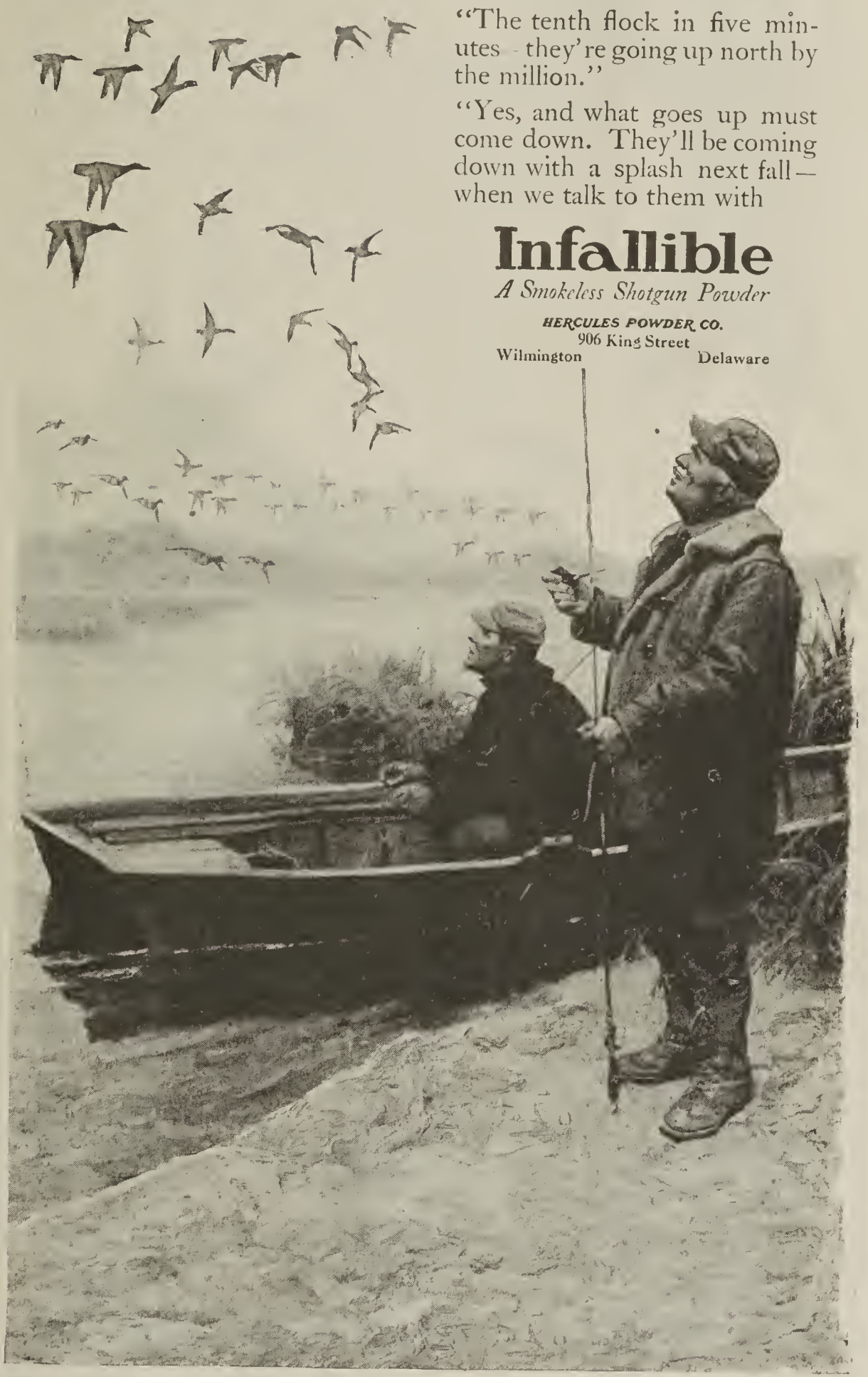
As a practical application of this variation principle we will take a locality in which the magnetic declination is, say, 20 degrees East. Such a spot would be located in the far West. You revolve your map until the needle of the compass points to 20 degrees East on the dial. The position of the north end of the needle is now half way between N and NE on the dial. And it is the N mark on the dial, not the compass needle, which now points toward the true north. If, instead of 20 degrees East, the variation happens to be 20 degrees West, as it is in some parts of Maine, the position of the north end of the compass needle, after correctly orienting the map, would be half way between N and NW. As in the former case, the N on the dial would point toward true north. And as the arrow or meridian lines on the map also point true north, it is a simple matter to read on the dial the correct compass-bearing which must be followed in order to reach safely a given distant spot shown on the map.

The farther east or west that a section is from the zigzag "no variation" line which I have mentioned, the greater the variation becomes. Thus, in various parts of New York State it may range from about 7 to 10 degrees, while in Maine it is around 20 degrees. Near Chicago it is only 2 or 3 degrees, while in parts of the State of Washington it is more than 20 degrees. I refrain from giving any exact figures, for the reason that magnetic declinations change from year to year. A comprehensive annual almanac gives these changes. This whole subject of compass variation is a mystery which scientists so far have been unable to solve. We know only that it exists and that we must usually be guided accordingly when using a compass in connection with a map.

Of course if one goes walking with map and compass in a section which happens to be located on the line of "no variation," this element of magnetic declination need not be considered at all. In this particular instance, when the north end of the compass needle is directly above N on the dial, the direction in which it points is true north. There is no correction to be made. Even in sections where the variation is slight, there is hardly need for correction under ordinary conditions unless you feel that you need extreme accuracy. But in sections where the variation figures begin to mount up, it is highly essential that you make allowances for these. The failure to do so would take you seriously off your course.

The natural variation of a compass is never a difficult matter to figure out, for

"What Goes Up—Must Come Down"



"The tenth flock in five minutes—they're going up north by the million."

"Yes, and what goes up must come down. They'll be coming down with a splash next fall—when we talk to them with

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30-Yd.	Size D	E	F
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For Dry Fly—3 weights—7½ feet.....$0.60
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Sizes 15, 12 and 10 regular.....$2.00 doz.
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Either Regular or Light Tied.....$1.50 doz.

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"H. L. LEONARD," Three-Piece, 5 ft. to 8½ ft. 48.00
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"JERSEY," No. 2315, Nickel Plated..... $2.50
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"MEEK," Plain or Jeweled Bearings, $30.00 to 38.00
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Salt Water Tackle

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H. L. LEONARD Tarpon $42.50
H. L. LEONARD Light Tackle..... 40.00
H. L. LEONARD Special Bonefish..... 45.25
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MONARCH Surf (with spring butt)..... 25.00
MILLS' STANDARD Weakfish..... 28.00
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MILLS' SPECIAL Bonefish..... 30.00
J. VOM HOFE Surf..... 35.00
MEISSELBACH Surf 30.00
NEPTUNE Weakfish 15.00

you have specified information to go by. A more serious deceit of the compass is its capacity in some places for being affected by mineral deposits in the ground of which you may know nothing about. In an iron producing country, the compass needle will occasionally point in a wholly wrong direction, or again it will remain in any position in which it happens to be placed. In such a spot, of course, a compass is worse than useless.

Such conditions, however, are quite exceptional. In the great majority of cases the compass can be trusted implicitly, even when to outward appearances it seems to be taking you in the wrong direction. So long as the needle moves freely, it is probably right. But the danger of local attraction should always be guarded against and this can be accomplished by making sure when taking observations that there are no guns, knives, or similar metal objects in close proximity to the compass.

UNSINKABLE CORK-BODY STONE FLIES

(*Continued from page* 179)

embraces specimens much varied in size, form and color, from the tiny emerald to the big orange-stone with a body over an inch long. Were I restricted to one fly for the season, I would choose the Yellow Sally (as I tie it) to any other fly for May and June, indeed, to the end of July, after careful studies and trials of the past six seasons. While some of this family are day-flies, most of them begin to hatch and take wing toward late afternoon, becoming thicker at evening to dark. They may be seen in flight all day in cloudy and rainy weather, seemingly afraid of the warm rays of the sun. Their flight is clumsy and slow, the four long, lace wings appear to be unable to keep the large body in rapid motion, and it very often happens the insect is tossed about by the wind on the water's surface where it flutters about unable to extricate itself and is soon devoured. Although the natural insect is rarely seen in the sunshine, at such times it makes no difference regarding the effectiveness of the artificial imitations, for I have often used the flies with excellent results on sunny days all through the season. All the same, after sundown it is *the* fly par excellence.

ALL four of this special cork-body set are listed in my series of "nature flies," but these are tied different, expressly for the purpose of surface fishing. All the bodies are a solid piece of cork sufficient to keep the weight of hook from sinking. A new feature, so far as I know, never before attempted is to paint the rich colored bodies and tail in oil colors which, after a coat of varnish, retains the right colors for a much longer period, and is lighter in weight than when tied of silks. For several seasons I have used them with excellent results; both rainbows and browns rise freely to them as do many bass of average size in running water. There is a twofold advantage in using these cork-body floaters:

first, they may be just dropped in a runway and allowed to float seventy-five feet, when you can lift the rod-tip, reeling sharply back to make the fly return, *partly in the air,* dipping the rippling surface on its way toward you. It is *then* that trout irresistibly rise to it. It looks a living insect that does not drag under water like the average dry-fly, giving an opportunity to those amateurs who are imperfect dry-fly casters to really practice the higher style without any fuss or previous knowledge.

Another advantage is given even to the expert dry-fly man fishing the approved dry style: the cork-body will not drag under wavelets and currents on a tight line or get waterlogged to sink below the surface. Of course, to make constant floating of the fly doubly sure I invariably soak the feathers in muchlin oil and let it thoroughly dry in the sun before I begin to fish. It is by far best to use only one fly on the tapered leader, large or small; you can cast one fly much more free and accurate and a greater distance; you can land the heavier fish better and with one fly only; there is less chance of affrighting the trout.

The cuts of these four stone-flies, which are drawn natural size, will give the reader a fair idea of form and the difference in size. Longhorn begins to hatch early in April, though not till the end of the month does it appear abundant. It is next to the largest in size, being tied on No. 8 hook. When newly hatched its color is darker than those species which appear later. The May orange-stone is considerably smaller in size, tied on No. 10 hook and brighter in color with the shoulder in bright orange, a streak of the same color along the rich colored lemon body. Toward the end of May its flight is plentiful during afternoon and evening. The June brown-stone is the largest of the four tied on No. 6 hook with a thick body over an inch long. The general tone is brownish orange with dark brown head. It will be seen in solitary flight over the water during the evening rise of many other species but is easily distinguished by its slow flight and unusual size, being larger than the gray or green drake.

The tiny emerald, quite common throughout July, is the smallest stonefly I have yet seen and is tied on No. 12 hook. It is a beautiful little fly and very effective in rising fish in hot weather and to my surprise it attracts trout in June some weeks before the natural insect hatches out. A curious feature of all stone-flies is that they have several whisks on tails in addition to horns on the head.

THIS MONTH IN THE OUTDOORS

(*Continued from page* 181)

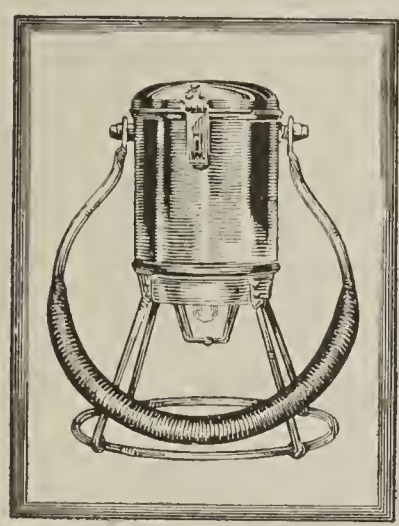
Some men smile at the flounder and flounder fishermen, but no less a personage than Irvin S. Cobb is strong for the flounder. Hear ye him: "You cruise along in the stern of a comfortable, commodious motor boat, seated upon a cushion and surrounded by

Here's a real "Side-Kick" for your next trip, fellows

THERE'S truth in that statement—Every man who has tramped in the great outdoors, who has groped his way in the dark over uncertain roads, paths and camping grounds; along treacherous streams and lakes—who has put up with makeshift conveniences KNOWS what a real side-kick a good light can be.

It is a grand and glorious feeling to KNOW that the electric lantern hanging easily from your arm or hand will burn brightly, steadily, will throw a flood of light at your feet when you need it, and far enough around to light up the way.

When hung from the ceiling of a tent or cabin it spreads a soft, clear glow everywhere. Cannot blow out or go out suddenly. 4-cell battery insures a strong light—averages 25 hours of intermittent service. Just the light for your trips. No need, for a dangerous or unreliable oil lantern, or any unreliable light, when a Federal Electric Lantern will serve you faithfully, economically and give you a better, more serviceable light.



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Branches in All Large Cities

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YOU Can Catch 'Em

WITH HAYES FEATHER MINNOWS
The Fly Rod Lures for Bass and Trout

Bass Size, Each, $1.00

NATURAL? Say, man, these Lures are nothin' else but. "Look good enough to eat," so says Sheridan R. Jones, Angling Editor of Outers' Recreation. Bass and Trout think the same!

Jack Lamb says: "I bought several of your Feather Minnows last year and have quit using anything else." You'll be glad to do this, too, after you try Hayes Feather Minnows.

They are the only ones *guaranteed* to catch fish. Now made in Trout size as well as the well-known Bass type; each size in one pattern only.

Hayes Lures cost a little more than cheap imitations, we'll admit, but they're worth it. Ask your dealer for them. Accept no substitutes! If your dealer can't supply you we will, promptly and postpaid.

Trout Size
Each, 75c.

Write today for our dandy new catalog—shows our complete line and is filled with real fish-catching dope.

HAYES BAIT COMPANY, 152 Virginia Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

THESE are pictures of some of the whiskers that cluttered up the scenery when grandma was a girl.

When such whiskers frightened children and caused timid maidens to shudder, men had a reason for shunning the razor, or for shaving only in spots.

They had nothing then for making such lather as is made by

COLGATE'S Rapid-Shave Cream

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Besides making shaving *easier*, Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream is kind to the skin. It leaves your face feeling smooth and comfortable when your shave is finished.

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Fly Tying and Rod Making Materials a Specialty

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It's Easy to Order From **J. A. Willmarth, Roosevelt, N.Y.**

You Fishermen and Duck Hunters
WE HAVE IT.
A SECTIONAL STEEL BOAT, which can be strapped on run-board of auto.
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The ALFRED C. GOETHEL CO.
DEPT. B, 829 31st ST. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

MAKES ANY OLD BOAT LEAKPROOF

Send for our booklets "How to Make Your Boat Leakproof" and "Marine Glue—What to Use and How to Use It"

Jeffery's Waterproof Marine Glue

Any old boat, so long as the frames are in fair condition, can be made watertight by following the instructions in the above booklets. This applies to anything that floats, from a canoe to a yacht. Put your leak troubles up to us and we will help you to stop them.

For sale by all Yacht, Boat and Canoe Supply Houses, Hardware, Paint and Oil and Sporting Goods Dealers.

152 Kneeland Street — L. W. FERDINAND & CO., Boston, Mass.

bottled goods and picnic luncheons, and after awhile, when the boatman has cast anchor, you bait with the torso of a shedder crab and catch the succulent flounder.

"I esteem the succulent flounder—nay, more, I esteem him highly. He is built flat on one side, practically ready to be served. Having hooked himself with little or no assistance from you he comes cheerfully up out of the salty depths, making no unseemly resistance about it; and then all you have to do is to eliminate a few of his superfluous details with a sharp knife and crown his low, retreating forehead with parsley and slap him into a pan."

One day last year in Jamaica Bay, a fisherman seeking flat fish was asked the difference between a flounder and a fluke.

"Well, you see, it's this way. One has teeth and the other ain't got no teeth."

"Which has teeth, the fluke or the flounder?" was asked.

"Well," said the fisherman, "I can't just tell until I take them out."

It is one of the remarkably strange things of nature that when the flounder is young it swims in an upright position, as do all other fish, but when maturity develops, it becomes top heavy, falls over on its side and its existence is passed as a flat fish.

Chatting some years ago about flounders with Kit Clarke, who was then in his eighties and who liked to take a rowboat and fish for flounders in Jamaica Bay, he remarked to the writer: "Nature moves in a mysterious way. When the flounder falls flat the eye on the under side of the head is transposed to the upper side of the fish near the other eye where they always face the light. The process by which this strange change is accomplished has never been discovered by scientists and is a marvelous instance of nature's operations, for while the fish usually rests upon bottom it can readily swim about in any depth."

Our salt water bays are literally paved with flounders and it does not require much knowledge of angling to take them. No fish are really stupid, however, but the flounder, unlike the weakfish or striped bass, pays little attention to the manner in which the fisherman rigs his line, so long as the tempting bloodworm or sandworm is there for his benefit.

Marooned

IN the cold bleak days of February, a duck gunner, Arthur Greatrex, became marooned on Black Wall Bar in Jamaica Bay, a barren island from which he was rescued after three days when his people and others were worried about his disappearance. But what happened to Arthur was this: He found a snug hut and blankets, food enough to last a week, and firewood, and while an aeroplane circled around to drop food to him, Arthur was "living the life of Reilly." One of the New York newspapers called him the hero of Black Wall Bar. But what was Arthur doing on Black Wall Bar when the season for migratory birds, particularly ducks closed on Long Island on January 31

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

ADVENTURES IN COMRADESHIP

(*Continued from page* 200)

Middle-aged tourists—some experience fishing—a rented motor-boat, with o claiming to know exactly how to ndle her, but when the storm broke er them several miles out, continuing their heels as they raced for the near-t land—Soldier Key—they had been dly demoralized by panic. It was, as e Captain had said, a "miracle" that ought them as far through the chan-l as their present position—dumb luck!

Darkness closed down long before its pected hour, and the rain fell in tor-nts. Its beat was a cannonade on the of of the shack, under which we all ddled. The artillery of crackling shes and intermittent thunder—rare at is season—combined with a noisy, gry surf, made us all realize, I be-ve, our own diminutive proportions as mpared with the Elements.

I could only admire the heretofore known side of Sonnyboy. There were nes when the tempest was awe-inspir-g, fearsome, but he would stand by the ndow or at the open door of the shack, d face it all like a little man—a son be proud of—for it was a tiny figure, er all, that stood silhouetted against se vivid, blinding flashes of terres-al flame.

Once he tiptoed over to where Cap'n n was seated on the floor, smoking his e.

"You said you'd tell me something—nething funny about fishing off the ck where there's so MANY fish to fish ," he hinted.

"That's right, I DID," grinned the ptain. "Nobody ever explained it, t those thousands of fish just won't TE—at least, not when greenhorns go er 'em. Drop a line down there, cy with shrimp or mullet or any old t you can think of, and they'll gather und so thick you could drop a sand-n and daze 'em, an' sniff and play, look at you with roley-boley eyes, much as to say: 'Nothin' doin', part-. We got too much sense for that!' en you can drop in some chummin' l they know the difference in a second t's gone just that quick—a peck o' wfish an' fiddler feed. Over goes a e again—nothin' doin'. I've seen it d out here at Soldier Key by the r, when th' fish was that clumpy th' k scratched their backs, an' nary a ble. Mangrove snappers have th' e sassy way with 'em—an' say, you your father we must go fer Man-ve Snappers before long."

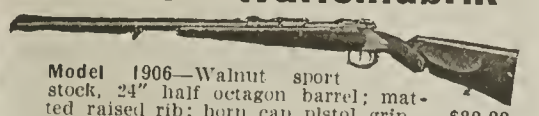
made a mental note of it, for here, ed, was adventure amongst the tropic s.

ur companions were inclined to be s, quarrelsome, uncommunicative, we let them severely alone. By en, we were all asleep, Sonnyboy lled up under the lee of his father's s on a cushion Cap'n Jim had brought n the "Lucretia."

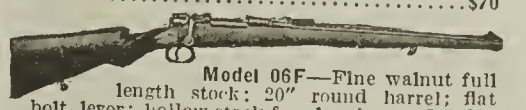
(*Continued on page* 219)

30-06 Mauser Rifles

Genuine "Waffenfabrik"



Model 1906—Walnut sport stock, 24" half octagon barrel; matted raised rib; horn cap pistol grip....$80.00
Model 06P—Same style as above, with plain walnut stock, round barrel; pistol grip, etc. Price $70



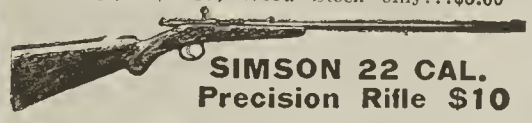
Model 06F—Fine walnut full length stock; 20" round barrel; flat bolt lever; hollow stock for cleaning outfit..$85
All three models have cheek piece.
Rifle Ammunition—All calibers, per 100, $9.00

Genuine MAUSER

Flat and fits pocket. Has safety devices—one of the best pistols made.
25 Cal., Vest Pocket, 8 shots...$15
25 Cal., Reg. Model, 10 shots... 16
32 Cal., Reg. Model, 9 shots... 18
Mauser Holsters, either cal. $1.50
Ammunition per 100, 25 Cal., $4.50; 32 Cal., $5
.763 Cal. Mauser Automatic, with wood holster stock, leather straps, etc. 10 shot pistol or rifle. All complete.....$35.00

Genuine LUGER

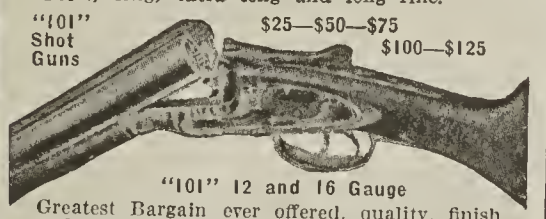
Well balanced; made of finest steel; accurate and very powerful. **30 Cal.**, Reg. Model, **$27.50**; **9mm. Long LUGER**, 6" or 8" barrel..$42.50;
Luger Holsters, 30 Cal.....$2.50
Ammunition per 100, 30 Cal. $6; 9mm., $7
Long Lugers-9 mm. 6" barrel. A perfectly rebuilt automatic. Special price....$27.50
Luger Magazines—32 shot. Makes a machine gun out of any Luger pistol. A few at $15
Wood Stock, Leather Holster, Pouch, etc., comp.,...$12.50; Wood Stock only...$3.00



SIMSON 22 CAL. Precision Rifle $10

The most perfectly made .22 Bolt action rifle. Absolutely accurate and reliable. Wt. about 5 lbs., 24" barrel, Length overall 42". Shoots short, long, extra long and long rifle.

"101" Shot Guns $25—$50—$75 $100—$125

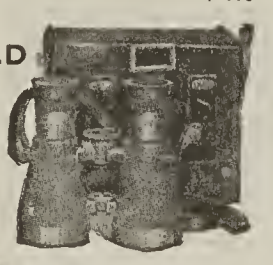


"101" 12 and 16 Gauge
Greatest Bargain ever offered, quality, finish and price considered. Guaranteed to give satisfaction.
Single Barrel, $12.50; Double Barrel, $25 up.

"STOEGEROL"

Worth its weight in gold to every lover of a gun. The greatest combination gun solvent, lubricant, rust preventor, wound oil, and for many other uses. Write for circular. Price per can.....$1.00

High Grade FIELD GLASSES $16



These are imported "mustered out" officers' field glasses of the highest quality. Perfect day and night lenses. Complete with case.

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A light compact glass. Achromatic day and night lenses; 21mm. objective, individual eye adjustment. Guaranteed, perfect, complete.

A complete stock of Repair Parts and Ammunition always on hand. Every Mauser or Luger Firearm sold by us is guaranteed new and genuine. Beware of imitations. Send money order or draft. No C. O. Ds. Satisfaction or money back.

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MAUSER & LUGER ARMS
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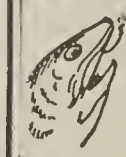
606 WEST 49th ST. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Fishing

when the ice goes out!



'Way up in the Maine Woods, in the shadow of Mt. Katahdin, there is the finest fishing anywhere. Maine rivers and lakes teem with the gamiest fish ever coaxed into a landing net. They are simply ravenous, especially when the ice crumbles.

FISHIN' LAND

is easily accessible—a night's ride in comfortable diner and sleeper cars.

The fishing spots are no secrets either. They're everywhere—'way up in the Maine Woods. The camps—luxurious or rigorous, as you wish. Comforts and conveniences are not left behind and licensed guides are quaint companions, full of the lore of the solitudes. They know every foot of the well-nigh countless forest waters,—but

GET THE BOOK

"In the Maine Woods 1923." It's illustrated, contains many new features including colored sectional maps—a list of the principal waters—how they may be reached, distances from R. R. stations—camps and hotels—rates for guides—In short it anticipates all one wishes to know. Mailed for ten cents anywhere. Worth many times the price, for it is a veritable mine of information.

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BANGOR, ME.
Geo. M. Houghton, Gen'l Passenger Agent

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EZRA C. BELL PAUL M. COPE

170 rooms with running water and telephone service, including 50 suites with private bath. Auto bus at station. Garage, orchestra, white service.

500 feet from Boardwalk and Steel Pier

Raise Silver Foxes

I pay $300 to $900 per pair for foxes raised from my stock. Three plans of purchase. $4.00 per month will start you and I buy all you raise.

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GEORGETOWN CO., SOUTH CAROLINA

This was the home of the late Patience Pennington, author of "The Woman Rice Planter" and "Chronicles of Chicora Wood." Situated on the banks of the Pee Dee River, the house contains a wide central hall, 12 rooms and bath, is surrounded by magnificent live oak and magnolia trees. The country home for over one hundred years of the Allston family. The estate consists of 890 acres, of which about 400 is duck marsh, with good shooting. For particulars address:

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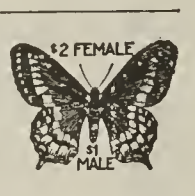
I have the best location in the Berkshire Hills for Girls' or Boys' Camps or a Summer Camp Colony. All conditions are perfect. Address for particulars, **Owner, Suite No. 819, No. 215 Montague Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.**

Why not spend Spring, Summer and Fall gathering butterflies, insects? I buy hundreds of kinds for collections. Some worth $1 to $7 each. Simple outdoor work with my instructions, pictures, price-list. Send 10c (not stamps) for my Illustrated Prospectus before sending butterflies. **Mr. Sinclair,** Dealer in Insects, **Dept. 9, Ocean Park, Calif.**



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Ask for it at your dealer's or write direct to:

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Mingan river and its branch the Manitou, the third best salmon river on the North Shore of the Gulf St. Lawrence, offered for lease with the option of purchase. Further particulars on application to

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The unspoiled country—A real North Woods Camp with every comfort in the heart of four million acres of virgin forest—1502 lakes. Wonderful fishing. Guides, Boats, Canoes and Launches, Bathing, Tramping. One night from Toronto. Excellent table. Write for booklets.

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(near Kent, Conn.)

Built to Order or Build Your Own

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Mountain Lake Inn and Brook Trout Preserve, 2½ hours from New York City to Cresco, Pa., railroad station, where you can catch trout and be comfortable. Accommodates 50. Steam heat in every room. Electric lights, telephone and telegraph services. Fifty-acre lake and miles of streams, which are alive with the speckled beauties. Season opens for trout April 15. Telephone call 3R4 Canadensis, Pa. **Write for booklet.**

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ADIRONDACK

Fisherman, hunter, or pleasure-seeker, we are ready for you at Sunset Inn, on the largest lake in the mountains. Here game abounds and nature reigns supreme. Small camps; fireplace; lounging room, dancing, and all improvements. Write for particulars.

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A Country of Fish and Game
A Paradise for the Camper and Angler
Ideal Canoe Trips

The country traversed by the System of the Reid Newfoundland Company, Ltd., is exceedingly rich in all kinds of Fish and Game. All along the route of the Railway are streams famous for their Salmon and Trout fishing, also Caribou barrens. Americans who have been fishing and hunting in Newfoundland say there is no other country in the world in which so good fishing and hunting can be secured and with such ease as in Newfoundland. Information, together with illustrated Booklet and Folder, cheerfully forwarded upon application to

F. E. PITTMAN, General Passenger Agent,
Reid Newfoundland Company, Ltd. St. John's, Newfoundland

TRAPPING THE THREE RIVER ZONE

(*Continued from page* 173)

and friend of my partners, was comin down from the Lake to spend the winte with us. This was good news; "Old Da isn't much of a trapper, but he can hel with the fishing on Buck Lake," Walter informed me. After La Rocque had bee supplied with flour, lard, tea, jam, etc., h went on over to Buck Lake.

Buck Lake was about six miles du east of Ninety Mile House and on th way one had to cross over the Litt Smoky River. This lake was about fou miles long and two miles wide at on point. Walters had a number of thre hundred-foot nets and we had set couple of them out before the lake fro over; if I remember rightly these ne had a five and a half or six-inch mes The lake was well stocked with whit fish, mullet (a kind of sucker) and Ja Pike. I remember well the first time went over to Buck Lake to tend these tw nets alone. The wind was blowing pret strong and the old boat in which I row out to the net stake nearest the sho was hard to handle. Twice I went by t stake without being able to grab it, b the third time was "charmed" in this i stance. By holding onto the "back lin of the net (a heavy cord to which the t of the net was fastened) I let the bo drift slowly along the side. I had tak out three or four whitefish without a real trouble, but as I lifted the centr portion of the net from the water I not that it was twisted into a regular ro Following some fifty feet of this I su denly came to the cause of it—a hu Northern Pike about four feet in lengt

Maybe you think I didn't have n hands full, right there. That pike w as ugly as a young alligator and just full of fight. The wind was blowing regular gale out there on the lake and was hard to keep the boat where I want it. I finally realized that I couldn't anything as long as Mr. Pike was ali so I dragged him cautiously to the su face and shot him with a .22 pistol I w carrying. Even then it took me over hour to straighten out the tangled net a get it lowered in its proper place.

Walters and I ate a good many whi fish that fall and winter and many tim we would eat a six-pound fish between at ONE MEAL! Now, I know th sounds FISHY, but like SOME f stories it is true. I never had much fa for the Jack Pike although the smal ones were not bad at all. A curious f in this connection is that the Crees wo trade a whitefish for a pike any time.

When cold weather came on the whi fish netting was no tenderfoot's job. C had to chop holes through the ice either end of the net back lines. A stro line, somewhat longer than the net, w fastened to one end and while one m paid it out, the other drew the net fr the hole at the other end. This latter j called for considerable care as the n must be laid about right or it wou tangle when being drawn back into t water. To make this task more bearab Walters rigged up a small tent on ski so that we could draw it anywhere.

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

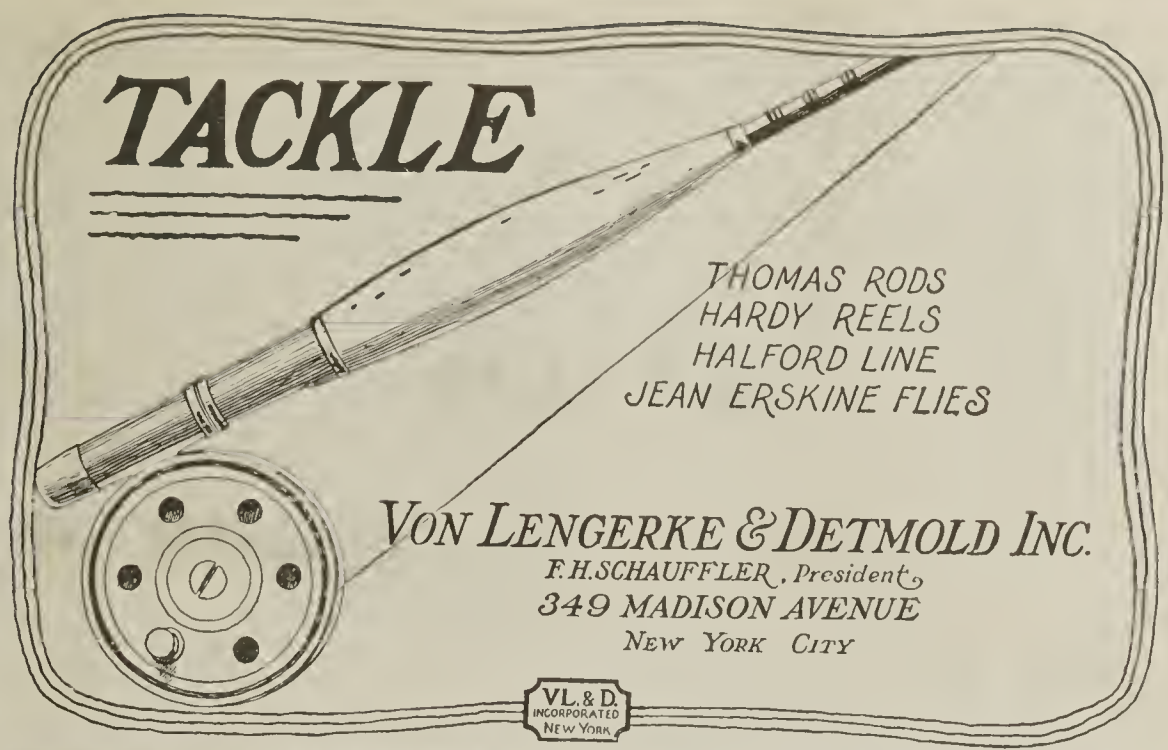
small sheet-iron stove was placed inside and after drawing the apparatus over the hole from which the net was to be drawn, a fire was lighted in the stove and things were real comfortable.

Walters told me that the first year he had tried to net fish on Buck Lake he had met with very poor success, while he knew that the Indians would come there and catch wagonloads in a short time. This puzzled him for a long time, but the second winter he was enlightened by an old Indian named Neassus, who had traded with him. Neassus took him over to Buck Lake and they went out on a raft, taking a number of long poles for stakes. These the Indian drove into the mud at various points over the lake and told the white man to set his nets accordingly. Walters confessed that he was somewhat dubious at first and was half inclined to believe that the Cree was playing some joke on him. However, on trying out the nets at these places he was amazed at the result, he caught enough fish in two or three nights to last all winter!

There seems to be no set rule for determining the right places for setting nets, this may only be found out, as the Indians did, through years of experience. Certain it is that whitefish travel in water lanes and in some parts of a lake one wouldn't catch a fish in a month of Sundays. At certain seasons fish "run" better than at others, whitefish travel a great deal more during the extreme cold weather of January than through any other period. It was Walters' intention to take a load or two of whitefish up to the Sturgeon reserve and sell them to the Indians, as well as the scattering Whites, so we netted a large number of them during January and left them lying in piles about the lake. How this affected our trapping we will see later on.

LA ROCQUE, the Breed, had been engaged by Walters to help him with the fishing, and after he had made enough to get a little grub from the trader, he stayed in a little cabin, a hundred yards or so away from us, to wait for the spring trapping. Many of these Breeds are disposed to do this sort of thing, and very few of them will get out and hustle so long as they have a bite to eat. One night La Rocque came to us and said there was a crazy man at his cabin, and the Breed was actually so scared that he was a sickly yellow. Even at the time, it struck me as a mighty cowardly act to leave his squaw and little boy to the mercies of a madman while he came to us for aid.

Not knowing but what there might be a dangerous character about, Walters and I, followed by the frightened Breed, approached the cabin wherein the madman was supposed to be, with some caution. On looking through the one smoky window pane we saw a man of perhaps forty-five, ragged and unkempt, a heavy brownish-black beard hiding the general outlines of his face. To us he looked harmless enough, for even through the window we could see his hands shaking terribly, and figuring that he was weak with hunger and cold, we walked boldly in.



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WHEN ALL OTHERS FAIL

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ASK | WEEDLESS 30¢ | PLAIN 25¢

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PRESCOTT SPINNER MFG. CO. BY CHAS. H. STAPF. PRESCOTT, WIS.

St. Lawrence Skiffs and Square Stern Rowboats

INDIAN GIRL CANOES

Special 11 ft. Canoe for Hunting and Fishing trips; can be carried on running-board of automobile.

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NATIONAL SPORTSMAN

is a monthly magazine, crammed full of Hunting, Fishing, Camping, Trapping stories, and pictures valuable information about guns, rifles, revolvers, fishing tackle, camp outfits, best places to go for fish and game, fish and game laws, and a thousand and one helpful hints for sportsmen. National Sportsman tells what to do in the woods, how to cook grub, how to build camps and blinds, how to train your hunting dog, how to preserve trophies, how to start a gun club, how to build a rifle range. No book or set of books you can buy will give you the amount of up-to-date information about life in the open that you get from a year's subscription to the National Sportsman.

SPECIAL OFFER

On receipt of $1.00 we will send you National Sportsman for a whole year together with one of our handsome Mosaic Gold Watch Fobs shown herewith. Mail your order today. Your money back if not fully satisfied.

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281 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

"When You Hit the Trail"

take with you

A DARROW SECTIONAL STEEL BOAT

They nest together for easy carrying on the running-board of your car, which enables you to hunt or fish on any lake or stream.

Darrow Sectional Steel Boats are quickly assembled of strong construction and safe. Write today for catalogue for full description of the 25 sizes.

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RAISE
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WE BUY ALL YOU CAN RAISE
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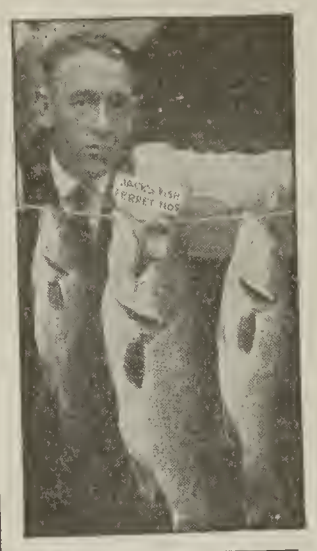
GET BIG BASS

with

JACK'S FISH FERRETS

WIGGLE TAIL BAIT

PORK RIND FROGS



Here's proof of their effectiveness! Three of 7 bass, the largest weighing over 5 pounds, caught by R. E. Six, 137 S. LaSalle St., Chicago, using Jack's Fish Ferrets and Jack's Wiggle Tail Bait, at a lake less than 60 miles from that city. Other fishermen claimed the waters to be "fished out," but these dependable lures get fish where other lures fail completely! Use them and insure yourself of a good string.

Jack's Fish Ferrets combine the feathered fly, weight and spinner all on one long shank hook — no kinking joints. Six color combinations. Regular size weighted flies 50c. ea.; bucktails, 40c. ea. Complete set (12) with jar Wiggle Tail, $5.00. Fly rod size, unweighted flies and bucktails, 35c. ea. Complete set (12) with jar Wiggle Tail, $4.00.

Wiggle Tail Pork Rind for use on any lure, rides upright like a live minnow swims. Wiggles like everything! Game fish can't resist its natural action.

Jack's Pork Rind Frogs. White flexible pork rind shaped just like a frog. Extremely natural in appearance and action in the water. Eyes 'n everything. Man, you **know** how bass like frogs! 12 pieces in jar—good until used—40c. at your dealers.

All up-to-date dealers should have these lures. If yours hasn't stocked them yet, write direct to us for catalog.

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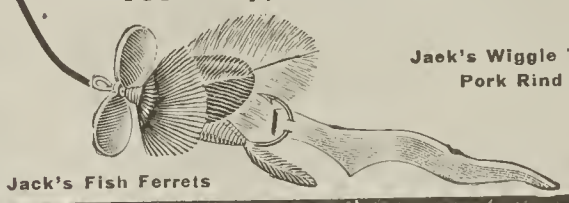

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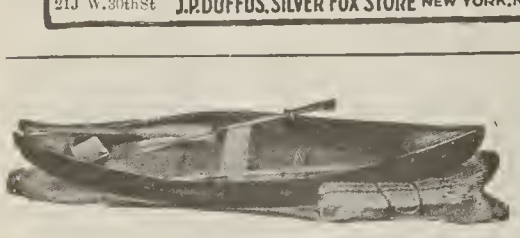

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Light, easy to handle, no leaks or repairs; check as baggage, carry by hand; safe for family; all sizes; non-sinkable; stronger than wood; used by U. S. and Foreign Governments. Awarded First Prize at Chicago and St. Louis World's Fairs. We fit our boats for Outboard Motors. Catalog.
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LAKE TROUT EARLY SURFACE FISHING TRY FIVE-INCH HOOK SILVER DARTER SHINERS. PRICE $1.50. BEST TROLLING BAIT EVER MADE

ANGLERS DO GET MORE TROUT, SPORT, DELIGHT IN NATURE-LORE WITH THE LATEST AND BEST SURFACE, MIDWATER, BOTTOM LURES. TESTED. SURE TO KILL TINY HOPPER, CRICKET, HELGRAMITE, CADDIS, DARTERMINNOW, ALL FISHED AS FLIES. THEY APPEAR AND ACT JUST LIKE FOOD OF TROUT FIT TO FISH ALL SUMMER BY A NEW, ADVANCED METHOD IN THE FINE ART of Angling Superior to All Others

RHEAD DRYFLIES, NYMPHS, LURES

For Trout
12 TINY FLIES and Nymphs for Trout No. 12. No. 14 Eyed Hooks tied exact from Living Insects $2.50 Set
4 UNSINKABLE Cork Body, Stone Flies on No. 6, 8, 10, 12 Hooks, Hand Painted from live Insects 1.00 "
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4 REVERSE DRYFLIES FOR DOWNSTREAM FISHING No. 6, 8, 10 HOOKS 1.00 "

NOW READY, SETS OF NATURE DRYFLIES FOR APRIL, MAY, JUNE, JULY, AT 2.50 PER DOZ. Send for Revised New Price List Free to LOUIS RHEAD, 217 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The stranger, on hearing us enter, looked quickly about as though to try and escape, but after one glance at us with wild, glittering eyes he slouched back on the bunk where he sat and mumbled some kind of a greeting. I had a fancy at the time that he must have taken a good look around the Mile Ninety before entering La Rocque's cabin and in all probability had sized Walters and me through the windows of the trader's cabin. We figured that he was perfectly safe, as long as we kept a sharp account of his doings, so Walters urged him to come back over to our cabin and get something to eat. He seemed reluctant, as though fearing a trap of some kind, but Walters and I argued him out of it and presently he went with us.

Jim Stillman, as the wandering hobo called himself, was the queerest character I have ever met. After a supper, which he vowed was the first meal he had eaten for months, he became quite talkative and told us how he happened to be roaming through the wilderness in the dead of winter, without grub or blankets.

Up in the Slave River Country he had committed some petty offense and had been imprisoned for it at Fort Vermilion. The following winter he had been released on parole and was obliged to report once a month to the Fort, a distance of a hundred miles from where he was working. During the cold weather he had been too ill to make the trip and someone had warned him that he would sure get into trouble for failing to answer his parole obligations. Becoming frightened at this, he left that part of the country and traveled west into British Columbia, thus hoping to elude the police. (At this stage of his narrative, the stranger gave both Walters and me cause to realize that he might be "slightly cracked," because we could see no real reason for his being so anxious to elude the police!)

The mere fact that Stillman tried to keep out of sight made for trouble right at the start. He had to live, and rather than show his face he took to breaking into stores or into cabins in order to get grub. In this way he left a regular trail behind him and now and again reports of the activity of the police reached him and only increased his fear of the law. As fall came on he wandered south along the eastern slopes of the Rockies, living principally on wild fruits, and having no gun once killed an Indian dog he had lured away from a camp, and ate it. Just before the first snow fell he stumbled onto a trapper's cabin and stole a .22 single shot rifle and a couple of dozen cartridges for it. After this he hit the Little Smoky somewhere near the headwaters, and had followed down its course until he came to the old trail, and from thence to Ninety Mile House.

There was nothing much we could do with him, whether he was a criminal or no, so Walters told him he could help La Rocque with the fish nets for awhile. Here again, the trader showed himself worthy of the name the Indians had given him, "Winopagun meassin moneow" (white man with a gold heart), for there was very little chance of the man ever being able to earn his board.

(To be continued)

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

ADVENTURES IN COMRADESHIP

(*Continued from page* 215)

/E were awakened at sun-up by the Captain. And as we walked out the dock, two surprises were in store: storm had passed and a clear, balmy was in the making—but the boat t had been on the bar was partly sub-rged. She had shifted and keeled r, shipping water. It would take ert hands and great patience to float again, with the tide propitious.

t was then that Captain Jim developed xpected cleverness. We had another ss of grouper, which we shared with taciturn "guests," whereupon the p'n suggested that we had best turn neward.

Methodically he baled out the "Lu-tia," raised her sail, for the wind was ht to blend gasoline with some pretty fs, and put everything in apple-pie ler.

'All aboard as is goin' aboard," he led, jubilantly, echoing the call of the pany boats. We clambered onto the k, Sonnyboy holding the Red Snap- with a great show of pride. The ee men looked down upon us, in sur-se, from the dock. And, all at once, came to them that they were not to along.

'Say," the big man in the golf suit uted, his face carmine, "you ain't ng to leave US here on this darned ely island, are you? Our boat is un- water and there's no way for us to it off. What's the big idea?"

Cap'n Jim stood erect, at the wheel. had cast off, and the "Lucretia" was fting away from the dock.

'Sure, we're goin'," he retorted. 'hy not?"

'But what of US?" the other growled. And then Cap'n Jim let 'em have it, l force, as a gale snaps through rig-g. He told them what he thought on subject of sailfishing — of willful ste—of unsportsmanlike methods—of poiling the waters of a species al-dy too rare—of deliberate, sinful, sed and inexcusable practices that uld soon deplete the waters of many and beautiful fish.

That lecture lasted ten stormy minutes ing which the Captain talked a eam as steady as anything the Gulf to offer. The three guilty reprobates k their medicine—there was nothing for them to do.

At last Cap'n Jim gave his ultimatum. s, he'd take the fishermen back to ami, if they would promise him, on ir individual oaths as gentlemen, that y would never catch more than one fish each, to a trip—that is, to keep m out of the water until they were d. They must keep to a sort of ligious quota." And they promised—kept them there, desolately pacing the k, until their faces sobered and their quivered and they meant every word y said. After which, Cap'n Jim ught the "Lucretia" around on the d, took the three of them aboard, l we returned to Miami.

(To be continued)

"Old Town Canoes"

A pipe, a pal and a water trail

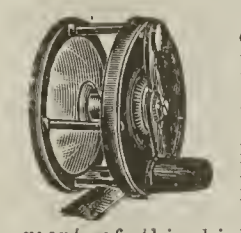
THE air is heavy with the clean, sweet scent of pine. The pipe is going good, and you're off to an early start. The "Old Town" skims along. It is the lightest canoe you ever pushed over a water trail. And on the carry, too, you glory in its lightness.

For an "Old Town Canoe" is the lightest of canoes—the strongest, steadiest canoe made—and the lowest priced. $54 up, from dealer or factory.

The new 1923 catalog shows all models in full colors. Write for one to-day. It is free.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
394 Fourth Street Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

FISHING TACKLE
Deal Direct With the Manufacturer



Security in buying tackle comes from the honor of the house that builds it. We serve a multitude of anglers who insist upon "value received" for the money they spend and we have no comebacks. Our name on a rod or reel symbolizes the highest achievement of this highly developed art. Since 1867 we have made and sold Tackle. This is surely a recommendation in itself.

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Especially adapted for sleeping outdoors and for the sick—tuberculosis, nervousness, insomnia, etc.

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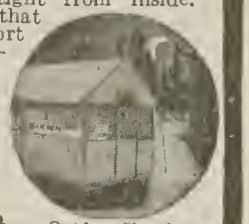

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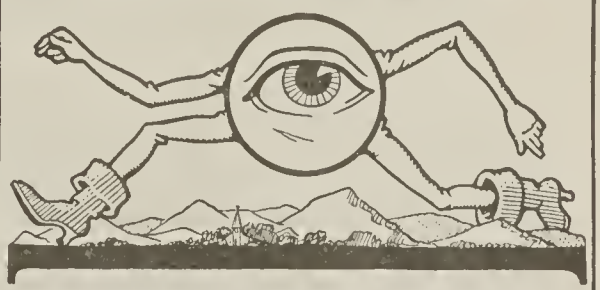

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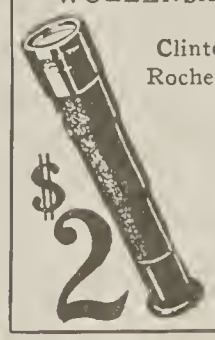

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"TEDDY" is made of the famous patented Firth Sterling Stainless Steel, that resists corrosion by salt air or rain. The ideal knife for the hunter and outdoor man. It will stand abuse and neglect, even if you forget to dry it and permit it to remain outdoors.

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DOGS

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GORDON SETTER PUPPIES FOR SA from my private shooting bitch and the great K N; eligible to registry; dogs $100; bitches $ black with tan points and beauties. K. La Cuba, Ill.

(Continued on page 221)

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In the Big Cities, Along Blazed Trails and in the Small Villages Your Classified Advertisement if Printed Here Will Reach Thousands of Sportsmen

Among these thousands are a great many that can use and that will pay money for the sporting equipment that you no longer need. Guns, rifles, canoes, boats, dogs, reels, fishing rods—all kinds of old hunting and fishing equipment—can be sold or exchanged here. Write a brief description of your possession—send it with a remittance of ten cents per word (Initials and numbers count as a word). We accept stamps, coin, money orders or checks. Remittance must be enclosed with order. May classified columns close April 5th.

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DOGS

(Continued from page 220)

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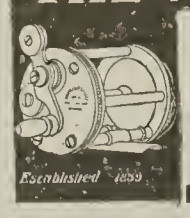
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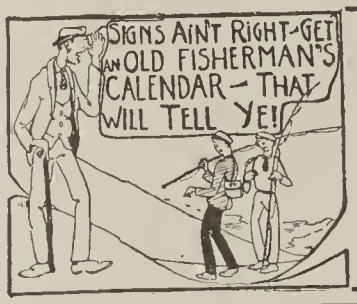

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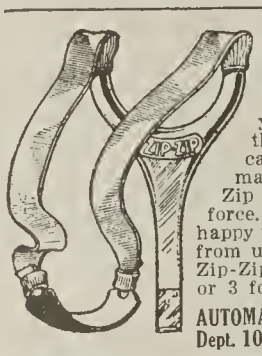
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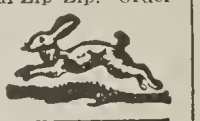
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HIS FIRST JOB

By W. L. RICE

WHILE the frost s
lingered on much
the surrounding lan
scape I snapped t
short end of a for
foot check rope in t
ring on Pat's coll
picked up my gun a
a good switch, ga
Pat the comma
"Heel" and beg
what bid fair to be
exasperating day.

Just eighteen hours before I had b
looking forward to a glorious day
sport behind Bess, the old tried a
trusted setter, who, in her canine fa
ion, had proclaimed me "Lord of Lor
for many years. But my father's
mark: "Son, Bess is just about worn
and I do not think she should be hur
tomorrow," had upset all my plans.
father explained that he had no idea t
I was coming home for a hunt at t
time and had allowed an old friend
hunt with Bess for the four days p
ceding my visit. He further stated
possibly Pat, the seven-months old
of Bess, might be able to find a few b
for me, as he had followed his mo
afield during the early fall. There
I was setting out with an appare
wild and unmanageable setter puppy,
a younger brother who was looking
sport and knew nothing about break
bird dogs; a splendid combination fo
day of great irritation and trouble.

The pup began by choking himself
he pulled at his lead, but the comm
"Heel" and a few taps on his nose s
caused him to know his place. We
ceeded to the nearest likely field whe
unsnapped the leash and bade the yo
ster get to work. Contrary to my
pectations he did not set out at
speed for the next county. He see
unusually puppy-like for his large
He trotted about through the field
a seemingly rather puzzled fashion, o
stopping to look at his master and w
der what it was all about. I gro
aloud that I was to be deprived
day's sport because of a little lac
foresight on my part.

We did much walking, my brother
I, to get the youngster to cover the l
portions of three rather promising fi
It was reported that birds were sc
and the fact that we saw no quail
in excellent cover substantiated th
port. It was a bad time to educa
puppy. After a time, however, we
in sight of a field of unusual pro
Rather steep and overlooking the
on our right, covered with wheat
ble, crab-grass, partridge-peas and
not, it was a delight to a bird hu
eye. Also, to add to its assets in
eye of crafty "Bob-White," there w
large body of woodland adjoining
field on its far side.

WE entered this charming
tory with a faint gleam of
When I looked at Pat climbing th
with his awkward puppy gait, the g

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

rew very dim. Even if he did find birds e would have no sport for I would ave to run him down, rate and lick him nto a semblance of control, and spend uch good time coiling and uncoiling e check rope which must be used, if ever pointed, to keep him from break-g shot and running after the covey. owever, the young setter borrowed no ouble and seemed a trifle more inclined investigate the early morning mes-ges traced out for him by the little ople of the wild. Once he stopped to g out a field mouse. Later he flushed lark and chased it across the field. inding that it could not be caught he turned to see if possibly there might t be another lark that was not quite fast. Within a short time I noticed at he seemed very much interested in new scent which seemed to hang rather avily on the damp ground. His tail ved rather vigorously from side to le, with a rather peculiar up and down urish, and his whole body seemed to trying to follow the dictates of his imated caudal appendage.

"I believe he smells birds," I sang out. en I remembered the lark and my ith weakened. But we continued to-rds the pup. Then it was that the expected happened. Pat halted in a ther nonchalant pose, except for his l. That interesting semaphore signal the bird dog had ceased its motion. ere was a funny little kink in its mid-and a slight upward curve to its t half.

"Bet its a snowbird" said my brother, t no snowbird flew up as we ap-oached.

From the stubble in front of Pat there ose one of the largest coveys of quail have ever seen. Sad to relate only e stayed behind to teach Pat what ead" meant. My brother, as brothers en do, claimed that this bird had fal-to his antiquated old single barrel d possibly it did. At any rate a man st be excused if he misses, even with th barrels, when he has not shot for long time, and especially when he is prized by the bursting of a feathered nb when looking for snowbirds. To urn to our fallen flyer, we initiated t into the meaning of "Dead" and ually got him to retrieve, after a hion, a few times, without making a al wreck of the neatly killed bird. ter this we started for the woods.

our country quail have learned the value of taking to the woods and ish and after the covey flushes few, any, singles are ever found in the n. Therefore we entered the forest. found it fairly open and the leaves l damp from the fast-departing frost. a short time Pat had picked up a hot il. Soon he pointed again. We failed flush and once more he picked up trail. His masters followed with ves tingling and muscles ready to ing to action. Lord what a glorious ment. Any second might bring a hing target into view, flashing in and between the trees at express train ed and requiring a quick eye and well-rdinated muscles to get the gun on it.

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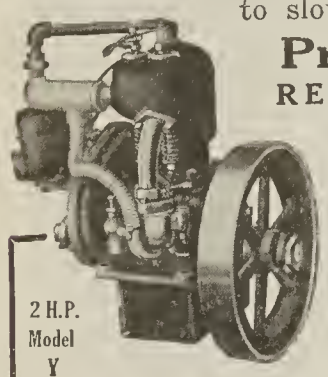

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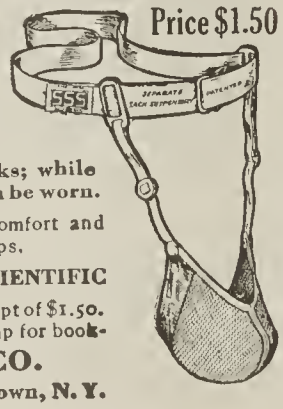

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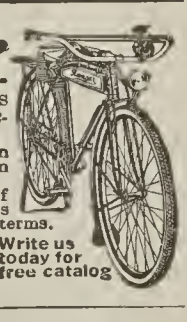

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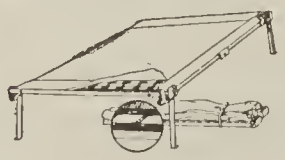

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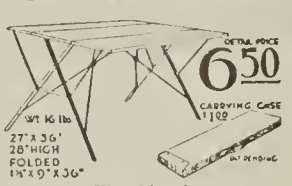

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We followed Pat over hill and into hollow. After a time there was another point. "Blam," spoke my little twenty and I scored a remarkable snapshot. I tried to get Pat to find my bird but or he went up the hill. I called, I yelled, I grew apoplectic in my anger but he heeded not. I broke a good dog-wood shoot and made for him. I would teach him to mind all right. But lo and behold he was pointing again. What could one do with such a dog?

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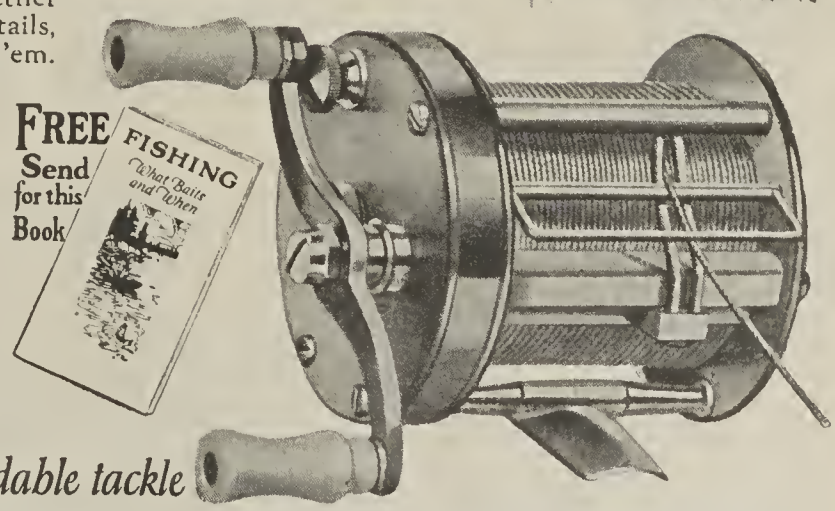

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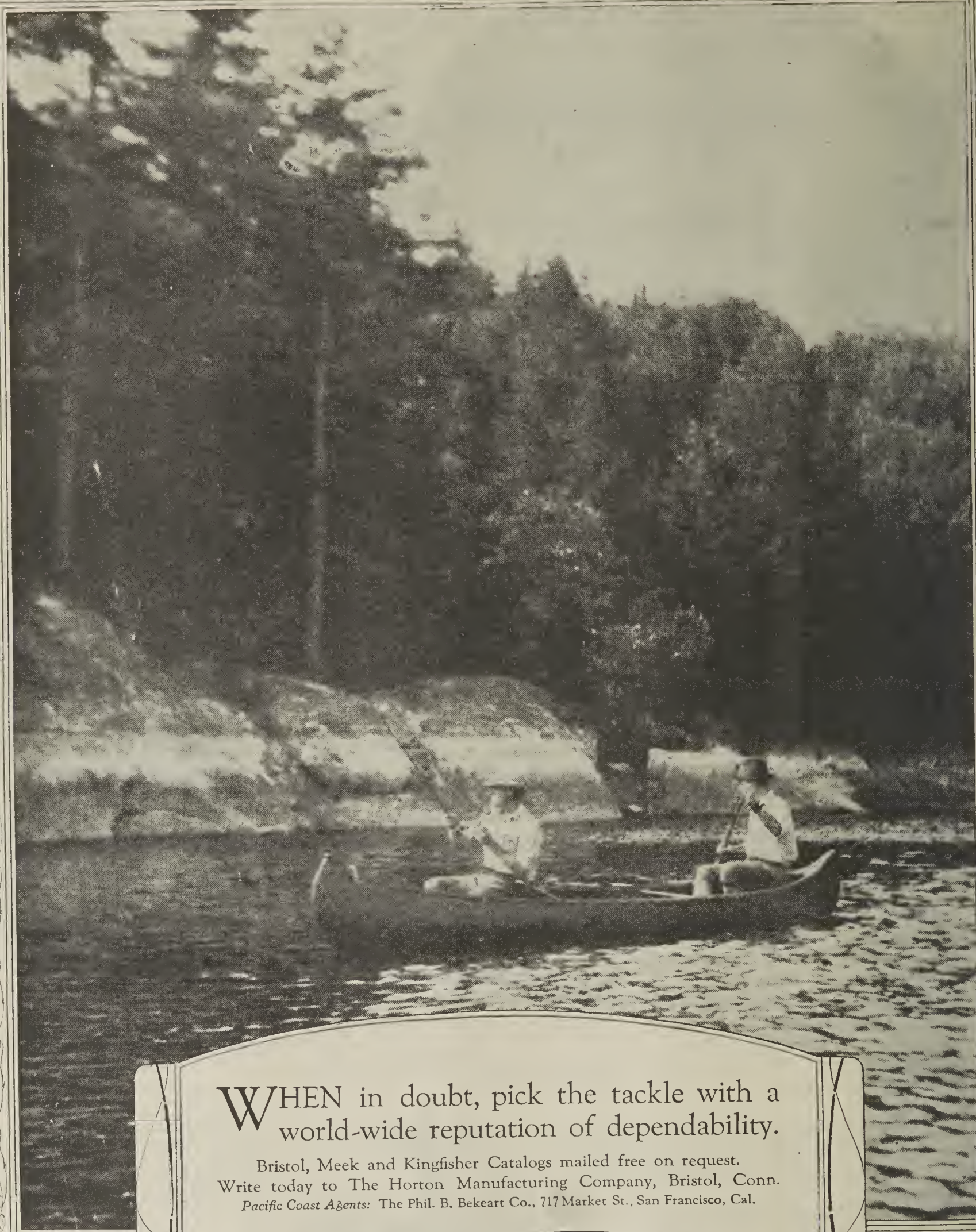

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Vol. XCIII MAY, 1923 No. 5

IN THE SHADOW OF MOOSILAUKE

THOSE FISHERMEN WHO FOLLOW DOWN BROOKS AND LITTLE RIVERS KNOW NO OTHER LOVE NOR NONE GREATER

By EDWIN C. HOBSON

THOSE fishermen who follow down brooks and little rivers are men apart. They seem beyond the ordinary and standardized horde of lovers of the gentle art; they belong to the breed of men who are born to a chosen avocation. There are fishermen, and fishermen. Like leaves and ants, men are different in their playing, for some angle, many fish for a purpose, while others fish for the pleasure of fishing. Many men prefer to be killers, some men want the love of the sport without the beauties of nature and poetry, and others fish for the true love of it with all its poetry of sport and nature and landscapes. Once a brook fisherman, always a brook fisherman. The leopard cannot change its spots. The inveterate prowler of brooks and little rivers knows no other love nor none greater. He may fish larger waters, wild waters for salmon and sea trout, lakes for togue and the pike family, ponds and placid rivers for the lowly horde of fishes, but when he wants the sting drawn from the ills and worries of life he turns to the brooks as countless men turn and travel to Mecca.

Brooks, talking streams, little rivers seeking chosen haunts of the landscapes have an intimacy and friendship for man. Their lures and beauty lay close to the sod of earth; they have not the wide sweep and magnitude of great distance and majesty. On the banks overlooking the length and the breadth and the miles of a great river I realize how small is man; I am a lilliputian; I seem a pariah amid mighty forces and extreme distances, an atom in the reconnaissance of an august presence. Therefore I approach rivers cautiously, in awe and inition, and with the same feeling, as Carlyle once said, that all great works produce an unpleasant impression on first acquaintance. Carlyle spoke of masterpieces, of works of art. If a

"'Tis not a grand desire of mine—
I ask for nothing superfine;
No heavy weight,
No salmon great,
To break the record, or my line.

Only an idle little stream,
Whose amber waters softly gleam
Where I may wade
Through woodland shade,
And cast the fly, and loaf, and dream."

great, wide, rolling river is not a masterpiece, what is it?

There are rivers, and rivers—as men and men, as anglers and fishermen. They have personality, temperament, even instinctiveness. They are symbols of vast and irresistible things and their lure is ultramontane. There is untold fascination in their distance, power in their movement, poetry in their geography. I know of rivers which are austere and deep, rivers which brood without a tremor in their current, rivers which gamut and run amuck over peaceful landscapes, rivers which act and display duality in the course of a night's camp. Under the night's bivouac of stars I have slept beside many rivers, from the log-burdened Allaguash to the muddy Missouri. Listening to the roll of waters in the lethal hours of the night, their melodies aching and sighing in the silence were as strange and different as the interval beauty of the day's journey. None sang the same song. With more than a nodding acquaintance I have listened to the Connecticut, the Susquehanna, the Savannah, the Chattahoochee, and as I dropped into slumber my ears heard grand music that was strange, different, aloof. The music of rolling waters was royal, but the flight down the valleys of landscapes where I was a passing stranger and at the time of changing seasons created wonderful voices without a tinge of similarity. They sang the song of ages and spoke a various language I understood, they met my mood as man to river, but not as man to friend. They did not inspire friendship, even confidence; they held me at a distance, gave me of their beauty, but not of the adventure and romance of intimacy. Big rivers are omnipotent. Puny man needs a life-time to know them, to win their secrets, to become a part of them.

Little rivers and brooks remind me of common men—you gain a chance acquaintance at first meeting and win open friendship. They do not frighten an interloper, an invader of their territory; rather, they meet him halfway or hail with sunlit waters along the edge of a hard trail. The glisten of waters is an invitation, an appeal to rest, to light a contemplative pipe, to indulge in gentle phantasy and commune with the waters and soul. Their greeting is that of the country-side, of the open road—wide and free as the winds off the piny foothills. Give me of the Nashua, the Greenbrier, the Pee Dee, the Congaree, the Altamaha, the Black Water—rivers I know, rivers of open friendships. Little streams await a proselyte endeavor; they mingle pleasantly in work and play, and the seeker after beauty and poetry, intimacy and the romance of wild life, rejoices silently in having found one companion in all the wide landscape.

Biologically I like a little river or a brook to study and analyze. Recreatively I like them to fish and loaf and dream. Birds and the ground hosts of insects, reptiles, and animals seek the shores, or rather they slip windingly into odd corners of the landscapes where wild life abounds. Big rivers flow as though under orders, while their smaller and more feeble brothers seem to wander errantly, indifferently, unfettered at caprice of their waters.

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I STEPPED out into the sable darkness, the darkness before dawn. No friendly light appeared villageward, and the valley between the mountains was as silent as death. Beyond a black range, the moon hung round and pale, and the spires of squat fir against the dying glow seemed like something out of a tale of dream and phantasy. My footsteps turned to the road, the long black road to the forest, the brook, the mountains in the west where a bold crown called Moosilauke looked down on the silence and the evergreens.

An early and unfettered get-away is an important item in a day's excursion; it is the beginning of a perfect day, a mood in which man and his desires are one. With the soft closing of a door and a step into the night I attained achievement: I desired the labor and appeals of manuscripts and journals and won a punitive triumph over an individual working mood. A-tremble to the ache and sob and sigh of Spring, listening to the songs of the marching migrants, inhaling odors swept off spruce slopes and out of little valleys clamorous with brook waters, I had a sudden distaste for that most exciting and adventurous labor we know as literary work, and a gentle yet grim spirit within rebelled in such violence that I knew further endeavors to be flat and long-drawn. Spring was calling, and brooks were singing the song of all songs. Why linger in torment, when such lures were abroad?

How few mundane dwellers know the night road, with its mystery and hidden sounds and unworldly features. In the solitary moments of night walking the sences of man become acute and vibrant with expectancy, and man enjoys a deeper and more penetrating vision, a hearing attuned to the slightest sound, a mind more restless and imaginative. The sences of feel and smell become doubly sensitive; the cheeks glow under the barest vicissitude of wandering airs stirred by distant winds; the nose detects the faintest of odors which ride the soft invisible zephyrs. Revolutionary in quality, exclusive in mood and environment, the night road lures man to its immeasurable miles, and sounds heard in the darkness have a dramatic beginning, an adventurous ending which the light and vision of day cannot give, and the spell becomes poetic on account of absence of shape and form. In the dark man feels the fear, not cowardice nor sheer danger, the ages have given him, and as he succumbs to the haunting witchery of silence and darkness, of hidden road and dim skies, he becomes part and portion of the very night itself.

With half-awakened, heavy-lidded eyes, I sought the middle of the road and headed westward, a matter of five or six miles of steady trend upward. Stepping briskly along the weights of camera, field-glasses, rod and tackle, the odds and ends of personal wants safe in a duck shoulder-bag which is a combination affair for outfit and creel, everything adjusted themselves to my body—they found their resting place and remained. The air was clear and cold with a tinge of frost, and a moistened wind essayed off the lowlands, its breath rife with the small of wet leaves and grasses. A personal excitement prevailed in this flight and pilgrimage in quest of soltitude and trout, and I noticed the silence was so unbroken and deep that it seemed a sudden sound, even the liquid night-notes of some bird, might shatter it. Over the fields and foothills, I heard the long roll of winds, but down along the road the trees were hidden and silent. Overhead, the bivouac of countless stars gleamed like the fires of a great encampment, and in the southeast Venus shone resplendent and lonely, a dazzling light in a sea of stars.

Softly, suddenly, the fabric of silence collapsed. Something moved on the road; I heard the scratch of claws on hard ground, a rustle of grasses, and a lance-like beam of the flashlight revealed a black and stalky woodchuck walking calmly into the bushes. It seemed in no apparent hurry, never paused to glance at the white light, and passed from sight. Again on my way, I added a mental note for the storehouse of natural history to be set down later relative to woodchucks wandering at night.

It is a scientific fact that wild life moves in waves at times quite uncertain and inconstant. The fact was borne out along the miles of the road, but not in waves, just the presence and appearance of isolated forms now and then which lifted the walk out of the rut of monotony. Mice and voles thronged the roadsides where coarse grasses grew in profusion and the ground seeped with water from hidden springs. Varying hares, now wearing their summer coats, were abundant and their ground thumping was general; I heard much running in the small growth, squeaks and little gruntings, and wondered if the rut were running so late in the Spring. Again, the crash of some heavy animal fleeing forestward sent the blood into turmoil, shot my whole being with a vibrant expectancy, and then the silence drifted down until light steps in soft pliable leather seemed loud and measured.

The pallid moon had slipped behind the ranges, but the stars still held their fires with steady glow. The road was graying, gradually emerging from the darkness, and yet the night and distance of a yard or so remained as black as ever . Forest lined the road, and it was invisible. Overhead, between the far flung tassels of hemlock and pine I saw the sky. Looking down I noted the road; beyond, I could see nothing; and so my eyes were becoming acclimated to the darkness.

At intermittent times owls hooted, and once I heard the swish and purr of velvet wings directly overhead. There was the soft, not quite unmusical, "wo-hunk, wo-hunk" of the long-eared owl there were the conversational "who-whos" and "too-whos" of the barred owls, one on each side of the road, and they kept it up until I passed out of hearing; and lastly, the far-away, wavering trill of the little screech owl. Due to fable and superstition, and stories passed down the years of generations the voices of the owls have given night an evil reputation. To one who knows and loves night in all its sable mystery its haunting beauty, its poetry of phantasy and adventure of hidden sounds the eerie and strange voices of the owl add rather than subtract to the splendor of something so constant and measured in life and yet so little known. How few people know the march of night between the suns, across the landscapes.

The invasion of the migratory birds had not ceased, and as all good ornithologists know, the flights take place during the night. Two or three times I heard birdy notes which I knew to belong to the warblers—soft, isolated notes dropped from full throats, falling until caught by ground winds and lost in the ache and surge of solitude. Those passers flung no song to earth, just a few notes, fragments broken and wistful, and bird melody so heard was an evanescent thing.

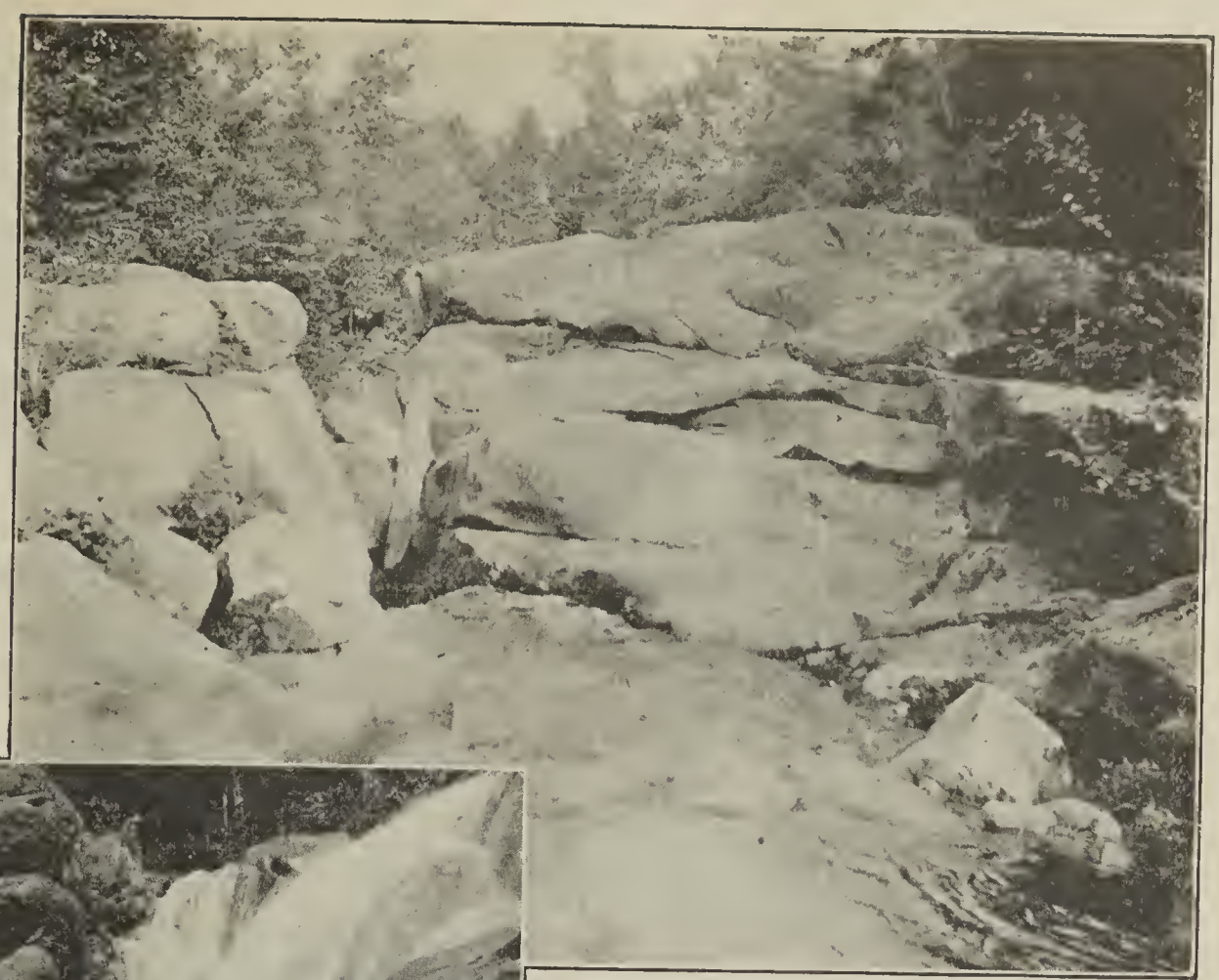
Somewhere in the forest, animated and wafted by indolent winds, swept the deep, rapid drumming of the ruffed grouse, a challenge to every cock, the long roll of the song of love to the hen. Then the wind swept out of hearing and another sound awoke the forest stillness, the sound of falling waters, the voice of the brook itself down amon

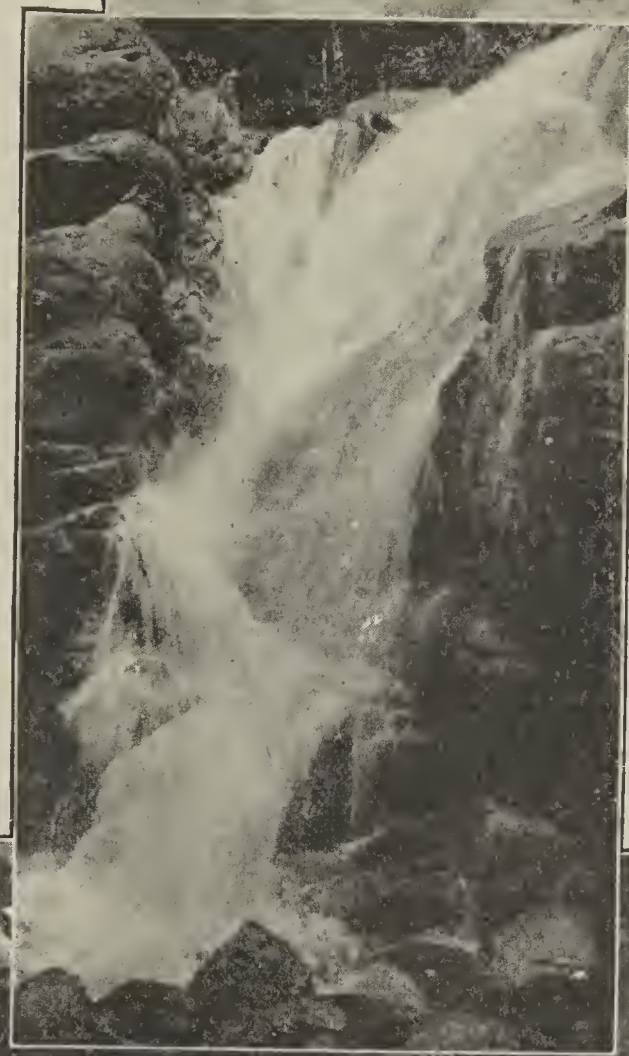
the hemlocks and the spruce. In the darkness it had a softened and hidden quality, as though muffled and fettered, and then again the sliding waters swept to my ears with all the clear, keen-cut cadence of noon-day. There was magic in the sound, sheer laughter and low talking in its melody.

SITTING on a log I lit a social pipe, partly as solace for the brisk walk, as an antidote for a few exploring black flies, and finally for the silence and solitude. Man does not realize the deep benefits of pipe and tobacco until he rests in the wilderness. Whip-poor-will called incessantly downstream, the first small birds of the new day. Swallows traded up and down the brook between the line of trees with artless twitter and fine snap of wings.

Gradually, imperceptibly, the night began to withdraw her curtain, and dark masses of tree trunks emerged in the dusks. Plumy boughs drooped and swayed low like ghostly fingers reaching and yearning. Spruce, hemlock, fir, and pine stalked silently down the awakening forest. Streamward, wraiths of mist like pale smoke eddied and twined, fanned by winds, stirred by rushing waters, slipped into dim shapes and vanished among the overhanging boughs. The time and place reeked with odors swept in abandonment—tang of evergreens, breaths freighted with wet grasses and dripping ferns, the faint perfumes of flowers opening in the dews of morning, but stronger, more pervading, the pungent balsam-scent which seemed to ride the moisture-burdened breeze.

The eastern sky brightened, glowed with a pinkish wash of thin color which lighted the forest and banished the dusks to the recesses of the deeper forest. Loon and Russell sat low on the eastern horizon, their alpine forest on the ridge etched sharply against the first lights. Northward, the high peaks were shrouded in clouds far down and heavy. Pale wisps of vapour clung in streamers and curls among the trees on the slopes, but beyond the gentle rounding heads of Loon and Russell the clouds lifted and vanished, and the east was soon ablaze with bars of multi-colored lights. Rivers of pallid red flowed into rivers of flaming crimson, of thin blues, of indescribable golds, and as the sky-flood widened and became more intense in depth and change of regal splendor it crept down the slopes of fir and spruce, revealed the valleys and gulches, and transformed the wilderness and the far village to the clean lights of day.





Rippling—tumbling—singing . . . the brook

Long before the primal break of day, birds called to one another in scattered notes and broken bars of song. In the darkness and during the lifting and fleeing of dusks, the hidden notes had a haunting quality of sweetness far more pleasant to the ear than when heard in the daylight, but this was due to the witchery of night. Unusually vociferous and plentiful, the whip-poor-wills ceased abruptly at the dawnlight in one wild, final outburst. Somewhere down the brook where a little grassy clearing overlooked the waters, a song sparrow sang a sprightly aria which had the very gurgle of the brook in its melody. Yellowthroats and towhee and brown thrashers called repeatedly, but when the east turned red, the brown thrasher broke into intricate song of couplets and triplets, of passion subdued rather than rampant and care free, and it seemed as though the forest ached and trembled with the spirit-music of the bird: Other birds slowly awoke, uttering drowsy calls and half-sleepy chirps. Grosbeaks, thrushes, warblers, crows, jays, buntings, chickadees, vireos, pewees—all voiced

(*Continued on page* 254)

Adventures in Comradeship

PART III

A SEARCH FOR MANGROVE SNAPPERS CULMINATES IN SONNYBOY'S FIRST LESSON IN WOODCRAFT, SELF-CONFIDENCE AND A MORE INTIMATE RELATION WITH PRIMITIVE CAMP LIFE ON A FLORIDA KEY

By W. LIVINGSTON LARNED

"MIKE" was a philosopher. I make this tribute unreservedly. His boat was small and his stature in keeping, and he was as black as a raven's wing, but suffering had given him a sort of sublime kinship with all mankind.

For Mike had lost his boy! Not lost in the sense of death, but the far more poignant and unbearable loss which is uncharted, baffling, unsettled. Mike's boy had gone away suddenly, at seventeen, and his father had never heard of him again! He had been swallowed up in the maelstrom of space.

And what made it hurt was the consciousness of just cause. Mike had never "grown up" with this boy; had never chummed with him or taken him into his confidence. The heart-beat of the tragedy, beneath that dusky skin, was most active when Mike confided the closing details of his story.

"I comes home one evenin'," he said, "an' Benjamin'—he wuz GONE . . . des' pick up his things an' done went away. He lef' a note, sayin' as how nobody wanted him ner took no interes' in him . . . he mus' be in th' way. So he des went. I aint seen him sence."

Fortunately, Sonnyboy was not around when the facts were recited. I had gone down to the dock to see that everything was in readiness for our short cruise after Mangrove Snappers, and a chance remark of mine, relative to the joy of Sonnyboy's anticipation, sprang the trap.

"Yo' sho' is got th' right idea," mumbled Mike, "goin' aroun' so much wid dat boy ob you'alls: he's a FINE little feller. HE won't run erway!"

Conscience tingled. I faced away, over the wide waters of the river and bay, to where white-caps raced kittenishly on the bar at the mouth of the Cut, and remembered, with unutterably bitterness, the many wasted years . . . the years during which I had failed to take advantage of a Father's most precious privilege . . . years of comradeship at a time when every second counts. It's too late when the bloom of Youth is rubbed off!

Mike was a new friend on our travels. Captain Jim was busy elsewhere, and we could not get him. And the sturdy little sailboat at the dock had quite won Sonnyboy's fancy. Arrangements had been made to go for mangrove snappers among the small keys a bit to the southward, and the Elsie was our choice. I wanted Sonnyboy to learn to sail her . . . to handle the lines . . . to take the tiller in a stiff blow. Every lad, if the opportunity affords, should master sailing. It may stand him in good stead some day. I remember once . . . years ago . . . when such knowledge would have saved a sturdy, manly youngster of ten. Two little fellows had gone out in a sail boat . . . at Nantucket. A sudden squall . . . overboard for the one sailing the craft . . and both were drowned!

The Elsie was the last of the sail boats in this port. They had gone out of fashion, and with them, the men who understood their technique. Gasoline had taken their place.

But she was a sturdy little, well-behaved craft, and her snowy mainsial made a pretty picture against those soft blue tropic skies. Mike could handle her as a trainer puts an educated seal through its paces.

On the morning of our start, the wind was sou'sout-west—just right for an experiment.

"We want you to run us out," I said to Sonnyboy, who had come hustling from a tip-top breakfast, his cheeks burning with excitement. His face was a study. I reaffirmed it.

"But . . . but I don't know HOW!" was his exclamation, "this is the first time I was ever IN one."

I gave him a pat and a reassuring smile.

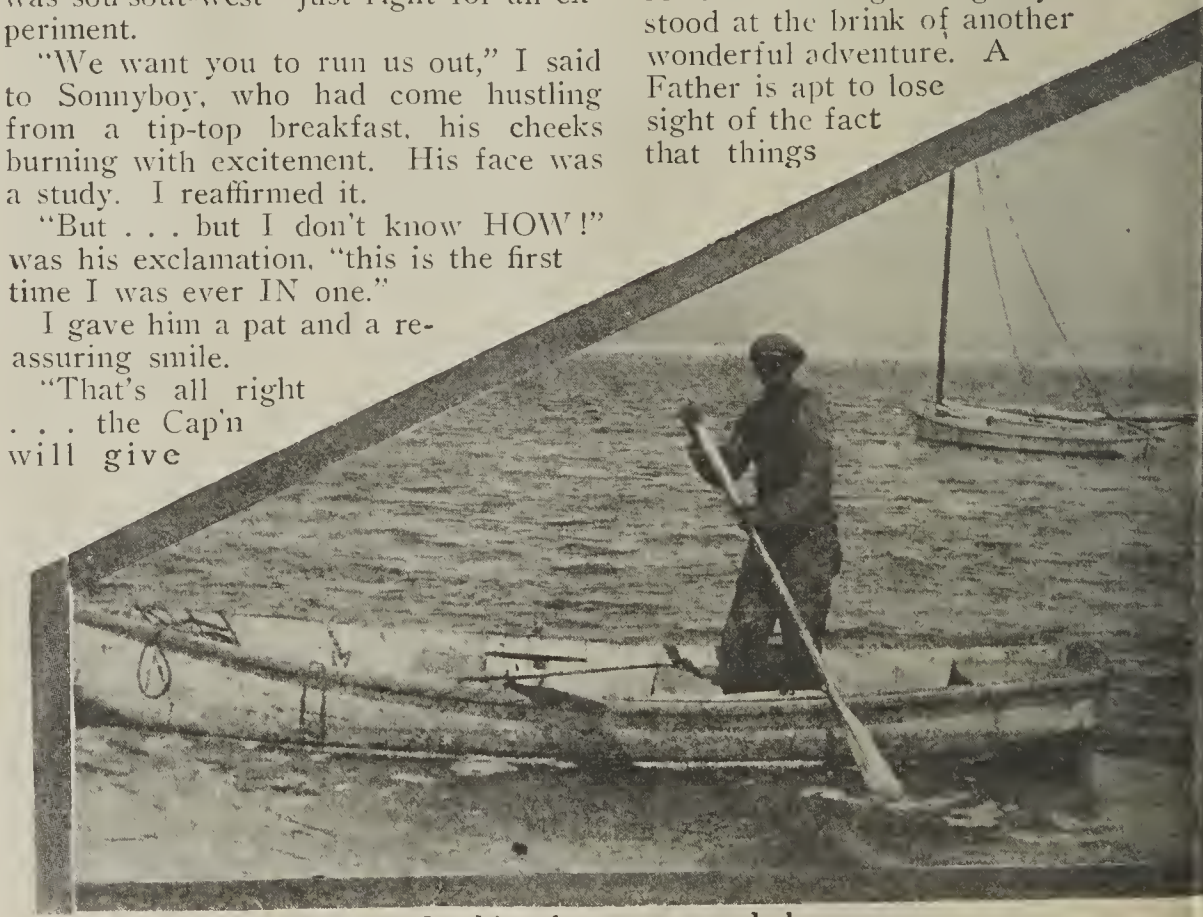
"That's all right . . . the Cap'n will give you a lesson. You can do it, Son."

How Boyhood responds to confidence placed in it. He took his place at the tiller, under Mike's directions; a little stiff and self-conscious, but bravely, eyes squinting over the bright waters and small hands pinched around the well-worn wood.

We are going nicely with the wind. There was nothing for Sonnyboy to do except to keep his tiller straight with the board. And the centerboard soon caught his eye. It excited his curiosity.

"What's THAT, please?"

Mike explained in detail . . . how when we were going free, it need not be down . . . a centerboard was necessary, on a day like this, only when we were going to windward, or when the puffs were on her quarter. The simplest explanation, that a centerboard "makes the boat deeper," as Mike put it, visualized the idea at once for the young mind. Sometimes, when going free, and there was an ugly roll caused by the wind, the board steadied her. To you, dear reader, all of these points will be painfully elementary, but I mention them in their relation to the growing boy, who stood at the brink of another wonderful adventure. A Father is apt to lose sight of the fact that things



Looking for mangrove holes

which may seem dull, time-worn, shabby with age, to HIM, are, in reality, splendid sport to every new generation. Sonnyboy was having the time of his young life and every little while, as he turned the tiller every so little, one way or the other, under Mike's guidance, he cast a radiant glance in my direction . . . eager for my approval. These were his first tastes of real responsibility and they caused his pulse to throb!

"Always watch th' luff uv yo' sail," Mike said, "when yo' is holdin' her to th' wind dat's th' fust place what shakes . . . which mean dat yo' has her too close ter de wind . . . she des' tryin' ter shake hit out! Haul her off ontil hit fills agin' . . . tiller to yo', Son, tiller to yo'.

"Yo' sets ter de windward . . . like yo' is now . . . dat side er de boat . . . so as it will give yo' a chanct in case yo' mus' haul her off right quick. Pull her to yo', ef yo' wants ter haul her off . . . Push her frum yo' ef yo' wants ter luff. Yo' see, Son, when yo' sits ter de lee side of de boat, den it mixes yo' all up . . . sort ob akward like . . . an' doin' everythin' backwards."

Sonnyboy's head was kept busy nodding. He was getting every word of it, reasoning it out . . . asking himself the why and the wherefore.

"Starbo'd is Right . . . port is to de lef' ov de boat," Mike rambled on, "See dat boat comin' to yo' . . . well, yo' always keeps ter de starboard. Dem's de rules . . . dem's de rules! Young Cap'n . . . yo' sho' c'n RUN DAT BOAT!"

I can never forget the look of sublime satisfaction on Sonnyboy's face, as, hands on tiller, he enjoyed the sensation of "really sailing a boat." He was beginning to tan up, where once he had been blueish-white, from school study and too many storybooks. I saw, at the tiller of The Elsie, a NEW son, a boy being gradually transformed, and, what was more significant still, a change taking place in my own relations with him. This was indeed comradeship! And I marvelled that preference had so long included men of my own age, with Sonny barred, because of his "Youth." As if Youth were a hindrance, a thing to be shunned, uncompanionable and half-baked!

Several hundred feet off the shore of a large water oak and mangrove island, we dropped anchor in fifteen feet of water, and rigged up lines for still-fishing for whiting. Mike had a "hunch" that the big fellows would be coming in with this tide, after the three days of severe storm which had preceded our little cruise.

And Mike was playing an altogether safe hunch!

We could have pulled in a hundred whiting, ranging from two pounds to three and a half. We did take over fifty, because Mike carefully explained that his "church festival" could use them, and there would be no waste. The shrimp bait is a delicacy with this delicious pan-fish and the lines scarcely touched bottom before there was a jazzy tug.

"Keep dat line comin' . . . . don' hav' no slack," Mike would shout, as he coached Sonnyboy, who was now in a species of deliriously happy trance. He was contributing successfully to the box. And when one was missed, and the lad gave ejaculations of dismay or disappointment, Mike came back with: "Giv' de' fish a chanct, Little Cap'n: play fair wid 'em. Yo' can't git 'em ALL de time; ef yo' DID, it wouldn't be no fun."

And in sympathy with this, I told him of "Blue Ridge Tommy," the truest sportsman and the greatest trout fisherman I had ever known. For I had met Tommy, the phenom', while whipping streams in the Blue Ridge Mountains, years before. There was a kindly moral in the true story for Sonnyboy . . . for all fishermen.

Tommy was a youngster—just a bit older than my own son, and he had been reared in the high, picturesque hills. His father before him, a mountaineer, had been a famous fly-fisherman, and Tom began when he was old enough to toddle.

It was characteristic of Tommy's sportsmanship, that he never fished down stream—and he never moved his elbow from his side. That eight and a half foot cane rod had been purchased at a country store and his line was indifferently good. But what a fly! And he made them for himself . . . grouse and yellowhammer feathers scientifically fitted into cork! His use of flies, incidentally, was regulated by the season of the year and the conditions of water. He suffered no fool notion that a superior fly was serviceable on ALL occasions, ALL THE WHILE.

Blue-Ridge Tommy fished up stream dropping his fly with rare grace and skill above breaks caused by submerged rocks, and then permitting it to float

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Partners

Sonny Boy Has Gone Fishing . . . .

EVERY fibre in his tiny frame is taut. In his heart swells the unpent emotions, gathered in years of hope and yearning. In his eyes is the sparkle that shines only in the eyes of youth. In his hand, the growing, tender sinews tighten around the reel and shake and tremble—but only a little. With him, marches the hopes and dreams of years. . . .

For Sonny Boy is now a fisherman. . . . Behind him is Treasure Island and its lusty pirates with their cork legs and their shining cutlasses. Behind him is Robinson Crusoe and his desert island and his man Friday. All of the mystery, all of the thrills of the Arabian Nights, pales and wanes before the gaze of Sonny Boy who looks out upon his great adventure. To-day, he casts his line and waits with fluttering heart for the big one which has lived with him so constantly in dreams and wistful gaze.

But Sonny Boy is not alone in his great happiness. . . . With him goes another . . . one who lives with a joy that is strange and new to him, a joy greater than that brought by the crashing moose or the wild leap of a salmon. With Sonny Boy is father and now these two are together once more.

Oh! you fishermen . . . Oh! you hunters . . . Oh! you campers and mountain climbers—all of you who know the golden moments of life with fish and beast. . . . Listen to the song in the heart of Sonny Boy as it spins to the tune of his dreams. . . .

In Florida, in Miami, in the tranquil South, in the home of leaping fish and rolling waters is Livingston Larned with his Sonny Boy. Washed clean of misunderstanding, pulsating with a common spirit and common hope—father and son together have set forth on their great adventure and Sonny Boy will now show Captain Kidd and all his crew what, he, Sonny Boy, can do. . . . Each month, you are going with them. You are going to sit around their campfire, you are going to listen to the chuckle in Sonny Boy's heart, you are going to see the quiet glow that comes to the soul of a father as he recounts their thrills and joys as he watches the building of a little man.

But wait . . . what about your Sonny Boy? What of his soul and his heart, his fibres and his nerves? What of his imaginings and his adventures? Is it to be food, clothing and school and is it to end with these? Is it to be a pair of wistful eyes as they follow you in your departure and say good-bye with a tightening at the heart, which you cannot know and can never feel? Is it to be a boy, home, alone with a silent, yearning, aching heart—a boy who waits expectantly until you return and then thrusts open your creel and drags forth triumphantly, your biggest one? Or is your Sonny Boy going along. . . .

In the family of FOREST AND STREAM, there is room for your Sonny Boy. There is a place for him and a place for millions of Sonny Boys, who live everywhere in the land. Let's take them along. . . . Where is there a better place for your boy than by your side as you wade your favorite stream? Where is there a better place to build in him those thoughts that endure, that great, clean understanding of life in the open. . . .

Richer than the richest heritage that sportsmen ever knew, is the companionship of your own Sonny Boy. Richer than the thrill of gun and rod and reel, richer even than the glowing sun-set and the wondrous open spaces is his hand in yours as you walk out together as one. . . .

Let's take him along. . . .

Give him a rod and reel and let these speak to him just as they have spoken to you and let him understand their beautiful song. Let him go out and breath the freshness of the open spaces . . . let him live underneath the tall trees . . . let him listen to the call of the birds and let him feel that glorious battle just as you have felt it. . . .

Better than all of the fishing partners, better than your oldest and truest one is the partnership of Sonny Boy. Watch him as he struggles with his first big one and know the glorious joy of building a fisherman—your fisherman. . . . Watch him at sun-set as he rushes and scampers with over-flowing glee in his wondrous joy and if a smile comes to your face and maybe a tear to your eye, you will then know the happiness of these: *"for of these is the Kingdom of Heaven."* . . .

For you and Sonny Boy and FOREST AND STREAM are partners. . . . Together, let's march into the great outdoors! Together, let's take him fishing? FOREST AND STREAM will spur him on . . . FOREST AND STREAM is reaching out for the hand of all the Sonny Boys in this land, reaching to bring them the joys which it has brought you, so that they may know the treasures that you have known. Lend us your boy . . . for youth is beautiful, it gleams with brightness, with its own illusions, its aspirations and dreams . . . undaunted . . . unafraid. . . . Lend us your boy and let us help him to dreams that will live with him and never know decay. . . .

The Sonny Boy Fishing Contest

Conducted by Forest and Stream for one who realizes the value of more Sonny Boys, and to encourage casting with the rod, reel and artificial lure among the coming generation of sportsmen.

1. This contest is open to boys not over eighteen years of age.
2. The fish submitted for competition must have been caught by *casting* with rod, reel and artificial lure. Fish caught by trolling or on line bait are not eligible.
3. Fish caught on Private Preserve or those taken from ponds, pools or streams of State or Federal Hatcheries are not eligible to competition.
4. An affidavit witnessed by two reputable citizens must be filled in and in our hands within two weeks after fish is caught: stating the weight, the length—(measured from end of lower jaw with mouth closed, to the tip of the tail) girth—(measured just behind fins). Photographs should if possible accompany affidavit; also a drawing made by laying fish on piece of paper and tracing its outline.

EDITOR, FOREST and STREAM,
221 West 57th St., New York, N. Y.

April 4th, 1923.

Dear Sir: Seldom do I recall reading anything that brought back the golden moments of youth as vividly as Livingston Larned's splendid story in last month's Forest and Stream.

I know that Forest and Stream is responsible for some of the fine achievements in the outdoor history of our nation, but I believe the splendid and wholesome influence that will result from these articles will be the finest thing your worthy magazine can do.

It has meant so much to me, that I am happy to announce that I will gladly donate through your magazine **$200.00** for you to use in any way you see fit to encourage the development of sportsmanship between father and son, which I am confident Mr. Larned's article will accomplish. I prefer not to have my name mentioned, but I do trust that others will join with me in helping to spread this idea all over the nation and build our growing sons into real, honest sportsmen.

Sincerely yours,
THE FATHER OF A SONNYBOY.

PRIZES TO BE AWARDED

1st Prize in each class will be $25.00 worth of tackle to be selected by the winner.
2nd Prize in each class will be $15.00 worth of tackle also to be chosen by himself.
3rd Prize in each class will be $10.00 worth of tackle to be selected by the winner.
The next five in each class will receive a "Nessmuck" hunting knife.

CLASSES OF FISH

Small Mouth Black Bass

Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season and caught in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiania, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California (artificial lure.)

Large Mouth Black Bass
(Northern Division)

Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California (artificial lure.)

Large Mouth Black Bass
(Intermediate Division)

Caught in the States of West Virginia, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Delaware, Arkansas, Oklahoma, between the legal opening and closing of the season (artificial lure.)

Large Mouth Black Bass
(Southern Division)

Caught in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and Louisiana, between the legal opening and closing of the season (artificial lure.)

AFFIDAVIT

I hereby swear that this statement signed by me before two witnesses, is true.

Kind of Fish.....Weight..... Length..... Girth.....
When caught .....Where .....
Rod used ....Reel .....
Describe artificial lure used.....
Line used .....Time of day... .....
Caught by (Signed).....
Street .....
City .....State .....
Witnessed by: (Give names and addresses)
1. .....
2. .....

TRAPPING THE THREE RIVER ZONE

AN AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF TRAPPING LIFE ON THE HEAD-WATERS OF THE ATHABASCA IN NORTHERN ALBERTA—Part Five

By RAYMOND THOMPSON

IN the State of Washington, Indians were a common sight in the neighborhood where I was raised. Twenty miles from my birthplace, across the Columbia River was a large Indian Reserve and members of the Siwash Tribe were quite frequently met with. I merely cite these facts to show that I was not altogether unfamiliar with some of the more general habits of our natives, and while there is a great difference in the customs and manner of living amongst Siwashes and the Crees of this North Country, the two tribes have still many traits in common. Of the individual customs of the latter class, I was to learn much while living with Walters, the Free Trader.

In the first place I found the Crees, as a people, of a different stamp entirely from what they are often pictured. They were about as peaceable as one could imagine and far more honest than white men. Nor were they easily duped in trade, and I have seen some of the older ones dicker for an hour over a twenty-five cent balance in their favor. I do not mean to say that Walters tried to cheat them, but they had traded with so many different calibres of men that they sure had their "eye teeth" cut.

They were generally mighty well versed as to the condition of the fur market, getting reports with surprising frequency by "moccasin telegraph," and what's more, they always demanded full value for their goods. Thus have I seen Walters pay better prices for furs, a hundred miles in the wilderness, than one would get from many of the outside buyers. Naturally, he had to charge a pretty stiff price for his goods, for outside of the fact that it had cost him quite a bit of mony to freight it in there, he was justified in extracting a just profit. On this point the Indians were not too exact, and as long as they got good prices for their furs, they did not object to paying twelve and fifteen dollars for a hundred weight of flour, or one dollar for a pound of tea.

The native Cree, as a rule, has one weakness, what he really wants, he will pay almost any price for. When he is flush with furs, or can get the credit, he

will buy anything that looks good to him. Walters had one long cabin fitted with several bunks and a couple of stoves, which his customers were allowed to use if they desired to stay over night; and I have seen some of the Crees come there with sizeable catches, trade their furs for grub, and sit right in the cabin till it was all gone but a little flour and possibly some lard and tea.

The Crees buy very heavily such stuffs as lard, jam, tinned fruits, pickles, in fact anything at all in the line of fancy groceries. There was one Indian named Aleke Red Moose, who always tried his best to beat Walters on a deal, not by underhand methods but by shrewd dickering. The Trader told him that he would get even with him for it and bye and bye his chance came. This was toward the end of the season and Walters was running pretty low in everything except the more necessary articles. Aleke Red Moose happened along a short time after we had opened the last jar of mixed pickles. The instant he saw tha half of the pickle remained in the con tainer he wanted t buy what was lef Walters gave me wink and asked th Cree what he wou give for the pickle The Indian mu have sensed th something was t for he soberly o fered a red fox sk worth ten dolla for the coveted j and Walters just soberly took him u

When Walte had first shown his stock I w greatly amazed sec a whole tru full of men's suits. They were not th cheap shoddy kind either, for I boug one of them myself and found out lat that it was made in a first class mann of good material. Some of these sui he had marked to sell as high as six dollars and I was naturally somewh skeptical when he assured me that eve suit would be sold by spring. But wh the young "Bucks" started coming Mile Ninety I was forced to admit th they were real "Sports," not only d the suits disappear in a surprising ma ner, but the higher priced ones we first!

I was somewhat amused to see ho vain many of the younger Indians we and after donning their new clothes th would strut about the place with all t complacency of our modern "ma flapper." One thing in particular noticed was that the genuine Indian proud of his small, neat feet. I h a habit of wearing two pair of mo casins and naturally the outer pair wo fairly sizeable as I normally wear number eight shoe. More than once had these proud Crees joke me u mercifully about having such enormo feet and will never forget the time pulled off the outer pair and exhibit neat, beaded moccasins little if a larger than those of the one who jibe Incidently, the Crees wear moccasins t year 'round and it's a wonder they do die from rheumatism.

WALTERS had warned me, early the season, that the Indians wo fools for playing poker, and they near always insisted on his having a ga or two with them. One night th Indians stopped at La Rocque's ca and the breed came up with the ne that they wanted to play cards. I kn just enough about poker to stay clo of it, but didn't want to leave Walters

he lurch, so went down to the breeds ith him. At this point I may say, that aving heard a great deal about Indians eing "lousy as pet coons" I was somehat chary of getting too intimate with hem, but if any of the Crees who came bout the Ninety Mile House *were* aficted with "graybacks" we never knew

Seated about a square table were six f us, Old Neassus and his son; another ull-blood Cree called Abraham; La oque, the Breed; Walters and myself. latches were issued as chips, at so uch each, the cards were dealt out and he game was on! There is something ascinating about games of chance; even ough a great deal of skill may enter, green horn will often win out against expert. I was having beginner's luck d by midnight had enough matches to present the handsome sum of six llars. Walters proved a match for e shrewd natives and was winning eadily from them. Then I had a reak of bad luck and when we finally it I had only a two-dollar pair of mocsins to the good. The Indians had st to the trader something in the neighorhood of twenty dollars, and before e left, they made us promise to give em another chance at an early date.

A couple of weeks later this same rty made another trip from Hasche ake, their trapping grounds some irty miles northeast, and they brought splendid bunch of furs with them, iefly foxes. Walters did pretty well trading with them so we decided to ve the Indians a "regular spread" and vited them over to the house for supr and a sociable evening. I had ked a fine lot of bread that day and roasted a half dozen big whitefish. ese with potatoes, canned peas and ied peaches made a supper the like of ich these Indians hadn't tasted in a g time. The way they went after bread was enough to scare a baker d they laughingly dubbed me, "Meas- kloochman" (good squaw).

After the eating artillery was cleared ay we settled about the table in my ond game of draw poker. As in the st game I had good luck at the start, t as midnight drew nigh I could feel self slipping and in order to try and ce myself for the finish I suggested t we lay off for a spell and have some fee. I knew those Crees had me rked for the goat, and I stalled things as long as I could, hoping that some- would suggest that we quit. But y were impatient to once more engage deadly combat! I held up pretty well a couple of hours and then started ing steadily and when Walters dered he would play no longer, I was ng to the tune of nine dollars!

The Indians gambled constantly ong themselves. One day La Rocque e back from an outside camp, and ough it was a mighty cold day, he l no coat on his back. On questionhim I was amazed to find that he l gambled everything he owned, inding his coat. But the best of it was en he borrowed half a dozen traps from me, went back to the camp and returned home three days later, with not only all of his personal belongings, but half of what the camp had contained as well! La Rocque was pretty clever with cards and I do not think he was at all averse to cheating if occasion demanded. He was not very well liked among the full-bloods as is often the case.

Regarding the instinct for gambling, that seems so strong in the native of this country, Old Dan MacMillar (who stayed with us for a while) was credited with the following. An old squaw on the Reserve was continually after Dan and wanted him to marry her. Finally Dan, in order to get rid of her, offered to gamble with her and if she won he was to marry her, while if he was the winner she was to leave him alone.

Just before this particular game was staged, a mining shark, armed with illicit whisky, had sold a number of worthless shares in a so-called placer mining corporation, to the natives of the Reserve, and not a few white men had fallen for the bait. Old Dan was a clever rascal and while he had not personally fallen for this "gold brick" scheme, he had later acquired some of the certificates from the waste paper basket of a friend who had been stung. Being conservative, Dan tucked them inside the pocket of his vest.

The day came when Dan was to gamble with his "would-be" squaw. The girl, not to be outdone by any scheme, had contrived to get a number of both white men and Indians interested and just after the game was well started these spectators strayed in. Old Dan was so completely flabbergasted by this unexpected turn of affairs he lost right away and in a surprisingly short time found himself alone with the squaw while the spectators went after the priest, the Catholic Mission being but a short distance away.

Old Dan was a man of his word but he didn't want to marry the squaw. Time was precious; he tried to bribe the native woman with what little money he had on him but she scoffed at the idea! In desperation he thought of the Gold Certificates resting in his pocket and as a last resource brought them to light. The squaw could read just enough English to make out the dollar marks on the handsomely embossed paper and when Dan explained to her that they were worth a small fortune, she fell for it and agreed that in echange for the "beeg dollars" she would release the white man from his obligations. Dan warned her not to tell anyone she had such a fortune, at least for a time, as someone would try to rob her. She saw the wisdom in this (or at least she thought so at the time) and when the priest came she sent for an old Indian that had been wooing her for a long time and *married* him! Thus was Old Dan saved from the abyss of matrimony.

TWO of the most valuable furs, from the trapper's view-point, are those of the marten and lynx. The Indians have a very novel way of taking these two furbearers. Both of these animals will "tree" quite readily when pursued closely by dogs. Every family of Indians, as a rule, will have one or two trained tracking dogs. After a fresh snow the Crees will go out with their dogs and put them on the first recently made track of marten or lynx that they come across.

The lynx is nothing more or less than a huge grayish spotted cat, with all the habits of the latter. Whenever he hears dogs coming close behind on his trail he will invariably take to the tall timber and climb a sizeable spruce or pine. Thus, when the hunter arrives, all that remains to be done is quickly accomplished with the rifle. Now, this sounds easy enough, and it is too, *if* one has a good dog, that is, one trained to chase this one animal.

The marten, being considerably smaller, is a more difficult animal to keep track of than the lynx. I have chased a number of martens, both with dogs and alone, and my success was nothing to brag about. The trouble in "running the marten down" is that, once he gets into a sizeable groupe of pine or spruce trees, he will leap from one to another and in this way throw the dogs off the

(*Continued on page 252*)

In the Cree Camp

AFLOAT AND AFOOT IN ALASKA

WANDERING IN THE NORTHLAND WHEN SPRING HAS JUST RELEASED THE ICE-BOUND FETTERS OF WINTER

By EDWARD F. BALL

Dawson City, looking up the Yukon River

THE long winter at Dawson was over. The Yukon River had broken and for several days had been pouring its brown flood, laden with great cakes of ice and trunks of spruce trees, toward the Bering Sea. Somewhere down the river, in sheltered sloughs, the steamers had wintered, and as soon as the run of ice should be over would bring up their cargoes of freight.

Having spent the previous summer as purser on one of the Alaska Commercial Co.'s steamers plying between Dawson and St. Michael's Island, in the Bering Sea, I was determined to blossom out into a full-fledged river pilot, and was waiting until the river should be nearly clear of ice before starting down-stream in a tiny birch-bark canoe to meet one of the upcoming steamers, perhaps at Circle City, 273 miles below. This canoe was the smallest size in use by the Indians, thirteen inches in width at the bottom and about twenty-four inches beam at the gunwales, tapering to a sharp point each way from the middle.

My outfit was simple: provisions, a pair of blankets, rifle, shotgun, ammunition, a hunting knife, a few small cooking utensils, extra clothing and an old stew-pan containing pitch with which to calk the seams in the canoe.

It was late afternoon before the river seemed sufficiently clear of ice to warrant a safe start. My friends bade me a solemn farewell, for they candidly admitted that they did not believe I would make it.

Twelve miles down-stream was an Indian camp that I desired to visit, so I kept well to the right bank instead of taking the steamboat channel further out. A short distance above the Indian camp was an island, and between this island and the bank a narrow channel, too shallow for large boats, but ample for my tiny craft. As this channel afforded a short cut to the camp I took it. Narrower and narrower it grew. The sun, low on the horizon ahead, dazzled my eyes so that it was impossible to see more than a couple of hundred yards in advance. Great cakes of ice were drawn into this congested opening and necessitated constant attention to avoid being caught between them. A roaring, as of rushing waters in a rapid filled the air, but I knew there were no rapids and felt no alarm.

Suddenly, at a bend in the channel where for a moment I could see some distance ahead, there appeared a long, rocky point jutting out from the mainland on the right, and on the left, a reef leading out from the island had collected a mass of ice, leaving a narrow opening between, through which the water poured as through a funnel. It was too late to turn. Around me great cakes of ice were converging. My only course was to keep the canoe bow on. Just before reaching the narrowest point, two cakes of ice came together, catching the canoe between them. There was a sickening, cracking sound and the tiny craft was lifted to the top of one of the cakes and left there. The trunk of a spruce tree with upturned roots swept along and I grasped the roots hoping to be sustained in case the canoe should be overturned.

The current dragged the tree away and I was obliged to let go my hold just as we swept over a miniature fall. Then the channel widened, the ice cakes separated and I was left sitting in my canoe stranded on top of the floating ice. The camp was but a short distance below. If I failed to reach it the current would sweep me out into mid-stream and as long as the ice held together I would be safe, but if it should sink, could my canoe, crushed and cracked as it was, remain afloat until I could reach shore? Carefully I worked the canoe off the ice sideways with my paddle. How I kept from capsizing I do not know, but the Deity that looks after fools and children must have protected me. Then came the most trying moment of all. The canoe, once more afloat, leaked badly. It was a race against time to reach shore before foundering. Never did my paddle work so furiously. The water boiled with every stroke but by the time the ice at the edge of the bank was reached I was sitting in two inches of water.

But my troubles were not over, for along shore were great masses of broken ice, nearly all of the pieces too small to bear my weight. Finding a large cake I threw out as much of my cargo as I could reach and landed. Then it was an easy matter to drag the canoe out and carry it to the solid ice along shore. The Indians helped me to their camp and patched up the breaks where the ice had punctured the bark, and the pitch in the old stew-pan made everything tight.

Back of the camp was a pond of open water where a few teal had congregated and some of these afforded the first fresh meat I had tasted for several weeks while a little tea and sugar repaid the Indians for mending the canoe.

FORTY MILE POST, 53 miles below Dawson, was reached without further mishap and here I left nearly all my outfit and started on foot across the divide to visit my friend George Holliday on Dome Creek. Any enthusiast on the subject of "going light" would have viewed with approval my outfit which consisted of a little grub, a small sheet steel frying-pan, a tin pail and a tomato can with a wire bail for a coffee pot, all done up in a piece of muslin and carried in pack straps. Of course, I carried my rifle, ammunition, matches and hunting knife, but took no axe, blanket, tent fly or other covering.

Shortly after leaving Forty-Mile River I ran onto a large black bear

My pack straps were tied together across my chest with a handkerchief to relieve the strain on the shoulders and it was impossible to quickly undo the knot. Up the side of the hill I scrambled, pack and all, and as I reached the top of the rise I saw the bear on a little ridge scarcely fifty yards away. Panting and trembling, I knelt and snapped a shot at the disappearing animal. There was the dull "thuck" that a bullet makes on striking flesh, the bear winced but disappeared. Tearing frantically at the knot I got the pack off and followed. The bear was nowhere in sight, no tracks showed in the soft, springy moss and there was no blood. Ahead was a clump of timber, but I did not relish the idea of pursuing a wounded bear into timber with an unknown gun, for my weapon was a 30-40 Winchester model 1895; small-bore high velocity ammunition had been used but little on game and I was doubtful about the killing power of so small a projectile. Here, at least, I displayed some caution and concluded that my hide was as valuable to me as the bear's pelt was to him. Deep, rushing mountain torrents were between me and the pass that I must cross and up these I worked my way until they were small enough to cross successfully.

At midnight one could easily see to travel, so I reversed the usual hours of sleeping—traveling at night and curling up in the sun for a nap in the daytime.

On the pass the snow was packed hard, but the sun had softened it so that at every step I broke through the crust. At times I crawled on my hands and knees, or rather on my extended forearms and knees. Crawling thus, my arms frequently broke through, plunging my face into the hard snow. Two hundred, sometimes one hundred feet, were as far as I could go without resting. After crossing the summit, traveling down-hill was not nearly so hard and the snow line was soon passed, but here I encountered "nigger-heads." No matter whether I traveled the bottom of the gulch or the side hill those tiresome impediments to progress persisted.

The numbers on the claim stakes showed that I was about two miles from Holliday's and for the first and only time in my life I left my rifle and struggled forward.

Never have I seen a man more surprised than Holliday when he answered my knock on the door. "Good Lord, lad, how did you get here? Even the Indians won't cross the divide until the snow is nearly all gone." Candidly, had I known the difficulty of the trip I wouldn't have attempted it, but I didn't tell Holliday so.

Next morning Holliday asked me where I had left my rifle. I told him the number of the claim stake and added that I would take a walk and get it before dinner time.

"I've got to go up that way and set a claim stake," said George, taking an axe as a pretext. Good old boy—he lied cheerfully and went up for the sole purpose of getting my gun, for he realized that I needed a rest after that trip over the pass.

When George returned he had my rifle and a big porcupine that he had knocked on the head with his axe on the way up.

> Those who know only the complex civilization of great cities with the age-old customs of man, have little realization of the vast cleanliness of a primeval country or of the inspiration which obtained in the wide spaces of the wilderness. When Mr. Ball went down the Yukon in his canoe, Alaska was just responding to the touch of mankind and its wide horizons were delightful to contemplate. From such a country comes the gleam that quickens the soul and creates the longing for more abundant life.

Breakup of the ice on the Yukon River near Circle City

We talked about the days of the Klondyke and the prospects of cheaper labor until nearly dinner time. Then conversation lagged. I was wondering if George intended to eat that porcupine, but did not wish to make any such suggestion to my host. Finally, I could stand the suspense no longer and asked, "George, what's the best way to cook a porcupine?"

"By gad," said George, "I was waiting for you to say something. I was afraid you wouldn't eat it—but how do you skin the blamed thing?"

"Leave it to me," I replied, "you do the cooking."

We decided on a stew, as the animal was a big one and we expected it would be tough. On the contrary, it was very tender. Roasted, it would have been tasty, but stewed it was rather insipid.

AFTER dinner George outlined plans for a "stampede." In many of the neighboring creeks gold could be found, but not in paying quantities at the prices then obtaining for labor. In a year or two perhaps, labor would be cheaper, then these creeks could be profitably worked. Up a side gulch on one of the creeks he had found sluice boxes, carefully hidden from view. Evidence of work on the creeks had been partially obliterated. There was gold, no doubt of it, and being in U. S. territory we could stake a claim on each of the creeks, to be prospected at our leisure. So we set out on our "stampede," each with a light pack, but no blankets. George took a small sheet of canvas and an axe and I carried my rifle.

We crossed the divide between Dome Creek and a tributary of the south fork of O'Brien, which we named Liberty Creek and staked claims on this and on other streams. One of these, flowing into the north fork of O'Brien, we christened King Solomon Creek. Two or three years later I was surprised and amused at seeing these names on the U. S. topographical maps of this section.

If labor had dropped to the figure we hoped for, we would have become millionaires, but—well, if we had become millionaires this story would not have been written.

Our grub was getting low. I shot a few ptarmigan, some of which contained eggs that were a great treat. It was two years since George had tasted an egg and a year since I had sampled the product of the gulls and ducks collected by the Indians along the coast of Norton Sound. We even climbed trees and examined birds' nests in the hope of finding eggs. Hunger has little conscience. But there came a time when there was left but a handful of flour and a few cooked beans. I made the mess into a cake, scraped and ate the raw dough from the sides of the pan, cooked the cake, divided it with George and started for "home" about twelve miles away.

A tall spruce tree felled by George barely spanned O'Brien Creek and on this we crossed, although the branches submerged in the swift current caused

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TOURING WITH RAYMOND SPEARS

SELECTING AN OUTFIT THAT WILL ADD TO THE INTEREST OF YOUR TRIP WITHOUT UNDULY INCREASING THE BURDEN

By RAYMOND S SPEARS

JUST to roll along, day after day, across great open spaces, through penned-in gardens and farm lands, going over mountain ranges on crooked trails, following long valleys, threading villages and cities along one's highway of experience is the sport of touring. All the details of automobile travel are part of the sport, the mishaps, the different kinds of roads, the meals, the night camps or lodgings for the night, all combine in the fascinating game that is in this Gypsy wandering.

Whatever adds to the interest of the trip without increasing the burden too much is to be considered as a part of the sporting equipment. If anything is a nuisance and it can be dispensed with, chuck it or ship it back. There are trifles in weight which accumulate in number till somebody's seat is crowded, or somebody must be bothered with the care—is it worth while?

"You begin to ship when you hit those alkali chucks," the tourist remarks of one region, and of another: "When you see those fish you wish you had your lines and hooks."

Elsewhere, perhaps too strongly, I have remarked on the slaughter of game and the devestation of the fishing beside the highways tourists follow. The tourist may or may not be a hunter, fisherman or photographer. But the automobile on a long tour may with propriety carry a camera, a fish rod or two and firearms. But the moment a man begins to pick equipment for the other fellow he runs into all the difficulties there are, for why should a rifle hunter, for instance, hope to tell a shotgun man what he will best do? Or a fly fisherman tell the bobber-baiters their chances?

> There is no man better qualified to advise the prospective auto tourists than Mr. Spears. He has rambled and explored this country from end to end a dozen times or more, sometimes on foot, again on the bicycle and for the past dozen years by automobile. Mr. Spears knows whereof he writes and he writes entertainingly.

But perhaps, as a cautious reporter of conditions, I can help with suggestions. Probably most hunters and fishermen would call me a mere traveler, because on my way I merely sample the local sports, perhaps merely as a spectator, or shooting once in a while, when the others are slam-banging away over the marshes or cornfields, or in the timber. I dislike going into any country and grabbing sport until I have first made sure that I am not interfering with somebody else's own fun.

Consider, for example, the conditions right now in every state in the country. The automobile tourists, plowing along eighty or a hundred miles in a day, may see five or six covies of quail, flush a prairie chicken or two, jump a jackrabbit, see a letter of geese in the sky, and even in some countries, see the white flower of an antelope, or the silhouette of an elk or moose against the sky at sunset. In Texas, where thousands of ranchers are posting their lands, it is not selfishness, not inhospitality, not dislike of hunters or tourists, but a sheer longing to restore the prairie chicken, the wild turkey and other game to the condition they were in before the millions of birds and animals were slaughtered to feed cheap meat to restaurants and those who bought game.

"I tell you, that looks good!" I heard an old market hunter exclaim, as he saw a prairie chicken rise up above the prairie pasture and take wild flight to safety. He had not seen one in years.

The game the tourist sees beside the highway may be the one flock or covey or head within miles of that place. To shoot it would be a contemptible thing. It might kill the hope of game restoration in a valley.

In other regions some game is permissible. Thus we who conserve rabbits and rejoice when the protectors catch an illegal hunter at his work, will find

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NATURAL HISTORY

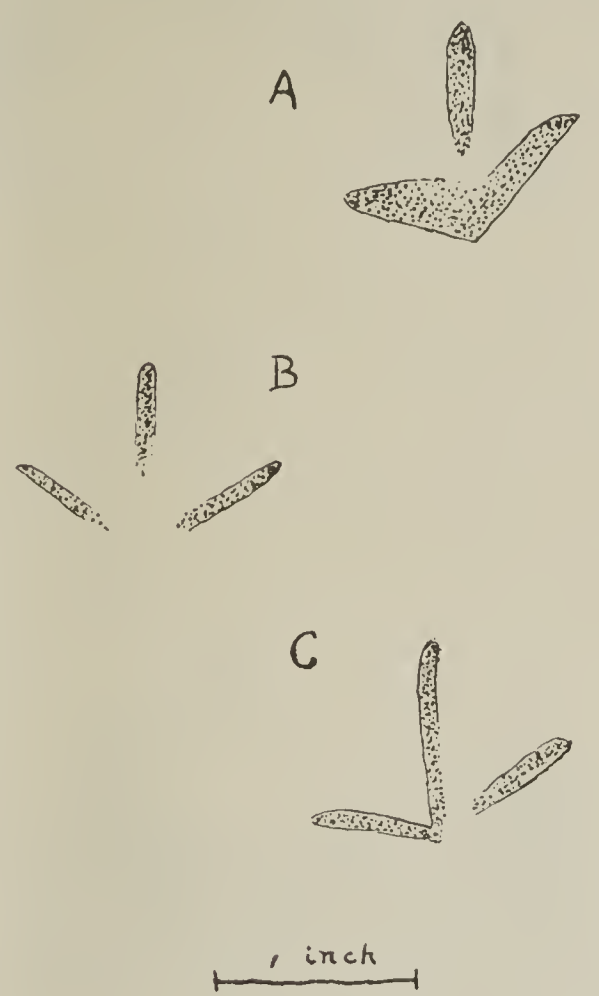
RINGED PLOVER TRACKS

THE sandy ocean shore is an open book wherein the naturalist may ead. The way the dunes are formed nd cut, and the ripples in the sand, tell f winds and tides and currents. Sea-ced, shells and fishes thrown up by torms are items from the world be-eath the waters. The tracks of snakes nd turtles, the footmarks of rats, mice nd birds also can be interpreted.

Some footprints, for instance those of ulls, are easy to identify. To tell what ind of gull it was is often merely a atter of measuring and looking up ot measurements of the various species hich might have been present. There re such a lot of smaller birds that to ecognize their tracks is a good deal of problem. The writer has been work-ig on the hypothesis that it would robably be a possibility to find some-ning characteristic in the footmarks of ny species. With this in view, as op-ortunity offered, he has sketched sample acks of various shore birds. Com-ratively few people have the leisure train eye and hand sufficiently to etch these subtle imprints in a satis-ctory manner, but it is easy for any ne by careful measuring of lengths and ngles to obtain diagrams of tracks such s are shown in the accompanying illus-ation in relation to a one-inch scale.

In the illustration A is a footmark of piping plover (*Aegialitis meloda*) om the Rhode Island shore, in August. is that of a semipalmated plover *Aegialitis semipalmata*) from Block land, in August. C is that of a ringed over (*Aegialitis hiaticula*) from a each near Liverpool, in September. 22.

The most apparent differences be-een the three marks doubtless have do with the character of the sand on hich they were ade; that in the se of the piping over being wet d loose, and en-ging the track; the case of semipalmated ver, compara-ely dry and m, so that only end of the toes t an impression. vertheless, there probably some-ng character-ic about each e, by which it ght it might be ognized. Notice w widely and nly the two lateral toes of the semipalmated plover spread from the central one. It is doubtful whether that species under any circumstances would leave a mark wherein two toes joined as clearly at the base



as here shown for the ringed plover. Checking up the actual size of tracks can be very useful. The particular ringed plover which made this track was a young bird which the writer suspected of being *Aegialitis dubia*. On comparing its track for size with the feet of specimens in the British Museum, he was convinced of its having been the common ringed plover.—J. T. N.

BIRDFLIES

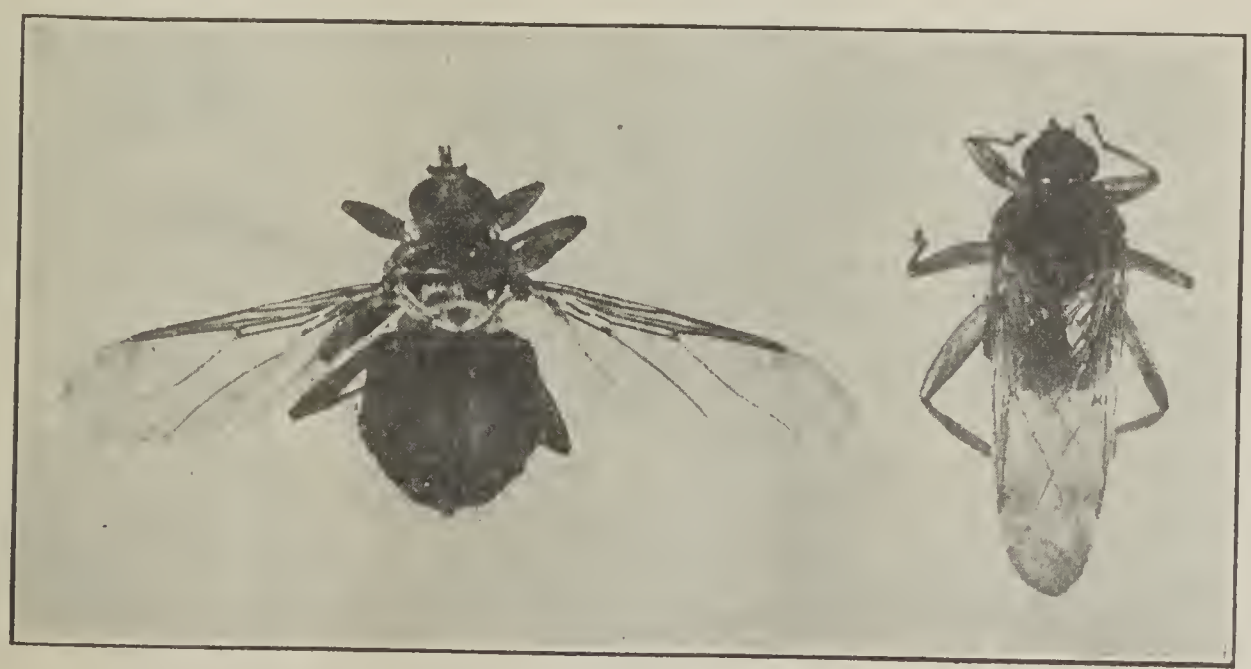
IN handling recently killed birds, especially birds of prey, the raptorial species, we are apt to encounter what are known as louse-flies or bird-flies. Hawks and owls generally harbor a number of these insects among their feathers and the collector or taxidermist is likely to be annoyed by them when skinning out specimens for mounting and study. These blood-sucking flies are very quick in flight and leave a dead bird as soon as it begins to get cold; they will get into the hair or beard of the person working with the host and will try to hide in any place that seems to offer protection.

This singular family of flies, called *Hippoboscidae*, resemble the lice in their parasitic habits and are not very well known. Collectors, hunters and ornithologists should place on record their observations on the habits and occurrence of these remarkable insects and send specimens to the entomologists of their states or to the U. S. National Museum.

All of the species are parasitic in the adult or fly stage and derive their nourishment from the blood of birds and mammals, living beneath the feathers and hairs. Some bird-flies are winged throughout the adult stage, others apparently lose their wings soon after finding their host. The head and body of the fly are flattened, the abdomen is baglike, and the whole of a leathery appearance. The six stout legs are fitted with strong claws with which they cling tightly to the host; the mouth is a tubular beak or proboscis for sucking blood.

The method of reproduction in these insects is very abnormal and differs in the peculiar mode of development from all other insects. But one egg is produced at a time and is hatched within the parent's body, where the larva or maggot is nourished by a milky secretion, until it has attained its full growth. At birth the pupal or quiescent stage is assumed, during which it is enclosed within a soft oval case that hardens and turns dark brown after exposure to the air. This puparium is about one-eighth of an inch long. Within this

(*Continued on page* 281)



Bird-fly, 7/10 inch across the wings

CASTING THE ARTIFICIAL FLY

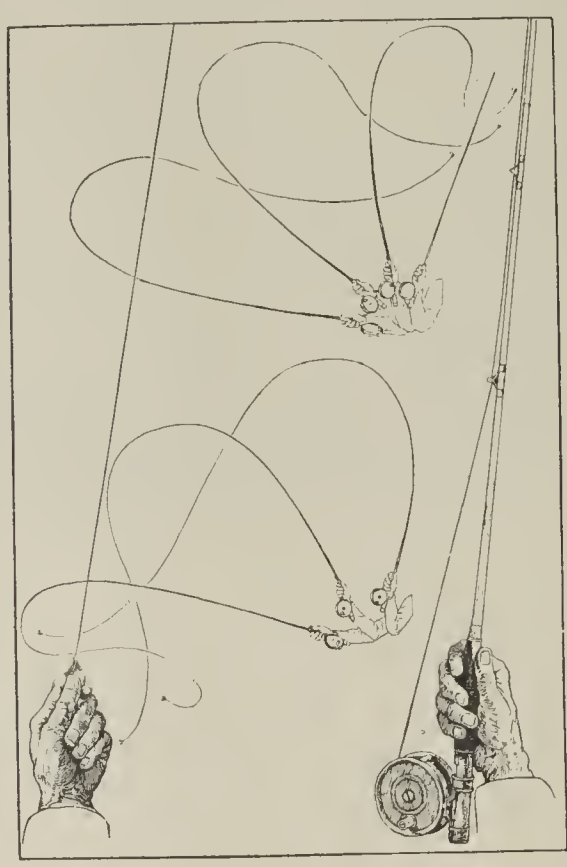
WHEN LEARNING TO CAST AN ARTIFICIAL FLY—THE BEGINNER SHOULD MAKE EVERY EFFORT TO CULTIVATE A GOOD STYLE

By LOUIS RHEAD

THE art of fly-casting, like that of painting a picture, is more rapidly acquired by observation and practice, after a careful study has been made of the rules and theories laid down by the eminent experts who have during long years brought it to its present perfection. It is by far, much better to watch an expert *actually* fishing on the stream, quite unconscious of your observation. You will then gain that naturalness of action, impossible to get from the stiff and posturing attitude all teachers assume, and cannot avoid, while teaching a pupil. I shall endeavor to explain the five distinct syles of casting in a simple manner easily understood,—using as a base the methods described in books by various British experts,—notably F. M. Halford and Fred. G. Shaw, and others from whom I shall quote, in addition to my own experience and practice of forty years on American streams.

Years of practice will be required to perfectly master these five styles. They are, the ordinary, or *overhand* cast, the *steeple cast*, the *switch* or *spray*, the horizontal or *underhand*, and the *downward* cut. Immense advantage is attained if each style is learned to cast with either hand,—because it will enable you to fish up and down stream, on both sides in face of all impediments,—in addition to resting the right arm and shoulder during a long day's sport. Different rivers, and parts of them, require different styles of casting. Experienced casters will use the one most suited to a certain locality that would be almost useless in another, and furthermore, these styles of casting apply with equal force to dryfly as to wetfly fishing.

The beginner should make every effor to cultivate a good *style* from the commencement, as it is no easy matter to correct an ungainly style when once



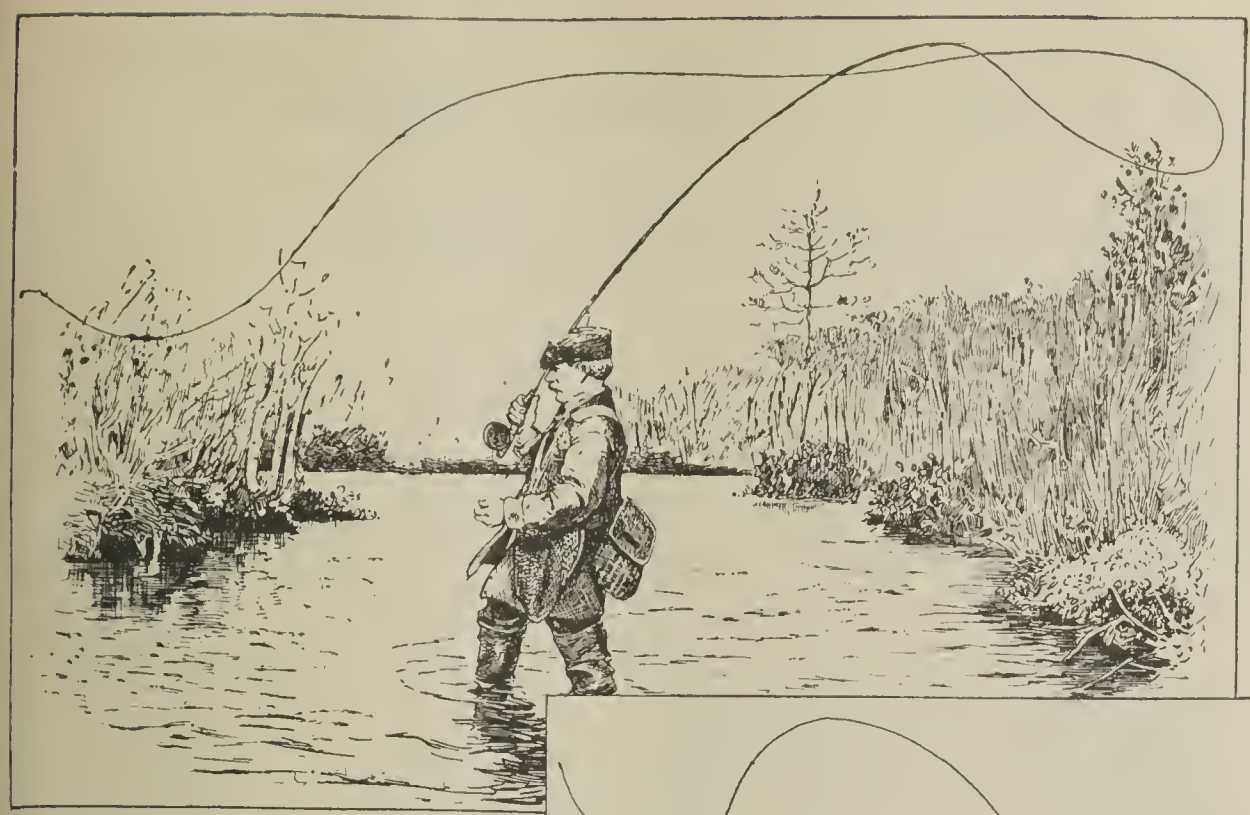
acquired. I have seen many anglers throw long and accurate casts, but in a blundering, awkward style—due partly to the arm-motion not being properly timed—or, the absence of exact force to be used. It is not elegant casting to extend the fore-arm from the body. The cast must be made *alone with the wrist,* in a stately and deliberate manner so that the rodtip does the work unde control of the line.

THE amateur must start in first t thoroughly understand the "over hand," or ordinary cast. Grasp the ro tightly with the four fingers and th thumb extended up the butt. Hold th fly in the left hand with a short part o the line out from the reel, with a mov of the wrist work the rod back in curve till the tip forces the fly and le go. The short line, say twenty fee should have full time to get out behin before making the forward cast, jus when the hand is perpendicular and yo feel the rodtip is back of you, retur it forward with a little more power i the swing, avoiding anything in th nature of a jerk, and slightly chec it. The line will fly out in front o you and the end of your leader will fa on the water before any other par this slight check is to cause the fly to fa light without splash.

Halford says, "Carefully note the tim of casting, like music, counting 1, back—3 forward. It will be found tha the time will vary but little for sho or long casts, but the longer the ca the farther the line will extend back wards and the loop turning over it fo wards will also be longer."

Casting the Fly

Beginners are apt to smack the lin like a whip, and the fly is likely to crac off; this is caused by not pausing second or two between the backward an forward casts. The longer the line



out, the longer must be the pause. When a very long cast is required in the overhand method the extra force brings the upper arm into use along with the wrist and forearm. Practice only will tell you just what power is required by the feel of the backward curve.

This overhand cast is the basis of the other styles and should be mastered thoroughly before the others are tried. When that cast can be performed fairly well, the amateur should practice sending his line as high in the air as possible when making the backward cast, the forward cast being made as before. This is known as the "steeple" cast, and by its means a very long line can be got out and the line is not likely to catch any obstruction behind the angler. The hand when traveling back must be raised above the level of the head, so as to lift the line as high as possible behind. As a general rule the distance an angler can cast is limited by the length of line he can keep in the air behind, with the addition of several feet he can slide from the hand while delivering the fly.

The best description of this cast is given by Mr. Halford, as follows: "Commencing with quite a short line, the right hand holding the rod is extended nearly straight from the shoulder, and carried up almost perpendicularly so as to lift the fly well up in the air, as if trying to clear some high obstacle immediately behind the angler—and hence, the name of the steeple cast. While drying the fly backwards and forwards, the length of the line required is gradually drawn off the reel with the left hand and allowed to pass through the guides. Plenty of time must be given behind,—in fact, it is barely possible to give too much. The action of throwing should be a steady swing without the slightest jerk, and little force should be expended in making the cast, so as to allow the rod and weight of line to do the work. After the first cast has been made the line is gathered in with the left hand in loose coils until short enough to return with ease. While drying the fly, the line is gradually liberated, a coil at each forward motion of the rod and paid out from the left hand, the action in front being so timed as to let go a coil as the rod is in the position where the cast would have been made, and thus allow the fly to travel out in the air to the full extent of the line, but not sufficiently to let it touch the surface of the water. By the time all the coils are out the fly is thoroughly dried. If it is a very long cast keep two or three coils in hand, and let them go when casting.

I use the steeple cast more often than any other of the five styles when the water is deep to the very edge and trees line the shore of a very narrow river. It is a cast that often gets the fly snarled unless distance is well judged, and great care is taken to watch out for obstacles."

In short, no matter what style of cast you practice, get a notion and keep it, that all movements are slow, and stately. At once, after the fly is in the air, by slow and deliberate action of the wrist, you may keep the fly floating back and forth as long as you please. It is my general custom to ware from one place to another while the fly is waving in the air. This has a double advantage—first, you don't have to reel in line to keep the fly from being waterlogged; second, at the new situation you approach right to the spot with the fly completely dry and your first cast is bound to be a good, accurate one.

(*Continued in Next Issue*)

The overhand cast

For He and I Are Together Again

YOU will scoff when I tell you that my guns talk to me. You will disbelieve and it may be you will even laugh when I tell you that my rod whispers soothingly and that I listen and understand every whisper too. And you will think queer thoughts of me when I tell you that my gun feels the same things I feel and thinks thoughts that are mine.

Well then, scoff! Laugh if you must!

Is it because to you, your gun is a cold, cruel barrel of steel and your rod an empty, hollow strip of bamboo? Then you can never hear the song of your gun nor of mine. To hear them and to understand, you must believe. You must believe that it has soul and hopes and dreams and memories.

To-night my guns and my rods are talking again. We are alone.

Outside the wind is racing and the snow is high. And through the window in my room creeps the clear light of the winter moon. But to-night I am not thinking of beast or fish. My thoughts are with him who first taught me the joy of these. "My guns and my rods . . . my lures and my shells." All of these seem to be thinking of him, too.

And now it is my gun that is speaking. Yes, I hear it very plainly. Let the scoffers scoff! I tell you my gun is talking! And if you listen you will hear, too, and you will understand.

Listen!

"I remember the first day too. You were but a lad and he was strong and big. And his face was tan with the great healthy sun under which he lived and roamed so much. I remember even long before he talked to you about it. It was one day out in the fields when he and I and the dogs were alone. First he was musing to himself and then he said to me: 'Soon, pretty soon, old pal, the boy will be ready and we will take him. We will teach him rabbits first. We will march him through these woods and on that day you must do your best.'

"I remember how he stroked the steel in my barrel and how tightly he held me to his breast. How warm I was and how I listened to the quiet beat of his heart. 'I am going to give you to him because I love you both,' he said, 'and because I know you will take good care of him.' "

Then there was a pause. The old gun seemed to be musing. But soon he sopke again.

"And I remember that night when we returned and he was cleaning me, just as he always did. He called you in. And I remember that he said, 'My boy, here is one of my best friends. Together we have spent days and days of joy and happiness. I am going to give him to you because he will take care of you. To-morrow you're coming hunting. To-morrow we will try and get you your first rabbit.'

"And how your eyes sparkled. I remember how you were thrilled. Even Old Buster, seated in the corner, winked smilingly and knowingly, saying 'Count on me. I'll do my share too.' I'm sure he understood and I remember your father and the slight choking that he felt in his throat when he said these things to you.

"You sat and toyed with me and played with me, until even after your bedtime. And how the next day came. It was cold, but you were out of bed early and you were excited and you gulped your coffee . . . and held me tightly to your breast and we marched out. I remember how you tramped along for a mile and more, and then came the first call of the dogs as they chased the first rabbit of that morning throught the hills. He told you where to stand. He said the rabbit would run right by that path. He knew! And it did! And you were shaking and your lips were tight, and then suddenly you raised me and you pointed me. You wavered a bit, but then you fixed me true and steady and I answered for you. I never tried so hard before and the shot was true.

"And I remember how you rushed over to him and how you embraced each other. Yes, I can see you now as you kissed him and how he embraced you and then he turned away, there was a tear in his eye. What a wonderful moment! What a supreme moment it must have been for him!

"Then you grasped your first rabbit. And you shook and laughed and shouted and held him up high for us all to see."

The old gun was quiet once more. It was tired. It had spoken. And I had listened and I thought about him and how much he meant to me. And I wondered about the thrill . . . about the tenseness of it all. Then there came back to me in rapid procession the many times we had gone together . . . rabbits, quail, partridge, ducks, and then the great day and the first deer! The moments we had together! The glorious sunsets! The joy and the companionship! What a glorious thing it was.

Then there was a noise in my cabinet and out from the throng of things marched my rod and he spoke to me. And just like the gun, he talked. It was his rod too, before he gave it to me. And he gave it to me because he loved it and because he knew that it would take good care of me.

Then there came happy memories of fishing trips, first of perch and sunnies in the morning stillness of the lake nearby, then there came the longer trips, the pickerel, and the bass and the thrill of bronzed fighters all rushed back to me.

Joyous moments! Glorious moments! Thrills! Victories! Defeats! Even grief! Oh! The happiness of it all, and intermingled with these, the great and golden joy of that beautiful companionship.

And now I'm alone again. No, not alone, for he is with me once more and we are together again . . . together again. . . . We are in the forest and we are on the stream. Together once more we are shooting and we are fishing and we are lunching beside a rippling stream, and overhead is the weird call of the blue jay scolding us.

He is smiling again. I feel his hand. It is soft, and big as it always was and it is warm.

To-night he and I are together once more and to-night I am going to tell him how much these things have meant to me, how I live with them and how he lives with me.

Outside the wind is still speeding faster and faster. The faint flickering of the moon steals in through the window. . . .

The gun is quiet . . . the rod is quiet . . . all of the lures have gone to sleep . . . but he and I are together once more. . . .

COOKING HINTS FOR CAMPERS

HOW TO PREPARE A DELIGHTFUL MEAL IN THE WOODS WITHOUT THE USE OF THE USUAL COOKING UTENSILS

By FAREE BAIN

IN the daily routine of our life, in our business intercourse with men, we are surrounded with so many artificilities, and our nerves are tuned to such a high pitch that it is refreshing to leave the well beaten adamantine paths and our unnatural environment and hike ourselves to the solemn silence of the forest, with its lakes and streams.

Nature, unadorned, appeals to most men and when one can for a time, cast off the thin shell of civilization and get back to nature, and yet enjoy the alimentary comforts to which he is accustomed; the relaxation that ensues produces perfect rest.

I have heard men say: "Camp life is all right, but I cannot stand the rough food and the poor cooking." Such a statement is indicative of the fact that in his camp experience he has not had the benefit of a real camper; an efficient purveyor to the appetites of his companions.

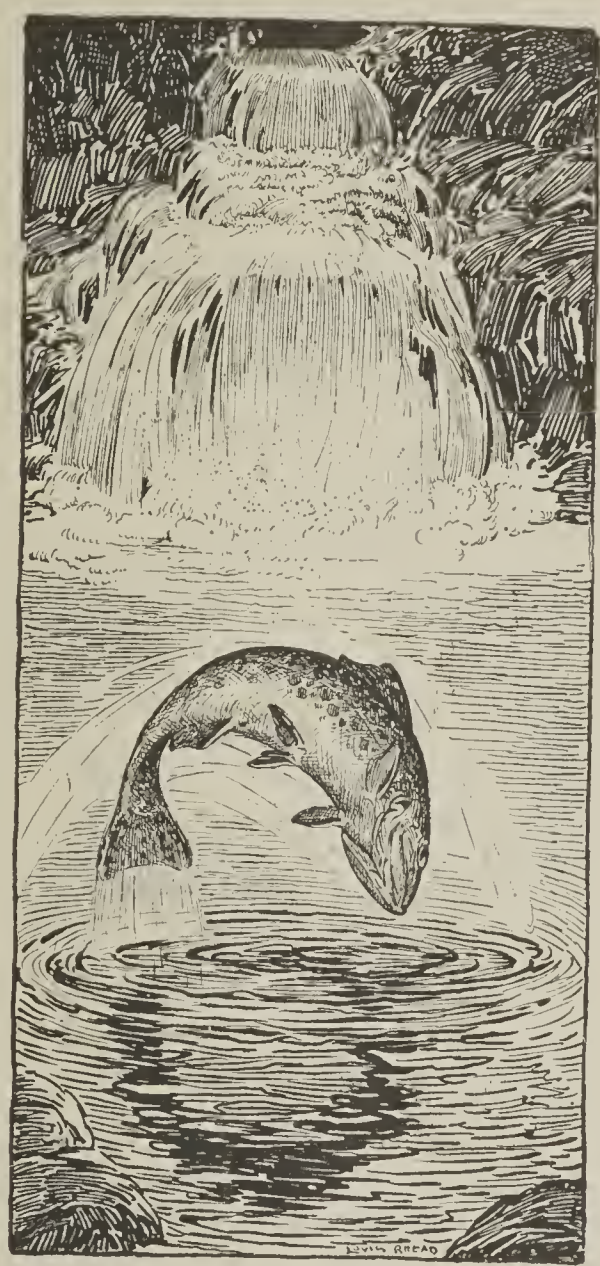
Cooking is an art of infinite pains at home or in camp. The same food prepared by different cooks is healthful and enjoyable, or disgusting and insalubrious.

Let me tell you how to prepare a delightful meal in the woods without the use of any of the usual kitchen utensils, except that it may be a coffee pot. We are going to have broiled fish, or steak and bacon, or mayhap both, and the fish will be cooked without a bone. Hot baked biscuits. Baked white potatoes, hot coffee.

Our wives and daughters may want to know how we do these things. Therefore, we are going to tell them.

First, we will tell you how we make the best coffee you ever drank. Heat a flat clean stone (a pan will answer on a stove when you have a pan) pour the dry ground coffee on the hot stone and stir constantly until you can smell the coffee good and plenty. Have ready the right quantity of hot water in the coffee pot. Pour the hot ground coffee into the water, stir until the coffee sinks, and set aside so that it will simmer while you are preparing the rest of the meal. Never let the water nor the coffee boil, this will drive the air out of the liquid and make the coffee taste flat. About five minutes before ready to serve, take the coffee from the fire and pour into the pot a small cup of the coldest water you have. Then let it stand three minutes and serve.

Now you are going to ask me how can I *bake* biscuits with an open fire. Nothing simpler. First, let me tell you how to make biscuits. Cut a piece of birch bark about 18 inches square and pin it down at four corners to the ground. For a party of four with their expected appetites take two cups of flour, scatter two and one-half teaspoonfulls baking powder in the flour and one level teaspoon of salt. Sift it about with a clean stick stirring and folding. This can be done easily and as effectively as with a sifter. Add to the flour two tablespoonfulls of bacon grease, or lard, melted. Make a flat stick spatula and thoroughly incorporate the shortening in the flour, etc.



Now form the flour into a pyramid, like a volcano, with a crater near its top, and pour into the depression a cup and one-half of condensed or fresh milk and, with your hands (previously washed clean), mix to a dough and knead thoroughly. (Quite contrary to usual instructions, but correct.) Roll the dough into round or cylindrical pieces about 4 to 5 inches long. Now cut a green branch from a maple or other harwood tree. Then wrap the cylinders of dough separately about the branch joining the ends until they look like a lot of doughnuts strung on a stick. Make a small fire and let it burn down to hot coals. Drive a forked stick in the ground, fork up, one on each side of the fire and rest the branch with its biscuits strung thereon in the forks and rotate the branch occasionally. The biscuits will soon be baked to a nice brown. Remove and butter before they are cold.

To prepare a fish, bass or wall-eye pike. Always kill your fish as soon as you catch him with a club or by cutting his throat. You wouldn't eat any other animal that had slowly suffocated to death. While the fish is plyable take some dry sand and wash the fish with it. This removes the slime so that it may be handled more easily. Water will not do this.

Assume that your fish is a bass. You should have four, weighing from one and one-half to two and a half pounds each, for four hungry men.

Take the fish in your left hand, top side up, and with a sharp knife make a deep incision on each side of the dorsal fin. You can now lift the fin out. Continue the cut, only thru the skin, to the tail and to the head. Now take out the belly fin and the posterior fins. Make an incision in the belly and remove the intestines. Continue the cut to the tail.

Cut the fish thru the skin transversely in rear of the gill bone on both sides, but don't remove the head until the fish is skinned, and then throw it away with the back bone. Now lay the fish on the ground and place your left hand on the head and press down firmly. Now take hold of the skin near the back bone just in rear of the cut behind the gill bone and pull the skin straight back toward the tail of the fish. Then turn the fish over and remove the skin from the other side in the same manner.

To remove the back bone, lay the fish flat and insert a sharp knife at the head end just over the back bone and follow down to the end of the tail. Turn the fish over and remove the other side. You will have two beautiful pieces of pure, white boneless fish for each fish you prepare. The thicker end was nearer the head. These pieces, eight in number, are now ready to be cooked. Wash them hastily and immediately dry them with a towel. Place them on a piece of birch bark and cover with fresh green leaves to keep flies away.

To cook the fish:

Cut down a live maple, or other hardwood tree, about eight inches in diameter at the butt. Saw or cut off a log about two feet long. Split the log lengthwise thru the center, leaving a flat side. Pin your pieces of fish to the flat side of one of these pieces. You can use tacks, pins or sharpened wooden sticks. One pin to each piece of fish is enough. The pin should be inserted near the top. A piece of bacon should also be suspended from each pin and overlie the adjacent piece of fish. Now

(*Continued on page 280*)

FOUNDERS OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY

Dr. WILLIAM BRUETTE, Editor

Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation

THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL WILL BE TO studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and a refined taste for natural objects. August 14, 1873.

SPRING FOREST FIRES

FOR the sportsman and the outdoor man the wild life of America plays a large part in making this a great country to live in. Whether you hunt with a gun, rod or camera the little wild children of nature have a place in the scheme of things that is of no little importance. We want to keep them.

Food and shelter are as important to the existence of most animals and birds as to humans. If either of these are lacking, or are decreased, the chances of survival are correspondingly diminished.

The effect of deforestation is well shown on the fauna in the eastern United States where once forests nearly uniformly covered vast areas, affording food and shelter to many varieties of game in vast numbers. With the clearing of the forests and the advance of civilization the game rapidly disappeared.

A most important part of forest administration consists in the prevention of forest fires. With the advent of fire, not only the forest is destroyed, but with it the food and shelter so necessary for its occupants, the wild birds and animals. The prevalent belief that burning not only does no damage but, in certain localities, is beneficial in stimulating a new growth of grass has been proven erroneous. As a rule, the new growth of grass obtained in this way is of comparatively poor quality for forage purposes and does in no way compensate, under the most favorable conditions, for the destruction of valuable growth and of food and shelter required by wild animal life. Such game birds as quail, ruffed grouse, and wild turkeys and many valuable insect destroyers such as wood-peckers, nuthatches and chicadees entirely disappear with the destruction of the forests. This is equally true of such game as deer, foxes, raccoon, and opossum, and of squirrels and chipmunks which, although they feed upon nuts and pine seeds in considerable quantities, often plant many nuts in isolated places where a new growth of trees is the result.

Owing to an evident lack of appreciation of the value of timber lands, the indiscriminating setting of spring forest fires, especially in the south, is doing inestimatable damage to a resource that has long been the pride of this region, the game. Not only is it having its effect on forest game and birds but, during dry weather, these fires frequently sweep over open fields destroying all field ground-nesting birds and frequently leaving the nesting ground of ducks and other water-fowl entirely bare.

The devastation of the forest covering on the water sheds of the south has been a large factor in increasing the intensity and destructiveness of floods and their accompanying evil, drouth. The unrestricted drainage of rainfall constitutes a serious menace to the game fish in two ways: The floods have been known to wash the streams completely clear of fish in some cases, and on almost every occasion seriously deplete the stock; the erosion resulting from the rapid draining of rain almost invariably covers the spawning beds with fine silt, smothering the eggs, and to a large degree preventing the natural restocking.

Game and other wild animal life, driven from a burned area, naturally flee to an unburned region where forest covering is available and furnishes the food and shelter so necessary to their existance. The congestion of animal life in these areas after a particularly devastating fire causes the competition for food and shelter to become unusually keen and, in the struggle for existance which follows, there is an additional depletion of the wild game stock.

From the standpoint of game, fish and birds alone, the prevention of forest fires and the protection of the forest growth from devastating methods of lumbering and turpentining is essential.

In many of the states of the Southern Yellow Pine region there is little, if any, supervision of forests and forest resources; also there is very little appreciation of what is necessary to realize the greatest revenue from privately-owned and operated woodlands. The institution of State Forest Protection Service, operating upon a thoroughly sound economic basis, is probably the only solution to the problem.

GUN STOCKS

PROBABLY very few men who use rifles or shotguns realize with what extreme care the wood for butt-stocks and other wood parts of these guns is selected, or know of the various operations in their manufacture.

Only the very finest of walnut, gun-wood and birch are selected for this purpose, and these are bought either in blanks of given shape, or in plank form. The wood is first placed in huge kilns and thoroughly dried prior to machining. Walnut, which has been previously air-dried, remains in the kilns for about 60 days. Gunwood and birch are first fumed by subjection to ammonia gas for nearly two weeks and then kiln-dried for some three weeks more. During this drying process samples of the wood are frequently tested by weighing to determine the moisture contents and at the conclution of the drying period, the wood is subjected to a steam treatment which is similar, in effect, to an annealing operation in the treatment of metals.

Great care is required in the machining of the wood for gun stocks. It is first sawed and planed to the required size and is then put through various cutting and boring machines which cut for the fitting of metal parts and bore necessary holes. Next, and of great importance, is the turning operation in which the blank is turned to the proper shape and size. The stocks are then hand-turned to an exact fit for the parts to which they will eventually be joined.

OLDEST INHABITANT TALES

IT IS amusing to recall, now that spring days are upon us, the fellows who talked about an open winter, meaning thereby a mild winter when as a matter of fact we have gone through what has been termed an old-fashioned winter. The winter just past has given the Oldest Inhabitant the opportunity to relate his pet favorite winter snowstorm and bit of cold that he knew of when he was a boy or young man

JUSTICE TO WOLVES

DURING the cold winter from which we are now emerging, a most interesting story was printed in many American newspapers, telling of wolves devouring three men in northern Ontario. The story condensed follows:

An old trapper from the Sturgeon River region failed to come in from the bush for his Christmas mail, as he had promised. The postmaster at Ignace sent two Indians in search of him. Only two miles from the settlement, they found a circle of trampled snow, with wolf tracks, blood, human bones and other evidences of a gruesome tragedy. The Indians huried back to report what they had found; then, lured by the bounty on wolves, they took to the trail again with dog-sleds, rifles and plenty of ammunition. They waved good-by at the edge of the bush, and they never returned. A search party trailed them and found, just beyond the scene of the old trapper's death, another circle of crimsoned snow and a few gory remains of the two Indians. Around this tragedy the carcasses of sixteen wolves, some half eaten, gave mute testimony to the desperate struggle waged by the doomed hunters.

It isn't pleasant to cast gloom on a good story but in the interest of truth, William J. Long of Stamford, Connecticut, who has written most entertainingly on the out-of-doors and whose books are familiar to sportsmen, wrote for information to Port Arthur, where the dispatch came from and to Ignace, whither the old trapper was heading. The investigation gave one answer: "There is no truth whatever in the story."

It might not be uninteresting to give the testimony of Tom Saville, a trapper at Gogama, in the Sudbury district, who once met a pack of about twenty wolves, face to face in a blinding snowstorm. This is what happened:

"The leader, a big grizzled, long-legged old chap, looked me over from a distance of about twenty feet; the rest of the pack ranged alongside of him, their tails straight out for just about as long as it takes to stiffen them with fear. Then they broke; they just flattened out on the ice and flew—twenty-one of them."

It isn't pleasant to kill a good story but truth and justice to a very intelligent wild beast demand it.

NATIONAL RIFLE PROGRAM

THE earnest desire of the National Rifle Association to get in touch with the great number of riflemen throughout the United States who are not at the present time familiar with the activities of the association, is very plainly in evidence in the Outdoor Small Bore Program for 1923. The program has just been issued, and its entire tone is one of desire to bring into contact with the organized riflemen, the men who have either never heard of the NRA, or who are under the impresion that only dyed-in-the-wool target shooters are desired or can derive any benefit through affiliation.

The beginner's matches are run under the title of "Newcomer's Matches." In view of the large number of riflemen who are not really beginners, but who will be newcomers to the organized rifle shooting fraternity, it has been felt that the new title is preferable to that of beginner. The newcomer's match will be fired at fifty yards and divided into two classes. In one class, men using the regular Sporting Type .22's will compete, and in the other class, men who possess the longer barrel, heavier target guns. Identical medals are awarded in each class, a silver medal to the winner, and bronze medals to the next nine. In addition, very attractive bronze percentage medals are awarded to every man making a score, ninety per cent or over.

For the old-timer a series of free rifle matches at 100 yards have been introduced.

These matches are fired under the identical conditions governing the international free rifle matches, the target being an exact reduction of the official three hundred meter international target. Not only will these matches prove of interest to the Schutzen riflemen, who during the past few years have felt somewhat out in the cold, but they will serve as splendid training for the younger generation, who have visions of making the American International Rifle Team, which goes abroad annually to compete in these matches.

Still another event with a particular appeal to the man who has not previously fired in recognized competitions, is the qualification course. This course, fired at fifty and one hundred yards, slow fire and rapid fire, and in all four positions, will enable every competitor to obtain an official, nationally recognized rank as expert rifleman, sharpshooter, or marksman. A special series of qualification medals has been designed for this match. They will be awarded in addition to the bowl qualification insignia, which will be awarded to the winner.

The program goes into considerable detail concerning the various outdoor small bore events at fifty, one hundred, and two hundred yards, and outlines the National Small Bore Military Rifle and Free Rifle events to be held at Camp Perry in September. The entrance fee for the beginners match must be in the hands of the Secretary of the National Rifle Association by May 12, the various other matches following at the rate of one match a week. Programs may be obtained through the Secretary of the National Rifle Association, 1108 Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.

TOP-NOTCH CONDITION

KEEPING in top-notch condition should be the aim of every man and woman, and it will be, as the rising generation grows up, for, in our public schools, children are being taught and are practicing simple rules of health.

In the cities with the thawing and freezing winter weather when it is difficult for the Street Cleaning Department to remove the rubbish and garbage, there is a great accumulation of germs, which on the first dry, windy day, will be scattered, entering homes and bodies. Then it is that the resisting power of the individual shows what it is worth. Then it is that those who have exercised regularly and avoided excesses have the best chance against disease. Those who keep out in the open as much as possible, build up vigorous health. To keep fit should be the duty of every one and there is no better time to begin spending as much time as possible in the outdoors than now.

'COON HUNTING

A CRISP, frosty night, with possibly a hunter's moon and a section of swamp or woodland where the hounds will have a fair chance of picking up the trail of a wily raccoon, provide the proper setting for one of the most thrilling of sports.

'Coon hunting has been growing in popularity among sportsmen in parts of the country where these animals are found and numerous trained 'coon dogs have been imported to work with native hounds. With a closed season during most of the year, the raccoon, which was threatened with extermination, is now increasing in numbers

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER SKIFF

WE are depending upon the friends and admirers of our old correspondent Nessmuk to make this department worthy of his name. No man knew the woods better than Nessmuk or wrote of them with quainter charm. Many of his practical ideas on camping and "going light" have been adopted by the United States Army; his canoe has been preserved in the Smithsonian Institution; and we hope that all good woodsmen will contribute to this department their Hints and Kinks and Trail-tested Contrivances.—[EDITOR.]

MANY years ago, as a small boy I was traveling with my family and stopped for a few days at a now forgotten hotel in the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. On the porch of the hotel, shining in brigh varnish, finished in vari-colored woods and carrying two bat-wing sails like a canoe, was a beautiful creation of the boatbuilder's art. I looked her over carefully, and finding that she was to be "raffled off," I spent all my pocket money and all that I could beg from generous parents, on tickets. Three days later I did *not* win the boat, but from that day to this, I have had a fondness for the St. Lawrence Skiff.

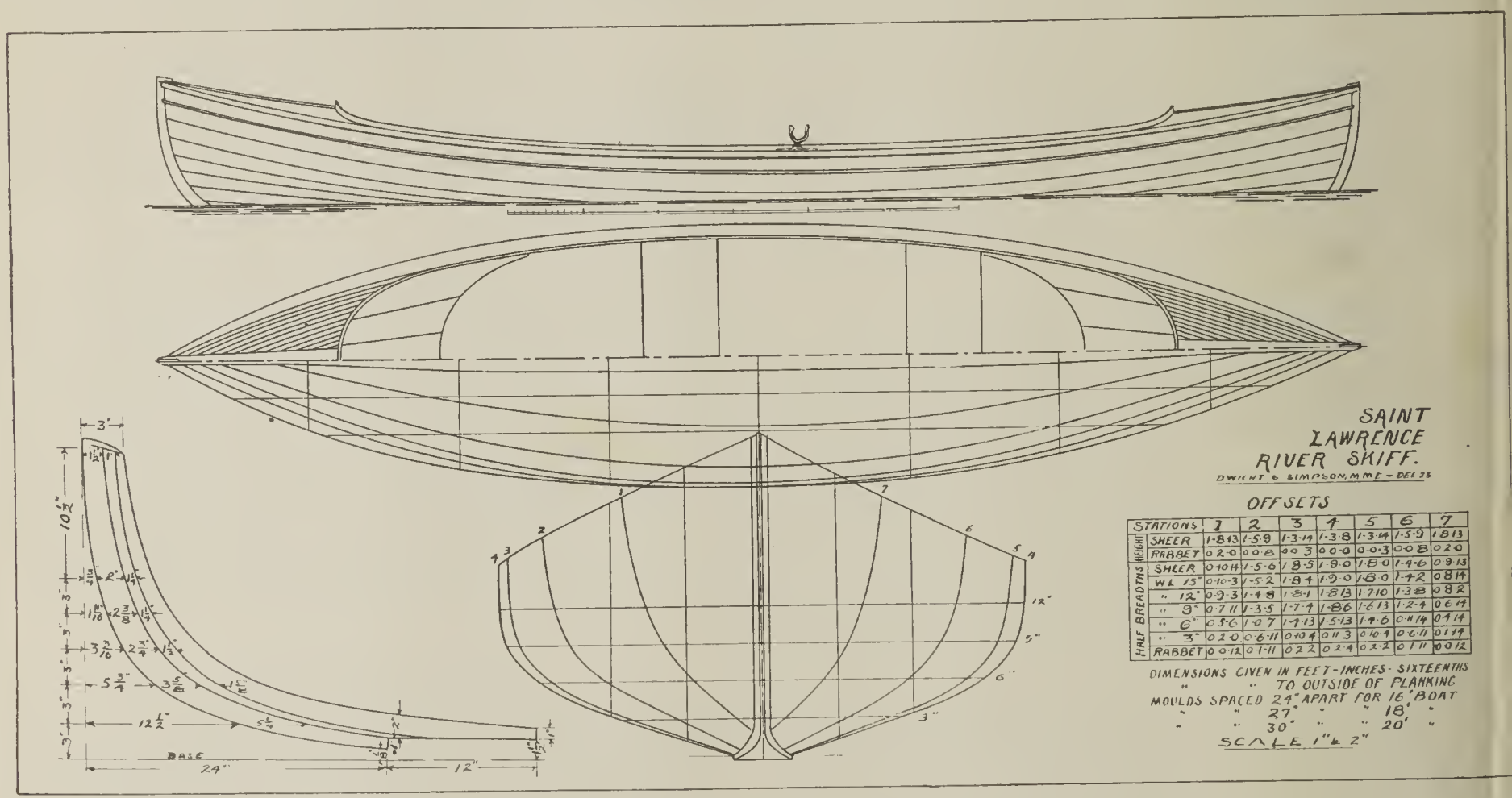
Lately I have had several requests for information on these once famous boats, which indicates a healthy respect for a good craft, as the true St. Lawrence Skiff is about the best small boat ever developed for more or less open water.

For livery and fishing purposes they are ideal, as they are easy to row, remarkably stiff, and one can move about in them with some degree of safety. They are good sailers, resembling a grown up canoe, and should work well with an outboard motor, though developed long before the motor was thought of.

Like "Charity," however, the term "St. Lawrence River Skiff" (originally a trade name for one firm's idea of the craft developed on the river) has been applied to cover a multitude of sins in the boat-building line. Not so many years ago I had an order to build two "real old fashioned St. Lawrence Skiffs" and research in many old catalogs showed about a dozen builders, each claiming to make the original—and all the boats were different.

A visit to some old timers along the river, eliminated some, averaged up the others and resulted in the drawings reproduced here, which are probably as close to the real thing as anyone will ever get. One or two of the old catalogs showed a bewhiskered individual standing jauntily on the gunwale of his skiff; and if this is the test, then the boat shown here is proved, because it can be done, though whiskers are out of style.

I was surprised to find in my research that the skiffs of most (though not all) of the old builders, while sharp at both ends, were not really "double enders," the after body being decidedly finer than the forebody. The line of the sheer and keel and the stem profile is the same for both ends, otherwise there is a real difference in the modeling. (The left end of the boat in the drawing is the bow.) Owing to this difference the boat obtains the best possible trim—down slightly by the stern as shown in the drawing—without thought on the part of the casual user, whether loaded with one, two, three, or four passengers. This makes her row easily, and the high full bow makes her dry and buoyant in a head sea



When an outboard motor is used the boat should be turned around and the motor mounted on what is ordinarily the bow. There is more bearing here to take care of the additional weight over the end and the boat again assumes a natural trim without much thought on the part of the skipper.

THERE is not space to go much into the details of building the boat. They were usually clinker or lap streaked, that being the strongest light weight construction. The stem and stern (both alike) should be made from natural crooks 1½" thick, but can be made from straight grained wood in three pieces as indicated by the dotted lines. The keel is of oak 1½" by 6", tapered in width to the dimensions given in the table of offsets for "rabbet" with an allowance of ½" on each side for the lap of the rabbet. The bottom side is left flat, while the top side is planed down so that the keel is ⅞" thick for 6 feet along the middle. The rabbet is then cut—½" wide and 7/16" deep from the bottom, leaving it square for the time being.

If you have never built a clinker boat, make a mould for each section shown, placing them two feet apart. The experienced builder can do with only the alternate ones. The dimensions given in the table are to the outside of the planking and after the forms are laid out on stiff paper for patterns, a quarter inch must be taken off all around. A notch should be cut in each mould to let the keel into its position.

The moulds must be set up on a table or horse and securely fastened; square to a centerline, perpendicular to the base, parallel to each other and with waterlines horizontal. They should be well braced so that no amount of hammering or pulling will distort them.

The keel and stems can then be fastened together, put in place on the moulds and the rabbet finished to proper bevel, after which the keel can be planed down to fair with the stems.

There will be nine planks on each side. They are all one-quarter inch thick and should be made of cedar, but pine or cypress will do. Each plank should be carefully shaped to fit as they must not be sprung sideways, and it will be well, therefore, to use some cheaper stuff and fit a pattern from which the final plank can be traced. The plank next to the keel and the top plank (garboard and sheer streak) will show about 3½" at the center mould and about 3" at the ends. The other planks will show about 3" at the center and from 2½" to 2¾" at the ends. The garboard may be widened to 4" near the ends to keep the width of the other planks down and make them straighter.

In laying out the planks, the lap must not be forgotten and from ⅝" to ¾" allowed for it. The garboards will be put on first, and will require steaming to swing the ends into place. They will probably be made in two pieces and will be joined with a beveled lap about 2" long, which must be well tacked at each end—the heads of the tacks on the thin edge and clinched on the other side. The garboard will be fastened to the stems with screws about an inch apart, and to the keel with nails about 1½" apart.

After it is fastened, the width of the lap can be gauged with a pencil and the edge beveled off so that the next plank will fit tightly, the full width of the lap. The bevel will gradually change to a half lap joint at the ends so that the planks will be flush there. The inside of the next plank must of course be half lapped at the ends to fit. This change will be in about two feet.

The two streaks near the turn of the bilge should be made of thicker stuff and hollowed out to fit the moulds, after which the outside can be planed off to proper thickness.

After the garboards are on, the position of the ribs should be marked, both on the garboards and on a batten which runs along the sheer. They will be four inches apart. As the other planks are put on, the position of the ribs should be marked on them and then two nails driven and clinched in the lap between each pair of marks.

After all the planks are on, turn the boat over, and put in the ribs. They are of white oak, ash, or elm 5/16" by ⅜" and extend (except at the ends) from one side to the other. Bore for all the nails where marked at the laps and set the nails for each rib before putting in the rib. After it is steamed soft, press it in place, and fasten to the keel with two nails, then, working from the bottom up, drive and clinch the plank nails.

The sheer is finished with a rubbing streak outside and a gunwale strip inside. These are both alike, 7/16" by 1" at the middle and 5/16" by ¾" at the ends. They are put on together, the fastening running through rubbing streak, plank, rib, and gunwale strip. Two rivets at the ends go clear through from one rubbing strip to the other, and a little block called a breast hook, is fitted into the angle to tie the two sides and the stem together.

The seat riser is 7/16" by 1" and extends only far enough for all the seats to rest on it.

These boats were invariably decked at the ends, and usually with alternate strips of different woods, such as pine and cherry, or birch and walnut, about ⅜" by ½". The wales are covered by a strip 1⅜" wide and a little coaming ¼" thick is bent around inside projecting about 1".

IF the boat is to be used much with sails, the end decks should be about a foot longer than shown and the sides can well be decked for a width of four to six inches before the coaming is put on.

The oarlocks were usually of the out-

(*Continued on page 277*)

LETTERS, QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

FORCED BROKEN VS. NATURAL RETRIEVING

Dear Forest and Stream:

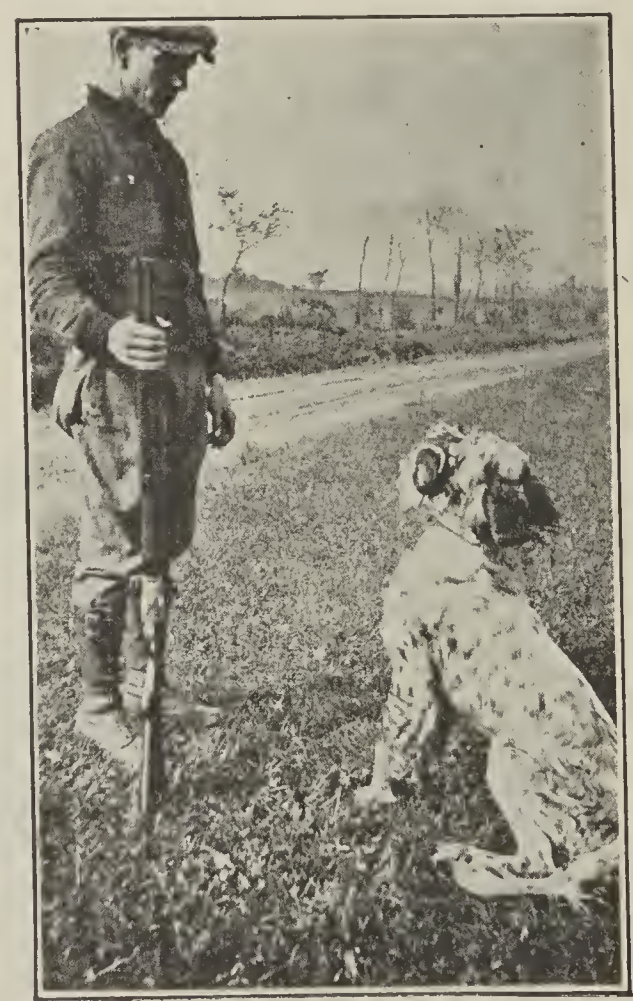
NO dog is a finished shooting-dog unless he is a good retriever. Some dogs are natural retrievers and do very good work afield, but if they do not feel in the right mood, often refuse and no amount of persuasion will make them fetch.

The writer has a little setter bitch that is retrieving nicely now of her own free will, yet who can tell when she may decide that she doesn't feel like doing so. When she was a puppie she would fetch a ball or stick when thrown out. The practise was not kept up and she outgrew her playful stage of life and refused to fetch. The first bird killed over her points was a big cock pheasant and as he was only winged he ran away at a lively pace. The dog chased and caught him. She picked up the bird, took a couple of steps with him in her mouth then dropped him. There was no command that she understood, such as "Fetch" or "Bring It In" so it was of little use to try to get her to bring it in. The next few birds brought down were unable to run away, and she did not even pick them up. Then another bird was only winged and ran away. This bird fell about ten feet from a woven wire fence. The dog followed and after considerable trouble getting through the fence trailed the bird across a field for several hundred feet, caught it and proudly brought it in. She has retrieved all birds killed over her since, and may continue to do so, but on the other hand she may refuse on the very next bird and there is no command that she understands by which she can be made to do so.

A big pointer had been hunted for nearly two years and never retrieved a feather. During the second season a pheasant was knocked down and fell in the river. The bird immediately swam to the middle of the stream and might have gotten clear across if it hadn't been for the fact that another batch of number seven and one-half chilled was spread over him. During this performance the big pointer was tearing up and down the shore. He wanted to go and get the bird, yet he hesitated to plunge into the cold water. Persuasion and coaxing on the part of his owner was of no avail. The dog still showed a desire to retrieve the bird and it was decided to keep quiet and let him alone. Several attempts were made by the dog in which he would swim out four or five feet then turn around and swim back to shore. Finally he mastered his fears, swam straight out till he was directly upstream from the bird, turned with the current, and grabbing the big bird by the head towed him to shore. It was nice work and he has continued to retrieve.

To have a real dependable retriever though, he must be force-broken. The forced retriever understands certain commands and will obey them under all circumstances. The writer has described in detail the method used in teaching forced retrieving in a previous issue of Forest and Stream. The big setter shown in the photo is proudly holding a big cook pheasant in his mouth, waiting for his master to take it. To be steady to shot, hunt for and find the dead bird at command, bring it in to his master and sit down in front of him, still holding the bird is about perfection in retrieving.

Where hunting is done on horseback, as in quail hunting, the retriever is sometimes taught to stand on his hind legs and place the birl in the hunter's hand while he is still in the saddle. The dog in the photo was retrieving almost anything about the yard when he was a four-months'-old pup. He grew tired of the job and refused. He was then put through a course in forced retrieving. He is now a master of the game. The first bird killed over him was properly handled, and every bird since has been. The whole bird is carefully taken in his mouth and scarcely a feather torn out. The force-broken retriever understands certain commands, and if properly trained will obey them under all conditions. A bird may be killed by a hunter while his dog is a long way off. With the force-broken retriever, the dog is called in and told to find the dead bird. He understands whatever command is used and will hunt for and find the bird. With a natural retriever, if he did not see the bird fall, it is more or less luck if the bird is found.



A Master of the Game

Put your good bird dog through a course in forced retrieving, and you will have a retriever that you can depend on.

G. F. Hamilton, N. Y.

ABALONE FISHING

Dear Forest and Stream:

HOW many persons have heard of the abalone? And further how many fishermen have had the occasion to partake of this rare delicacy of the sea, fried in a thick batter after pounding it for an hour with an axe?

I have just returned from several months' cruise in a small forty-foot Columbia River "salmon boat," up and down the West Coast of the peninsula of Baja California, Mexico. Here is the fisherman's paradise, where one may find the sport at its best. It is as yet unspoiled by an advancing civilization's lust to destroy and there are no game laws, alas, to hinder anyone from fishing at any time of the year or the day or night.

One of the most interesting sights we saw was a Japanese abalone camp at Turtle Bay, some two hundred miles South of the California frontier. It is due to these camps, which are increasing in number and size, that this edible shell-fish or mollusc is fast becoming extinct.

Abalone "fishing" has become an industry along the Lower Californian coast and is carried on exclusively by thrifty Japanese who sail their junks across the Pacific. They have divers and diving equipment and are thorough in their methods. When they have combed a given spot not a seed is left to propagate and multiply.

The Spanish name of abalone is the common one of this specie of the Haliotidae family and is found in Japan, India

he California coast and west coast of Baja, or Lower California, Mexico.

In Japan and California it is very scarce and legislation has been recently enacted to protect it from complete extermination. In Mexico the exported abalone product amounts to about 4,000 tons annually. There are no prohibitive laws and it is due for complete extinction unless something be done to protect it. Wealthy concessionairs grant permits to the Japs for a small license fee and the only revenue the Mexican government derives from this industry is a nominal tax on the original concession.

The abalone is somewhat larger than the giant clam and is ear-shaped. It is punctured along one edge by a curving row of small holes. At first sight one is impelled to ask for the other half. But there is only one side; it is not a bivalve but a univale, having a tough, gristly underpart by which it clings tenaciously to submerged rocks.

The abalone shell is extremely beautiful and varied in color ranging from a deep blue-black to a brilliant red. It is the most striking object the curio dealer sells on the West Coast. It is cleaned with acid and takes a very high polish.

The West Coast of Baja California is, perhaps, the only virgin abalone field remaining in the world. The Japs with their expert diving crews follow the serrated coast line from mean high water to a depth of forty feet working over every square foot of stony surface. Their process of fishing and drying is unique and it takes approximately sixty days before the univalve is ready for shipment.

Turtle Bay is a small, protected and shallow harbor. Turtles abound and fresh water is plentiful and is perhaps the last point going south where a supply of pure drinking water may be had.

A modern diving apparatus is installed in a large, flat-bottomed row boat, capable of carrying ten or twelve men. Two extra diving suits, a Japanese pump which operates like a bar on the old-fashioned railroad handcar to force the air to the diver, and rope baskets complete the equipment. The boat is rowed over the abalone ground and the diver puts his helmet and suit. His hands are bare and the band tied tightly around his wrists. Then he goes over the gunwale with his woven rope basket and a long, thin steel bar. This he slips under the abalone as it feeds, forcing it to break its grip on the rock. An active diver will gather from two to three thousand pounds in ten hours. He must come to the surface at regular intervals to get relief from the pressure which varies according to the depth in which he is working. He gives the signal cord a couple of jerks, holds his finger over the air-exhaust valve, his suit fills with air and he comes shooting to the surface like a cork. The helpers grab him quickly and unscrew his helmet. The first thing he asks for is a cigarette.

One diver I saw, who said he was forty-five, was waiting for a tramp junk to take him back to Japan to die. He looked sixty. He had been working too long under pressure and his chest nerve centers had become paralyzed or atrophied. Large knots appeared on his breast, which, I suppose, had been caused by a too sudden release of pressure. The eyes of rock cod pop out when caught and brought to the surface, as they are a deep water fish and live where the pressure must be very great. I have seen the Yaqui Indian pearl divers at La Paz, Mexico, with similar knots on their breasts.

While the diver is working the men in the boat are busy except the pump men, cutting the meat from the shells which were thrown over the side. This meat is pure white like the breast of a chicken. Also it is very firm. It is very palatable and tastes much like an oyster or large clam. It can be eaten before drying but must be prepared carefully. It is sliced to a thickness of half an inch and then beaten with an axe for an hour until the fibre is broken. Then it can be dipped into a thick batter and fried quickly. It is a great delicacy.

The Japs at the end of a day's fishing take the meat and throw it into large kettles of boiling salt water. There it cooks for four hours and is placed upon drying racks under the direct rays of the sun. Here it remains for from thirty to sixty days until thoroughly dry. This prevents decay and it will then keep indefinitely.

This dried abalone product is sacked and twice a year junks take on the cargo and either ship it to San Francisco or go straight to Japan. The Chinese and Japanese consider it a great and rare luxury and an offering before many a little Buddhist temple shrine always contains dried abalone meat, when it can be had.

O. C. Dare, Chicago.

FRIENDLY BEARS

Dear Forest and Stream:

THERE is something in the environment of Vancouver Island which seems to soften the temper of the black bear. As proof of this I give the following true account of a friendly Mr. Bruin who lives in the woods up at Sproat Lake, in the center of the island, with a picture of two line repairmen holding out overtures to another one at Great Central Lake, near Port Alberni.

The bear at Sproat Lake was first discovered by a party of surveyors early last summer. They had made camp at a certain spot and left some days later for further supplies. When they returned they saw a large black bear sitting contentedly by the remains of their fire, munching at some of their provender. He did not seem very much disturbed at their approach, not nearly so afraid of them as they were of him. While they stood at a respectful distance discussing just what method of procedure to follow, Mr. Bruin finished his meal, licked his chops, got up and ambled into the bush.

They did not see him again for some days, though they heard him prowling around after they had gone to bed. They would not think of shooting him because they were immensely interested in watching developments.

The second time they went away they purposely left some stale buns and other fodder where he could get it, and they did not go far, nor remain long. Coming back they found him as before and this time he had finished his meal and was waiting for them. To their amazement he moved slowly but surely down to the shore in their direction. They halted the launch a few feet out from the shore, but the animal showed no evidence of impatience. He sat down to await their pleasure and blinked his little eyes at them sleepily.

"Throw him a bun," somebody advised somebody else, and the bun was thrown. It landed some few feet from the bear who showed his appreciation by going after it with alacrity and eating it with relish. All doubts about the bear's animosity being now set at rest, the surveyors landed, albeit a bit warily, and made further overtures, taking care to keep a safe distance away from the animal.

This was the beginning of the bear's summer adventures. In the course of time, he grew more and more confident. The surveyors left, but the bear's fame had spread abroad and many visitors to Sproat Lake sought out his retreat, bringing him dainties. He showed no partiality to anyone. He was willing to accept food from anyone. He was something of an epicure. He was especially fond of buns with raisins in them, and he would drink ginger pop out of a bottle.

The chug-chugging of a motor-boat was the signal for him to come out of the bush and move with eagerness to the little interval of beach where he waited for whatever goodies his human friends might provide. Though of so trusting a disposition there were limits beyond which those friends never ventured. If they came just a few inches too close, the bear would look at them with reproach and turn away, making off to the shelter of the woods.

When winter comes Sproat Lake freezes around the edges, and there is snow in the woods. Bears and other wild animals seek the green mildness of the forest lands further to the south of the island. It is the fervent hope of those who had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Bruin in his home last summer that he will return again this year, and not fall a victim to the hunters of big game during the season. For if perchance he saw a hunting party he would not try in the least to avoid them but would probably come ambling to meet them, in the hope of getting a bun with currants in it, or a bottle of ginger pop.

The picture is of quite another bear, but the two line repairmen, having heard the above story are trying to make friends with him. He has just emerged from the woods, and they are enticing him with some food they are carrying. Note the very alert and vigilant attitude of the two men. They are ready to run at the slightest sign of danger.

N. de Bertrand Lugrin,
Victoria, B. C.

Four Points

You Will Notice in Shells Loaded With Cork-Tex Wads

When you need some new ammunition, ask your dealer for shells loaded with "Cork-Tex," the new wad endorsed by science. This wad is made by combining the soft particles of cork into a uniform resilient texture.

A cork-tex wadded shell offers these four outstanding advantages:

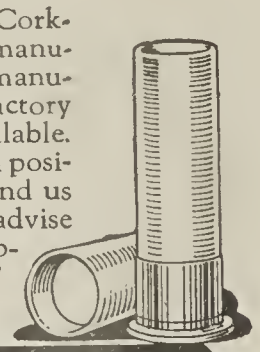
1. **Less recoil and lower pressures**—a smoother, easier load, without loss of velocity.
2. **Greater uniformity**—a moisture-proof load which maintains the powder always the same.
3. **Better patterns**—a load better gas-sealed, insuring more uniform distribution of shot.
4. **Safety to the shooter**—the durable Cork-Tex material does not blow to pieces, and back into the shooter's face.

Send for our free booklet, "Shell Certainty Through Ballistic Science." If you load by hand ask us for free samples of Cork-Tex Wads—enough for a demonstration.

Insist on getting Cork-Texed shells from your dealer.

Bond Manufacturing Corporation
513 Monroe St. Wilmington, Delaware

Note: We make the "Cork-Tex" wads for shell manufacturers. We do not manufacture shells—but factory loaded shells are available. If your dealer is not in position to supply you, send us his name and we will advise him how he may be supplied with "Cork-Tex" wadded shells.



CORK TEX

The New WAD Endorsed by SCIENCE

CAMPING OUT IN THE WEST

Dear Forest and Stream:

FOOD, water, fire and shelter are the requisites, as with all of these in fair abundance the camp becomes a home.

Every camper is supposed to carry some food, if only salt. One noted traveler carried only raisins and tramped for weeks at a time on that concentrated food. The ordinary traveler is prepared to carry a more liberal assortment.

Bread or its makings are of next importance. Others in order of their value as camp foods are bacon (as much for the cooking grease it affords as for meat), coffee or tea, sugar, milk (canned or fresh), syrup, vegetables and fruits (fresh or canned); farinaceous foods, such as breakfast foods, rice, macaroni, etc.; cookies, crackers, pickles, mustard, etc. Of course, not all of these are needed. Each party should suit their own tastes in supplying the "grub-box."

Soap, towels and candles should be added, also a glass and comb. Add to this the equipment for cooking and serving. In its simplest form this will consist of frying pan, camp pot, coffee pot, bake oven, tin plates, cups, knives, forks and spoons. Don't carry glass or chinaware on a camping trip.

Fishing tackle and a small gun will often keep the camp supplied with fresh meat. Fish, rabbits, squirrels, grouse, ducks and larger game are luxuries easily obtained in most camping-out countries.

Don't hurry. Stop and fish, hunt and hike, while you are out.

Water is a necessity as well as a commodity in camp and is of first importance in the selecting of a camping place, unless you are prepared to carry it along.

Fire is of next importance, both for cooking and comfort. Matches in abundance must be carried and kept dry. Each member of the party should carry matches at all times. Sometimes one is lost alone and obliged to stay in the woods over night.

Don't carry a stove. Build a campfire in the open. The cheerful blaze of the campfire makes that spot seem like a home, as compared to the dark prairie or forest surrounding. Its light will save the use of candles or lanterns. The campfire is also a protection against annoyance of wild beasts or reptiles, as well as domestic animals. No live thing will venture real close to a fire. Select your camp site where there is a good supply of fuel as well as water.

Don't build your fire where it will injure the trees, and be sure to extinguish it before leaving camp. There are heavy penalties for leaving campfires burning.

SHELTER. Carry a light tent or canvass for shelter from rain. Some of the western spruce trees turn rain almost as well as a tent, and a "wickyup" made of pine boughs will fill the bill if the tent is not at hand. Select your camp site where there are trees for shade and shelter, if possible. A cliff of rocks or a high bank, or even a hill will afford shelter from the wind, if you get on the right side. An open valley is even worse than the prairie for wind, sometimes. Note the direction of the wind and select your camp accordingly.

Don't camp on low ground. A sudden rain—sometimes miles away—will turn a dry gulch into a raging torrent in a few minutes. If there are signs of rain in the distance, be careful how you cross or drive into canyons or gulches. Cloudbursts are common in the mountains and are the greatest danger to be encountered. Every year some campers lose their lives from lack of caution in this regard.

There is very little danger from wild animals and none from Indians. Sometimes either or both will pilfer your camp if things are left exposed while you are away fishing or hiking.

Hoboes are worse than either. Skunks sometimes annoy campers at night, and the little spotted ones, called hydrophobia cats, have a poisonous bite. They are not numerous, however, and are easily frightened away. Just shoo them away without getting too close to them and all will be well. Don't hurt them—at least not near camp.

Mountain rats, chipmunks, camp-robbers and magpies will steal provisions that are left in their reach. Keep your fresh meat covered from the birds and your other provisions in a box or can or hang up out of their reach. Don't hurt the birds or chipmunks; they are cunning camp pets, and will keep the camping place clean of scraps.

Don't camp on an ant-hill; they'll run you out. The scattered timber ants will get in the syrup and gravy, but you can help them out and they will do no harm.

Tarrantulas (very large spiders) are poisonous, but they are very scarce. Rattlesnakes are deadly, but they are not numerous. They are not found in very high altitudes. Sometimes they may crawl under your blankets to keep warm. Don't fool with them. They are ill-natured, but they seldom strike without first giving a warning rattle, which sounds like the loud buzz of a bee. You will have plenty of time to get away if you move in the right direction. Rattlesnakes are most often found on rocky south slopes where it is warm and dry or among prairie-dog dens. These are good places to avoid. The chances are that you will not see a rattler in a year's travel, but it is well to keep them in mind and keep your eyes and ears open.

Pine boughs make a fine, soft bed. Westerners call them "mountain feathers." Don't injure the small pines by cutting them. Take them from the low boughs of large trees.

Sleep on the ground; it is healthy. Leave tables, chairs, cots and stoves at home; you don't need them at all. Get close to nature and you will enjoy it.

Be a good sport and leave the camp grounds in as good shape as you found them. There are others to follow.

J. H. Freeman,
Colorado.

(*Continued on page 277*)

Weather

can't interfere with Prest-O-Camp meals

Rain or shine, storm or calm, it is all the same if you have a Prest-O-Pocket stove. In a jiffy you can have piping hot meals any hour of the day or night, cooked with gas from the little handy tank, that you can slip in the bottom of your canoe, clamp on your running board, or tuck out of the way anywhere. Prest-O-Lite tank with Prest-O-Pocket stove give you all the comforts of an all-gas kitchen in the wilderness.

"Camp like a King" with

Prest-O-Lite Gas

and PREST-O-POCKET STOVE

No wood to chop—no scorched fingers—no embers in the food. No smoke to chase you around. No waiting for damp wood to catch. Prest-O-Torch starts in a second, and cooks in a jiffy. A pot of boiling coffee in four minutes, a thick juicy steak or a crispy brown fish in five minutes—and bacon and eggs while we're telling about it. Cook out in the open—or in the tent. No fuss or muss. When you're finished you're ready to travel, turn in or play cards or read by the light of the artificial sunlight from the same little tank that does your cooking. You can have light at the same time you cook if you wish. Besides convenience Prest-O-Pocket stove means safety first—no sparks or embers to start forest fires.

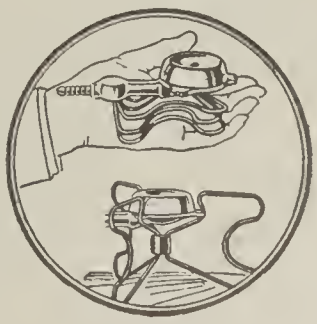
One of the 22,000 P. O. L. Stations is near you. Ask to be shown P. O. L. Camp equipment, or write for Prest-O-Lite gas cooking and lighting.

This is the Tank

THE PREST-O-LITE COMPANY, Inc.
SMALL TANK SALES DEPARTMENT
Indianapolis, Ind.

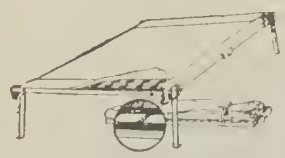
New York Office: 30 East 42nd Street
Pacific Coast Office: 599 Eighth Street, San Francisco
In Canada: Prest-O-Lite Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

This is the Stove

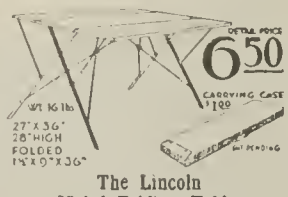


In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

THE LINCOLN FOLDING FURNITURE



The Lincoln Folding Bed
Strong, rigid, durable steel frame, reinforced canvas top, with heavy springs. It really folds, no detachable parts. Can be set up or folded in 30 seconds.
PRICE $19 75



The Lincoln Metal Folding Table
Strong, rigid, sanitary, compact, smoth, flat, solid top. Makes a fine card table, excellent writing surface Set up or fold in 30 seconds.

The Lincoln Junior Stool
The strongest, biggest little stool on the market, weight 3 lbs., 16 inches high.
PRICE $1.25
WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS

Exceptional Proposition for Dealers

McGrew Machine Works, Lincoln, Nebraska

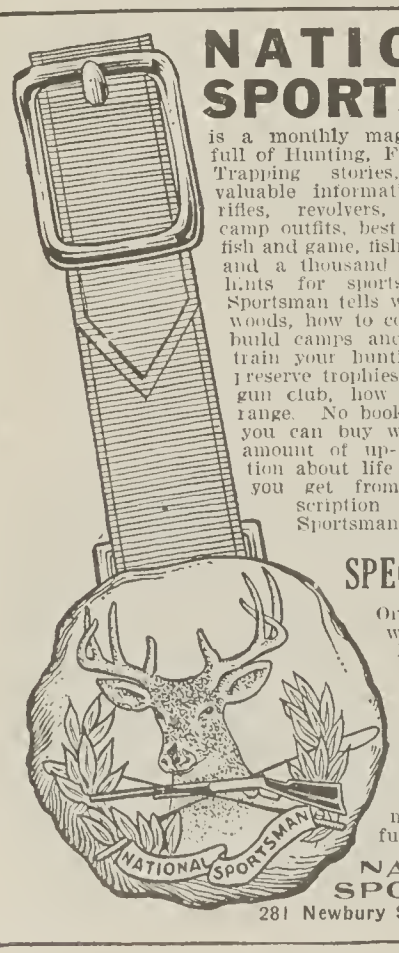
The WENZEL POLELESS TENT
A Wall Tent without A Ridgepole

A Truly Portable Wall Tent
Up or Down in a Jiffy

Take this tent *anywhere*--as baggage, on the running board, or carry it under your arm. *Enjoy* vacation days and nights in a roomy outdoor home. The Wenzel Poleless is the only really modern tent; self-adjusting Lever keeps ridge taut. Made of finest waterproof army khaki duck, in 5 convenient sizes. See it at your dealer's today--or write us for *free* illustrated catalog.

H. Wenzel Tent & Duck Co. *Dept. F*
1035 Paul Street • *St. Louis, Mo.*

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN



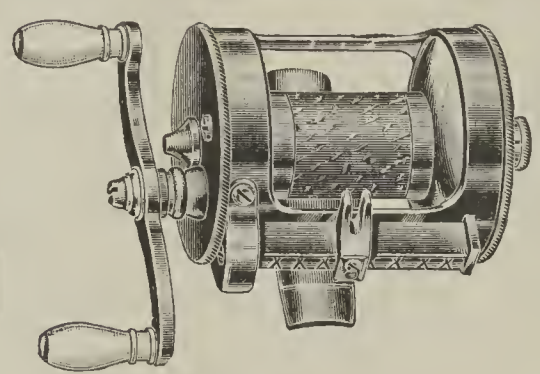
is a monthly magazine, crammed full of Hunting, Fishing, Camping, Trapping stories, and pictures valuable information about guns, rifles, revolvers, fishing tackle, camp outfits, best places to go for fish and game, fish and game laws, and a thousand and one helpful hints for sportsmen. National Sportsman tells what to do in the woods, how to cook grub, how to build camps and blinds, how to train your hunting dog, how to preserve trophies, how to start a gun club, how to build a rifle range. No book or set of books you can buy will give you the amount of up-to-date information about life in the open that you get from a year's subscription to the National Sportsman.

SPECIAL OFFER

On receipt of $1.00 we will send you National Sportsman for a whole year together with one of our handsome Mosaic Gold Watch Fobs shown herewith Mail your order today. Your money back if not fully satisfied.

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN
281 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

THE MEISSELBACH



LEVEL WIND REEL

Guaranteed to Last a Lifetime

Everywhere Meisselbach reels have caught the fancy of fishermen. OKeh in more than name. A level wind reel —100 yards capacity— cork arbor — free spool —all "Takapart" advantages and OKeh in performance.

Ask your dealer for a demonstration or—

Write direct for "Brief Castlets" with detailed description of complete line.

"Okeh"

"Takapart"	**"Triton"**
"Tripart"	**"Neptune"**
"Rainbow"	**"Surf"**

Manufactured by

A. F. MEISSELBACH MFG. CO.
25 WEST 45th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

"Fishing Reels of Quality"

IN THE SHADOW OF MOOSILAUKE

(*Continued from page* 231)

a plaintaive, a half-awakened good morn-ing to the forest and its talking brock

It has been said "the language of passion keeps time to the heart's rhythm," and the pent-up beauty of souls in love with life and nature asserts itself in song. Listen to the silvery whistle of chickadee tuned to a minor key, and the flight song of the oven-bird which is all moonlight and water and fairies. In the scream of the blue jay, the harshness of the crow, the cry of the hawk just above the spruce spires, there is a musical cadence in harmony with the spirit of the woods. Too much sweetness cloys—a little harshness and discord now and then denotes the elements of the wild and primeval. There was friendship in the birds' song. They appeared unafraid. In the increasing light I made out their small forms scattered about the forest, and as I approached they sought the higher branches but made no attempts at flight.

Unexpectedly there came a momentary lull in the bird chorus, then music welled from the depths of throats and poured in an increasing flood over the forest. Birds gushed with rare melody who knew how to sing and a host of other birds joined in whether they knew how or not, but the sound was abroad and not quite unmusical when shielded and covered with true song. All of a sudden, the sun shot up from behind the pass between Loon and Russell—a ball of pure gold which touched and transformed the landscape like a magic wand. In the shadowy depths sounded the languorous plaint of the pewee, then the bird chorus swelled from a hundred or more throats. The evergreen boughs were interlaced and bound with innumbered arias and twitters of every description. I listened to the vaunted songs of many warblers, the tumbling melody of wrens down close to the water, the strain of migratory sparrows still lingering in these choice haunts, the tattoo of woodpeckers, the gladness of vireos and flycatchers, the coarse voices of birds filled with spring madness and unable to express themselves aesthetically, yet their attempts had a touch of poetry—the poetry of the woods before the advent of man. But the supreme melodists were the thrushes, the wood thrush and the hermit. Nothing finer or more laden with sheer melody in all the wilderness chorus—they had the fragrance and fragments of all bird music and yet borrowed nor stole from none. The songs were full of spiritual phantasy, rife with richness and beauty filled with a trembling pathos and yearning which was athirst with the nativity of the day. They were the souls of the mountain wilderness asking for the impossible.

STANDING in a clump of ferns I tossed a shining angle-worm into the brook—a humble offering to the Red Gods. There was a fatal flash of color, a swirl of waters and flip of tail, and the worm vanished. A good sign of

Un-approachable!

Not only in Light Weight, ~ but in 15 other ~ Outstanding Features

THE marvelous light weight of the Johnson Twin—only 35 pounds complete—is just one of sixteen reasons for Johnson preference wherever used or shown.

Admittedly, it is the easiest of all motors to carry. Any pair of scales proves that. Admittedly, it is the most convenient in traveling. You take it apart easily at one joint for packing in handy case to slide under Pullman seat or in your car like a suitcase.

But any Johnson owner will tell you that it is *on the water* that the Johnson Twin is unapproachable.

For example, the patented Johnson Universal Steering feature drives the boat forward, backward, sidewise, or in a complete circle, with equal ease. It darts in and out and through the water "Like a Water Bug." Both cylinders fire at the same time, insuring smooth, quiet power. You feel no shaking of the boat or canoe. You hear no loud noise that drowns out voices. You tilt the propeller freely out of water while the motor is running. If you strike a log, rocks or shallows, your Johnson tilts automatically, and automatically returns to its former position without damage to motor or boat.

You have no mixing valve to fuss with. The Johnson has a real Float-Feed Carburetor. You have no batteries to lug or replace. You always get a hot, quick spark from the built-in, Quick Action Magneto, which is moisture and oil-proof. The Spark and Throttle Control gives you at the touch of the fingers trolling speed, racing speed, or any speed between. There are no oil holes or grease cups to soil clothing. The simple Cord Starter has no knobs to catch clothing. The patented Anti-cavitation Plate prevents under-water air pockets, and gives you full benefit of the motor's propelling power.

The Johnson is also unapproachable in its years of service. It has one-piece, Drop-Forged Steel, Case-Hardened Crank Shaft, Drive Shaft and Propeller Shaft—all running in Phosphor Bronze Bearings; Bevel Gears of Heat-Treated Nickel-Steel. No valves to grind, no valve springs, tappets or timing gears to wear. Beautifully finished in polished "Lynite" and Nickel. No paint or enamel used.

Thousands of enthusiastic Johnson owners and America's leading sporting goods dealers will tell you that in dependability, durability, performance and light weight,—

"Johnson is Right"

Write for Free Catalog Folder Today

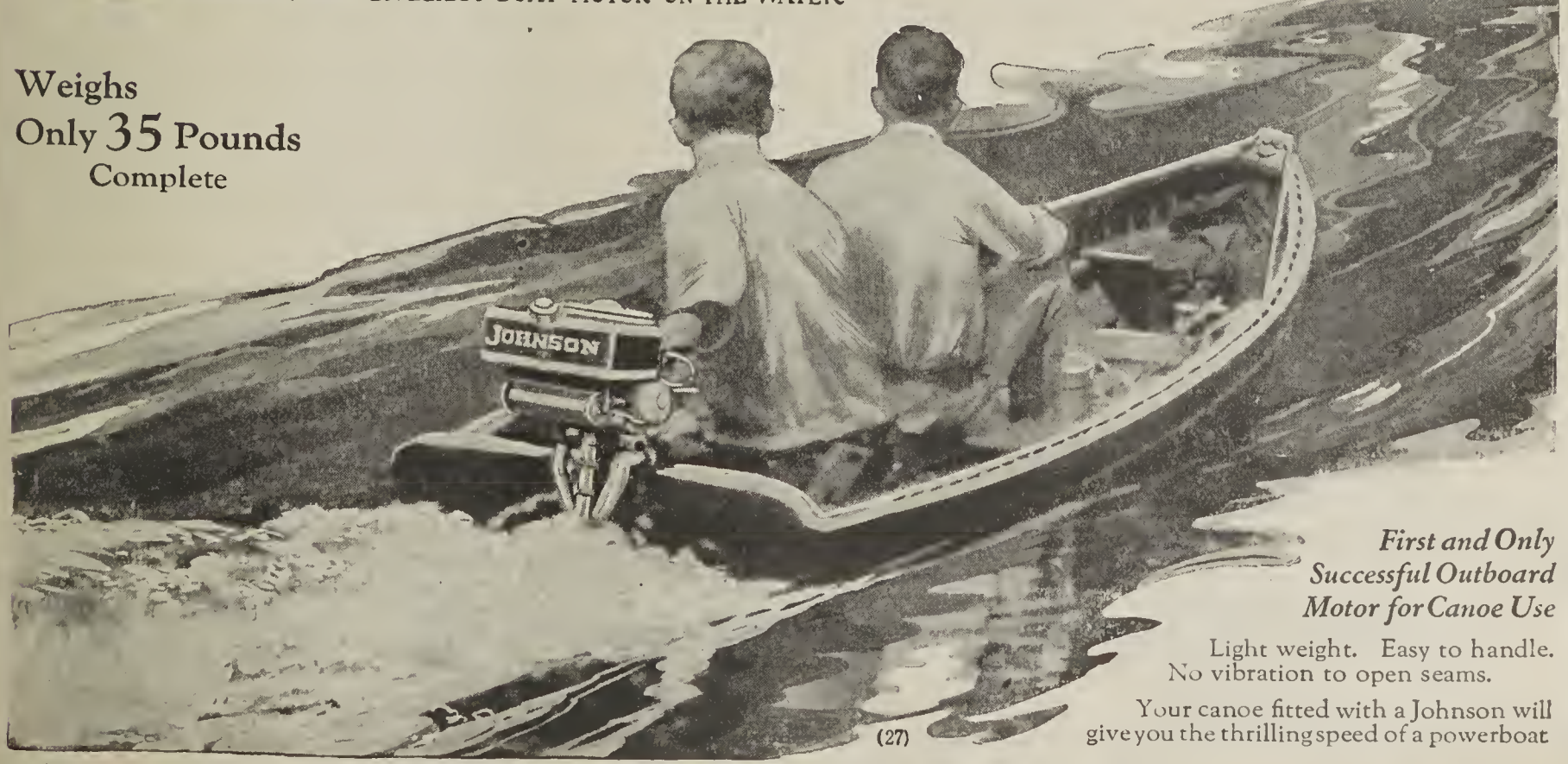
THE JOHNSON MOTOR CO., 852 Sample Street, SOUTH BEND, IND.

EASTERN OFFICE
120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Johnson "WATER-BUG"

THE LIGHTEST. LIVELIEST BOAT MOTOR ON THE WATER

Weighs
Only 35 Pounds
Complete



First and Only Successful Outboard Motor for Canoe Use

Light weight. Easy to handle. No vibration to open seams.

Your canoe fitted with a Johnson will give you the thrilling speed of a powerboat

(27)

Lefever

NEW LEFEVER NITRO-SPECIAL ONLY $29.00

O. K.'ed and purchased in quantities by the U. S. Navy. Well finished, considering the price. Built to shoot right and stand as much use as the most expensive gun. Most durable lock ever put in a gun—first lock fired over 77,000 times.

Every gun proof-tested with an extreme load. A standardized gun built only in 20-ga. 28 in., 16-ga. 28 in., and 12-ga. 28 and 30 in. with 14 in. stock and about 2⅞ in. drop. A Lefever won the world's championship at the Olympic games in London. Lefever has stood for service and durability for over 50 yrs. *Write for Catalogue*

Lefever Arms Co., Ithaca, N.Y.

LIVE OUTDOORS WITH

The "Auto-Kamp" Trailer

A completely equipped home with everything snugly packed and every convenience at your command. Light enough for mountain travel over any road. No trouble, worry or delay. If it is an AUTO KAMP you won't realize it is there, and you will enjoy every minute of your outing or tour. Let us send you complete details of our four models, ranging in price from $98.50 up. Write to-day for literature.

AUTO KAMP TRAILER CO.

2026 SHERIDAN AVE., SAGINAW, MICH.

GOING FISHING?

You certainly do not want to be bothered and bitten by Flies and Mosquitoes. Take a supply of:

"Fly Terror"

Ask for it at your dealer's or write direct to:

THE FLY TERROR MANUFACTURING, REGD.
7 Notre Dame Sq., Quebec, Can.

Anglers

TACKLE
of Quality

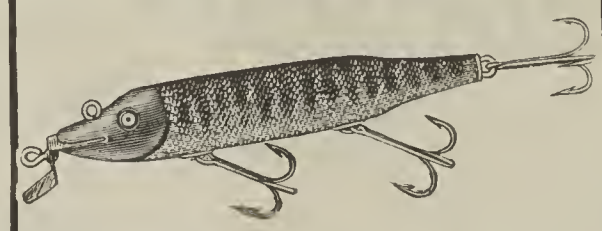
Catalog Free

"FLIES, Fly Tying and Rod Making Materials a Specialty"

Postpaid Delivery—Prompt Service
Goods sold subject to your approval

It's Easy to Order From **J. A. Willmarth, Roosevelt, N.Y.**

THE FAMOUS PIKIE MINNOW



CATCHES MORE FISH

Togo, Saskatchewan, Canada,
Nov. 4, 1922.

Creek Chub Bait Company,
Garrett, Ind.

Gentlemen:

Am writing to let you know what splendid sport I have had with your lures this season. I have caught nearly 100 pickerel and walleyes with your lures, including 3 or 4 five-pound pickerel and one 13¼-lb. and another 9¼-lb. I caught all of the big ones and most of the others on your PIKIE MINNOW. Have only had the Pikie since the end of July. No fish can resist its Natural appearance and wiggle.

I consider it the deadliest minnow on the market today.

Yours faithfully,
ERNEST E. JONES.

This Man From Missouri

Middleton, Mo., May 6, 1922.

Creek Chub Bait Company,
Garrett, Ind.

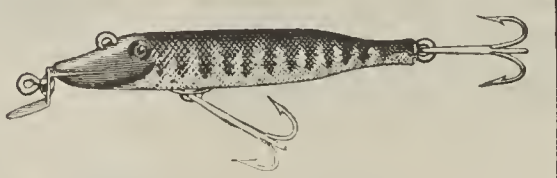
Gentlemen:

Enclosed find check for which please send me the following baits. Ship at once by parcel post as the bass are striking.

W. H. GRAHAM.

P. S.—After using all leading baits, I find your baits by far the best. They not only have a much better and more durable finish but are **the best fish getters on the market today.**

HERE'S THE BABY PIKIE



"Bass Want It When They Think They Don't Want Anything"

Wellborn, Fla., July 11, 1922.

Creek Chub Bait Company,
Garrett, Ind.

Gentlemen:

Find enclosed check. Please send by first mail one Baby Pikie No. 900 and one Wagtail Chub.

I am badly in need of this No. 900 bait as the Pikie is the only bait for bass.

They want it when they think they don't want anything. The Pikie gets them for me when all others fail.

J. W. HEMBREE.

Get a Pikie Minnow from your dealer or direct. Send for our new 1923 tackle catalogue.

THE CREEK CHUB BAIT CO.

131 Randolph St. Garrett, Ind.

trout up in the head-waters. The brook was a typical mountain stream made up of boulders, rocks, pebbles, and sand rolled together in one irregular path. It tumbled, fell, slipped, and slid ever downward. It tumbled and roared over rocky beds and washed sheer ledges deep and dark; it fell over abrupt cliffs and lichen-covered glacial surfaces; it slipped with silent wash across long smooth granite cropping and slid with a flask of spray and gulping of waters into deep round potholes, and was away again to do it all over. To the water's edge came the forest which crowded the shore, even the eminence of ledges and cliffs. Windfalls formed barriers where the waters went over, under, or around. It was a brook to love—fish or no fish—for its life was a tumultuous journey varied with scenery and wild life. To love it was easy, to fish it required the subtle alchemy of a fisherman's mind and hard labor.

I picked a shadfly from a meager assortment. The village store-keeper called it a shadfly and I took his long-visaged word for it—I never argue with a man. It may have been a shadfly, a new one, unknown to science. Just as the sun shot a shower of golden arrows through the forest, I stepped down to the cold waters of the brook under the frown of Moosilauke and sent a single fly to a dark cataract boiling about a granite boulder. It was a clumsy attempt at casting, as ungraceful as a bug tumbling from a leaf, but the geography of the brook and the proximity of the forest prevented any artistic effort with wrist. It was a case of get there, somehow—a common practice on a hard water. No trout answered endeavor, and I tried again and again, until with a last attempt the fly settled on the white foam as light as thistledown. Even perfection failed, and I moved a yard downstream. Not a flash greeted careful casting, no trout rose to question the authenticity of the insect. I knew trout were in those waters: I flipped a bit of pine bark to a quiet, unspeckled pool, and a trout took it instantly.

Though not superstitious a creeled trout at sunrise means a perfect day. Changing to a fly which might have been a gnat or a cowdung I tried once more. In a streak of color he missed the fly. He shot at it again, half out of water, and I sunk the hook into his jaw. A medley of dashes, short, intense—a final break downstream, and he came to the creel, a full eleven inches of Moosilauke loveliness.

With such an inaugural beginning a companionable pipe had the solace of a benediction. The first fish of acceptable size kindled the spark of desire, and the high road of gentle adventure was open. In the space of minutes I hooked another fish, all of eight inches, who put up a stiffer resistance against leaving his watery habitat than the first trout. Small trout filled many pools and haunted the still waters beside riffles and cataracts. Where water is, there you may find trout. It is a legend among canoeists a birch canoe will float over dew-moistened grass. In these mountain

(*Continued on page* 281)

STANDARD LOADS of DU PONT SHOTGUN POWDERS

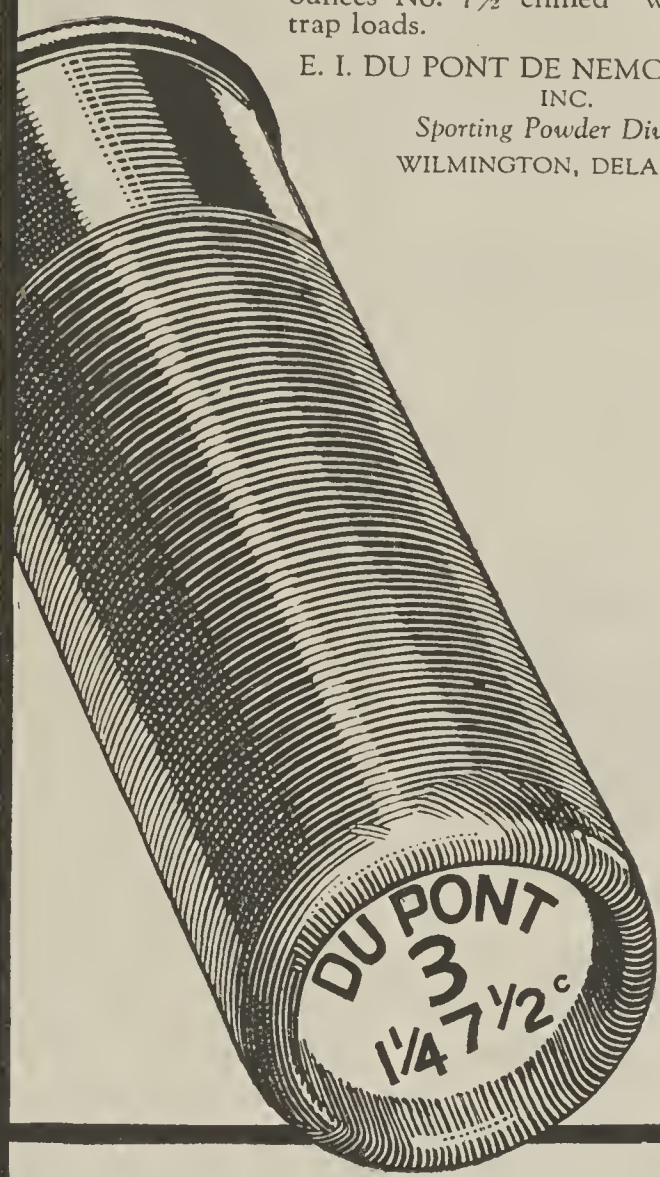
Kind of Game	DUPONT (Bulk) SMOKELESS						
	12 GAUGE		16 GAUGE		20 GAUGE		SHOT SIZES ALL GAUGES
	DRAMS	OZ SHOT	DRAMS	OZ SHOT	DRAMS	OZ SHOT	
Turkey Geese	3½	1-⅛	2¾	1	2½	⅞	* 2 & 4
Brant Large Ducks	3¼	1-⅛	2¾	1	2½	⅞	4 in flight 6 over decoys
Medium Ducks Grouse Prairie Chicken	3¼	1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	6
Squirrels Rabbits	3	1 or 1⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	6
Small Ducks Pheasants Pigeons Doves	3¼	1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	7½
Quail Snipe Woodcock Shore Birds	3	1 or 1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	8
Reed & Rail Birds	3	1	2½	1	2¼	⅞	10
Trapshooting	3	1¼	2½	1	2¼	⅞	7½

BALLISTITE (Dense) SMOKELESS

If BALLISTITE (*dense*) Powder is desired order by grains. A comparison follows of *Bulk* and *Dense* Loads:

DRAMS		GRAINS	DRAMS		GRAINS
3½	equivalent to	28	2½	equivalent to	20
3¼	" "	26	2¼	" "	18
3	" "	24	2	" "	16
2¾	" "	22	1¾	" "	14

* In 12-Gauge loads only, use No. 2 Shot



Du Pont makes powder—not shells. Du Pont Powders are loaded in every brand of shell. The name "DU PONT" or "BALLISTITE", printed on the carton and top shot wad tells you that you are shooting the fastest, most accurate powder made. Specify "3 drams DU PONT 1¼ ounces No. 7½ chilled" when ordering trap loads.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO.
INC.
Sporting Powder Division
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

Experienced trapshooters are just as fussy about the brand of powder they shoot as the make of shell. Eight out of ten shoot DU PONT, because they *know* it gives them greatest velocity, accuracy and uniformity.

SHOOT DU PONT POWDERS

DU PONT

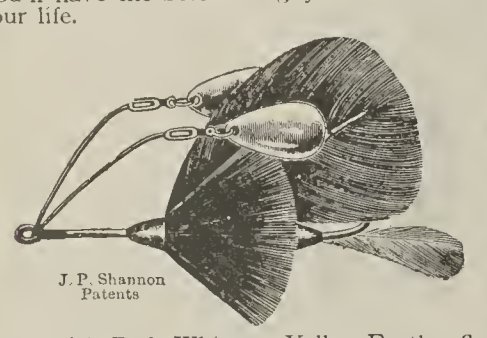
In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

"Smiling Bill" says:

"Lot's of people think there is a big secret about catching fish, but there aint nothing of the kind All you have to do is just fish where the fish are and use your brains mixed with plenty of elbow grease."

The Shannon Twin Spinner

will enable you to fish where the fish are and will prove that you have used your brains, for the Shannon is about the only bait there is with which you can *always* fish where the fish are. No matter how thick the rushes or lilies are, you can cast right into them without fear of fouling. As for attractiveness, the game fish don't live that can resist it. It gets big catches where others fail. Try it and see for yourself. You'll have the best fishing you ever had in your life.



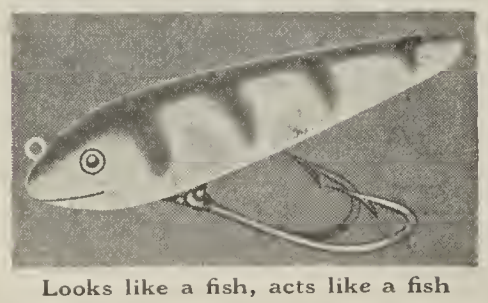
Made with Red, White or Yellow Feather fly. Also Red, Yellow, White and natural color bucktail fly. **Price, each, 85c.**

The Jamison Special Line

Bill Jamison's special made silk casting line will save you a whole lot of elbow grease, for it is the smoothest and easiest casting line you ever saw. Don't burn your thumb and is almost entirely free from the dreaded back-lash. That means less work and more fish. Give it a trial and get the most agreeable surprise of your life. You'll enjoy casting from then on a hundred per cent more than you ever did before.

No, 5, 12 lb. test. 50 yard spools, each, $1.00
No. 4, 16 lb. test. 50 yard spools, each, 1.20

THE FLY ROD WIGGLER



Looks like a fish, acts like a fish

Here is absolutely the greatest fly rod lure that ever fooled a fish. Easy to cast and lifts without a splash. Made in eight lifelike patterns: Silver Shiner, Golden Shiner, Red Side Minnow, Red Head, Yellow Perch, All Yellow, All White and All Red. Three sizes: Trout, 1¼ in.; Small Bass, 1¾ in.; Large, 2⅛ in.

65c each. Four in vest pocket box, $2.60

Send for our catalogue of Baits, Flies, Leaders, Lines, Weedless Hooks, etc.

THE W. J. JAMISON CO.
Dept. S, 736 South California Ave.
CHICAGO ILLINOIS

A Crow Shooting Contest

DRASTIC MEASURES TAKEN BY NEBRASKANS TO RID THEMSELVES OF THE DESTRUCTIVE CROWS

The fertile valley of the Elkhorn, with its lofty trees, has, for many years, provided natural breeding places and bounteous feeding grounds for crows. So numerous have they become that hundreds of acres of corn have been damaged or destroyed and thousands of young chicks, stolen by the black robbers. But like many evils they brought down punishment upon their heads because of their numbers and bold depredations.

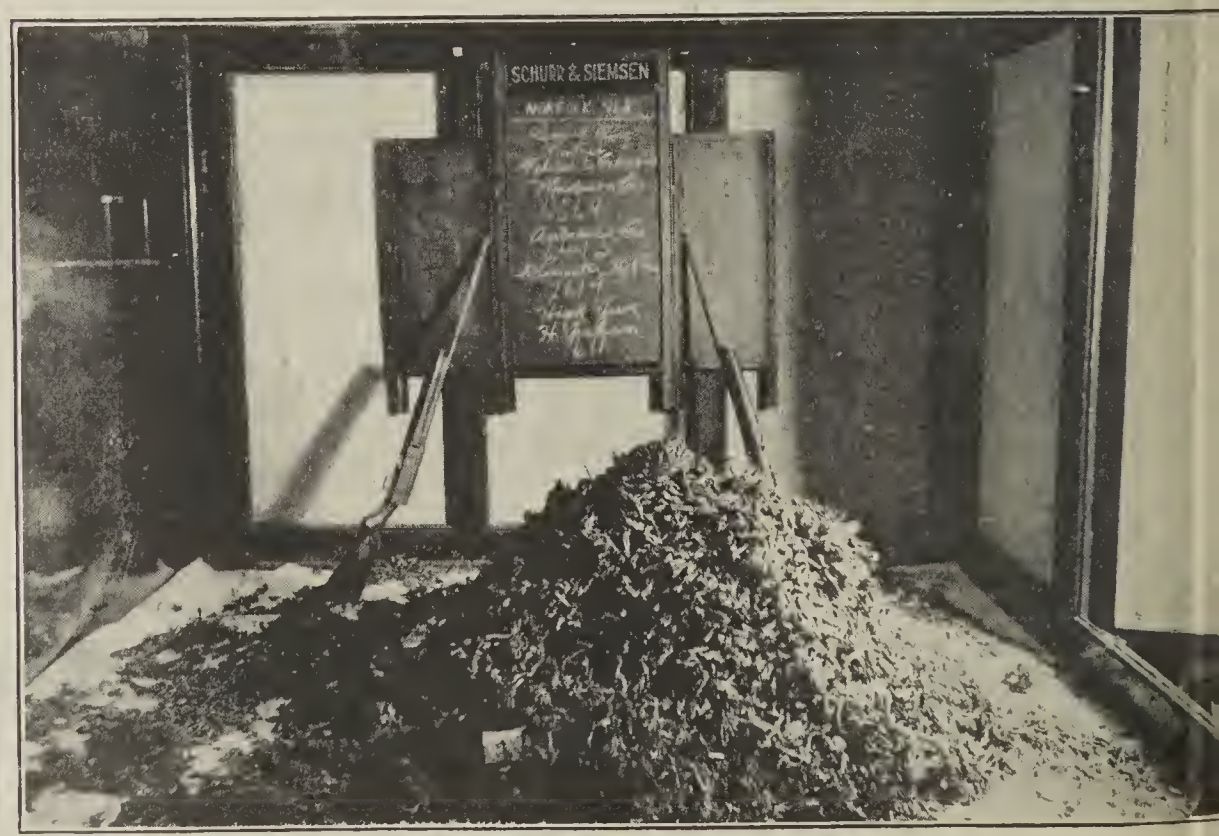
Sportsmen of eight towns, two hundred and fifty in number, engaged in the contest. Two silver cups were hung up as prizes; one to go to the high town and the other to the high gun in both counties. Shooters qualified by registering and paying a fee of two dollars. The money paid to be applied in purchasing prizes and providing a banquet at Norfolk, a city of ten thousand, located in Madison county.

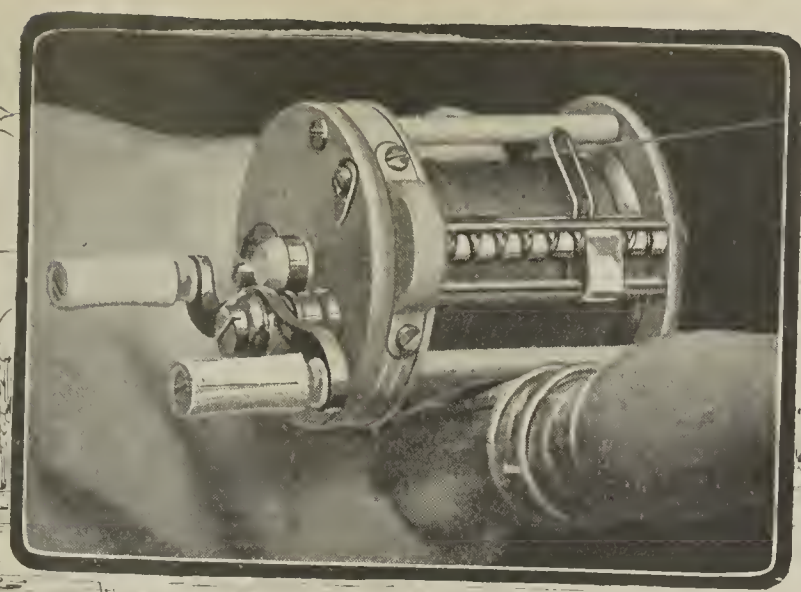
To add interest to the match, contestants were classified as follows: All shooters bringing in fifty or more pairs of crow's feet were called "Aces" and thus earned a seat of honor at the toastmaster's table at the banquet. Those having less than fifty and more than twenty-five were called "Experts" and sat at the second table. Less than twenty-five but fifteen or more drew a third table seat as "Amateurs." Under fifteen and over five remained in the "Pothunter" class and were fourth table guests. But if there chanced to be one who garnered five or less pairs he would have to take a chance of getting at any table that was left.

DURING the first half of the period crows were shot from blinds exclusively. Many ingenuous and effective kinds of decoys were employed. The most popular was one termed "Flapper," a mechanical device, made of sheet iron and so arranged as to be worked fro the blind. The hunter pulled a wir and called, to attract attention of pass ing flocks. Curiosity is a crow's chie failing and the pair of black wings flap ping up and down as if possessed by crow feasting upon some choice morse lured thousands of them to an untimel death.

During the last days of the match, an when large kills were desired, roost shooting by moonlight became a favorit pastime. Squads would organize an go forth armed with automatic shotguns slipping quietly to a distance most effec tive and remain motionless until th great flock would settle down after th first flight. At a given signal from th leader volley upon volley would be fire into the fluttering ranks. In many in stances fifty or seventy-five birds wer taken by a party of five thus operating Five shooters from Battle Creek, i Madison county, brought back five hun dred pairs of feet from one night's bom bardment of roosts upon the shores o the Missouri river, in Burt count However, it can be said in favor of th contestants that a very large portion o the crows killed were shot singly fro blinds or picked off from moving auto mobiles along the highways.

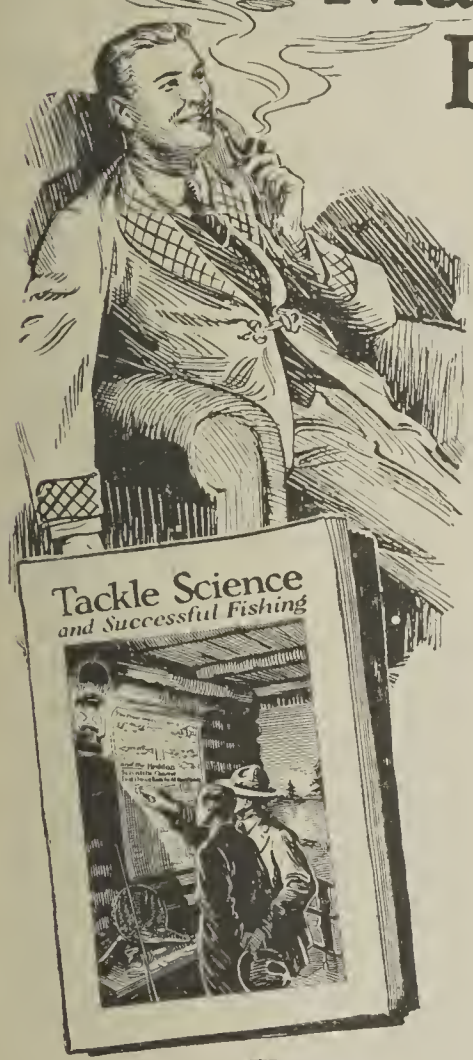
Upon the 27th day of February, a five o'clock P. M., the last gun of th war was fired, and the thousands o trophys prepared for the final count. B two o'clock the afternoon of the follow ing day two hundred and fifty crow hunters, clad in hunting garments, con gregated at Norfolk, Madison count where the count of feet took place. Tw large show windows at the hardwar store of Schurr & Seimsen were cleare and set apart, one for each county. these windows were piled the feet as th count progressed. The city w thronged with visitors who watche





Heddon Level-Winding Casting Reel De Luxe

Make Good on Your Fishing Wishing



NOT all the golden moments of of your day o'dreams must wait on the caprices of the elusive fish. Part of them—the part that you can realize every time you go to the waterside—lie in the wondrous joy of ownership and use of fine tackle.

Give your appreciation rein. Actually own a Heddon Level Winding Reel that will make this part of your fishing wishing come really true.

For this is a reel built lovingly and understandingly to serve you as a staunch and unfailing ally through long years of faithful companionship.

Its standards are not those of other reels of level-winding type. In design, material and finish, in nicety and precision of workmanship, in the vital points of silence, light-running and long wear it is beyond all comparison with reels of ordinary commercial construction.

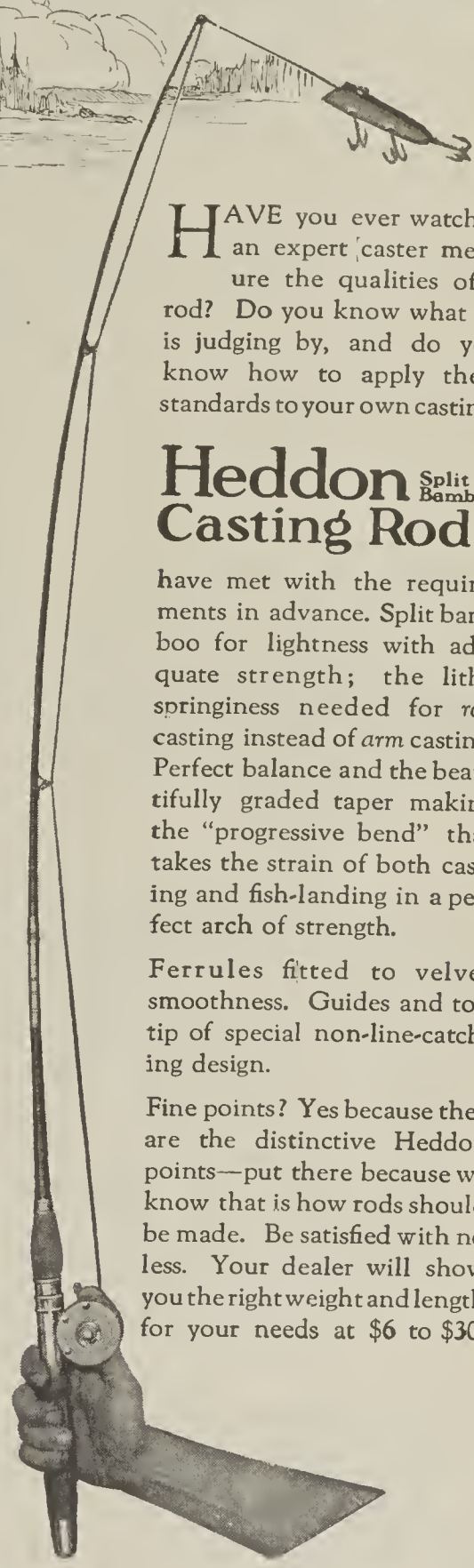
Own it. Care for it. Treasure it as a part of your fishing ideals, for it is one of those rare possessions whose worthiness is to be measured more in the subtle terms of appreciative ownership than the dollars and cents of cost.

Free

The Heddon Fishing Book

Send for your copy of the most informative tackle book ever printed. Shows you Heddon equipment in colors, beautiful plates of fish and scientific suggestions for effective fishing.

Understand What Your Rod Should Do



HAVE you ever watched an expert caster measure the qualities of a rod? Do you know what he is judging by, and do you know how to apply these standards to your own casting?

Heddon Split Bamboo Casting Rods

have met with the requirements in advance. Split bamboo for lightness with adequate strength; the lithe springiness needed for *rod* casting instead of *arm* casting. Perfect balance and the beautifully graded taper making the "progressive bend" that takes the strain of both casting and fish-landing in a perfect arch of strength.

Ferrules fitted to velvet smoothness. Guides and top tip of special non-line-catching design.

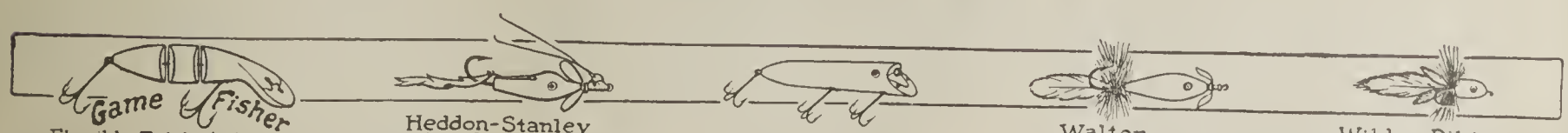
Fine points? Yes because they are the distinctive Heddon points—put there because we know that is how rods should be made. Be satisfied with no less. Your dealer will show you the right weight and length for your needs at $6 to $30.

James Heddon's Sons Dowagiac, Mich

Heddon Fishing Tackle

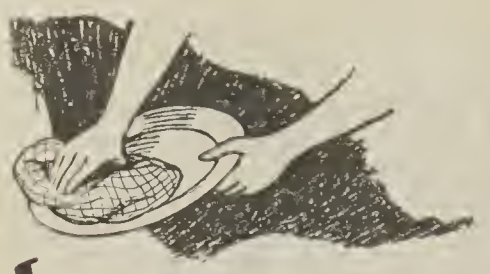
"Heddon Made—*Well* Made"

Wm. Croft & Sons, Ltd., Toronto, Can., Sole Canadian Representatives



Flexible-Triple Acting | Heddon-Stanley Weedless Pork-Rind Minnow | Basser—*Erratic* | Walton Single Hook | Wilder-Dilg Feather Bass Fly

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.



WIPING will not clean a greasy plate

The film of grease on a plate will not come off until it is dissolved by soap and water.

Gun powder has a similar effect on a rifle barrel. The barrel looks clean when swabbed with oil, but the true sportsman knows that gun powder and steel creates a corrosive carbon gas that soons leads to rust, pitting, and inaccuracy of aim.

Hoppe's Nitro Powder Solvent No. 9 removes the effect of carbon gas from a gun barrel just as soap and water remove grease from a plate. Don't depend on oil but go to your favorite sporting goods store to-day for a bottle of Hoppe's Nitro Powder Solvent No. 9.

Send 10c for liberal size sample

FRANK A. HOPPE, Inc.,

2314 N. 8th Street Philadelphia, Pa.

HOPPE'S Nitro Powder Solvent No 9

GENUINE GERMAN MAUSER

Half pre-war prices

Latest model 9 shot automatic. Shoots standard cartridges—lies flat in pocket — World's famous **Luger** 30 cal. **$20.75 — Hand Ejector Revolver,** swing out cylinder 32 cal. **$16.95.** 38 cal. **$17.95.** All brand new latest models. **Guaranteed genuine imported.**

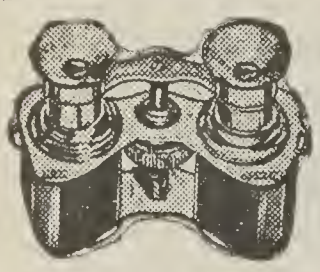
$12.95 25 cal. 32 cal. $13.95

Pay on Delivery Plus Postage **SEND NO MONEY**

Satisfaction guaranteed or money promptly refunded

$6.95 25 cal. Pocket Automatic; 25 cal. Blue Steel Army Automatic $8.45; 32 cal. $10.45; Officer's Automatic, 3 safeties, 25 cal. $11.95; Military Trench Automatic, 32 cal. 10 shot extra magazine FREE, $11.65. Just like you used over there. Imported Top Brake Revolver. 32 cal. $8.65; 38 cal. $8.95.

Universal Sales Co. 141 B'way, Desk 212-H New York



BINOCULARS

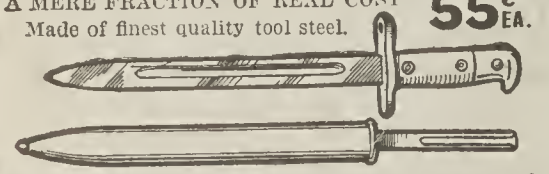
Achromatic, Adjustable, Prisma Type, High Quality 8X Lenses. Ideal for Hunting, Camping, Yachting, etc. Guaranteed perfect. Well made and serviceable; will last a lifetime. Case and Shoulder Straps included. Value $25.00. Our special price, C.O.D., $8.75. This instrument guaranteed to please or money will be cheerfully refunded.

BENNER & CO., D-5 TRENTON, N. J.

U. S. ARMY KRAG KNIFE BAYONETS

A MERE FRACTION OF REAL COST **55c EA.**

Made of finest quality tool steel.



Takes splendid cutting edge, complete with metal scabbord, all in perfect condition like sketch. 12-inch blade. For Home use, Grocers, Butchers, Fish dealers, Autoists, Farmers, Sportsmen—in fact any trade that requires fine cutting tools. Send for catalogue.

W. S. KIRK, 1627 N. 10th St., Phila., Pa.

"Sell that Boat? Bill, you don't know an old timer!"

DON'T blame you, Bill—one day in that boat would make anybody want to own 'er. Think what that good 'ol Thompson means to me. Ten years—goin' on 'leven—she's been my pal. Sell that boat? Nothing doing! Bill, you don't know an old-timer!

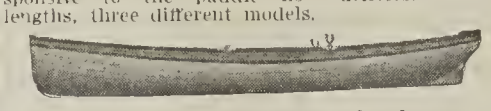
"You just write to Thompson's, up in Peshtigo, Wisconsin. Tell 'em the kind of boat you want—they've got it!"

Get This Boat Catalog!

Thompson's new boat catalog FREE, illustrating full line of 1923 models in full colors.

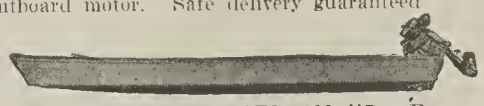
SAVE MONEY— ORDER BY MAIL

CANOES, $45 UP. Speedy, beautiful in line, graceful in action—yet strong and durable. Stable in a choppy sea; steady as most rowboats. Responsive to the paddle—no "drifters." Four lengths, three different models.

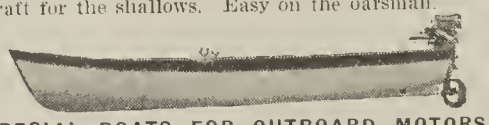


ROWBOATS, $40 UP. Roomy, handsome rowboats—with trim lines. Finely built of choicest woods. Finished down to the last detail. Stand years of wear and tear and still look good.

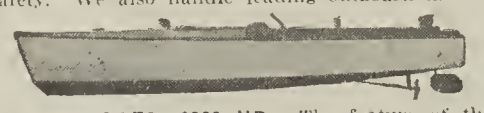
FLAT BOTTOM BOATS (Shipped Knocked-Down), $29.00 UP. Assemble yourself in two hours. A hammer and screw driver are all the tools you need—no experience necessary. Choice of 12, 14 or 16 ft. length. Reinforced stern for outboard motor. Safe delivery guaranteed.



FISH & HUNTING BOATS, $32 UP. For oars or outboard motor. Sturdy, stable—won't "roll" when you stand to cast or land a whopper. Light draft for the shallows. Easy on the oarsman.



SPECIAL BOATS FOR OUTBOARD MOTORS, $58 UP. Special seam construction resists vibration. Unique hull design, combined with just the right clearance, gives speed without sacrificing safety. We also handle leading outboard motors.



MOTOR BOATS, $200 UP. The feature of this full line is the Beach Model—the "Wonder Boat of 1923." Propeller does not project below keel—cannot be injured if run hard aground or amid lurking logs or rocks. Light-weight motor enclosed in rainproof hatch. Women or children can start and operate "Beach Model." Two men can carry it. Four other motor boats to choose from; 16 to 26 ft. in length.

When writing for catalog, please state the kind of boat in which you are interested.

Thompson Bros. Boat Mfg. Co.

93 ELLIS AVE., PESHTIGO, WIS.

with interest the bulletin board upon which results were chalked and the fast-increasing piles of crow's feet in the windows. When the last bunch was tossed in there were more than ten bushels in evidence of the mammoth slaughter in the combined exhibits.

The result was as follows: Madison County, 13,328 feet. Antelope County, 12,826 feet. Total number of feet brought in, 26,154, or a total of 13,077 crows killed by both counties. The Clearwater, Antelope county, organization won the cup with 2,690 birds to its credit. The high gun, Harry Graham, also a Clearwater shooter, won the cup as individual shooter with a total of 611 birds all killed singly.

Besides the prize cups the two youngest Aces were presented each with a $5 gold piece. Milton Smith, of Clearwater, and Forrest Hoppe, living on a ranch in Antelope county, 12 and 13 years old, respectively, each killed more than fifty crows. Milton is an expert trap-shooter, using a twelve-gauge winchester pump, and shooting all his crows along the river from blinds before and after school. Young Hoppe got every bird with a twenty-two rifle, picking them off as they lit down in the feed lot upon his father's ranch.

AT six-thirty a banquet for the shooters was served at the Elk's hall by ladies of the American Legion Auxiliary. Representative Oswin Keifer, of the Nebraska Legislature, then in session, and author of a bill which provides for a ten-cent bounty upon crows, was the principal speaker. He especially emphasized the importance of ridding the state of crows and thereby protecting game and song birds from their worst enemies. He further suggested that such an organization as the one he addressed should be made perpetual and work together and in connection with the Fish and Game Department. He showed them how they might assist the Department in many ways, such as selecting lakes and streams where fish may be planted to the greatest advantage; searching out the most likely places for pheasants to nest and rear young, keeping the crow down and reporting violators of the game laws to deputy wardens. After he had concluded, resolutions covering his suggestions were unanimously adopted and necessary committees appointed from the several towns to arrange for a more complete organization.

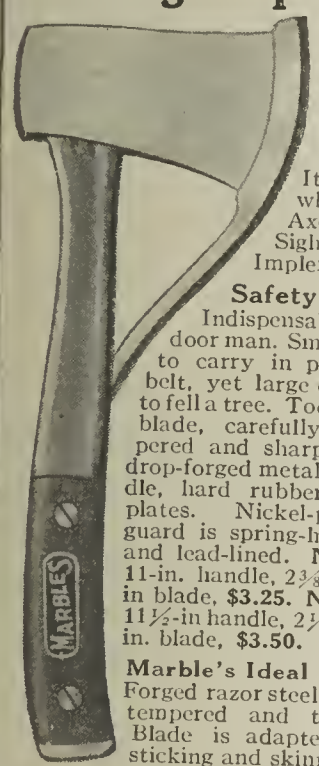
All present enjoyed the short address of Gene Huse, editor of the Norfolk *Daily News*, true sportsman and lover of the Great Outdoors.

Editor Huse had recently returned from an European trip. The toastmaster jocularly introduced him as the original crow-hunter; saying that he had hunted with no small degree of success, a brand of "Crow" which species had been extinct in the U. S. A. since adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment

A notable feature of the contest was the interest manifested among farmers and ranchmen in the several counties adjacent to Madison and Antelope. Many

(*Continued on page 269*)

MARBLE'S
Outing Equipment



For absolute dependence in anyemergency you can rely upon anything bearing the name **Marble's.** It's a safe guide when selecting Axes, Knives, Gun Sights and Cleaning Implements, etc.

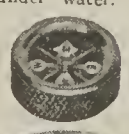
Safety Pocket Axe
Indispensable to every outdoor man. Small enough to carry in pocket or belt, yet large enough to fell a tree. Tool steel blade, carefully tempered and sharpened; drop-forged metal handle, hard rubber side plates. Nickel-plated guard is spring-hinged and lead-lined. **No. 2,** 11-in. handle, 2⅜ x 4-in blade, **$3.25. No. 3,** 11½-in handle, 2½x4⅜ in. blade, **$3.50.**

Marble's Ideal Knife
Forged razor steel, hand tempered and tested. Blade is adapted to sticking and skinning. Oval ground at back of point for chopping bones, etc. Keen, heavy and beautifully made. No. 41, leather handle, No. 42, staghorn handle.

	No. 41	No. 42
5-in. blade, with sheath,	$2.75	$3.50
6-in. blade, with sheath,	3.00	3.75
7-in. blade, with sheath,	3.25	4.00
8-in. blade, with sheath,	3.50	4.25

10% Revenue Tax to be added.

Waterproof Matchbox
Don't take a chance on carrying wet matches. The waterproof matchbox keeps matches perfectly dry under all conditions—even under water. Opened and closed instantly in the dark. Heavily nickeled, seamless-drawn brass, diameter about ¾ inch inside: **60 cents.**



Handy Compass
You can't afford to take a trip without a Marble's Compass. Waterproof screw case. Absolutely accurate. Can't demagnetize, **Safely Coal Compass,** fastens to coat or belt, stationary dial, **$1.50:** revolving dial, **$1.75. Pocket Compass,** stationary dial, **$1.25;** revolving dial, **$1.50.**

If you can't get Marble's Outing Equipment from your dealer's, we will fill your order direct.

Send for our 1923 catalog.

Marble Arms & Mfg. Co.
526 Delta Ave., Gladstone, Mich.
681

SLEEP ON AIR
MATTRESSES

So Soft and Yielding you can make your bed on the roughest and wettest ground and be comfortable. Sanitary, compact and waterproof.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

Metropolitan Air Goods products have stood the test for the past 40 years. Recommended by thousands of satisfied Campers, Fishermen, Automobilists, Cowmen, Woodsmen and Forest Service, as the most reliable for outdoor purposes.

AND YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE

IN A COMFORT SLEEPING POCKET
Comfort Sleeping Pocket is not a Filthy Sweat-Box Sleeping Bag, but an ideal outdoor bed.

DEFY THE ELEMENTS
CARRY A RAINCOAT IN YOUR POCKET

Many a good time has been spoiled and serious results follow a day or night in the drenching rain that could have been avoided with a Perfection Rain Cape.

Write Today for 1923 Illustrated Catalogue on Comfortable Camping

UTILITY AUTO TENT

It Fits the Running Board

WHALL'S UTILITY TENTS are masterpieces of ingenuity. Guaranteed waterproof. Bugproof and serviceable. Will fit any type of car. Erected with or without auto. Ideal for mixed parties.

Sole Manufacturers
METROPOLITAN AIR GOODS CO. ATHOL, MASS., U. S. A.

U. S. ARMY KRAG RIFLE—Cal. 30 $12.50

Good as new, all in perfect, serviceable condition, inside barrel bright. Thousands of people say, "Just as good as the best rifle in the world." Just out of Government Arsenal. Cal. 30. Blank and Ball Ammunition. 80 cents box of 20. Krag Carbines, $15.00. Parts for Krag Rifles. Carbines, Cal. 45, $3.50. Shot Guns, $4.50. Other arms, clothing and things out of the ordinary. **SEND FOR CATALOG.**

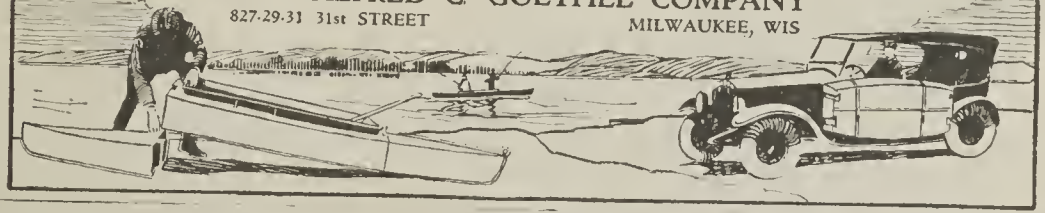
W. STOKES KIRK, 1733 to 39 North 12th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE TAIFUN SECTIONAL STEEL BOAT

Length 12 ft. Nested 68 in. Weight 115 lbs. Also built for outboard motor use. The only guaranteed Non-Sinkable boat. Will fit on running-board of car.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

THE ALFRED C. GOETHEL COMPANY
827-29-31 31st STREET MILWAUKEE, WIS



Sportsman's Footwear

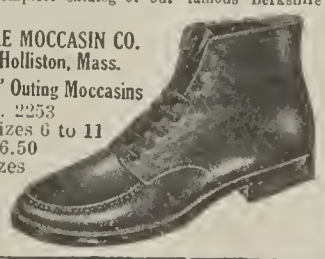
Here is the finest foot covering for all around camp, sport and athletic use. This genuine hand-sewed outing moccasin is made from the best chocolate Elk leather with flexible, non-slipping chrome soles. Goodyear stitched. Rubber heels and counters.

Every pair is guaranteed to be satisfactory or we will refund your money. Sent postage-paid at once upon receipt of price.

Send for complete catalog of our famous Berkshire Moccasins.

BERKSHIRE MOCCASIN CO.
Dept S, Holliston, Mass.

"Crowfoot" Outing Moccasins
Style No. 2253
Men's, sizes 6 to 11 $6.50
Boys', sizes 2 to 5½ $6.00
C or E width



Abbey & Imbrie

"Fishing Tackle that's Fit for Fishing"

Are You Ready?

Have you looked over your tackle? Your dealer has his spring stock of "Abbey & Imbrie." Get what you want while his supply is complete.

The early fisherman is the type that knows the most about good tackle and demands "Abbey & Imbrie." Shop early—before the articles you especially desire are out of stock.

Abbey & Imbrie
Division of Baker, Murray & Imbrie

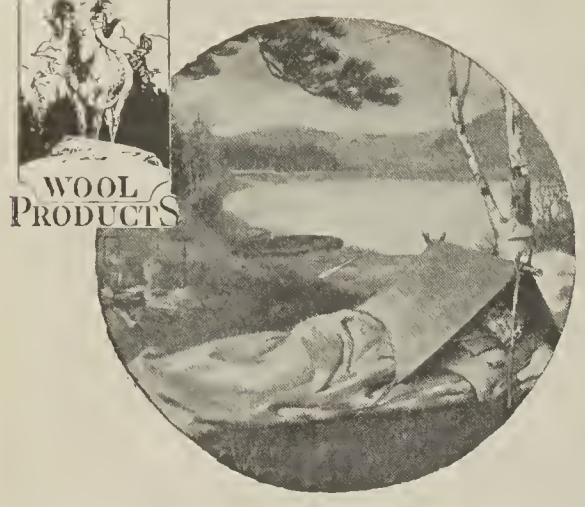
THE SIGN OF THE LEAPING DOLPHIN

97 Chambers St.
New York

Established 1820

This Is Our 103rd Year

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.



Tent and Bed in One

KENWOOD SLEEPING BAG

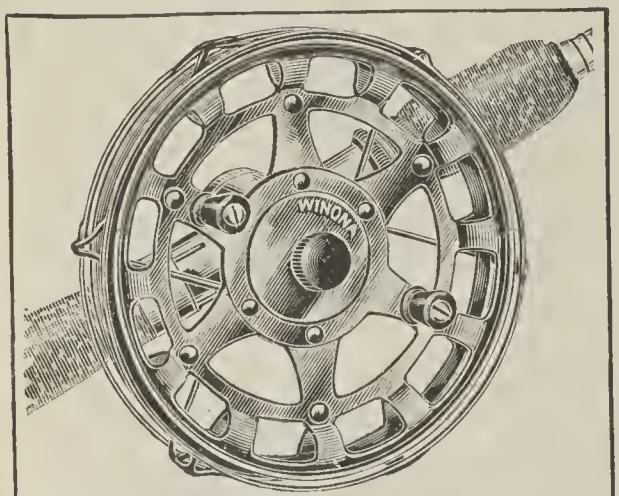
the lightest bag on the market that affords

Complete Protection

One-third of the average life is spent in sleep. Hours so devoted are wasted unless refreshing rest is obtained. Whether in camp or at home, get the utmost from your hours of sleep.

KENWOOD MILLS have prepared an interesting book on sleeping comfort, printed in color and illustrated. It will be mailed to you, with the name of your local Sleeping Bag Dealer, on request.

Dept. F, KENWOOD MILLS, Albany, N. Y.
KENWOOD MILLS LTD.
Arnprior, Ontario, Canada



THE WINONA—The Coming Reel

THIS INDIANA PATTERN REEL is now firmly established.

NOTED ANGLERS RECOMMEND THEM.

They cast easily and spool the line without attention.

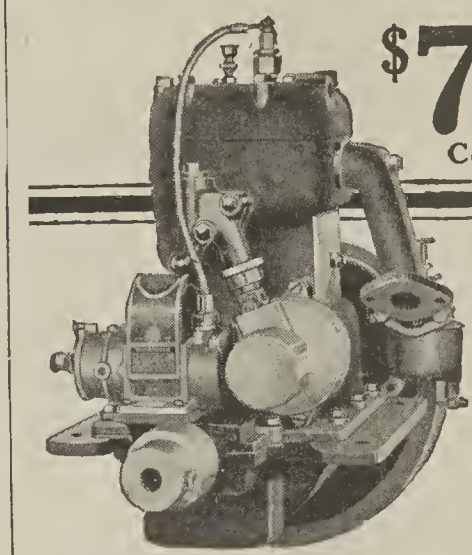
DON'T BUY A REEL until you know all about these reels that are now so popular.

PRICES only $5.00 and $7.50. A LOT OF JOY FOR A LITTLE MONEY.

Send now for our folder and TRIAL OFFER. FREE. A Sample Holder that KEEPS FISH ALIVE on the stringer.

BOYER MFG. CO.
12 Lake St. Winona Lake, Ind.

DUBRIE
MARINE MOTORS



$79.50 Complete

4 cycle 5 H.P.

YOU can save money by installing a DuBrie in that new boat of yours—or in your old one. Save money in its low first cost, in its upkeep and in its economy of fuel consumption! — Insure motor reliability!—Forget the annoyances of motor vibration! — These and many other features of DuBrie power are explained in our new catalog.

Adopted by the Makers of "Miss America"

Chris. Smith & Sons Boat Co. of Algonac, Mich., use the DuBrie motor in their 18-foot stock runabout. You can build this identical boat from complete set of plans furnished free with every motor. (Plans alone, $15.)

Specifications of "The World's Most Flexible Marine Motor"

Designed by Stanley R. DuBrie, a name famous on marine motors for 25 years. 1 cylinder—4 cycle—5 H.P.—Bosch magneto with impulse starter or battery system, optional—Hot spot manifold—2-blade weedless or 3-blade regular propeller, optional—*44 Ford parts can be used for servicing*—Holley or Kingston carburetor, optional—10 hours on 3 gallons of gasoline—7 to 10 miles per hour —Waterproof. Weight, 100 pounds.

Send now for your copy of complete catalog!

Dealers! Boat-builders! Write for Special Proposition!

DUBRIE MARINE MOTORS
7467 Jefferson Ave. Detroit, Mich.

Louisiana Distributors:
Stauffer Eshelman & Co., Ltd.,
New Orleans, La.

ADVENTURES IN COMRADESHIP

(*Continued from page* 233)

gently with the water, where trout heading up stream would be sure to see it under most favorable conditions. He knew the fish would be feeding then. It was this fishing against breaks in the water that he seemed to have mastered along lines peculiarly his own. In these cool, sweet, rippled pools, from 15 to 18 feet deep, he would frequently catch as many as thirty fish, in a mile or two of water—and it was nothing for him to make doubles! 99% of the time, he hooked them in the "upper lip," as he said, and the ideal place to do the trick.

One day I asked Blue-Ridge Tommy the secret of his marvelous success. His answer was characteristic, as he drawled: "Wa'al—I fish fer 'em whur *I* would hide if *I* wuz a trout." Think that over. It's homely but gorgeous logic.

Following our splendid catch of whiting, we sailed on out, in a sheltered cut, flanked on one side by the white, sandy beach of the large island, and on the other by a tiny shoal key, gleaming white, under the hot sun, and barren, save for immaculate sand and thousands upon thousands of pelicans, sheerwaters, white and gray gulls, and now and again a lone, delicately blue heron. It was a wild place and a lonely one, but entrancing. To the westward were the frothy breakers at the mout of the Cut—and deep, smooth, green sea.

Sheepshead and rock fish were to be had here, with an occasional trout, but the hour was not apropos, for the tide fairly raced through the cut. No line would stay on the bottom. It was therefore decided that we should make landing to the south, build a shelter, and make all necessary preparations in advance for camping there that night. I was resolved to give Sonnyboy a taste of this sort of thing. It would be his first experience. The Elisie was too small for sleeping quarters, and, in any event, her stingy deck was not covered. Forward, the two ill-smelling cubbyholes, were filled with fishing tackle, cooking utensils and food. We had brought no tent—this with reason. I determined to show Sonnyboy a sample of primitive over-night existence. We had towed a small row-boat along, for scouting the mangroves.

As the Elsie headed for shore, Sonnyboy yelled for help.

"You take it now!" he cried to Mike.

But Mike was obdurate.

"Ter de leeward, Little Cap'n, always go ter de leeward when yo' makes a landin'. Den, when yo' 'takes, all de win' done shake outern de sail. An' ef' yo' is makin' too much headway, back yo' mainsail.

"Remember—tro yo' bes' ter always keep steerage way, ef yo' figgers yo' mus' stop, er do anything, kaze why yo' kin handle her des' like she was a baby. Ef yo' don't, she ain't got no way er obeyin' yo'."

Keeps Your Lunch Fresh

in the New Style
Everybody's Hawkeye BASKET REFRIGERATOR

You'll appreciate a delicious, fresh supply of food—and beverages refreshingly cool—after a morning in the open.

$6.50 You can enlarge the variety of your menu and take an ample supply of milk, butter, fresh meat, etc., in this neat, strong, popular-priced Everybody's Hawkeye Basket Refrigerator. Compartment holds ice supply for the day. Just right for any outing—motoring, yachting, fishing, hunting, picnics and camping. If dealers cannot supply you, send your check for one. Catalogue and booklet of tasty lunch recipes sent on request. Also ask about our extensive line of other styles.

BURLINGTON BASKET CO.
200 Hawkeye Building — Burlington, Iowa

"Old Town Canoes"

Sleek as a Pick'rel Swift as a Trout

UP in the North waters, a bit of yarn tied to a hook has caught a mess of trout. You start for fishing grounds like these where the railroad ends.

On such a trip, an "Old Town Canoe" takes a firm place in your sporting affections. It becomes a pal—obedient to your every desire—responsive to the lightest pressure of the blade.

You find it the easiest of canoes to paddle. Each portage gives you a new appreciation of its lightness. For the "Old Town" is the lightest canoe made. It is steady. It is tough and strong. It is the lowest priced of canoes. $54 up from dealer or factory.

The 1923 catalog shows all models in full colors. Write for one to-day.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
395 Fourth St. Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

THE PRESCOTT SPINNER "GETS-EM"

WHEN ALL OTHERS FAIL

9 IN. OVERALL

ASK | WEEDLESS 30¢ | PLAIN .... 25¢

YOUR DEALER—SEND FOR CIRCULAR

PRESCOTT SPINNER MFG. CO.
BY CHAS. H. STAPF, PRESCOTT, WIS.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Sea Gull Bait-Casting Reel No. 660 Quadruple action, 60 yd. $6.75

Has *Your* Reel these Advantages?

FOUR exclusive advantages, with a dozen other features, enable Sea Gull Reels to give 100% service and mark their quality as second to none:

1. Reel seat cast in one piece—makes for strength.
2. German Silver Click Spring and holder in ONE PIECE (patent applied for)—nothing to slip, cannot rust.
3. Tension cap pin and all bearings of phosphor-bronze—wear for years without slack or play.
4. No rivets, only screws throughout.

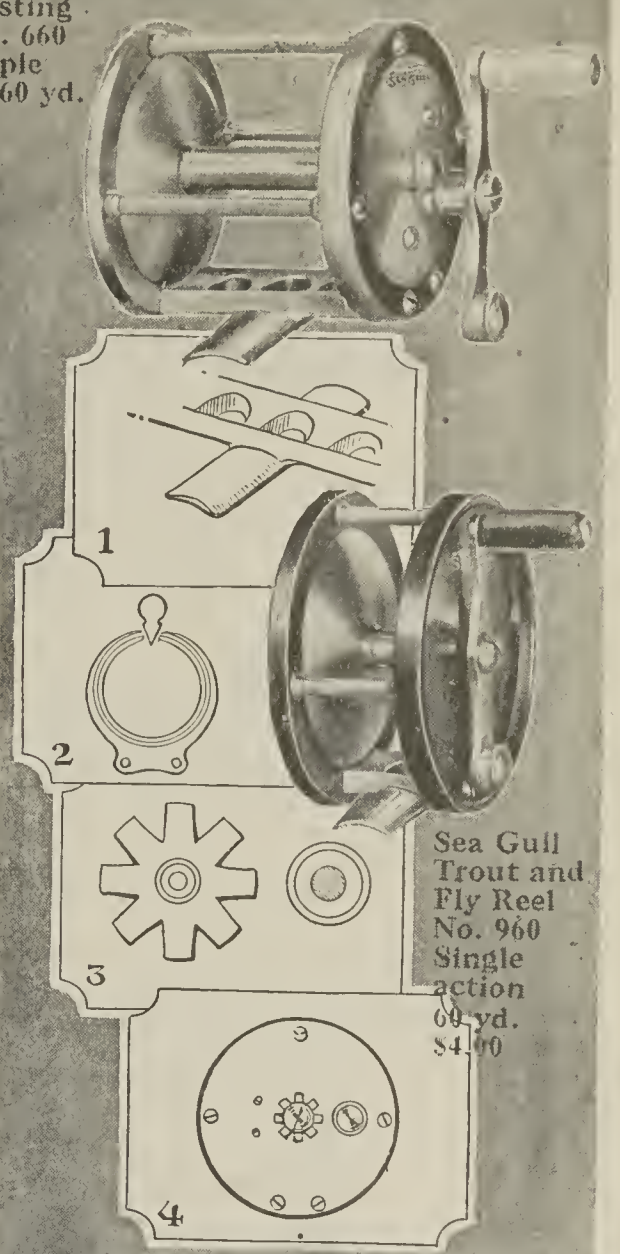
Then consider: Gear and gear shaft in one piece; only high grade German silver in frame; spools that never wabble; only high grade vulcanized rubber; hub with center ridge for line start, etc.

There is a Sea Gull Reel made for every kind of fishing.

The experience of many fishermen proves that the brilliant enamel and colors of *Sea Gull Baits* have an irresistible attraction for fish. The enamel will not crack and the colors will not wash or fade out. These baits are made in a great diversity of colors, shapes and sizes.

If your dealer hasn't the Sea Gull Reels and Baits you want, send his name and we'll supply you direct. We guarantee them unreservably. Send for catalogue of the complete line. Add 10% to list prices for Rocky Mt. and Pacific Coast States.

In writing, address 63 Park Row, N. Y.



Sea Gull Trout and Fly Reel No. 960 Single action 60 yd. $4.00

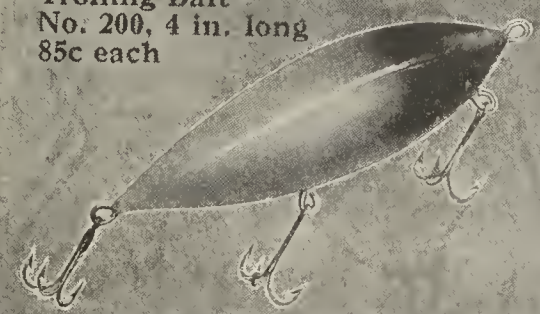
—baits that make 'em strike

Sea Gull Fly Bait No. 654 body 1⅝ in. long 75c each

TRADE **SEA GULL** MARK
Schoenfeld-Cutter, Inc.

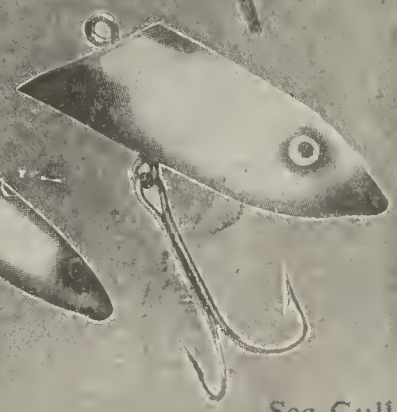
Reels *and* Baits

Pulitzer Building, New York



Sea Gull Trolling Bait No. 200, 4 in. long 85c each

Sea Gull Trout Bait No. 500, 1¾ in. long 65c each



Sea Gull Bass Bait No. 400 2½ in. long 75c each

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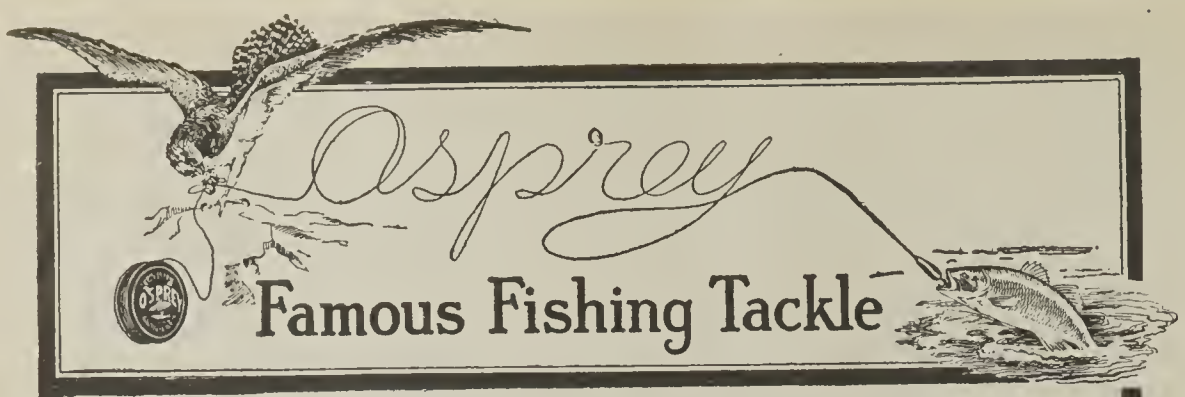


Another Dardevle Enthusiast

Read His Letter

THE ARRINGTON-BISSETTE COMPANY
Merchants and Cotton Buyers
NASHVILLE, N. C.

March 13, 1923.

Lou J. Eppinger,
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sir—Please ship me as quickly as possible 2 Dardevles, red and white (the old boy himself).

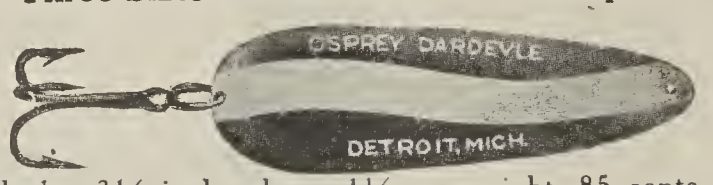
I have had such wonderful luck with this particular bait that the boys around town have persuaded me to part with the two that I had. I always carry an extra Dardevle in my tackle box as I never like to take the chance of losing one, and not having another to replace it.

With best wishes, and thanking you for your prompt attention, I am

Very truly yours,
(Signed) Guy E. Bissette.

Dardevle Gets Bass, Trout, Pike, Muskallonge

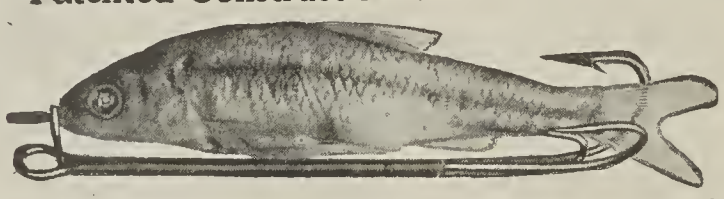
Three Sizes—Make *Your* Kit Complete



Dardevle, 3½ inches long, 1⅛ oz. weight, 85 cents
Dardevlet, 2⅞ inches long, 3/5 oz. weight, 85 cents
Dardevle's Imp, 2⅛ inches long, ½ oz. weight, 65 cents

ALL three for $2.35 postpaid, if your dealer can not supply you. Interesting folder free on request. Please send your dealer's name.

Nostealum Insect Hooks Hold All Live Bait Firmly
Patented Construction Saves Much Bait



HERE are hooks that every fisherman needs. Made in sizes to hold everything from a housefly to a shiner—and to hold firmly. Save lots of bait and bother. Favorites for years—known everywhere. See to it that your kit contains a range of sizes. Prices 15 cents to 55 cents, according to size. If your dealer can not supply you, write us direct. Folder free.

Osprey Waterproofed Silk Line

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

HERE is probably the most durable line on the market. Extra close weave and absolutely even texture. Resists the action of salt or fresh water. Some fishermen have used the same Osprey Silk Line for Four seasons—and say it is good for more, but we think they ought to get a new one by now.

Stocked by alert dealers, everywhere. Write us direct for free sample and prices. Give your dealer's name, too, and we will appreciate it.

Lou J. Eppinger

Dept. O.
310-312 E. Congress St. Detroit, Mich.

And so Sonnyboy thrilled under the touch of the tiller and brought the good ship Elsie up to the snowy white beach, despite the fact that there were projecting bowers of gnarled mangroves on either side. Mike ran forward, waded out and tied her fast in deep water, for the bank ran almost sheer down at this particular spot.

I complimented our new Captain on his prowess: praise which caused his eyes to sparkle. And scarcely three weeks before, he had tip-toed up to the study door, afraid to suggest that comradship which was his by divine heritage!

It was a very beautiful place, and, so far as we knew, practically untraversed. For fifty feet up the shining beach, the mangroves sullenly held their ground, althought that vindictive tide, eternally rushing in and out through the cut, was slowly gnawing at their vitals.

There was romance in these clusters of strange trees, barren of all vegetation, yet thick-woven, in a thousand grotsque designs, and always twisting, writhing, as if in terrible pain. The tides had swept back broken barricades of them, which, forming at the feet of their forebears, stood resolutely, a futile guard. Somewhere around the other side of the key, we would find our snappers.

The beach terminated finally, in upstanding ridges of sand and coquina shell, welded into solid walls, and upon these grew stunted live oaks and low bushes covered with brilliant red berries. They suggested the holiday season, uncongruously, against that setting of sunshine and tropic landscape.

There were so many inviting places between clumps of mangroves; and the beach was so white, that I figured we could set up a camp right there, without fearing of any further encroachment of high tide. To this end, with Sonnyboy watching, I began to construct a hastily put together lean-to of remnants of mangrove limbs, long live oak poles, cut from the nearest cluster, and bedding of grey moss, of which there was the greatest profusion on every tree. At the point, half buried in sand, we found a sizeable sheet of tin, remnant of the tide, and this supplemented our thached roof of palmetto.

Sonnyboy was fascinated by the various processes. Now and again he gave assistance. Our bed would be raised at least three feet from the beach, in case storm blew the tide into our sung retreat, for the foundation was the triple trunks of three dead mangroves, and their snarl of roots made a natural mattress.

Mike, however, had been exploring.

We heard his excited shout from the woods beyond the knoll, and down to the beach he came clambering, whites of eyes showing inordinately, hands held high in air.

"Lawd, lawd!" he cried, "we aint gwine ter need DAT camp! Com' on quick an' des' look!"

We followed him as best we could, as he retraced his steps, stumbling over the mangrove roots, catching our bodies

TUTTLE DEVIL BUGS

Are the nearest thing to the real live bug or fly that can be offered to the angler in an artificial bait.

No tackle box complete without them.

GET DEVIL BUGS
And you will get fish

Bass Bugs	60c
Trout Bugs	50c
Mouse	75c
Casting Bug	$1.25
Whirlo Minnow	40c

O. C. TUTTLE
OLD FORGE, NEW YORK

Allcock, Laight & Westwood, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada —Canadian distributers.

WRITE FOR OUR BEAUTIFUL NEW CATALOGUE

KOMFORT
ECONOMY
NONE BETTER
NO FLAWS
EXPERT CONSTRUCTION
BEAUTIFUL LINES
EASY TO PADDLE
CANNOT TIP

CHILDREN SAFE IN THEM
A REAL COMPANION
NICELY BALANCED
ORDER YOURS NOW
EVERY ONE GUARANTEED
SUPREME AS A CANOE

KENNEBEC BOAT & CANOE CO.
WATERVILLE, MAINE

ACCURACY being a first requisite in a revolver, it follows that Smith & Wesson revolvers, which experts say will shoot better than anyone can hold them, are justly called "Superior" by those best qualified to judge.

SMITH & WESSON

Manufacturers of Superior Revolvers

SPRINGFIELD
MASSACHUSETTS

No arms are genuine Smith & Wesson Arms unless they bear, plainly marked on the barrel, the name

SMITH & WESSON,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Catalogue sent on request
Address Department I

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

An Irresistible Appeal to Vacationists

THE popular COLT pictured here is ideally adapted to all the uses you will find for it on your outing. Shoots the inexpensive and easily obtainable .22 Long Rifle cartridge; has a light, smooth pull and with the natural Colt grip is beautifully balanced—a combination that has made it the choice of experts who have used this model to make world's records.

COLT'S

FIRE ARMS

Colt Automatic Pistol
Caliber .22 Target Model

For indoor or outdoor practice and many hours of enjoyment on the trail or around the camp, this little COLT will prove a delightful companion.

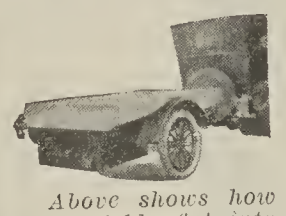
Capacity of magazine 10 shots Length over all 10½ ins.
Length of barrel 6½ ins. Weight 28 ounces

Send for booklet "Romance of a Colt"

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
Hartford, Connecticut, U. S. A.

Pacific Coast Representative: Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

HOW DO YOU LIVE OUTDOORS?



Above shows how outfit folds flat into trailer. No sidesway, not top heavy.

Price

$198

Save $100

Experienced motor campers are taking to UNION CAMP TRAILERS in surprising numbers. Makeshift camps and costly summer places are giving way to the year round pleasure and service of this camp trailer. Sleeping three feet above the ground on real spring beds is only one of the many advantages a good trailer gives.

For $198 you can now buy an outfit of quality not surpassed at any price. Read what Dr. J. T. Shafer of Chicago wrote: "I purchased one of your Union Camp Trailers and it was everything and more than you represented. I had a chance to compare it with four other makes that I came in contact with, and not one could compete with it in any way."

Our big new catalog is ready. Write for it today.

UNION TRAILER WORKS

320 CHARLES STREET BOONVILLE, N. Y.

in the heavy underbrush, and floundering into unexpected pockets of soft sand.

Back from the beach some three hundred feet, on the highest crest of that end of the key, and sheltered on all four sides by clumps of low trees or exceptionally tall live oaks, we found a wonderful hunter's or fisherman's shack, of the lean-to variety. It's top thatch of palmetto was scientifically done and nicely arranged to keep out all water. Two posts, about twelve feet high, were driven into the soft, flaky soil and from these the roof poles, at least twice that length, ran down to anchors at the base of young saplings. There was not a nail anywhere, and I pointed out to Sonnyboy that vines, thongs and twisted lengths of palmetto were the sole fastenings. The palmettos and moss bunking completed an almost perfect night's lodging of its kind.

Some wreckage, obviously picked up along the eastern shore, such as old crates, bits of firewood, etc., were visible, and one water-soaked box had been nailed to a tree as a supply base, well up out of the way of reptiles, ground insects and such hammock denizens as wild cat, small red bears, raccoons and the like. The black ashes of a camp fire, directly in the face of the lean-to suggested, after study, that the place had not been occupied in quite a while.

On poles, and projecting from a peg on a shack cross-bar, there were three bleached, white skulls of—wild cattle giving the last dramatic touch to a very mysterious camp.

Mike had no explanation. He had never known anyone to locate here, during all his years in the vicinity. Hunter would scarcely look for worth-while game at this end of the island. If the camp had drooped from the sky, the discovery could not have produced greater amazement on Mike's part. He was frankly flabbergasted.

Mumbling to himself, and blinking his eyes behind his goggly spectacles, usually so dimmed with moisture and dirt that they were virtually blinders, he built a fire over the dead embers, and brought our cooking utensils up from the boat. Sonnyboy watched the ceremony of cleaning the fish with silent admiration.

This was all new to him. An unexplored world swung and circled around him, in the magic atmosphere; a world of dim mangrove trails, shadowy caverns between lanes of live and scrub oak, the habitation fashioned from what was to be found there and there only, and intermittant port-holes through swaying green bows, framing sea and sky and diamond-bright beach.

"Father," he whispered to me, lest Mike overhear him, "I—I just can't believe I'm HERE and that it's all true. Are you . . . are you VERY sure I'm not bothering you . . . in the way?"

"Son," I responded, "I'd rather have you along than anybody in the world. You know, from now on, we will always go on these trips together, and I NEED you . . . your strong, young arms."

I don't think a million dollars could ıave bought anything which would have ›leased him more. He did amount to omething, after all, and he *was* of some ›ractical use, and—he could HELP . . . ıe was needed.

Fathers . . . above is an inexpensive ›rescription for building the morale of ıny boy. A little parise, a little faith, a ıttle trust, a little human understanding ınd—and a great deal of LOVE!

Without further ado, we took up oc-ıupancy of the mysterious lodge under he live oaks, and enjoyed as fine a feast ›f fried whiting as was ever tucked nder slack belts. Mike had brought ll the necessary ingredients, and the ıeal was a huge success.

"Ef I des' knowed how come dis amp!" Mike constantly exclaimed.

But we were not to know just then. Vhen the solution did come, it was cer-ainly a hum-dinger of a surprise!

The "borrowed camp" in apple-pie rder, we now took to the row-boat with ur tackle; and rowed slowly around ıe irregular point of the key, coming p under the sheltered western portion. was a solid and conglomerate wall of ıangroves, some alive and thriving but ıost of them long since dead, broken, ow and again, by tiny lagoons, or small reams, disappearing into grottoes al-ıost as black as night.

To Sonnyboy, all of this was an static adventure, as rich in possibilities s might be a trip into the Pygmie ountry along Henry M. Stanley's im-ortal trails. But while the environ-ent was vital, his happiness came from ıother source—he would awaken, every w minutes, to the realization that he as sharing these golden hours with e, a privilege as new to him as it was alously guarded.

A half mile down the shore, we tied e boat to the projecting limb of a dead angrove, and went after the snappers. was an ideal place, deep and shadowy, ıd letting into a small lagoon, where heron sedately waded, seemingly un-raid.

"You'll have to keep awake while tching these," I warned Sonnyboy, hey are game fish, good fighters, and me of them may run as heavy as five unds, and up to fourteen."

"But dey aint nawthin' better ter eat whars," interrupted Mike, "Little p'n . . . lemme fry one er DEM fo' an' yo' wont want no other kind on table fer de res' er yo' life."

I could thoroughly endorse this recom-ndation. The mangrove snapper is ›ut the tastinest fish in these waters.

But it is correspondingly difficult to ch.

In fact, an opportunity was afforded give Sonnyboy an excellent object son in the head-work of the finny lows.

Mike, with special instructions from to supplement his own rather ıited knowledge of the fish, had ›ught an adequate supply of various ds of baits. Snappers have fickle ap-ites. As a rule mullet seems to be the

A King would be a Knave to want anything Better—

PANCAKES so tender they'd melt in your mouth, with plenty of rich Karo, and a steaming cup of coffee.

Don't forget to include a can of Karo in your camping outfit.

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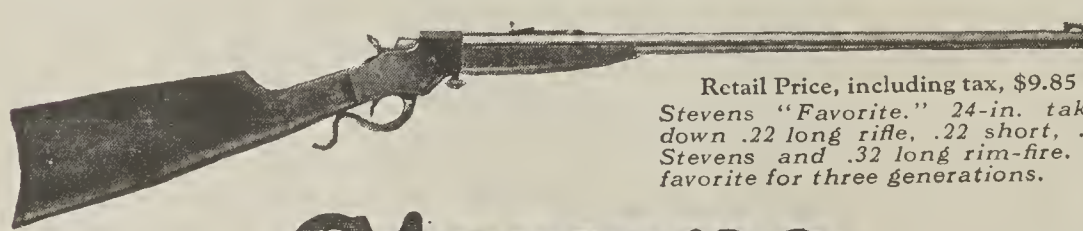

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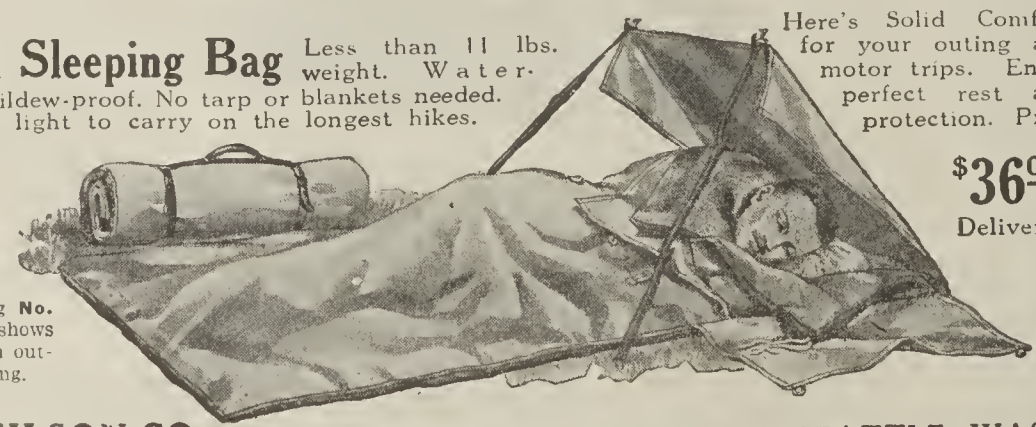

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best, and a goodly quantity had been caught in a net up the creek across the bay, from the sea wall, the night before. In addition, we had some minnows, and a can filled with lush crawfish, and a good-sized Conch.

The word was passed around to do as little talking as possible and to refrain from much movement in the boat.

There was almost no movement in the water and no perceptible tide, which caused Mike to bemoan the fact that we had not followed our original plan and tried for sheepshead out from the north shore, a quarter of a mile in from the Cut.

"Ef we gits any er dese here cus tomers," he growled, "den it's becaus dey done gone BLIND!"

When it came to mangrove snapper Mike was an optimist!

And for a while, it looked as if his dire predictions would come true.

I used a rod and reel, No. 18 line, an 5% hook, but gave Sonnyboy the mos commonplace stillfishing outfit—just line sinker and hook, for I did not want him in his amateurishness, to raise a deal o a racket, which he surely would hav done, professionally equipped. Once i a long, long while, you can catch a snap per, trolling. Conditions were not satis factory for even an hour of experimen however, at this juncture. (I have neve caught more than a half dozen in th fashion during all the days of southern waters trys.)

Mike sat forward, crunched into corner—watching. He did not care fish.

It was all Sonnyboy could do to kee from letting out little yells of excit ment as he pointed downward into the feet of clear water. We could see th fish there, cruising around on the botto their lithe bodies occasionally glint with touches of sunlight. One big fe low must have been no less than eig pounds, and looked twice that size comparison with the smaller ones—no under three pounds. To Sonnyboy th were as good as caught. How could fail? There they were. And fish w always bite if you let down a hook a have on it the kind of stuff that th prefer. He was in for a severe disa pointment!

We were using mullet—in slen strips, about two inches in leng First, however, Mike did some "chu ming." As our mullet was plentiful, cut up three of them into tempting b of bait of the size and character me tioned, and allowed them to sink slow into the deep, shaded pool.

And it was rather amusing as well thrilling, to watch what took place.

It fairly hypnotized Sonnyboy.

To Mike, it was no more than a v dication of his skepticism.

For the snappers, large and sm were as wary, as shy, as suspicious, tho' we had attempted to feed th sticks of dynamite.

Casually they would ease up to bait, look at it sharply, back off, as it had made a start at them . . . me odically approach once more, bo

id . . . another backward move . . . nge of position and the final decision go on about their business.

All of this we could see quite plainly ough the crystal clear water. And was maddening.

"And there aren't even any hooks in " Sonny whispered, in amused awe.

There were no less than a dozen size mangrove snappers in that imdiate vicinity but not until twenty utes had passed, did any of them w a tendency to take so much as a ble. In time, it was all consumed.

"Yo'all is jest wastin' time," grunted ce, "I done tole yo' . . . dem fish is nin' . . . dem fish knows yo' all is e . . . dem fish was des nachally RNED wise. Come on—les' go after sheepshead."

Mike," said I "we will fish here until k if it takes that long to get some ppers, and then start fresh in the ning. I want the boy to get one on hook—I want him to catch one of ything I ever caught in these aters. 'll make a try at it now and see t happens."

changed Sonnyboy's hook—giving not only a No. 9 line but a 4/0 .

nd we went after 'em!

verything about us was impressively quiet. The blue heron waded in dim shallows of the moss-hung la-n, and the wall of mangroves threw ousand mysterious reflections into water.

ck there, on the sand hills, was our ng camp of the thatched roof and professionally arranged bedding; an ma to even the experienced Mike.

d below . . . against the sand and bottom of the hole, swan that indifferent host of snappers, roll-heir eyes up at the descending strips ullet. What luck this time?

(To Be Continued)

CROW SHOOTING CONTEST

(Continued from page 260)

tions by telephone and letters to "over our way" and shoot crows received by the hunters. Where-accepted the shooters found a y welcome, and many sumptuous were served by farmer's wives to and hungry gunners. If they tried y, the good wives only shook their and explained that every crow killed made one less to catch their chics and steal eggs from setting so they felt more than paid al-. One ranchman said he had lost than fifty young pigs, the crows ing them before they had been far-long enough to have strength to .

ny of your readers would take a ver the territory most diligently l by the contestants they might occasional crow or two, but large are conspicuous by their absence. the inebriated fellow who was out of the dance hall three times, have decided that they are not ne in these parts.

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TRAPPING THE THREE RIVER ZONE

(*Continued from page 237*)

scent. All they can do is to trace th animal while he is on the ground. Thre or four Indians will sometimes get afte the same marten, and in this manne they have greater chance of locatin the little furbearer. By striking har on the trunk of a tree one can te whether a marten is in it, for if he i there he will immediately jump for an other.

More often success is attained whe the marten takes to a hole in the groun as in this case a small steel trap may l set at the entrance with a good chan of getting the animal when it comes ou

The question whether Indians a better at setting traps than white m is often brought up for discussion and a hard one to answer. All I know abo it, is what I have personally observe The average white man is a bett trapper than the average Indian, in th country at least! Simply because t Indian has degenerated since coming contact with the Whites; the young generations being far inferior to th forefathers. As far as actual trappi knowledge is concerned it may be safe said that the Indian is still the superi of the White man, but a large number them are too lazy to stay with the ga any length of time. It was a case "feast or famine" with a large numb of the Crees who traded with Walt that winter. As soon as they gather a few furs they would trade them f food and lie around until it was nea all gone. There were just two out of Indians trapping thereabouts w caught more furs than Walters and These were Neassus (Old Stony) a Abraham and their separate followi

The average Indian is a very p rifle shot, a great majority of them not look after a gun and naturally can't be expected to do its best w under such conditions. But where average native has the advantage o most of us is because he can stand great deal more hardship and exposu He can live on meat alone for an definite length of time and seems not mind the cold. I have been in sm tepees where it was so cold I coul keep from shivering, yet the Cr would lie down and snore with onl single blanket over them.

The genuine Indian is a happy-lucky individual and never worries ab anything until he gets mighty hung The squaws do all the work about ca cutting lodge poles and erecting canvas houses, gathering wood and t ing care of whatever the bucks hap to kill. If a moose is killed any tance away from the camps, instead hauling or packing it back, the wh party will move to the spot and rem there till the meat is all gone, while squaws dress and tan the hide. I White man could get on with as littl the Indian does, he would outdo the tive at any game, because of his s rior reasoning.

To me it has always been someth

of a question as to whether the natives of North America have received their just dues at the hands of the Whites. No doubt they have retarded the progress of civilization, as they were not interested in advancement, but after all they were placed here, as a race, by the Creator. The Indians are fast disappearing in this part of the world—the 'Flu played havoc with their numbers, and certainly they will soon be like a large share of our game—a thing of the past.

WALTERS took a heavy load of whitefish to Sturgeon Lake, but even then there were a large number of piles lying around the fishing holes that we were unable to take care of at the time. After the fishing was over we stayed rather close to the Ninety Mile House for a time, as we had been pretty well fed up with cold and exposure. One day, when it had turned a little warmer, the trader and I went over to the Lake. As we came to a point from which we could look over a part of the lake, we noticed a number of foxes and they rapidly disappeared as we approached. There were twenty-six, all told, and several of them looked dark at a distance.

When within a very few yards of a spot where the foxes had been feeding heavily on the frozen fish, a big dark fellow sprang up out of the hole which had been dug in the snow (in order to get at the whitefish) and Walters shot him before he had taken a dozen leaps toward safety. That was a mighty big stroke of luck—a Silver Gray, worth anywhere from two to four hundred dollars!

Thus, in the trapping trade the good luck mixes with the bad, and I know of nothing so apt to be thwart with chance as trapping. Many times, weary and disheartened, I have vowed never to trap again; perhaps there is something fatal in that old saying, "Once a trapper, always a trapper." It is such incidents as the making of an unexpected good catch (like the above-mentioned) that lures one on. The mere fact of bagging the quarry has very little to do with it. It is the uncertainty of the thing that appeals to the sporting instinct. Were one certain that at a certain hour at a certain place certain game could be had for the mere killing—where would the pleasure be! The trapper *never* knows, when he starts over his long trapline, whether he will come home empty in the pack sack or with hundreds of dollars in furs. Many times have I experienced the former and I also have taken Two Hundred and Sixty Dollars worth of marten from my traps in *one day!* Here we see the extreme—it is the average that really tells the tale.

IT will be remembered that Jim Stillman, the queer stranger who had dropped on us at the Ninety Mile House, had been given the job of helping La Rocque with the fish nets. He stuck to the post for about a week and then disappeared as mysteriously as he came. It was very cold at the time and we expected to find him somewhere on the trails, frozen stiff! About a week later

IVER JOHNSON

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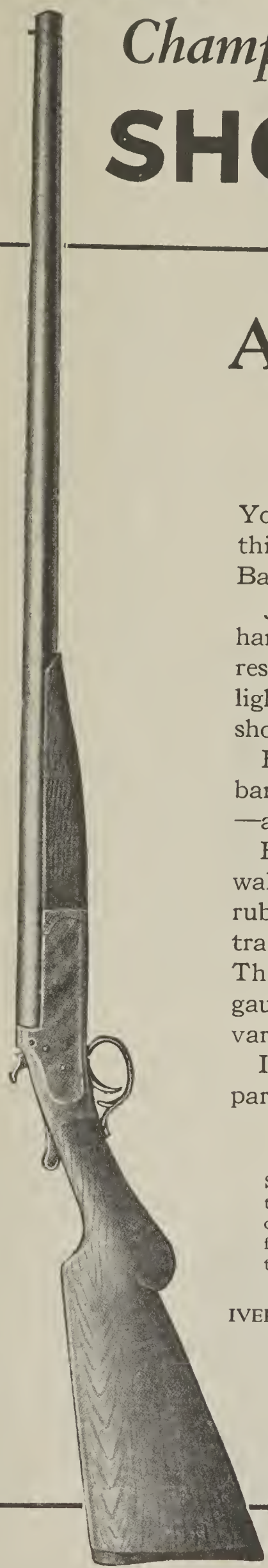

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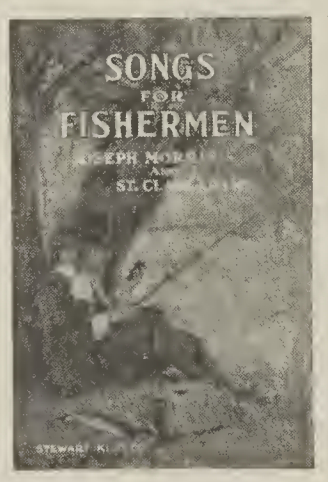

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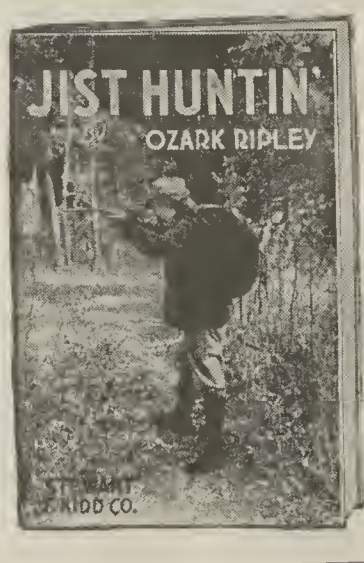

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I went south over the trapline that ran to Kimberly Lake. My first stop was at Little Smoky Crossing, a distance of twelve miles from the Ninety Mile, and as I pulled up with my dog team I saw faint traces of smoke coming from the rusty stove pipe. It was a little after noon and as I saw no one about the place, I decided to go onto Kimberly, an additional eight miles. For some reason I never thought that Stillman might be staying there, assuming that some wandering breed had happened along.

That night I camped in my little cabin on the shores of Kimberly. The coming daylight saw me well on my way over the southern extremity of my trapline—a string of traps running some eight miles south. While I had another cabin at this end, at Moose Lake, I did not stop there but made the return trip to Kimberly. The next day at ten o'clock I was at the Little Smoky cabin. I noted that someone had again been there and after investigating I discovered that this mysterious party had a bunch of small traps set around the old buildings, presumably for weasels, as these little furbearers were quite numerous that year. I decided to wait there until the owner turned up, and if it was a breed I would warn him that he was trapping on my territory.

About eight o'clock, Stillman (for it was he) came into the cabin. He was surprised to find me there and was afraid that I was bent on doing him harm. Poor fellow, I felt sorry for him as he regarded every man in the light of an enemy. I had noticed a can on the table which contained what I presumed to be bait for traps, as it had the smell of rotted fish, and one can imagine how I felt when I saw him pour some of it out on one of my tin plates and start *eating* it! I hastily got busy and gave him some food from my own supply. Out of curiosity I afterward looked at that mess and saw that the whitefish (one he had brought from the Ninety Mile House) had not even been scaled or cleaned and a little rice had been boiled with it.

As a fitting finish for such a profitable season, Walters and I rafted down the Little Smoky and shot and trapped a number of beavers as well as several bears, two of which were large cinnamons. We lost quite a bit of our outfit when our raft capsized under a "sweeper," but such is the fortunes of the wilderness trapper. That trip would have made the basis for a mighty good yarn and some time I will write it out in detail. The Little Smoky is a treacherous stream, and in the high water dangerously swift. Unlike the larger streams, such as the Big Smoky and the Athabasca, these smaller rivers have their high-water period shortly after the break-up in the Spring and they fairly boil at this time. On a large stream a man can handle a raft in some mighty rough water and I have personally rafted through six miles of rapids on the Athabasca with less danger than I have experienced on smaller streams like the Little Smoky and Baptiste. The

less water there is in a stream, the more dangerous to the man who rafts or boats it.

TOURING WITH RAYMOND SPEARS

(*Continued from page* 240)

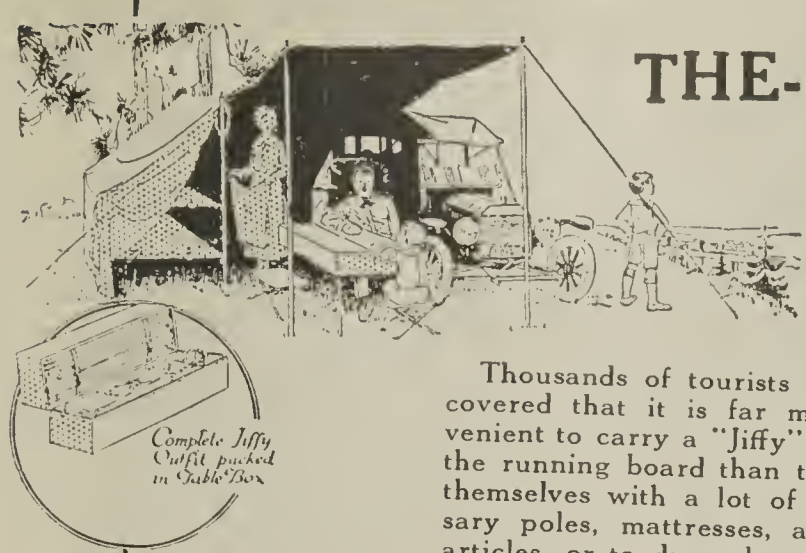
in some Western states where the rabbit hunter would be at once welcome and ridiculous—who'd hunt rabbits for sport? Personally, I think the jackrabbit is good sport and so do thousands of men in the jackrabbit country, but these brutes are an unprotected nuisance, especially in regions where the coyotes, wolves and other rabbit eaters have been poisoned. I've seen a score of these jackrabbits in a patch of alfalfa as we rolled along a trail; shooting them would be a favor to the rancher—but permission is best sought in all cases.

Fishing is available more than shooting, that is, successful fishing. Fishing license laws are spreading into the game fish states. One may drive down a side road into a lake or riverside and perhaps catch a mess of game fish. But the scandal of the introduction of egg-eating grubbers, like the sucking carps, into the waters where they destroy the black bass and trout as first reported by Robert Page Lincoln, and the polution of the country's streams is restricting the fishing waters in a way to make old-timers hang up their rods in disgust. But this is only one of the things that will make the hunting and fishing tourist have the heartache. And he cannot in honor, because of his conscience, do a single thing that will add to the burden now carried by the game and fish resources of the country.

WHAT shall a tourist put into his outfit for forest and stream sports? Of fire-arms, I think the 22-caliber weapons may well be considered. That little 22 caliber automatic, advertised by Reising, or the Colt's 22, or one of the Smith & Wesson, Stevens or Iver Johnson target pistols, shooting rim fire cartridges are sidepocket or holster weapons with potentials of much sport. Then there is the long list of 22 caliber rifles, shorts, long rifle, automatic, and specials. A 22 caliber special rifle will serve to peck away at a coyote, wildcat, raccoon, or the like, as well as to take the nuisance rabbits, woodchucks and the other wayside small game.

I have seen a few head of big game shot from automobiles, but I doubt if as a rule it is worth while to carry big game weapons for the slight chance one has of seeing such brutes as the cougar, bear, or grey wolves. Certainly, if a man is going into big game country, any expectation of shooting deer, or the like, must be preceded by the hunting license, and no one is apt to have a chance at big game anywhere, now, unless he makes a real hunt of it, and the tour becomes a shooting expedition—a subject somewhat outside of a touring article's scope.

My own choice for a shotgun is the



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IT MEANS HEALTH HAPPINESS AND OUT O' DOOR SPORT

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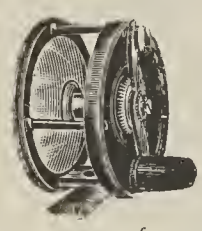

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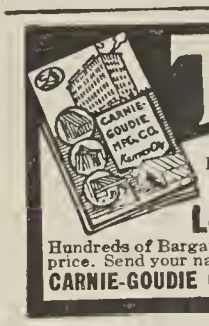

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For the Motor Rambler the Tire Trails lead from the crowded speedways into the haunts of men and women who love the outdoors.

"Marquee" Tent—most popular model on market for motorist	$50.00
Air Beds, 24 x 60 inches, each	17.50
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Complete stock of other camping accessories.

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EZRA H. FITCH, President

Madison Avenue and 45th Street New York

"Where the Blazed Trail Crosses the Boulevard"

20-gauge, and I have one of this gauge. The 20-gauge is a real gun, and it will kill any of the shotgun game up to wild turkeys, wild geese, and thence through the long list of game which the automobile tourist is apt or sure to see. Thus in some regions, when the noon meal is being cooked, a circuit of half a mile may give one a shot or two at nuisance rabbits, squirrels, ducks, grouse, etc. Where one is going to some game state, and has the state license, a circuit around the highways and byways, with stop-overs of two or three days in favorable places, the 20-gauge is the ideal weapon; it is not specially noisy, it is light in the load, and can be carried beside the driver, or whoever is to shoot, and will go under a rear seat, out of the way. The ammunition is not bulky, and one can buy it in most game region stores. The 12-gauge is, of course, the standard, but the 20-gauge is crowding it, chiefly because of the growing feeling that the sport is found in being able to shoot straight rather than in splashing the landscape with widespread charges of shot.

Should one be going into the region of bear, cougar and other big game, the 30-30 carbine is the standard weapon for automobile touring. Longer weapons are so much harder to carry, unless one has a take-down rifle. The 30-30 rifle shells are to be bought in any store that carries ammunition in countries where game for this big game weapon is to be found.

There is a combination weapon of two barrels, shooting a 22-caliber shell in the upper barrel and the 44-caliber round-ball in the smooth bore under barrel, which has a good deal to recommend it. The 22-barrel is one of the most accurate made. The smooth-bore, round barrel, especially the 18-inch one, throws the round ball with considerable accuracy up to sixty or seventy yards, and with deadly accuracy at short range thick-lumber deer country shooting. It is chiefly a trapper's weapon or a horseback arm, with its holster and folding stock, but as an automobile weapon the advantages of convenience and readiness are obvious. Incidentally, the smooth bore shoots the 36-gauge shot shells, and the 18-inch barrel makes a pattern at twenty or so yards good for rabbits, quail and other roadside game.

The automobile fishing outfit is difficult to select unless one carries a variety of rods, artificial baits, hooks and lines. The reason is that in nearly every fishing region there are two kinds of permissible sport. Thus down the Mississippi basin, black bass, catfish, perch, etc., are had in the same or neighboring waters. On the coast there is brack, fresh and salt water fishing from successive camps. Then there are mountain streams with brook trout and lakes with lake trout, and ponds with bullheads.

Of course no one becomes thoroughly expert in any sport fishing if he travels in an automobile. He cannot and doesn't want to specialize. He takes what comes. But he must be ready for the various kinds if he would enjoy the fishing opportunities. Without trying to be exact or specific it may be worth while

to discuss the various kinds of tackle that a tourist is sure to need, or may need if he intends to fish at all, according to the opportunities.

An all-around fish rod is as impossible as an all-around firearm. But I have a heavy fly-rod that serves for casting for black bass with artificial flies or light spinners. With three or four different weight oiled silk lines, on an automatic reel, a takapart or tripart, or other double or quadruple reels, will enable one to go after the premier bass, trout, stream and lake fly and light spinner fishing. The heavy fly-rod will serve even for quill-bob or light-cork still fishing, too, and if one has several reels with different kinds of lines, they will work with the heavy fly rod and with a short casting rod, such as the James Heddon's Sons two-piece rods.

In fresh water fishing the steel rods such as the Bristol, are carried by a great many tourists. They stand a lot of the rough usage rods and guns get in automobile travel, and if there are several fishing members the party may well diversify its fishing tackle by including a combination steel rod—bait and fly of medium weight.

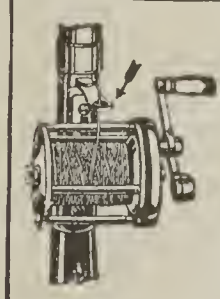
Thus we have a heavy fly-rod, a bait and plug casting short length (say, five or six feet, two-piece), and a "medium utility" steel rod. With these three rods, I think, most fresh water is covered. One should have, however, several extra reels, with casting, oiled, silk, twisted and braided linens—Osprey, Abbey & Imbrie, Horrocks-Ibbotson, Kingfisher,—from the light dry-fly casting to the 24-pound test, or higher, heavy casting, trolling, etc.

Of artificial baits there is no limit in number or type. The moment one undertakes to make a selection of these, for "all-around fishing," such as the tourist needs for only a few casts in a place, of an evening or for a day, the difficulty is immense.

Last summer I spent a number of days with "Bob" Lincoln who is among the premier fishermen of the country and he gave me a list of some of his choices. For spinners he likes the Hildebrandt flies with light, slender, and long, single and double-feather or fly-spinners. Among the plugs is the familiar red-head, white-bodied, big-grub casting bait. And of the trolling spoons and spinners, the Lou Eppinger daredevils, in copper, nickel and colored enamels, and the Dowagiac game fish minnows.

There are certain artificial flies which seem to have vogue in most trout and bass waters, such as grizzlie king, yellow sallie, royal coachman, the palmers and hackles, black gnat, queen of the waters, cowdung, etc., which may well be included, two or three of each, for the fly fishing.

IF the trip is going into salt water or brackish, whether in the bays, bayous or tide-water creeks or to the beaches, it is worth while to have a casting salt water outfit, say, a greenhart, lancewood, or other three-piece and butt rod, a Monmouth reel, with a hundred or hundred and fifty yards of 30-pound line and


Fishermen, Prevent Back Lash Snarls
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to your reel. It automatically winds and spools your line WITHOUT THUMBING or FINGERING, and you positively cannot get a back lash snarl. Can be attached to any reel or rod. No more sore thumbs. Sold by leading Sporting Goods Dealers or sent direct on receipt of price $2.00.
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Mail us your Luger, Catalogue for equipping it with ten cents any of the above INTERCHANGEABLE LONG BARRELS with 880 yard sight. Free labor. Shoot 200 accurate shots per minute with our 32-shot magazines and holster-stocks, equalling 8 riflemen. World famous V. Chr. Schilling super-accurate Mausers; Mannlicher sporters; LUGER, MAUSER, etc., pistols. PACIFIC ARMS CORPORATION, San Francisco, Calif., U. S. A.

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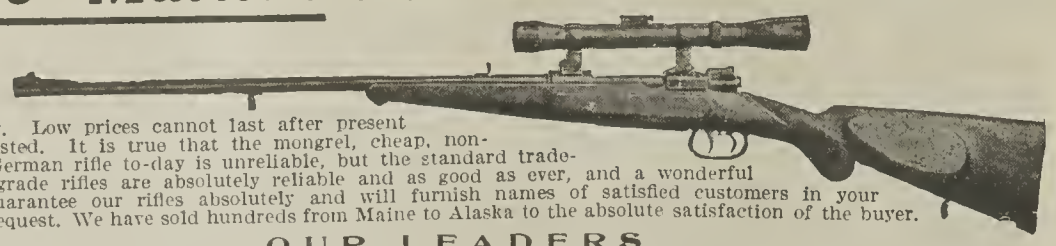

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Besides being Presiding Judge of the Court of Appeals, State of Alabama, he is an enthusiastic fisherman. Here's what he writes about the catch shown at the right. "These sixty-nine pounds of fish were caught within less than three hours on Jack's Fish Ferrets with Wiggle Tail attached. This catch outweighed by 30 pounds the catch of the other 3 members of the party, all expert fishermen, who used different lures." It will pay you to remember that

Jack's Pork Rind Frogs

White flexible pork rind shaped just like a frog. Very natural in appearance and action. 12 pieces in jar—good until used—40c at your dealers.

For Big Bass Use Jack's Fish Ferrets and Wiggle Tail The Ferrets combine the feathered fly, weight and spinner all on one long shank hook—no kinking joints. Twelve color combinations, feathered and bucktail. Weighted flies 50c each. Fly-rod size, unweighted flies and bucktails in twelve color combinations, 35c each.

The Wiggle Tail Pork Rind is for use on any lure and rides upright like a live minnow swims. Wiggles like everything! Game fish can't resist its natural action. Made in 3 sizes, Bass, Trout and Muskie. 12 pieces in a jar. 40c at your dealers.

Your dealer should have these lures. If not write us direct.

PERFECTION BAIT COMPANY, Dept. J3, SOUTH BEND, IND.

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You want a gun famous for shooting qualities and durability

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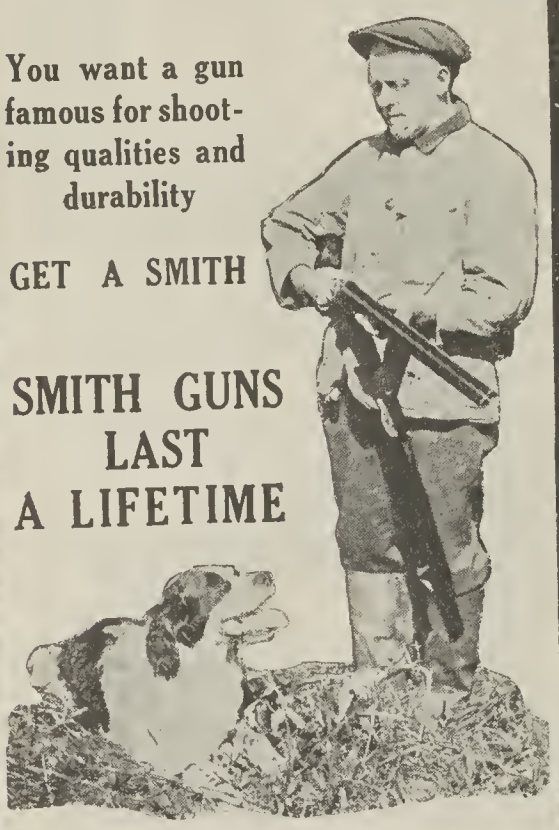

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Game Preserve

50,000 acres timber land in southeast Georgia, surrounded by two navigable rivers, the Atlantic Ocean and a main line railroad running north and south.

The timber stands on about 40,000 acres of it, consisting of the following, viz.:

9,000,000 feet of Cypress
5,000,000 feet of Ash
15,000,000 feet of Oak
30,000,000 feet of Red Gum
140,000,000 feet of Pine
4,000,000 feet of Ties

10,000 acres in nutritious grass for cattle and hogs. The freight rate by water to New York is $8.00.

The 50,000 acres is entirely surrounded by wire fence. Can be made self-sustaining by stocking with cattle or hogs, which can run on this grass eleven months in the year, or by selling off small portion of timber annually.

Artesian wells are scattered all over the property.

Finest game preserve in America: wild turkey, ducks, deer, quail, and fresh and salt water fishing.

The price they are asking for this property is $16 per acre (it is easily worth $25 per acre). The land is worth more money than the price asked, and the timber alone is worth the money. If you are interested, I am willing at any time to show the property.

BOX 501, FOREST & STREAM

stout hooks, sinkers, and a bob or two, in variety. This sea-casting or salt water outfit will serve admirably if one goes after the big Mississippi river catfish, or has a whack at redfish, sea trout, and Pacific coast, Gulf of Mexico, or Atlantic coast fishing, when sea bass or tuna or other fishing of major type may be had. But, of course, if one is going after a certain kind of sea fishing, it would be best to fit for that kind, up to 300- or 400-yard reels and lines necessary for the chief salt water sports. My suggestions can be only general and as unsatisfactory as those who propose "all-around" outfits must be. Consider, for example, the fly-fishing in the trout and salmon waters of Oregon and Washington, or of Maine. I am speaking merely of cross-country hit-and-miss fishing.

And have the tackle in a case, especially for it. Painful experience makes me say this. Don't trust to a bag, to side-pockets, to cigar-box or something in which tackle churns into a snarl. There is, among cases, an adequate "all-around" case—the Knickerbocker, with its reel, plug, spinner, sinker, bob and utility compartments. This aluminum, leather-covered case will carry ample tackle for "all-around" fishing, six or eight reels, a dozen assorted plugs and minnows, flies, porkrinds, etc., bobs and bob-o-lites (the curious electric light that shines when there is a bite, for night fishing), hooks, leaders, sinkers, spinners, spinner flies, spoons, a bottle of iodine in case of hook or spine or Casey Jones or bullhead prod, can all be stowed in this case, and then the case stowede anywhere in the automobile load, under almost any weight. But if one does not care to go to this expense, at least carry all the tackle in some one case, with compartments, and keep it handy so that when the fishing looms ahead all one needs do is to grab the case and the rods that seem most adequate.

Incidentally, a section of galvanized drain pipe four or five inches in diameter with one end cap-hinged, and the other bent over to close, will hold the rods and keep them safe.

Give the boy in the outfit his own tackle and his own firearm. The 36-gauge with the new U. S. 36-gauge ammunition is a wonderful weapon for small game and minor varmints from red squirrels to jackrabbits. I want to impress on tourists that for the children the opportunities to learn are limitless if one but humors them, answers their every question, and gives them genuine tackle, genuine firearms and honest instruction—not scolding and nagging and the impatience of tired adults.

Have a good time—that's the object of touring, with emphasis on the good, which means fair dealing with one another and with the people, merchants, farmers, sportsmen in whose country a tourist is a guest. Those who play a straight game clear through may occasionally give more than they take, but my experience has been that the tourist receives far and away more than he gives, or can ever hope to repay. Clean up before leaving each and every camp ground!

LETTERS, QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

(*Continued from page 252*)

HOW TO MOUNT FISH

SINCE my article *"How to Mount Fish"* in December FOREST AND STREAM was written I have mounted a number of different species of fish, and with the extra experience gained I wish to give readers that advantage.

I find it most important that unless the skin is thoroughly washed before mounting the salt and saltpetre will ooze out and dry on the skin—after being varnished. It is much better, I find, not to use salt at all, unless a large, thick skin is left unmounted a month or more. The skin will keep quite fresh without salt for several weeks in a cool place if well wrapped up in a damp cloth.

I also failed to note that the fins and tail dry out almost transparent and the natural color fades completely as also does the skin, so that, to do a really good job, the fish must be painted all over. The beautiful lemon yellow and green has to be painted on both bass and pickerel; also the belly of all fish should be whitened up with paint. The head requires careful painting in pink, purple and blue with bits of cream yellow and green. The amateur will find the painting up to natural colors quite the most difficult part of the job.

For copies as guides in color, fairly good colored represenations of all game-fish have been printed in the New York Conservation Reports for 1885 to 1891. Another thing: before you skin the fish take a careful outline tracing—and measurements round the body—at shoulders, middle, and near tail—as a guide to carve the fish.

LOUIS RHEAD, New York.

NESSMUK'S CAMPFIRE

(*Continued from page 249*)

rigger variety, fitted with a pin running through a hole in the loom of the oar. Fitted in this way, the oars could be dropped without thought, when they would trail alongside of, and parallel to, the boat and out of the way. They cannot be feathered, which is a great disadvantage in a strong wind and personally, I should prefer the usual lock, taking the oars in when not in immediate use.

If the materials and workmanship are both good—finish the boat with several coats of varnish, inside and out. Otherwise, paint makes the best job of it.

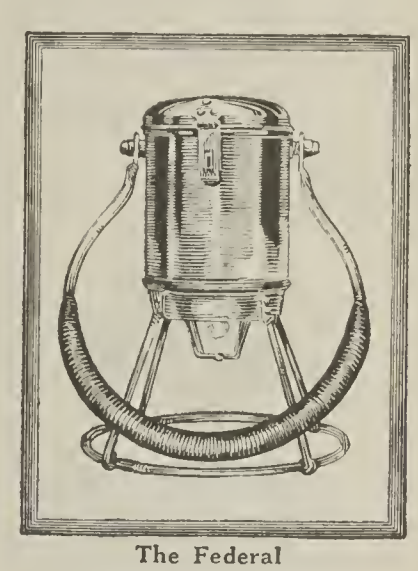
Skiffs were at first fitted with a single gaff-rigged sail, but later were rigged canoe fashion and this boat will carry comfortably about 80 sq. ft. in the main sail and 25 in the mizzen. Usually sailed without a rudder, the steering being done by the trim of the sails and shifting the weight of crew forward or aft. A center board or other lateral plane should be fitted of about 2¼' in area.

DWIGHT S. SIMPSON.

Play Safe When Night Comes

Here is a lantern that you can depend upon to give you a strong, steady, bright light when it's most needed. The Federal Electric Lantern cannot blow out, or go out suddenly. Hangs easily from your arm or hand, throws a flood of light at your feet and far enough around to light up the way. Four-cell battery assures 25 hours of intermittent service.

When hung from some convenient point in a tent or cabin, it spreads a bright, steady light—everywhere. No need for a dangerous or unreliable lantern that fails you when it's needed most. No smell—no smoke—no danger of oil spilling over clothes, etc. Buy a Federal Electric Lantern before your next trip and play safe when night comes.



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MAIL COUPON NOW

Just clip the coupon and mail. Let us tell you all about the Federal Electric Lantern—also name of your local dealer. Now is the time to plan for this year's outing. Tear out and mail coupon **NOW.**

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Please send full information and prices on the Federal Electric Lantern, "the ideal outdoor lantern"—Give name of local dealer. No obligation.

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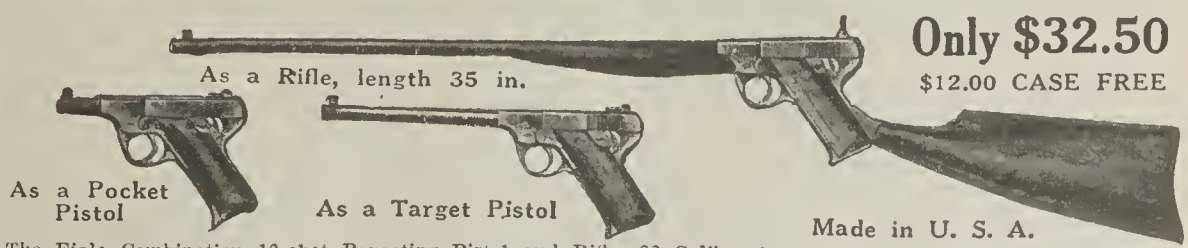
Only $32.50

$12.00 CASE FREE



The Fiala Combination 10-shot Repeating Pistol and Rifle, 22 Caliber long rifle cartridge, improved model, is a perfectly balanced, accurate target pistol, instantly changed into a long-range rifle or pocket weapon. This wonderful arm, fully guaranteed, which has folding, adjustable peep and open sights, sells, the combination arm complete, for **$32.50.** As a special inducement, in order to get a large number of guns into the hands of men who realize their value, we are offering free with each combination, a **$12.00** leatherette, plush-lined, brass-fitted case. Gun in case will be sent on receipt of postal or express order. If your dealer can't supply you, write us direct.

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SAVES FROM 30% TO 50%

Besides, you get better furs and greater satisfaction because you furnish the furs yourself. Your mother, wife, sister or sweetheart will appreciate a set or coat made from furs you trap. Send your furs to Willard's to be tanned and manufactured and get only first-class guaranteed workmanship. Our 58 years standing in the fur trade is your guarantee of our reliability. **FREE Catalog** gives latest style suggestions and full information. Write to-day for your copy.

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RAISING SILVER BLACK FOXES A VERY PROFITABLE BUSINESS

We will have a few pair of our Pedigreed and Registered **ALASKAN STRAIN** 1923 Puppies For Sale this Spring. These beautiful animals are direct descendants of a strain of foxes that have proven their prolificness and ability to breed true to color for over **FIFTEEN YEARS!!!**

MR. PROSPECTIVE FOX-RANCHER, you cannot afford to start with any other than **THE VERY BEST STOCK OBTAINABLE.** You should therefore send for our various sales plans **TO-DAY.**

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221 West 57th Street, New York City

NO PRICE ADVANCE on **GEM CORDS**—the tire that gives **8000 miles** satisfactory service. Cut your tire costs by these excellent tires at low prices. Best tire ever seen.

SEND NO MONEY

All **GEM CORDS** shipped C. O. D. Take tire home and examine it; if it isn't the best buy you ever made, return the tire and get all your money back.

Size	Cords	Tubes	Size	Cords	Tubes
30x3	$6.15	$1.05	34x4	$11.95	$1.95
30x3½	6.95	1.25	32x4½	13.75	2.00
32x3½	8.95	1.55	33x4½	14.45	2.10
31x4	9.95	1.65	34x4½	14.95	2.25
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Do Not Delay. Order your season's cord tires now at these Bargain Prices. 5% discount for cash with order.

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Genuine South Bend Anti-Back Lash Reel **$9.90**
Steel Casting Rod, Large Agitene Guides, Double Grip Handle, fully guaranteed **3.25**
Steel Bait Rods, 9 ft. **1.25**

Every Sporting Need

South Bend, Heddons and Meisselbach Reels, Lines, Baits, etc. Steel Rods, Tackle Boxes, Guns, including Winchester, Remington, Stevens, etc. Revolvers—Colts, Smith & Wesson, Luger, Mausers, Iver-Johnson's, etc. Blankets, Field Glasses, Binoculars, Rowboat Motors, etc., etc.

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Large windows and door—large awning and windbreak—the most unusual value you'll find.

Write to-day for complete catalog, of beds, tents, tables, refrigerators, etc.

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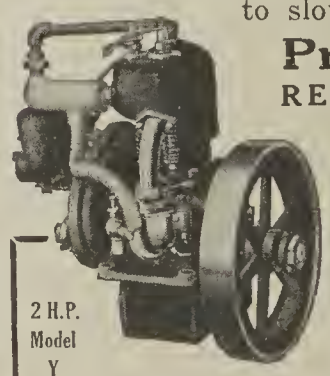
Here is the ideal four-cycle engine for 15-ft. to 18-ft. fishing boats. Weight 135 lbs. Starts easily; throttles to slow trolling speed.



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Price $120

REGAL ENGINES

made in 17 sizes, one to eight cylinders, and built for long, hard service. Catalogue and new low price list on request.

Regal Gasoline Engine Company
Division Street
Coldwater, Michigan

NATURAL HISTORY

(*Continued from page* 241)

capsule-like puparium a great change takes place—the pupa resting inside of the oval case develops into a bird-fly. As soon as this newly-formed fly is strong enough it will force open a lid at one end of the case and makes its escape. These flies are very active and run nimbly forward and sidewise among hair or feathers, the winged ones flying away when disturbed.

One of our large species of American bird-flies is *Olfersia americana* (see illustration), which is about one-third of an inch long. It is commonly found on owls and hawks, and on the common ruffed grouse.

Many other birds are infested by various species of bird-flies, among them being the herons, jays, bluebird, bobolink, thrush, robin, junco, crossbill, catbird, sparrow, woodpeckers, grossbeak, ravens, partridge, peacock, skylark, bittern, chuck-wills-widow, osprey, bald eagle loon, cormorant, man-of-war bird, gannets and black vulture.

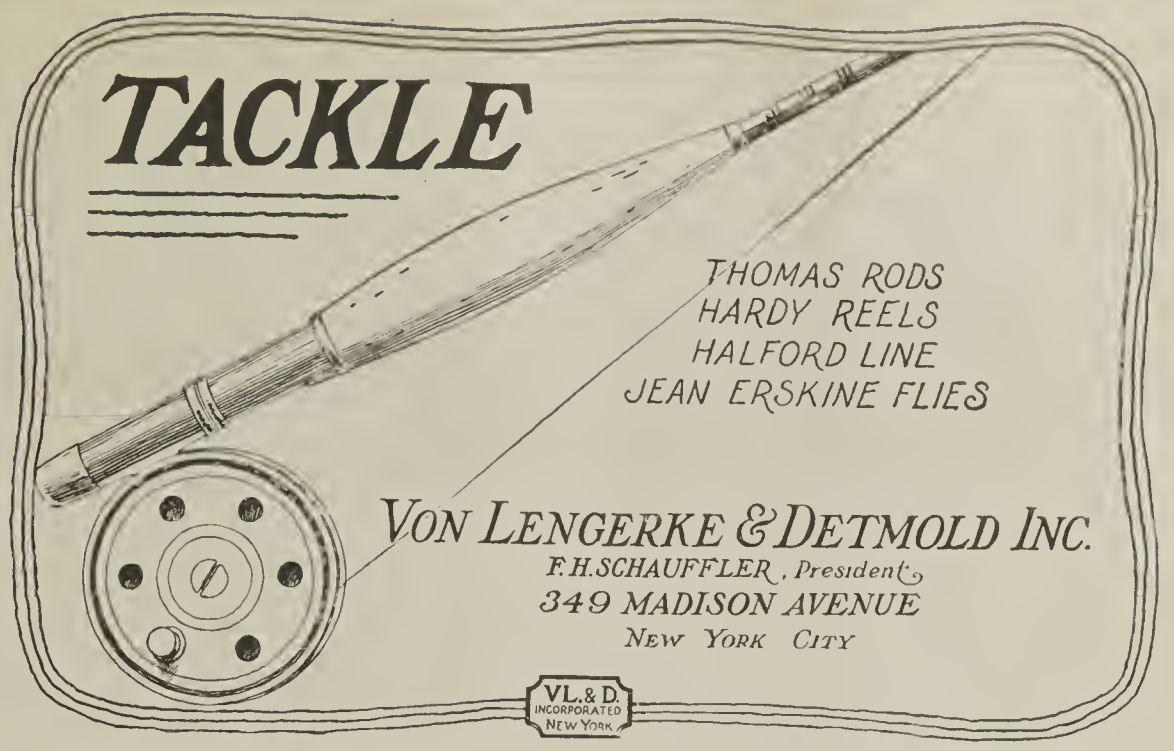
The common wapiti, *Cervus americanus,* is the host of one of these flies, commonly called the "deer-tick." It is remarkable that flies of the genus *Lipoptena,* to which the so-called "deer tick" belongs, have wings in the adult stage at first, by which means they hunt and attach themselves to animals where they remain. Having no further use for wings they shed them.

The so-called "sheep tick," *Melophagus ovinus,* is a member of this family that is found in all parts of the world where sheep are raised. It occurs only on sheep and is different from the other members of the family in that it never possesses wings.

The horse is also attacked by one of these flies commonly called "horse tick;" it is better known in the old world.

The name "tick" should not be applied to these insects; they are all true flies belonging to the Order *Diptera.*

A. B. CHAMPLAIN.



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$1.25

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Sportsmen, Campers, Scouts, Guides, Motorists and all outdoor people need a reliable Compass.

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If he has none in stock, we will mail postpaid on receipt of one dollar

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AIR-GAGE Heavy Duty Tubes

—sell on sight to almost every car owner because they save trouble, time, worry and expense. Add one-third to life of Tires. Paul salesmen make big profits selling direct to car owners. Our million dollar factory can use 500 more salesmen at once. Experience not necessary. Big illustrated Free Book tells how the Paul Plan will start you in this big money-making business without capital. Write for Free Book Today.

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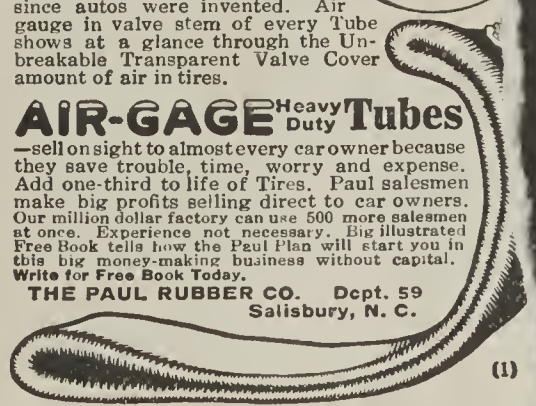
Salisbury, N. C.



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"TUSCARORA," 8¼ to 9½ feet.....$10.00
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"MILLS' STANDARD," 8 to 9½ feet..... 28.00
"H. L. LEONARD," 7½ to 9½ feet..... 50.00

SINGLE-ACTION TROUT REELS

"CRESCO" (ENGLISH TYPE)..... $5.00
"KENNET" (ENGLISH)..... 12.75
"H. L. LEONARD"..... 18.00

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30-Yd.	Size D	E	F
IMPERIAL (Wet Fly)....	$4.70	$4.20	$3.75 ea.
INTRINSIC (Dry Fly)....	9.50	8.75	7.75 "

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For Dry Fly—3 weights—7½ feet.....$0.60
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Sizes 15, 12 and 10 regular.....$2.00 doz.
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Either Regular or Light Tied.....$1.50 doz.

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BOXES with compartments .....$0.60 to $15.00
BOXES with individual clips..... .90 " 6.50
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Bait and Bait Casting Tackle

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(Bait Rods, 7 ft. to 8½ ft.; Bait Casting 5½ ft.)

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"MANCO," No. J314, Jeweled Nickel Plated 6.75
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"MEEK," Plain or Jeweled Bearings, $30.00 to 38.00
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"MILLS' RECORD," Extra Hard, 3 Sizes, Drab or Black..... $2.75

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RODS

H. L. LEONARD Tarpon $42.50
H. L. LEONARD Light Tackle..... 40.00
H. L. LEONARD Special Bonefish..... 45.25
MILLS' STANDARD Tarpon 32.50
MILLS' STANDARD Light Tackle..... 28.00
H. L. LEONARD Surf (with spring butt).... 48.25
MONARCH Surf (with spring butt)..... 25.00
MILLS' STANDARD Weakfish..... 28.00
MONARCH Weakfish 13.75

REELS

J. VOM HOFE B/Ocean Tarpon 6/0 (large)...$80.00
J. VOM HOFE B/Ocean Light Tackle 3/0..... 70.00
J. VOM HOFE B/Ocean Bonefish 2/0..... 65.00
MILLS' SPECIAL Bonefish..... 30.00
J. VOM HOFE Surf..... 35.00
MEISSELBACH Surf 30.00
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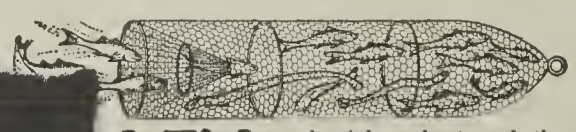
DRY FLIES Guaranteed To Float

Specially tied for American



ch Fish, Eels, Mink, Muskrats and other fur-bearing animals, in large numbers, with our new, Foldanized **Steel Wire Trap.** It catches them trap catches flies. Made in all sizes. Strong and Write for Descriptive Price List, and our Free on best bait known for attracting all kinds of fish.

GREGORY, Dept. 16, Lebanon, Mo.

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New Illustrated Price List of the

ART-NATURE FLOATING LURES

EVERY GAME FISH BIG OR LITTLE YOU ADLY KILLERS BY A SUPERIOR METHOD

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Eyed Hooks tied exact from Living Insects $2.50 Set
10-12-14 hooks. Hand-painted from nature 2.40 Set
NO. 14 HOOKS. CAN BE FISHED DRY 1.00 Set
6, 8, 10 HOOKS . . . . . 1.00 Set

NGLER:

FISH FOOD. NEW STYLE CRAWFISH and Cricket TERRORS. FROGS AND JUMPERS THAT KILL

COOKING HINTS FOR CAMPERS

(*Continued from page* 245)

rest the log on the ground so that the flat side slants back about 10 degrees from a perpendicular plane. Cut another green log equally long, but not split, and place it in front of the fish about 12 or 14 inches removed and parallel therewith. Get some birch bark and place close up to the round log, near the fish side. Stand some small faggots up in front of the birch bark and the round log. These can be replaced by others as they burn away. Now light the birch bark and you will soon have a real hot fire which will soon broil or plank your fish and bacon. The bacon will cook first and may be removed before the fish. In placing the fish on the flat surface the thick ends of the fish should be placed uppermost as that part cooks faster where the fire is hotter.

Do not remove the fish until you are ready to eat it. Serve it on the log and keep the log for another time.

A steak can be broiled in the same manner as the fish. Before broiling the steak it should be rubbed on both sides with lemon juice.

To roast the potatoes: Make a hole in the ground about as deep as the largest potato. Build a fire in the hole. Just before the fire dies out fill the hole with dry sand. Cut the ends off of the potatoes to let the steam escape. Bury the potatoes in the hot sand and build a fire on top of the sand. The potatoes will cook within an hour and will be the best you ever ate.

Fish, chickens, roast beef or venison and baked beans may be baked in a hole in the ground.

Fish and puddings may be steamed in a similar manner.

The proper way to fry fish and especially trout will make your mouth water. The fry pan, properly used, is not the enemy to good health as charged.

Some pessimist has said that God made the food and the devil made the cook.

IN THE SHADOW OF MOOSILAUKE

(*Continued from page* 256)

streams on the headwaters, even up on the slopes of the ridges where the brooks come down by leaps and long drops, where the brooks are only shadows and echoes of their lowland volume and glory, are six and seven-inch trout living where leaves can barely float. Fifteen hundred feet higher are trout in untold numbers only one-half as large and even smaller. Now they ascend or get up in that altitude, how they pass the winter when many brooks are frozen solid, are two of nature's little mysteries withheld from man.

Whisking the fly to a blue and white pool, the answer came in a boiling of waters and a sharp tug which felt like a good fish. He proved to be five inches long and I dropped him into the shallow

waters at my feet. Six or seven fish—I lost count—followed in swift succession from the same pool, all under the six-inch law, and were given their freedom. I tossed a fragment of bark, a twig, a tiny pebble, a bit of grass into the pool, and the school of small trout rose *en-masse* to inspect the offerings. Such incidents were common in all the brook's miles, yet trout of fair or even larger size were few and widely scattered. The numbers of small trout were legion, occupying every choice location where trout ought to reside. Sometimes I have often wondered if these small trout had attained maturity, and growth was a matter of age rather than of size and weight. The brook is not over-fished; in fact, fishermen of the village and visitors go back farther in the mountains or beyond the mountains for larger fish and full creels, passing up many a local stream which is alive with fish of all sizes. With small trout in such abundance that they are as common as minnows it is highly interesting, in a biological sense, to find the larger fish so few and scattered. Should the tables be turned, so that the larger fish outnumbered the smaller, I can readily solve the problem by merely stating cannibalism which we know is a characteristic of the brook trout.

And so again to fishing. As the water was clear I worked slowly along the brook, now skirting the rocky margins, now crossing the shallows or swift current, then sliding down over boulders half as large as long cabins to drop the fly in some likely-looking pool or riffle. Trout rose greedily, but always the small ones which were usually shaken off the hook. I looked hard for acceptable fish and looked in vain. Thinking the large fish had gone down to the deep waters of the big pools I swung downward, now taking the shore and most timeswading down the treacherous waters. No paths paralleled the brook, the forest was too dense with undergrowth, so travel became a thing of hard work and no play. But the adventure of it? A part of the day's fishing.

As the sun worked higher in the vault of the blue skies, the waters took on a silvery lustre, more burnished and transparent. Sunlight played upon small stretches, turning the riffles and falls to glistening colors, while the mats of moss on the rocks shone in deepest green. As trout lay head upstream, I put on a tiny split shot and let the line run down with the current. Using a long line so that my approach did not frighten the fish I trusted to chance and worked the lure from one shore to another and in every hole without strike of consequence.

In a way, I am philosophical. If fish refuse to take a plain fly, why not offer them something more tempting? Before trying the absolute worm, why not a bit of worm? Trout are gifted with the senses of hearing and sight so acute and highly competent that the facts are common knowledge—but do they seek their food by hearing and sight? They are fishes, as far as I can see, which take their food by smell and taste. Though

(*Continued on page 286*)

CAMP OUT IN
CLOSE-TO-NATURE
CANVAS HOUSES AND TOURIST TENTS
Canvas Houses and Ventilated Tents for every outdoor purpose. Open to the air or closed weather tight. Screened against insects. Houses easily erected or taken down and rolled into convenient bundles. Tents light and compact for touring purposes. Houses especially adapted for Camps, Summer Resorts, Golf Links, Sanitariums, Outdoor sleeping and the Sick. Our Tourist Tents mean fresh air, comfort, and freedom from insect pests. Catalog free.
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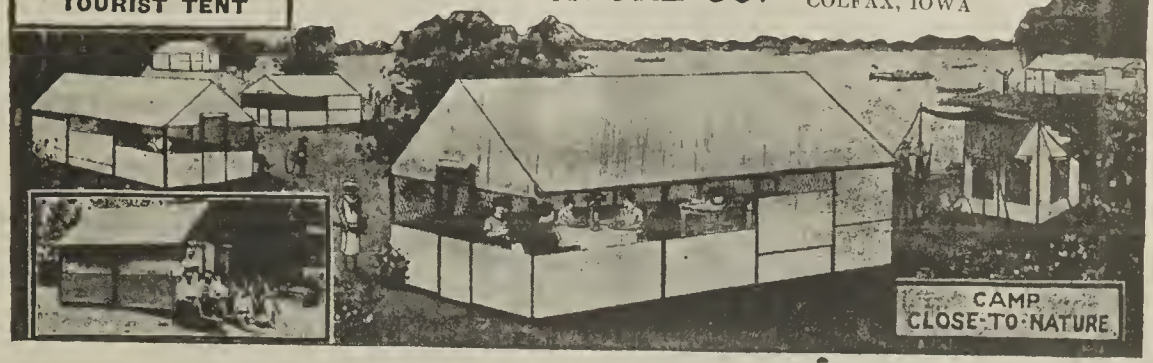
CLOSE-TO-NATURE CO. 650 FRONT STREET COLFAX, IOWA

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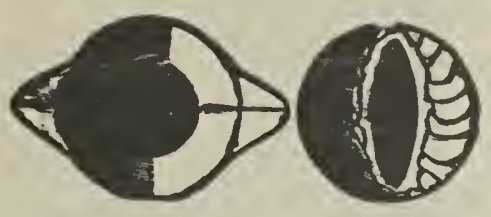
and manufacturer of artificial eyes for birds, animals and manufacturing purposes a specialty. Send for prices. All kinds of heads and skulls for furriers and taxidermists.

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Robert H. Rockwell

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Rebuilt shoe showing our patent method of repairing exposed part of tongue and covering up front seams.
$3.40
Send old leather top rubbers (any make) and we will attach our 1923 Hunting Rubbers, repair and waterproof tops, put in new laces and return postpaid for $3.40. Same guarantee as new shoes.
(With heels, $3.65.)
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WILDFOWL GUNS
Our 12-BORE MAGNUMS shooting 3-in. Paper Shells (1½ ozs. shot) have an effective Killing Range of 80 to 100 yards.
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This new type, 1923 model, 16 Foot Mullins Special Steel Launch is without doubt the best value ever offered. It is graceful in design, comfortable, speedy, and safe. Equipped with air-tight compartments like a life boat—it Can't Sink. Handsomely finished, and well equipped with 3 H. P. Lockwood-Ash, single cylinder, two cycle motor, vertical contact timer, mixture oiling system, Mullins Silent Underwater Exhaust, and steel guard which protects the shaft and propeller. It's a sturdy, well built, highly efficient launch, sold at a remarkably low price.
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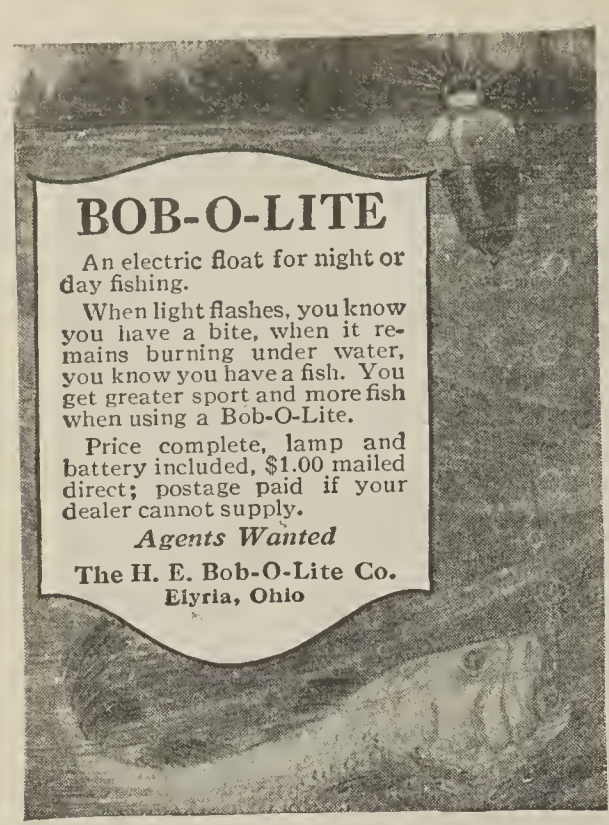

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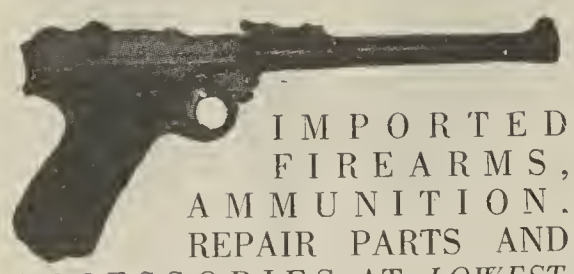

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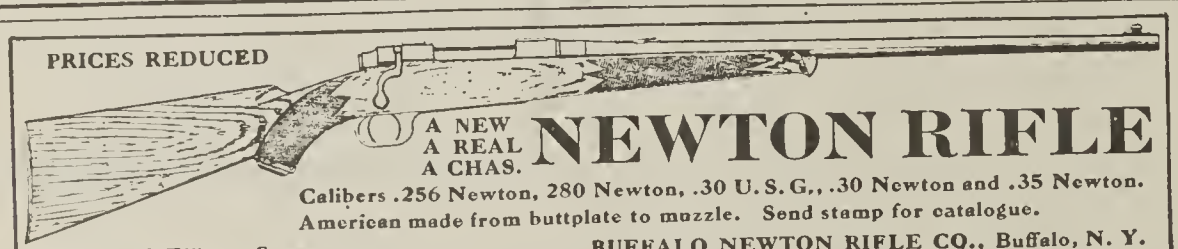

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25c brings big Telescope 3 ft. long

View objects miles away just like they were close. Watch persons at a distance on land and sea. See the Sun, Moon and Stars as you never saw them before. The Wonder Telescope opens out over 3 ft. long; closed measures 12 in. Brass bound, fitted with powerful lenses. Can be used as a microscope.

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AFLOAT AND AFOOT IN ALASKA

(*Continued from page 239*)

the trunk to vibrate rapidly. The tip of the tree did not clear the water and only by holding to the upright limbs could we save ourselves from being shaken into the rushing, icy current from which no human being could hope to escape.

Our luncheon consisted of blueberries. Never have I seen them so plentiful. We laid down and picked all within reach, rolled over and gathered more, then up and across the divide and down to the cabin that for the time being was home.

After resting for a day or two we started for Forty-Mile. By this time the snow on the pass had melted sufficiently to enable us to cross without much difficulty, the streams were reduced in volume and George knew the location of an Indian trail that was much easier than the route I had followed.

At Forty-Mile George bought some provisions and returned to his cabin, while I pre-empted a deserted shack and waited for the arrival of a steamer that was supposed to be at Fort Yukon. My provisions were of the simplest and although I carried nearly one thousand dollars in gold dust, the stores could supply me with scarcely anything that I did not have. The only article that appealed to my fancy was a bottle of capers that I mixed with beans to change the monotony of the diet. Occasionally a partridge could be heard drumming back of my shack, but only once did I succeed in getting a shot. After following the sound of the drumming, which appeared to come first from one direction, then another, I stood still and waited. The drumming ceased. A step forward and with a squawk the bird raced through the underbrush like a turkey. A quick shot aimed in the opening just ahead of the running bird and it rose straight up in the air nearly to the top of the trees, then fell dead. Would you, too, have shot a partridge in the springtime when no other meat was available?

THE days passed—days with nothing to do but wait. Evidently no steamer was coming up from Fort Yukon, so it would be advisable to drift down to Circle City, two hundred and twenty miles below. The agent at the North American Trading and Transportation Co.'s store, who had learned of my narrow escape, would not hear of my continuing my trip in a cockle shell canoe and furnished me with a roomy rowboat which a little caulking with my pitch soon put in good shape and I started down stream in the boat, towing the canoe behind.

At Mission Creek where my partner and I had shot a caribou and a bear two years before, a settlement had started, and as I drifted past a young Swede hailed me and asked to be taken down the river. As I was carrying

gold dust I did not relish strange company, but such a request could not be refused, so I took him aboard. Tired from my constant watching for a steamer, sleeping lightly so as not to miss the sound of its whistle, I instructed him to keep a lookout so that the boat would not be drawn under sweepers (overhanging trees leaning from the bank and ready to fall) and dozed. A rattling against the side of the boat awoke me with a start and I jumped up in time to be struck by an overhanging branch. The Swede, too, was asleep! I had had enough narrow escapes for one trip, so kept watch until about forty miles above Circle we came to a gravel bar, or rather island, high and dry on which was a steamer, three feet above the level of the water. It was a tenderfoot outfit and when the vessel had grounded in the evening the captain, who evidently knew nothing of river navigation, ordered the crew to rest until the following morning—this with the water falling rapidly. The cargo had been discharged and spruce trees had been cut for skids on which to slide the craft back into the water. My offer as pilot was declined, the captain venturing the opinion that he knew how to get his boat up to Dawson. "Perhaps you do," I retorted, "but you have given a d—d poor example of your ability thus far."

The passengers were disgusted and four of them offered me forty dollars to transport themselves and outfits to Circle City, which I accepted.

On the way down the Swede pointed to an animal on the shore under an overhanging bank. "See," he exclaimed, "big dog." It was a baby moose and a hasty shot, fired as the boat was swinging round, missed. We landed and climbed the bank, hoping to find the mother, but she was nowhere in sight. Shooting the calf was not as reprehensible as it may appear, for evidently the mother had been killed or had abandoned her offspring, which could not climb the bank and was too small to swim to a point where it could be scaled. I made the Swede retrieve the carcass, divided the meat with him at Circle City and bade him shift for himself.

At Circle the miners were waiting for the steamer Bella, some days overdue, and had made a pool as to the probable day and hour of arrival, to which I contributed my ante. A few days later, when a long t-o-o-o-t sounded down the river I collected some sixty dollars for my lucky guess.

Dame Fortune had smiled on me at last. I had escaped the dangers of the river, the streams and the snows; had made one hundred dollars clear profit on the trip and was about to embark on my career as a Yukon River pilot.

Dangers aplenty my partner and I had faced on our trip into the country and afterward, dangers that I look back to as affording a spice in the hardships we endured, but the sickening cracking of the canoe when caught between the ice cakes was one that I hope never to experience again.

Trout

Gamy fighters, bred in the cold rapid waters of the north, will surprise the angler with an unexpectedly savage fight if hooked in the

Nipigon

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World's record speckled trout (14½ pounds) was taken in the Nipigon. Five and six pounders are not uncommon. Splendid rainbow and speckled trout are plentiful in the seldom fished waters of the Steel, Gravel, Cypress and other rivers flowing from the wonderful Northland into Lake Superior. All easy to reach via

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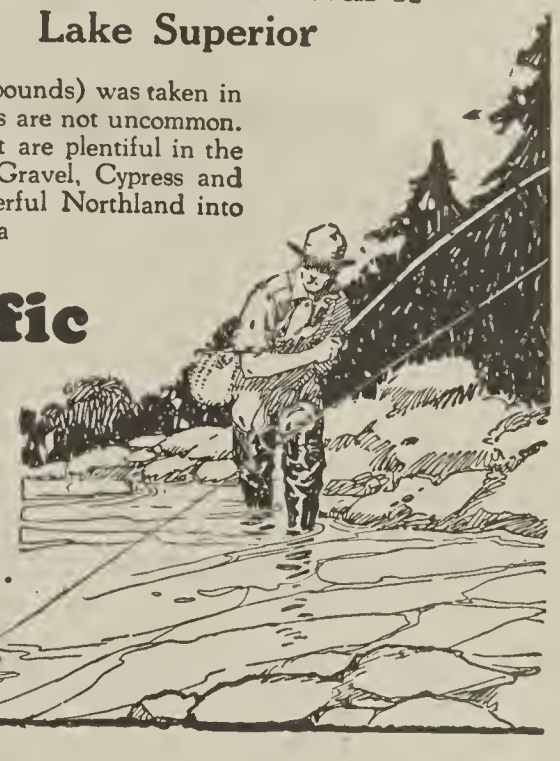

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If the reader is interested in growing duck foods, Wild celery, Sogo pond Widgeon grass or any of our Currituck duck foods, write us. We have been in the business many years and know how to grow the foods. If fond of duck, goose, quail or snipe shooting, write us for reservation for next season.

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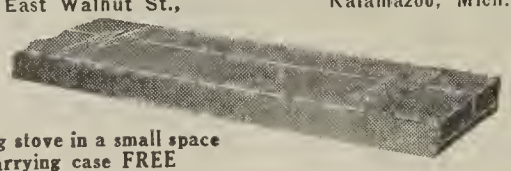

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The Table *for* Tourists

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100% Copper

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BRING DUCKS IN SWARMS BY PLANTing Wild Celery, Wapato Duck Potato, Wild Rice, NOW. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, Dept. H-247, Oshkosh, Wisc.

GUARANTEED GERMINABLE WILD RICE seed for spring planting. Write Robert Campbell, Keene, Ontario.

LIVE STOCK

CHINESE—RING NECK AND FANCY—Pheasants, wild turkeys, ducks and geese, bob-white and blue valley quail, ruffed, sharp-tailed, pinnated and blue grouse and deer. Eggs for spring delivery. Silver-Black-Fox news, mailed free upon request. E. Jaser's Pheasantry, Walhalla, Mich.

RINGNECK PHEASANT EGGS $3.50 DOZ. Wm. Rockel, R. 9-20, Springfield, Ohio.

PHEASANT EGGS—I HAVE NOW FOR sale eggs for hatching of the following varieties: English Ring Neck, Chinese Ring Neck, Mongolian, Golden, Lady Amherst and Silver; all guaranteed to be from strong, pure bred, non-related birds. Full instructions with shipment how to set eggs and raise young successfully. Wallace Evans Game Farm, St. Charles, Ill.

ENGLISH RING-NECKED PHEASANT eggs for sale. $3.50 for fifteen. Henry Roediger, New Bremen, Ohio.

FOR SALE—ONE 2-YEAR-OLD BEAR CUB, quite tame, boxes and wrestles. C. P. Forge, Portage LaPravin, Manitoba.

ENGLISH CALL DUCK EGGS FROM trained hunting stock that call. $5.00 for 15 prepaid. Charles Coates, Meadville, Missouri.

WILD DUCK EGGS—I HAVE NOW FOR sale Wild Mallard eggs; also the pure bred small tame variety of English Grey Call Duck eggs. These are the celebrated W. E. decoys. Nearly every variety of wild duck respond to their soft, enticing call. Wallace Evans Game Farm, St. Charles, Ill.

WILD MALLARD, $5.00 PAIR, TRIO $8.50; drakes, $2.50-$3.00; eggs, $2.50-12. Black Mallard, $12.50 pair; eggs, $6.00-12 flat. English Callers (old stock), $15.00 pair; drake, $7.50; hen, $7.50; young stock $10.00 pair, trio $17.50; drake, $5.00; eggs, $5.00-12. Duck book 25c. Ferrets for sale; wild Canada geese. E. Breman Co., Danville, Ill.

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SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER: ANY SIZE Kodak film developed for 5c.; prints 3c. each. Overnight service. Get a FREE AUTO. Ask for details. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 220 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

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ANTIQUE AND MODERN FIREARMS (new and used) sold, exchanged and bought. Large Stock—Reasonable Prices! Stephen Van Rensselaer, 873 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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ALSO FINE SAUER SHOTGUNS
Circular on Request
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32-SHOT LUGER MAGAZINES, $17.50; Arms catalog for ten-cent stamp. Pacific Arms Corporation, San Francisco.

WORLD FAMOUS LUGERS, EACH $16.50. Koch, Importer, 209-A West 64th St., New York.

DOGS (Continued from page 284)

MISCELLANEOUS

BEAGLES ARE RAPIDLY BECOMING the leading sporting dogs. Hounds and Hunting have more beagle news than all other magazines combined. Sample, 20c.; $1.50 yearly. Desk F, Hounds and Hunting, Decatur, Ill.

COLUMBIA WHITE COLLIES, REGISTered, pedigreed. On registering my last lot of puppies, Mr. Bennett, Secy. of United States Club, wrote, "You have some of the finest bred stock in North America." Safe delivery guaranteed. Prices reasonable. Bourke Farm Kennels, Lew Beach, Sullivan Co., New York.

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

English Setters, Pointers
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Wire Haired Fox Terriers

Puppies and grown dogs
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Easy to raise. Larger profits than any other live stock raising. Stands strictest investigation. Recommended by Government. 4 different plans. One will suit you. Complete description free. Send today.

C. T. DRYZ, Box 1033, EAGLE RIVER, WIS.

SHOOTING DOGS WANTED

I have owned and developed the greatest Field Trial Dogs that this world has ever seen and I am satisfied to rest on my laurels and in the future devote my energies exclusively to training shooting dogs. My training preserves comprise 20,000 acres with abundance of game. Kennels built after a lifetime experience. My assistants, the best men I could find in Scotland, and the dogs I break remain broken. I have more unbroken records than any trainer living or any trainer who ever did live. If you want your shooting dogs properly developed, send them to me.

R. K. (BOB) ARMSTRONG, Roba, Alabama.

BIG MONEY IN RAISING SILVER FOX

We buy all you raise. Profits up to 300% have been made in a single year. Write for free information about this wonderful money making business.

Duffus Silver Fox Co.
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THIS DOG COLLAR 75c
(Your Name in Gold)
(plates without collars) 25c.
KENNEL SUPPLY CO.
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Is This Worth the Price?

Stop your dog breaking shot and wing. Teach him what whoa! means. No long trailing rope or spike collar. Our field dog control is not cruel. Can be carried in pocket and attached instantly to dog's collar. Dog can't bolt. Fast dogs can be worked in close and young ones field broken in a week. Works automatically—principal South American Bolas. *Sent postpaid with full directions for* $2. Testimonials and booklet, *Making a Meat Dog* sent on request.

MAPLE ROAD KENNELS New Preston Conn.

$4 MAKES PERFECT BIRD DOG $4

Ideal Exclusive Combination Offer

20th Century Bird Dog Book (Second Edition)
By Er. Shelley
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NEW AND IMPORTED TRAINO COLLAR
Train Your Dog at Home!

The Book Teaches The Traino Trains
Four Dollars for Both—Postage Prepaid

This combination can be obtained only from
FREEMAN LLOYD, Oscawana, N. Y.

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Trade Mark Reg.

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DOG REMEDIES

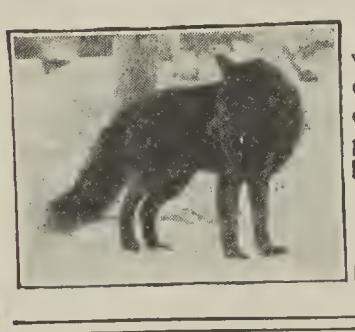
The DELCREO DOG REMEDIES are used and recommended by the leading breeders and fanciers.

If you cannot obtain them from your dealer or druggist we will send them to you postpaid on receipt of price.

Delcreo For Distemper, Black-tongue, Pneumonia, Colds, Diarrhea, etc.	4 oz.	$1.50
	16 oz.	5.75
Soluble Sulphur Compound For Canker of the Ear, Eczema, Rheumatism and all Blood Disorders	4 oz.	1.00
Soluble Sulphur Capsules A convenient form of the Sulphur Compound	Box	1.00
Soluble Bath Sulphur For Fleas, Mange, Eczema and all Skin Diseases	4 oz.	1.00
	16 oz.	3.00
Soluble Sulphur Ointment For Mange, Wounds, Burns, Cuts, Sores, etc.	1 oz.	.50
	4 oz.	1.50
Sulfminol For General and Chronic Constipation	16 oz.	1.50
Delcreo Dog Soap A pure neutral antiseptic soap	4 oz. cake	.25

Send for free 40-page Kennel Manual "How to Care for Your Dog in Health and Sickness."

THE DELSON CHEMICAL CO., Inc.
Dept. E, 42 Penn Street, Brooklyn, New York



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PIONEER SILVER-BLACK-FOX FARMS
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Hunting With the Bow and Arrow
By SAXTON POPE

An illustrated book—200 pages making tackle—hunting with Ishi the Indian—shooting small game, deer, lion, bear with the bow. Price $3.00.

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1122 Mission Street,
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BOB ARMSTRONG'S
Distemper Medicine

The product of years of experience with Distemper cases. This is no patent medicine but the greatest Distemper killer the world has ever seen.

GUARANTEED to cure 99% of Distemper cases if taken in time and according to instructions.

Put up in tablet or powder form. Packages, enough for four dogs, price $7.50.

Leaves no after-effects such as Chorea, etc.

The best life insurance you can put on your dogs.

BOB ARMSTRONG
ROBA, ALA.

IN THE SHADOW OF MOOSILAUKE

(*Continued from page* 281)

not provided—I am not quite certain at this moment—with taste-buds in the mouth and on outer skin, trout are so developed that they know what they want, and this fact is borne out on account of their ejecting the artificial fly if the hook is not set. They recognize it as not eatable, but by putting on a bit of worm on the barb they are deceived and instantly take the lure.

So baiting the hook accordingly, I dropped the fly lightly to a clear pool with a sandy bottom under a slanting ledge where light and shadow met and merged. Patches of milky foam floated placidly. As the fly settled on the surface it slowly sank. Hardly had it submerged when a trout rose indolently, sucked in the fly without haste or hurry, turned on his side, and then I struck. He answered with an electric lunge rockward, suddenly turned downstream and swept back into the pool, and I drew him up through the current to the creel with never a struggle, not even having broken water in his fight, a ten-inch fish hard and fat and glistening. In the small part of an hour I took four more trout out of the pool going down, all with a fresh bit of worm off the hook.

I AM not a fly fisherman nor a bait caster nor an finished angler—just a fisherman who uses bait and flies as occasion demands. Therefore, in my little excursions, according to the gods of aestheticism, I may not have reached the pinnacle and poetry of angling, but in down-right sincerity, in contentment born out of achievement of heart and soul, rippling waters and soughing boughs and fair skies, I have attained the pinnacle and poetry of fishing. When I seek out fish so inconstant and vagaric like the brook trout, I am justified in meeting the mood of the moment and the vicissitudes of bait and flies and both. These fish are not trout of heroic size, but trout of mountain size running up to the rare and treasured eleven inches of brooky splendor

(*To be continued.*)

Watch FOREST AND STREAM covers.

We are using as covers some remarkable original oil paintings, done by some of the country's most noted painters of fish and game subjects. These covers make fine pictures for camp or lodge.

A GOOD WAY TO FILE COPIES OF FOREST AND STREAM

FAR up among the rugged chunks of earth where the mighty Missouri commences to be, lives a seasoned hunter. He is a man who believes in the God of Nature and here he lives, winter and summer, year after year.

Upon stepping into his cabin talk turned to sporting magazines. Sure enough, he took them all, or at least all of those worth while. And, as I had expected, FOREST AND STREAM was his favorite.

He talked for hours, one evening, about the enjoyment he had derived from this magazine. Then, as though spurred by a sudden hunch, he arose, and bade me follow. We went into his study. On top of a crude bookcase were lined many of the common type of letter files. Taking one down, he opened it and showed me his way of keeping the copies intact and free from harm. Not being equipped with the tools necessary for binding magazines in the usual way, he had resorted to this method. Each file contained a year's output of FOREST AND STREAM. Their inclusive dates were marked on the backs, and these kept within constant scope of the eye.

And he showed me another thing. Going to his desk he drew forth a battered and dog-eared little notebook which was chuck full of cramped writing. Here he had indexed all of the articles, ideas and things of especial merit that he wanted for ready reference. After the indexing came the number of the file in which it was kept. Thus he had, at a moment's command, information on scores of things which would otherwise take literally hours to locate. I think this is worth passing along.

HOWARD DALTON.

In June

Casting the Fly, by *Louis Rhead*—a continuation of the remarkable article starting in this issue, with more original illustrations by the author.

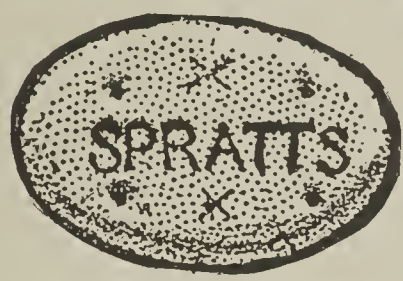
How to Make a Horsehair Line, by *Robert Page Lincoln*—a valuable article on what is probably the most efficient fishing line in the world.

A Real Bass story—that will make you want to get out and start the season strong.

And

Another "Adventures in Comradeship" Story, by that well-known writer, *Livingston Larned*.

SPRATT'S OVALS



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Write for sample and send 2c stamp for new catalog.

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NEWARK : : NEW JERSEY

A vegetable compound is dependable, harmless and easy to administer. Purifies the blood and produces smooth, healthy appearing coats. Invaluable in Distemper. In capsule or liquid form.

At dealers or direct from sole importers
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FREE DOG BOOK

32 page book—how to keep your dog well; how to care for him when sick. Result of 35 years' experience with every known disease of animals. Worth its weight in gold to any owner of a dog.
Write for it today. I send this valuable book FREE. Yours for a postcard. Write to Dept. 5405

H. CLAY GLOVER, V. S.
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H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
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Free Dog Book

by noted specialist. Tells how to
FEED AND TRAIN
your dog
KEEP HIM HEALTHY
and
CURE DOG DISEASES.

How to put dog in condition, kill fleas, cure scratching, mange, distemper. Gives twenty-five famous

Q-W DOG REMEDIES

and 150 illustrations of dog leads, training collars, harness, stripping combs, dog houses, etc. Mailed free.

Q-W LABORATORIES
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If Your Dog Is Sick,

all run down, thin and unthrifty with materated eyes, high-colored urine and harsh staring coat, "eating grass" won't help him. **Dent's Condition Pills** will. They are a marvelous tonic for mange, distemper, indigestion and out of sorts. Price 50c., druggists, or mail.

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POHIC 38976
The Lion of His Tribe at Stud. A Winner—A Producer Fee $40.00

Winner of all-American Endurance Race. Litter brother to Champion Mary Montrose. Peerless on the bench and in the field. Dogs trained and handled. Setter, pointers and Walker hounds for sale. 20,000-acre game preserve.

EDWARD D. GARR
Lagrange, Kentucky

Shooting Dogs Solicited
AND CAREFULLY TRAINED
Private preserve with plenty of birds
Terms $15 per month
RUFUS BARNETT
MATHEWS, ALABAMA. Express Office: Pike Road, Ala.

A few drops of Dent's Distemperine five or six times a day will cure distemper and cure your dog.

Do not attempt to raise a puppy without it. Price 50 cents.

DENT MEDICINE CO.
Newburgh, N. Y.

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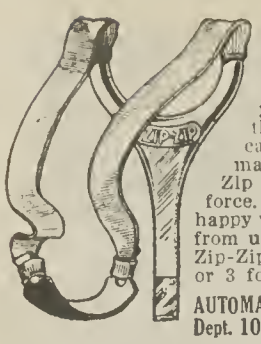

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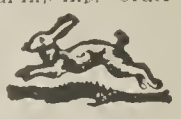
BOYS: If you like hunting and outdoor sport, you cannot afford to do without this remarkable shooter. Scientifically and practically made, prong made of beautiful metal, fine Zip-Zip rubbers with plenty of pep and force. Thousands of boys are made happy with this wonderful Zip Zip. Order from us or your dealer. Zip-Zip complete 35c. or 3 for $1.00.



AUTOMATIC RUBBER CO.
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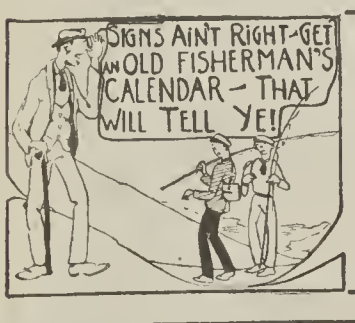

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OLD FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

O. F. CALENDAR
Box 1529 High Sta.
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FOLLOW THE DOLLARS

$50 to $100 per week, the money yours; something new, not an old, wornout proposition; field untouched; experience unnecessary; takes everybody by storm; money rolls in; show 50, sell 40; demonstrated in one minute; sells on demonstration; the new Inkless Fountain Pen, the twentieth-century wonder; never leaks or spills; with this pen no more use for the ink-bottle; sample pen, 50c.; this proposition is 18-karat; money back if not as represented; agent's profit 200 per cent.; exclusive territory; send for pen and agency today.

INKLESS FOUNTAIN PEN CO.
522 Eighth Street, Desk 14, Des Moines, Ia.

Agents: buy at $8.75, sell at $15. Wear one to show and make $60 to $120 a week! Case stamped and guaranteed **Gold Filled 25 years.** 21 JEWEL Movement, adjusted three positions, Railroad Dial, nickel bridge movement.

Latest pattern gold filled. Vest or coat-lapel style. Limited offer, order today!

We pay postage! Pay only $8.75 on arrival. State if coat or vest chain, FREE. MONEY BACK IF YOU'RE NOT SATISFIED!

No experience needed to sell this 21 jewel adjusted watch with Gold Filled Case at big profit.

UNIVERSAL JEWELRY CO.
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NEW Model BOILER and Storage Can

Made of extra strong, heavy pure copper, with a 5-inch Solid Brass Cap and Spout. Rubber gasket between cover and shoulder makes airtight fit. Easily cleaned. No Screw Cap, no threads to get out of order. No burning of hands, no trouble in taking off cover. Cap can be put on or taken off in a second by a simple twist of the thrumb-screws on the side. Safe, practical, simple and durable. No article of such quality and utility ever sold at such low price. Costs only a little more than the light weight spun cover cans which bend and easily get out of order. It lasts a lifetime and gives real service and satisfaction. Above are strictly cash with order Factory prices. Send money order or check. Prompt shipment in plain, strong box. Order the only can worth having. Catalogue Free.

HOME MANUFACTURING CO.
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BIG SAVINGS $3.75

Steel Bait Casting Rod

Fully Guaranteed

No. 264. Beautiful black enameled steel, *double grip handle*. Three joints, perfectly fitted. Extra large crystal *agate guides* set in nickeled silver mounts of special design. A strictly high grade rod at a great buy. Comes 5 ft. and 5 1-2 ft. lengths. Regular $7.00 value. **Sale price $3.75.**

No. 700. An amazing bargain in a steel bait rod. Three joints, cork grip, nickel silver snake guide on each joint. 8 1-2 ft. and 9 ft. lengths. A $6.00 value. During sale *Only* **$1.50**

Genuine South Bend Reel

Anti-Back-Lash Casting Reel, guaranteed not to back lash. Reel stops running instantly when bait hits water. Enables beginner to cast perfectly every time. No thumbing necessary. Liberty Silver, Ivoroid grip, adjustable jewelled spool caps. 4 time gearing, capacity 100 yards. Guaranteed for life. Regular value $12.50. Special sale price - *Only* **$9.90**

JOINTS TELESCOPED

No. 284. Adjustable telescopic Bait Casting Rod, Crystal agate guides on all joints and with crystal agate offset top. A regular $7.00 value. *Only* **$3.75**

High grade Reel, quadruple multiplying, nickle plated. A snap at - - - - **$2.25**

SEND NO MONEY

Order right from this ad. Pay bargain price and postage on arrival. Money back instantly if you are not satisfied. Write today for catalog of Guns, Tackle, Revolvers at cut prices.

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25c Per Month; $1.00 6 Months; $1.50 Year.
After trial if not satisfied Money Back.
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English Ringneck
PHEASANT EGGS

Guaranteed delivery at your post office. Five Dollars for fifteen. All pens headed by cocks imported this year.

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DEMAND GO-ITE TACKLE

GO-ITE (6) oz. Alum. Reel

GO-ITE Reels — Baits — Lines, Etc. Quality and Sure Gets 'em.

ASK YOUR DEALER to show you Go-Ites. Send immediately for illustrated literature, showing why GO-ITE LEADS. WRITE NOW, 'Fore you forget.

GO-ITE MANUFACTURING CO.
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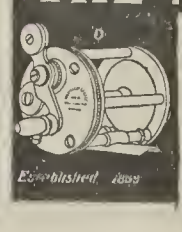
THE "MILAM" "The Frankfort Kentucky Reel"



Since 1839, 84 years, the Milams have been making the celebrated Kentucky Reel in the same location, and all the knowledge gained by these years of experience is put into their reels to-day. Write for free booklet.

B. C. MILAM & SON, FRANKFORT, KY.

FISH BAIT FROM LIVE MODELS

A FISHERMAN, who, by the way, is creating no little recognition as a producer of bait that brings results, uses a novel method for manufacturing the varied lures. He sits in waiting on some shady bank and notes the species of insects that are the most popular with bass and other fish. Where possible, he also notes the kinds of fish that do the devouring.

This data in hand, he goes back home and at some opportune time sets forth with net, cyanide jar and box and captures some of the bugs in question. Back home again some hours later, he is busily engaged making dummies out of varnish, rags, feathers and cork, that resemble the bait. Some day he may set out to flood the market with his wares. But that is another story.

It might be of interest to other fishermen and men whose interests cover not only fishing but the whole out-of-doors—men who like to see a collection of insects grow and be able to call them by their names as fast as a veteran motorman can call his streets in a speed contest.

There are three articles which are used in the field. A net, for catching them, a cyanide jar, that doesn't limit its death-dealing effects on insects alone, and a cigar box for lunch or collected insects, if the jar becomes filled. The net is no more than that simple contrivance we all have used, a bamboo pole, the outer end of which is fastened with wire to a loop of larger wire which is, in turn, fastened with thread to a net of cheesecloth. The net is made by first cutting a circle of the netting, six feet in diameter, and from this cutting a segment of about sixty degrees. This cut is then sewed up, the rim sewed around the loop and the result is a symmetrical net of ample mouth and considerable depth.

The cyanide jar is a quart fruit jar with the glass cover held in place by spring steel wire. Potassium cyanide is procured in several lumps from the druggist. This is the most deadly substance commonly used, and should be handled with extreme care. The hands should be covered with an old pair of gloves and the gloves burned afterwards.

The cyanide is dropped into the jar and a quantity of plaster paris poured over them forming a layer at least one inch above the largest lump.

Out on the battle-ground the insects are dropped into the jar and perish before they have done much damage to delicate wings or plumage. It will be noted that death is not instantaneous, but comes within a short half-minute. The plaster of paris while preventing the poison from being exposed, weakens the deadliness of direct encounter. With reasonable caution there is not one particle of danger.

The procedure, following the return to the shop, is too long and detailed to be set down here, but any inventive fisherman would be apt to share a like success, with a little patience and practical application of common, everyday knowledge.

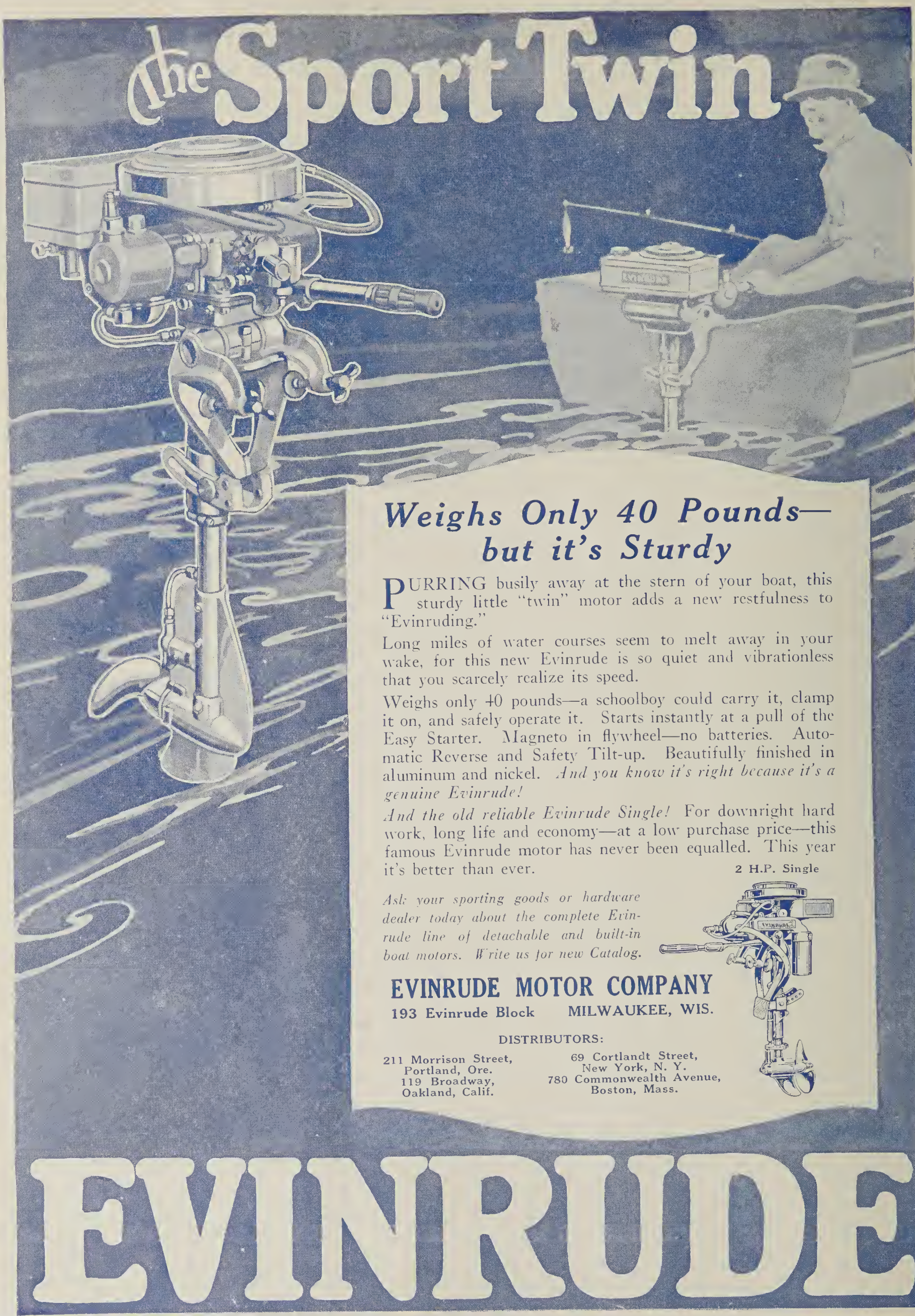
CHESTER COVINGTON.

JUNE

25 CENTS

FOREST AND STREAM

the Sport Twin



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PURRING busily away at the stern of your boat, this sturdy little "twin" motor adds a new restfulness to "Evinruding."

Long miles of water courses seem to melt away in your wake, for this new Evinrude is so quiet and vibrationless that you scarcely realize its speed.

Weighs only 40 pounds—a schoolboy could carry it, clamp it on, and safely operate it. Starts instantly at a pull of the Easy Starter. Magneto in flywheel—no batteries. Automatic Reverse and Safety Tilt-up. Beautifully finished in aluminum and nickel. *And you know it's right because it's a genuine Evinrude!*

And the old reliable Evinrude Single! For downright hard work, long life and economy—at a low purchase price—this famous Evinrude motor has never been equalled. This year it's better than ever.

2 H.P. Single

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EVINRUDE MOTOR COMPANY

193 Evinrude Block MILWAUKEE, WIS.

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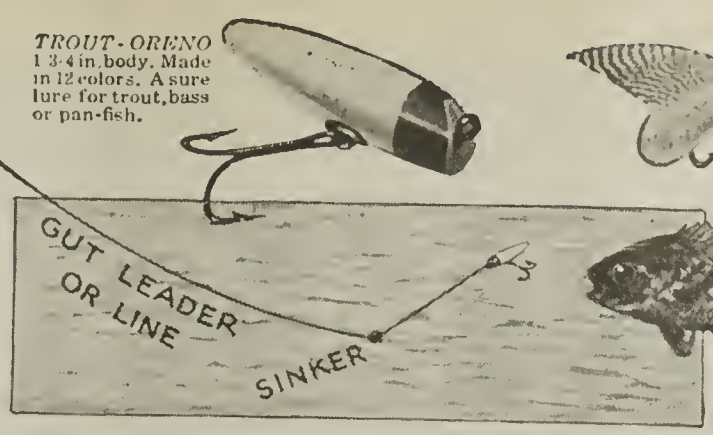
EVINRUDE

Feathered Fly Spinner.1602AF 12 standard patterns. Most effective lure.

TROUT-ORENO 1 3-4 in. body. Made in 12 colors. A sure lure for trout, bass or pan-fish.



MOTH-ORENO Imitation moth. 6 natural colors. A wonder bass and pan-fish getter.

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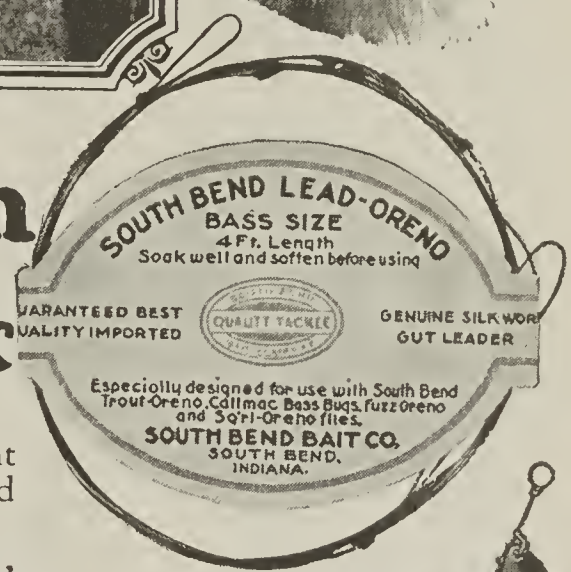

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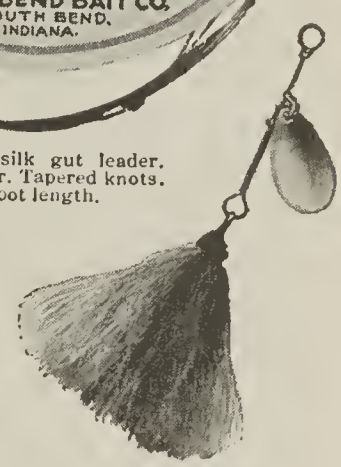

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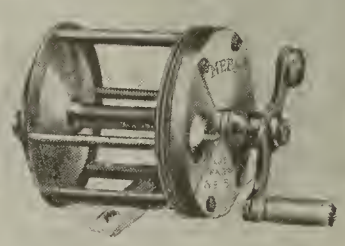

Vol. XCIII JUNE, 1923 No. 6

FISHING FOR BLACK BASS

Three Distinct Types of Anglers—on Kentucky Waters, Flycasting—Bait-Fishing and Still-Fishing for Bass

By DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL

This article, by Dr. James A. Henshall, the father of the black bass and the best loved of American anglers, is regarded by the editors as the most instructive and scholarly article that has ever been written on this distinctively American fish.

"A GLORIOUS morning for fishing!" said the Professor, as he stepped down from the broad veranda of a stately Kentucky mansion, and out upon the lawn, dashing the dew-drops from the newly-sprung blue-grass, as he leisurely strode along in his heavy wading-boots.

The Professor was a man yet in the prime of life, with a full beard, dark gray eyes, and a tall, powerful frame. A well-informed naturalist, a capital shot, and an artistic angler, he had wooed nature in her various moods, in all seasons, and in many lands. Facing the east, he now stood, clad in a quiet fishing-suit of gray tweed, surmounted by a broad-brimmed hat of drab felt, the smoke from his briar-root pipe wreathing gracefully above his head like a halo before it was borne away on the early morning air.

Meanwhile, Ignatius, his companion and disciple, was busily engaged in bringing out to the veranda the rods, creels, tackle-cases, landing-nets, lunch basket, and other necessaries for a day's fishing.

"Luke is coming with the wagon, Professor," said he, as a well-groomed span of bays hitched to a light wagonette came dashing around the corner of the house.

After depositing the various articles in the wagon Ignatius took the reins, the Professor climbed up beside him with the rod-cases, while the colored man Luke, with a sigh, gave up the ribbons and took the back seat.

The sun was just topping the maples when the impatient team went dashing through the road-gate.

"The bass should rise well to-day," said the Professor.

"They are well through spawning, and if the water is right, everything else is propitious," replied Ignatius.

"Mighty perfishus for chan'l cats, too," put in Luke; "'sides yaller bass an' green bass, an' black bass, too; any kind o' bass."

"Professor, how many kinds of black bass are there?" inquired Ignatius, as he lightly touched up the flank of the off horse.

"There are but two species of black bass, and they are as much alike as that span of horses; but from the many different names used to designate them in different parts of the country one would be led to think there were many species."

"Local fishermen say there are three kinds here,—black, yellow, and green bass," asserted Ignatius.

"There are but two well-defined species, the large-mouthed bass and the small-mouthed bass," continued the Professor, settling himself for a lecture. "There has been more confusion and uncertainty attending the scientific classification and nomenclature of the black bass than usually falls to the lot of fishes, some dozen generic appellations and nearly fifty specific titles having been bestowed upon the two species by naturalists since their first scientific descriptions by Count Lacépède in 1802. Nor has this polyonomous feature been confined to their scientific terminology, for their vernacular names have been as numerous and varied; thus they are known in different sections of our country as bass, perch, trout, chub, or salmon, with or without various qualifying adjectives descriptive of color or habits."

"Yes," asserted Ignatius, "I have heard them called black perch, yellow perch, and jumping perch up the Rockcastle and Cumberland rivers, and white and black trout in Tennessee."

"Exactly," returned the Professor, "Much of the confusion attending the common names of the black bass arises from the coloration of the species, which varies greatly, even in the same waters; thus they are known as black, green, yellow, and spotted bass. Then they have received names somewhat descriptive of their habitat, as, lake, river, marsh, pond, slough, bayou, moss, grass, and Oswego bass. Other names have been conferred on account of their pugnacity or voracity, as tiger, bull, sow and buck bass. In the Southern States they are variously known as trout, trout-perch, or Welshman; indeed, the large-mouthed bass received its first scientific specific name from a drawing and description of a Carolina

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bass sent to Lacépède, under the local name of trout, or trout-perch, who, accordingly named it 'salmoides', meaning trout-like, or salmon-like."

"How do you account for the ridiculous practice of applying such names as trout and salmon to a spiny-finned fish of the order of perches?" asked Ignatius.

"They were first given, I think, by the early English settlers of Virginia and the Carolinas, who, finding the bass a game fish of high degree, naturally gave it the names of those game fishes par excellence of England, when they found neither the salmon nor the trout inhabited southern waters. In the same way the misnomers of quail, partridge, pheasant, and rabbit have been applied, there being no true species of any of these indigenous to America."

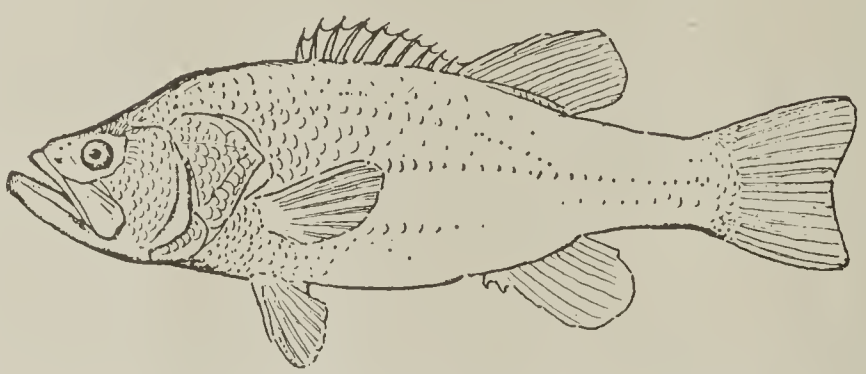
"Then, I should say the names are a virtual acknowledgment that they considered the black bass the peer of either the trout or salmon as a game fish," said Ignatius.

"As an old salmon and trout fisher," replied the Professor, "I consider the black bass, all things being equal, the gamiest fish that swims. Of course, I mean as compared to fish of equal weight, and when fished for with the same tackle, for it would be folly to compare a three-pound bass to a twenty-pound salmon."

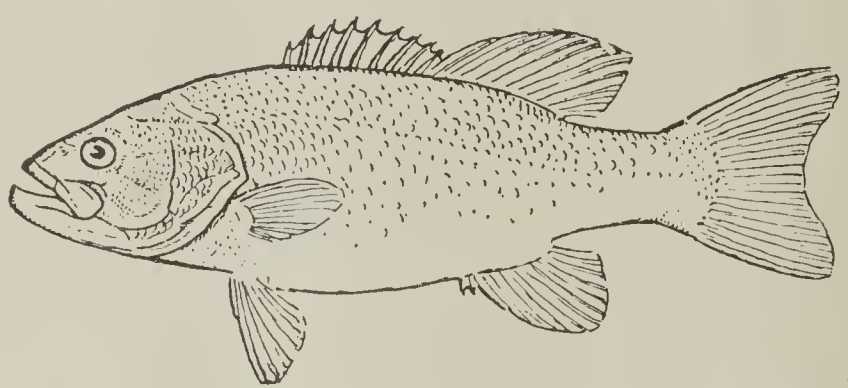
"The long list of local names applied to the black bass," resumed the Professor, "is owing chiefly to its remarkably wide geographical range; for while it is peculiarly an American fish, the original habitat of one or other of its forms embraces the hydrographic basins of the great lakes, the St. Lawrence, Mississippi, and Rio Grande rivers, and the entire water-shed of the South Atlantic States from Virginia to Florida; or, in other words, portions of Canada and Mexico, and the whole United States east of the Rocky Mountains, except New England and the seaboard of the Middle States. Of late years, it has been introduced into these latter states, into the Pacific slope, England, and Germany."

Reaching the summit of a hill after a long but gentle ascent, the river was disclosed to the view of the expectant anglers. At the foot of the descent was an old covered bridge which spanned a somewhat narrow but beautiful stream, winding in graceful curves among green hills and broad meadows. The ripples, or "riffles," sparkled and flashed as they reflected the rays of the bright morning sun, while the blue and white and gray of the sky and clouds were revealed in the still reaches and quiet pools as in a mirror. Driving through the time-worn and old-fashioned bridge with its quaint echoes, our friends left the turnpike and proceeded down a narrow road, following the course of the river to a small grove of gigantic elms, beeches, and sycamores, where a merry little creek mingled its limpid waters with the larger, but more pellucid, stream.

While Luke unharnessed the horses and haltered them to the low limb of a beech, the Professor and Ignatius went up the creek, with the minnow-seine and bucket, and soon secured a supply of chubs and shiners for bait. The Professor then took from its case and put together a willowy and well-made split bamboo fly-rod, eleven feet long, and weighing just eight ounces. Adjusting a light, German-silver click reel, holding thirty yards, of water-proofed and polished fly line of braided silk, to the reel-seat at the extreme butt of the rod, he drove the line through the guide-rings, and made fast to it a silkworm gutleader six feet in length, to the end of which he looped, for a stretcher or tail fly, what is known, technically, as the "polka," with scarlet body, red hackle, brown and white tail, and wings of the spotted feathers of the guinea-fowl; three feet above this, he looped on for dropper or bob fly, a "Lord Baltimore," with jungle-cock, both very killing flies, and a cast admirably suited to the state of the water and atmosphere.



LARGE-MOUTH BLACK BASS



SMALL-MOUTH BLACK BASS

Meanwhile, Ignatius, who was a bait-fisher, jointed up an ash and lance-wood rod of the same weight as the Professor's, but only eight and a quarter feet in length, and withal somewhat stiffer and more springy. He then affixed a fine multiplying reel, holding fifty yards of the smallest braided silk line, to which, after reeving through the rod-guides, he attached a sproat hook, No. 1½, with a gut snell eight inches long, but without swivel or sinker, for he intended fishing the "riffles," which is surface fishing principally.

Slinging their creels and landing-nets, they were about to depart, when Luke spoke up:

"Mars' Nash, will you please, sah, gib me one ob dem sproach hooks I heerd you all talkin' 'bout las' night; mebbe so I'll hang a big chan'l cat w'ile you're gone."

Ignatius, who was fastening the strap of a small, oblong, four-quart minnow-bucket to his belt, gave him several large-sized sproat hooks, saying:

"There, Luke, you will not fail to hook him with one of these, and the Professor will guarantee it to hold any fish in the river."

"Right," affirmed he; "the sproat is the hook behind compare, the ne plus ultra, the perfection of fish-hooks in shank, bend, barb and point."

While the Professor and Ignatius proceeded down the river, Luke rigged up a stout line the length of his big cane pole, a large red and green float, a heavy sinker, and one of the No. 3-0 sproat hooks. He then turned over the stones in the creek until he obtained a dozen large craw-fish, which were about to shed their outer cases, or shells, and which for this reason are called "shedders," or "peelers."

"Now, den," said he, "we'll see who'll ketch de mos' fish. Umph! I wunder wat de 'Fessor do if he hang a big chan'l cat wit dat little pole!"

He then baited his hook with a "soft craw," seated himself on a log at the edge of a deep pool, or "cat-hole," and began fishing.

The Professor and Ignatius took their way down-stream a short distance to where a submerged ledge of rocks ran nearly across the river, some two feet below the surface and about ten feet in width. The line of rock was shelving, or hollow underneath on the up-river side, the water being some six feet deep just under and above it, but shoaling gradually up-stream. The ledge was surmounted on its low edge by a line of loose rocks which cropped up nearly to the stream, the bank was

quite high and steep, forming a rocky, wooded cliff, where the snowy dogwood blossoms and the pink tassels of the redbud lit up the dark mass of foliage which was yet in shadow; for the sun was just peeping curiously over the top of the cliff, and shining full in their faces—for prudent anglers always fish toward the sun, so that their shadows are cast behind them.

"Now," said the Professor, as he waded out into the stream some fifty feet above the rocky ledge, "the bass have left the cool depths beside the rock and are on the riffle, or just below it, enjoying the welcome rays of the sun while waiting for a stray minnow or craw-fish for breakfast. I'll drop them a line."

So saying, he began casting, lengthening his line at each cast,—the line, leader, and flies following the impulse of the flexible rod in graceful curves, now projected forward, now unfolding behind him,—until the flies, almost touching the water full seventy feet in his rear, were, by a slight turn of the wrist and fore-arm and apparently without an effort, cast a like distance in front, where they dropped gently and without the least splash just on the lower edge of the rift. Immediately the swirl of a bass was seen near the dropper-fly; the Professor struck lightly, but missed it, for he was taken somewhat unawares and failed to strike quickly enough. Throwing his line behind him, he made another cast, the flies dropping, if possible, more lightly than before, and with a somewhat straighter and tighter line.

"I have him!" he exclaimed, as a bass rose and snapped the stretcher-fly before it fully settled on the water. "He hooked himself that time, the line being perfectly taut. He's not a large one, though he gives good play," he continued, as he took the rod in his left hand and applied his right to the reel, the bass, in the meantime, having headed up-stream to the deeper water beside the rock.

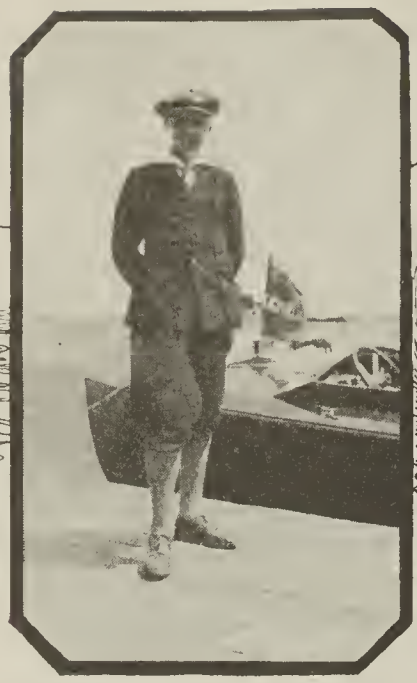
"No, no, my fine fellow, that will never do," said he, as he brought the full strain of the fish on the rod by turning the latter over his shoulder and advancing the butt toward the struggling bass, which had made a desperate and quick dash to get under the rock when he found himself in deep water. This "giving the butt," as it is technically termed, brought him to the surface again, when he instantly changed his tactics by springing two feet into the air, shaking his head violently in the endeavor to dislodge the hook, and as he fell back with a loud splash he dropped upon the line, by which maneuver he would have succeeded in tearing out the hook had the line still been taut; but the Professor was perfectly familiar with this trick, and had slackened the line by lowering the tip of the rod as the bass fell back, but instantly resumed its tension by again raising the tip when the fish regained his element. As the Professor slowly reeled the line, the bass dashed hither and yon at the end of his tether, but all the time working up-stream and toward the rod. Then he was suddenly seized by an impulse to make for the bottom, to hide under a rock, or mayhap dislodge the barb or foul the line by nosing against a stone or snag—but not to sulk; for be it known a black bass never sulks, as the salmon does, by settling motionless and stubbornly on the bottom when he finds his efforts to escape are foiled. The bass resists and struggles to the last gasp, unless he can wedge himself beneath a rock or among the weeds, where he will work the hook out at his leisure. The Professor, keeping the line constantly taut and the rod well up, thereby maintaining a springy arch, soon reeled the bass within a few feet, when he put the landing-net under him. Then addressing Ignatius, he said:

"The humane angler always kills his fish as soon as caught by severing the spinal cord at the neck with a sharp-pointed knife, by breaking the neck, or by a smart blow on the head. Then raising the gill-cover, he bleeds the fish by puncturing a large venous sinus, which shows as a dark space nearly opposite the pectoral fin. Killing and bleeding a fish is not only a merci-

(*Continued on page* 316)

THE CLEAN LEAP OF THE SMALL-MOUTH

THE HEAVIER SWIRL OF THE LARGE-MOUTH



Adventures in Comradeship—

Part IV.

Does YOUR Boy Share the Lure, the Thrill, the Unforgettable Happiness of Your Outdoor Hours? Do You Make a Chum of Him and Give Him Lessons in True Sportsmanship, That He May Grow Up Conscious of His Responsibilities in This Great Field? Is His Affection for You Based on the Wonderful Influences of Fine Comradeship? . . . . Once Again We Fare Forth With Two Who Found It a Spiritual Investment.

By W. LIVINGSTON LARNED

IT was during a temporary lull on the edge of our lagoon around the Key, where mangrove snappers were to be caught if we ever succeeded in discovering the correct combination, that I happened to remember "Mother's" letter. It had been handed to me in the rush of getting away that morning, and continuous rush ever since had pushed it into the background.

Mike, the negro boatman, was telling Sonnyboy a few facts concerning actions of tides, and the home life of our venerable friend, the Pelican. It was a propitious moment for me to slip out the letter and read it. At the risk of being accused of divulging an almost sacred personal document, I will allow the reader to glance over my shoulder:

"Something more wonderful, more spiritually beautiful has taken place than you will ever quite realize, perhaps. My heart is so filled with it that I find myself filling closely-written pages, and if there's a suspicious blur, now and again, making words illegible, you will know that it was caused by tears. A moment I have yearned for, prayed for, has come true.

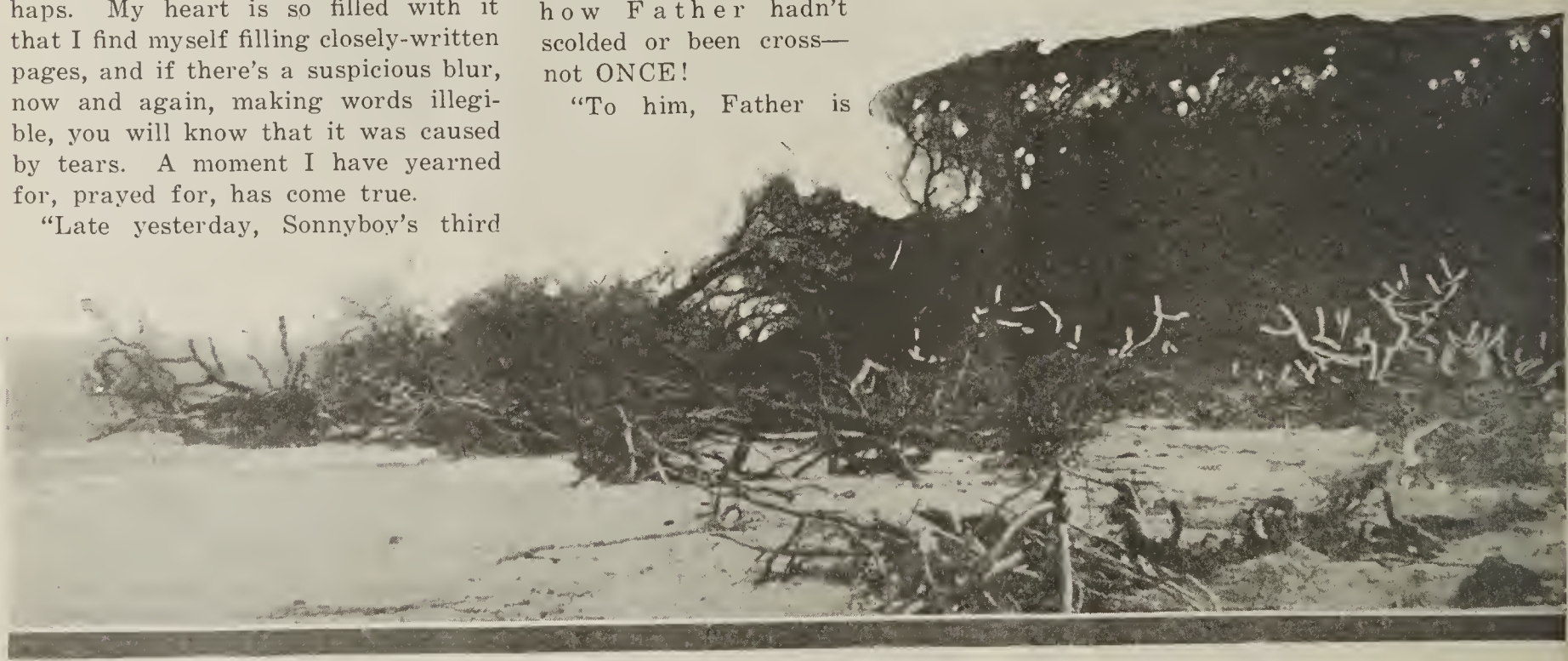
"Late yesterday, Sonnyboy's third letter reached me, enclosing the picture you took of him standing on the dock at Soldier Key, with his very first string of fish. He confesses that he steals off by himself and writes these lengthy letters to his Mother, because, if you happened to read one of them, you might think him 'babyish' over his state of mind.

"These letters of his are filled with grains of gold. In years to come, you will read and treasure them. They will give you a sudden tug at the heart, long after Sonnyboy has ceased to be 'your little son', and is a man in his own estate.

"Every line . . . every word, echoes his supreme joy. He speaks less of himself, however, than of YOU. It's all about 'Father' . . . how Father has been so kind, so considerate . . . how Father has taken him everywhere . . . how Father really trusted him to take the wheel of the motor-boat . . . how Father hadn't scolded or been cross—not ONCE!

"To him, Father is 'lots better company' than any of his boy friends. Father is 'bully good, and a real sport.' Father knows everything about fishing and camping and hunting. He never knew 'just what fun Father was—BEFORE,' Father, Father, always his Father. He idolizes you. Now that his bond of love is complete, with my affection and your awakened resposibility always uppermost in his mind—and heart . . . nothing really serious could happen to Sonnyboy. Love keeps a boy sweet and clean. I have always known it, with a Mother's intuition, although there are moments when I feel, in the case of a boy, the love of the boy for his Father is even a greater safeguard and a stronger tie. To a boy, his Father is an ideal, a species of god . . . something to look up to and admire, glorify, place upon a high pedestal.

"Do you appreciate that this trans-



IT IS ALONG JUST SUCH MANGROVE SHORES AS THESE THAT THE SNAPPERS ARE TO BE FOUND IN GOODLY NUMBER—CAUTIOUS, WISE IN THEIR GENERATION AND BAIT-SHY. OUR CAMP WAS UP THE SAND DUNES, BEHIND THE CLUMP OF TREES

WE MADE OURSELVES VERY MUCH AT HOME IN "CAMP MYSTERY," AND GRUB HOUR WAS INVARIABLY ACCOMPANIED BY THE AGE-OLD CONFLICT WITH CAN-OPENING

MIKE WAS PROUD OF THE MESS OF FISH THE "LITTLE CAPTAIN" CAUGHT AND THEIR NEXT PORT WAS THE FRYING-PAN

formation has taken place in a few weeks? And you have neglected Sonnyboy for years. The boy heart is forgiving. It holds no malice, no cloistered remembrance of the things which were denied. All he needed was an arm thrown around him . . . a few kind words . . . a little companionship . . . a little trust . . . a little love.

"To him, the important phase of his vacation is not the vacation at all—not the fishing—the fun. . . . It is the proud realization that you look upon him as man enough to be WANTED. His happiness is unselfish. Always he unconsciously effaces himself, that you —what you think and say and do, may be placed with head touching the stars. 'Father thinks enough of him to REALLY want him along!'

"I am studying the snap-shot. How he has grown! What a manly little chap he is! Your inclination—and I think it is the tendencey of ALL Fathers . . . was to hold Sonnyboy back to clumsy, amount-to-nothing, scatter-brained kid-hood, TOO LONG. Fathers never think boys grow up. And oh, how a growing lad does like to feel that there's a touch of the man in him and that he is old enough to begin to be respected and to assume responsibilities.

"You are giving Sonnyboy that joyous hour! And he would rather have YOU think him worthy, than even his Mother and all the rest of the world.

"Separation from the both of you is robbed of its anxiety and its loneliness. MY TWO BOYS are chums together! God bless and protect and guard over them."

I have never believed myself a sentimentalist, although the belief now strikes deep that every lover of the outdoors must be one. A man can't have a craving, an affection for, Nature, and be wholly insensible to sentiment. The two go together. In my own case, the reclaiming of Sonnyboy made me a flagrant sentimentalist. I found myself growing alternately hot and cold, on many occasions, as I thought of how close I had come to never knowing my own boy when he WAS a boy. Later it is of no avail. Youth is terribly, inexorably fleet. A Father must take advantage of these precious, flying hours, or he will have a lifetime of bitter regret. There is no recalling boyhood, save in memory. And suppose memory is pierced through and through with pangs of conscience? What then?

Fathers . . . take possession of the boy heart whilst there is time. Fill every nook and cranny of it. Be chums.

In the process, you are very apt to discover, with an utterly overwhelming glow of satisfaction, that the companionship gives YOU back some of YOUR Youth!

But all this moralizing has little to do with mangrove snappers!

I shoved the letter in a coat pocket, shook my head, as though coming up from a cold plunge, and looked around.

Everything was as quiet, as peaceful, in that sheltered little place as might have been a lagoon in a tropic land, a thousand miles from civilization. The sedate blue heron had finally winged off over the mangroves.

"Ef yo' all don't catch one NOW," Mike was expostulating, "den dey ain't no cotchin' nohow. But I done tol' yo' Daddy dat we better cotch Sheepshead."

I examined Sonnyboy's line. The No. 9, and a 4% hook should bring him luck. I rigged up a similar hand-line for myself, and accepted Mike's suggestion to use Conch.

Sonnyby's hand gripped my shoulder as his hook slipped over the side of the rowboat. I noticed, at the same moment, that Mike had given him a transparent leader, twelve inches in length, and practically invisible in the water. Ah! so that had been responsible for the whispered consultation, eh?

"Look at them!" Sonnyboy's grip on my shoulder seemed to say.

(*Continued on page* 314)

THE MOUTH OF A FRESH-WATER CREEK, ACROSS WHICH CERTAIN SCOUNDRELS HAD FASTENED NETS. AS LOW TIDE APPROACHED, FISH THAT HAD GONE UP-STREAM TO FEED, COULD NOT ESCAPE, AND FELL EASY VICTIMS. PLEASE PAGE THE GAME WARDEN.

A FINE CATCH OF SPECKLED SEA TROUT, CAUGHT DURING ONE SWIFT SESSION. WE ENVIED EVERY MOTOR-BOAT EXPEDITION THAT PASSED US, EN ROUTE TO THE GROUNDS

UNDERHAND CAST FIG. 1

UNDERHAND CAST FIG. 2

CASTING THE ARTIFICIAL FLY

The Art of Fly Casting Is Easily Acquired by a Study of the Rules Laid Down by Experts — Second Paper

By LOUIS RHEAD

AFTER you attain a thorough mastery over the regular overhand cast and gained a fairly good style, you are safe for ordinary fishing. But obstacles occur that require entirely different methods and style of casting to overcome them.

The "Switch," or spray cast while entirely different to the steeple, is for the same purpose, particularly useful where, owing to trees or a high bank, the line cannot be extended at all behind the angler. The switch is a downstream cast, and the rod-tip kept low pointing towards the fly which you allow to drift some distance downstream. Raise the tip smartly throwing the fly with a kind of roll, outwards off the water; then depress it, and, in a sort of figure of eight, raise the fly and a portion of the line will come forward almost at our feet, then the rod is switched forward sharply to carry the line round in a curve, leaves the water and rolls out down-stream in front of us, suitable only for the wet-fly.

The "dry-fly" angler can make the switch cast by turning his body downstream, drying the fly in the air parallel to the course of the river. If that be not possible, it may be done by shortening the line and drying in a vertical direction, keeping it in front of the rod-point. Then take the dry-fly between the fingers and thumb, make a false cast or two with the point of the rod, describing the figure of eight, still retaining the fly. As the rod is brought forward the hold of the fly is let go, and the fly travels out to the desired spot.

The "horizontal" or underhand cast is of exceptional value against, or across a breeze, and most useful when fishing with the dry-fly. It is similar to overhand cast, the only difference being that in lieu of the rod being kept for the most part upright, it is held in a horizontal position, or, in a line with the water. Pennell describes this cast as follows: "The line should

THE SWITCH FIG. 1

be returned *under* and delivered *over* the rod. There are many good reasons why this underhand cast should at all times be used by the dry-fly angler who desires to be successful. With it he can throw against a moderate wind, or across a strong one, and his fly will in the majority of cases land on the water properly cocked, or floating with its wings upright in the natural position; an important point when dealing with shy fish. Besides these advantages there is another of greater consequence, viz., that with the horizontal cast the angler himself will work more easily keeping quite low down, and, whether returning, casting or drying the fly, neither his rod or his shadow is ever nearly so visible to, and consequently likely to scare, the trout. It should also be noted that with this cast, a fly can easily be placed under overhanging boughs, or up under a bridge, where it would be impossible to do so by any other style of cast."

Accuracy of direction is more difficult to attain in the underhand than any other style of cast. This is due to the rod-point, and consequently the fly, travelling in the arc of a circle across the point to which the fly is directed and not in a straight line down on it, as in the case of the overhand cast. Mr. Fred. G. Shaw teaches this peculiar cast with great effectiveness. I have seen him work the fly around and under overhanging bushes to the water with much impediment in trees at his back. With a peculiar and remarkable twist of the rod and line, much too complicated to describe, the fly goes to the spot intended. Such a mastery over the line is only possible after much practice and vexatious tangles, and a knowledge of these helping styles in casting is very valuable.

The "downward" cut is the last important style of casting and to most anglers it is the most difficult to do,

UNDERHAND CAST FIG. 3

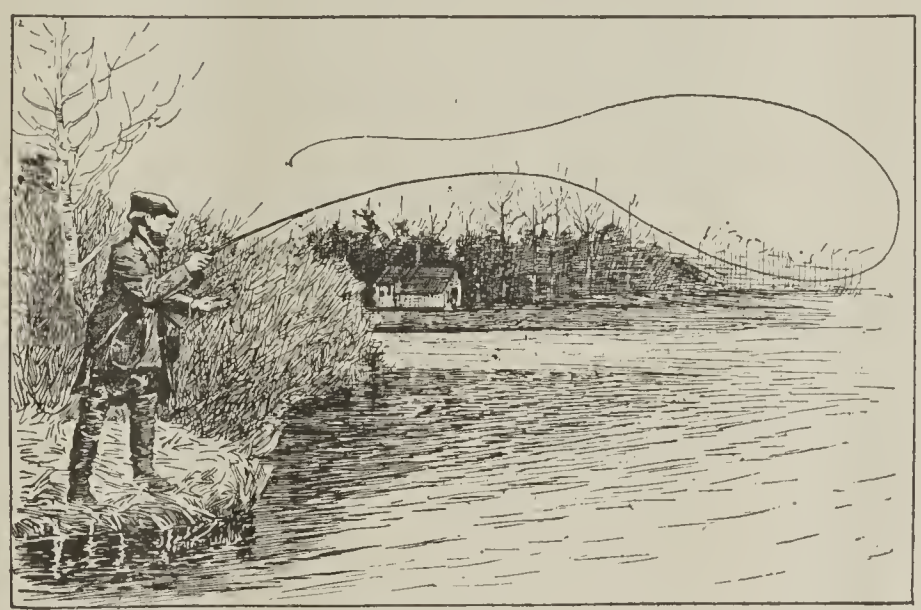
THE DOWNWARD CUT

indeed I know few who practice it because of a continued failure to place the fly exactly right, being satisfied to use the underhand cast instead. Yet the "cut" is invaluable under conditions so often met on the stream, viz., a sharp wind directly against making a cast to a favorable spot. With patience, the knack of this cut is mastered and should always be tried when the wind and situation require such a cast.

To throw the fly, raise the arm to an angle of 45 degrees with the water-level and extend it full-length forward, turn the knuckles down and a pulling circular cut in towards the body while the line is being delivered, and the rod-tip pointing down to the level of the water with the elbow slightly elevated. The illustration will probably show this peculiar cast, better than the description which is harder to define than to perform. If proper time and strength are used, the line goes out straight against the wind. The back motion of the cast is made with the left hand on the reel line pulling the slack away. If the "cut" is made too heavy or quick, the line is blown back. If not quick enough, then the fly splashes on the surface. The "cut" is what I call a fancy cast, though invaluable, the angler can satisfy himself with the underhand cast.

The cut of each style speaks for itself and needs no description. Those readers familiar with Mr. Halford's admirable illustrations in "Dry-fly fishing" must remember they show the *line* only—not the *leader*. The reason given is that 150th part of a second was not rapid enough to take the fine gut on his plates and he preferred to leave it *so*. In the thirty years interval, photography has more than tripled film speed, so that the illustrations in this volume show the *exact line* of gut leader in every instance with the author actually fishing on the stream.

The basic principles of all these styles of casting apply equally to dry-fly as to wet-fly casting, and if the angler pays strict attention to correct timing, exactly the right force, he will soon learn how to cast well. His attitude, movement of body should be calm and slow; the back cast in particular should have ample time to allow the line curve to have full play before the return, or forward cast.



THE SWITCH FIG. 2

Drying the fly is merely repeated action of the forward cast with comparatively short line without touching the water, an act which can be continued indefinitely.

Cocking the fly—that is, to place it on the surface with wings upright, is very essential to the dry cast, and it only works properly when the rod-tip is checked to the right time and force.

Drifting the fly—in dry fishing, is only correctly performed by an exact judgment of the length of the line to reach well in front of the fish for the fly to float down *over* it without *drag*.

Very often drifting comes natural in the cast without effort to do it, but cross-currents too often make the fly go whirling to undesirable places.

SONNY BOY FISHING CONTEST

In the May number of FOREST AND STREAM we announced a fishing contest open to all boys under eighteen years of age. Already many have entered. Many more have expressed a desire to do so. They all want to learn to cast. Don't let your boy splash around with an old cane pole, a bobber and worm; get him a modern rod, reel and artificial lure. Take him into your confidence. Teach him how to cast.

The series of articles now running in FOREST AND STREAM by Louis Rhead, the distinguished author, artist and naturalist, are the very essence of the art of casting. They are clearly written and beautifully illustrated. Read these articles with your boy. Study the illustrations, step by step. Insist upon his mastering the theory of the art and then take him out on the stream with you.

Encourage your boy to enter the Sunny Boy Fishing Contest. He may win a prize or he may not, but in any event he will go fishing with a new zest for he will know that he is in a contest. Let him fill out his own affidavit. Let him enter his own fish. Watch the intense eagerness with which he waits to see if he is the winner. Encourage him in every way you can and see how he strives to imitate Dad which will more than repay you for all the time and trouble that you may give him.

OUR NEW HOME

MOOSE—?

LYNX CREEK LODGE

TRAPPING THE THREE RIVER ZONE

An Authentic Account of Trapping Life on the Headwaters of the Athabasca—Part Six

By RAYMOND THOMPSON

AFTER leaving the Ninety Mile House that never-to-be-forgotten spring I married the little girl who waited for me at the end of the "Long, long trail a winding into the Land of My Dreams," and thought my trapping days were over for good. Shortly after we were married we journeyed south to Washington, my childhood home, and visited my folks for several months. As fall drew nigh, the call of the Northland hit us so hard that the latter part of November saw us on our way back to Canada. It was pretty late in the season to think of trapping so I contented myself with catching a few furs in the neighborhood of the settlement; at the same time holding down a steady job in the railway office at Edson.

I stuck to my job fairly well but the indoor occupation proved too much for me and my health failed miserably. It became evident to both the wife and myself that something must be done, either a change for an outdoor job or an interview with the undertaker. After much discussion we decided unanimously on a winter on the Athabasca, where I would be free to trap and hunt as much as I liked.

The latter part of July I was granted leave of absence from the office, and the wife and I hired a team and light buggy and drove over the old trail to Athabasca Crossing, where my old friends, the Rapeljes, now lived. It was an enjoyable trip, despite the roughness of the trail; we saw quite a bit of game, including several moose and deer to say nothing of smaller feathered game. There was quite a change in the old place at the Athabasca—Rapelje had torn down many of the old buildings and replaced them with new ones, and a part of the meadows had been broken up and sowed to oats. We found my old friends in good health and more enthusiastic than ever over their wilderness home. Mrs. Rapelje was especially glad to hear that we were going to settle near them for the winter as it was lonesome at times with no women to visit her. We left with the promise to return the following month.

We purchased a couple of cayuses, ones that were broken to ride, drive, or pack, and transported our belongings in an old democrat from Edson to Athabasca Crossing. This trip was a story in itself and we had a very trying time in making some of the long steep hills. At times it was necessary for us to take a part of the load at a time and return later for the other. We arrived at the Crossing about two o'clock in the morning, tired and worn out but happy.

The first thing on the program was to build a comfortable log-house; this we did with our own hands and no one to help us, as Mr. Rapelje was very busy getting his own place ready for the winter. My wife was a wonderful help to me, for she could handle an axe far better than a lot of men. Our cabin was twenty-two feet long by eighteen wide, inside measurement, and when completed was very warm and cozy. We had two stoves, a heater and one to cook on, so were well prepared to combat the rigorous winter.

I never think of that winter without thanking God for the mate I had won, and I often wonder what would have happened had I married a girl who was totally unfit for such a life. Many girls would have shrunk from such crude housekeeping equipment as I was able to supply; but my wife was very proud of our little home, and since then has often voiced a longing to try the same thing over. I think it is a genuine tragedy for a nature-loving man to wed a girl who hankers for nothing but society.

More than once my wife was called upon to face hazards that would have chilled the ardor of any but the bravest, and never once did she fail me. In order to get up to my old traplines to the north, it became necessary for us to cross the Athabasca; there being no other means at hand we started out on a raft. The river, swollen by a week's steady downpour of rain, was ugly and swift. I asked the pal if she would rather not tackle it, but she laughed scornfully. We landed about a half mile downstream, but on the other side. Some time later we returned from up above (toward Kimberly Lake) and of course were obliged to take the same raft to carry us back. The current bore directly toward the shore from whence we started and we drifted downstream a quarter of a mile before we could get away from that shore. There was a bad place below there, where the force of the current bore one against a log jamb and I was afraid of it. I worked desperately and the girl helped me as much as was in her power. When we finally landed on an island, I was so exhausted that I could hardly breathe and it was some minutes before I recovered. At that, I had to wade a narrow channel that separated the island from the mainland and carry my wife.

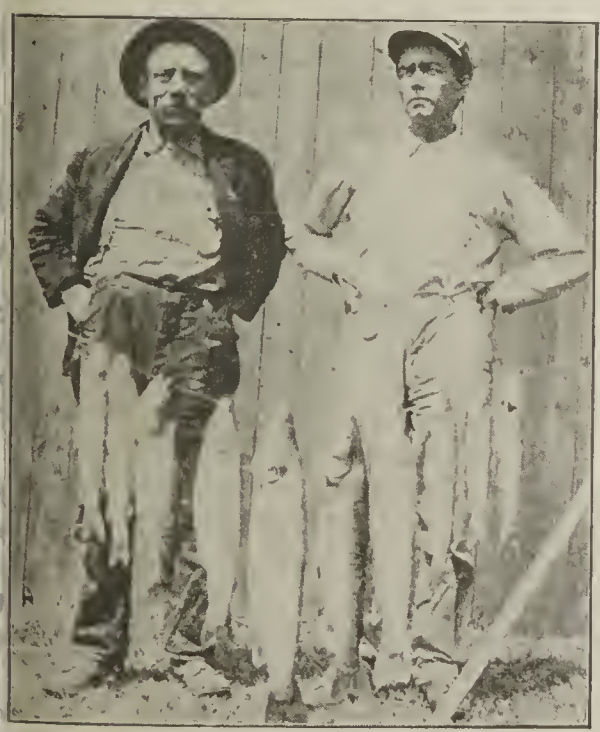
After completing our little cabin and getting things ready for the winter, my wife and I started out for a trip across the Baptiste and up into Mars-

head Creek. We packed our two ponies with a good supply of provisions and bedding and bade the Rapeljes good by. How often, while roaming these same trails, I had fancied of having my "dream girl" with me, and here at last my dreams had come true. We were at peace with the world—free to go as far as we liked and stop when we liked. Truly we were masters of all we surveyed.

After climbing a long hill we came on top of the spruce-clad divide between the Athabasca and Baptiste Rivers and from there journeyed another mile on comparatively level land. At this stage we came in view of the winding Baptiste with its high sandstone banks and long meadow-like flats. At the old Crossing we made a temporary halt on the south side of the river and discussed plans for getting across. The wife finally hit on the most feasible plan. The larger horse was quite capable of carrying her, in addition to his pack, for a short distance, so she crawled on his back and rode him across the ford, while the other pack pony followed behind. Once across she unpacked both horses and came back for me.

The old buildings at the Crossing were deserted and rotting with dampness. It seemed hard for me to realize that the good old days were gone forever. Old John Anderson had gone back to the States and I had never heard from him since. My partner of the second year, Clifton Knowles, had died of the 'Flu while in the service at Fort Warden, Washington. And Cousin "Cy" had gone back to Missouri, so there was nothing left of the old place but memories.

In an old trapping cabin at the back of the swamp I showed the wife a piece of gold-bearing quartz which Knowles and I had discovered there several years previous. The jagged stone was exactly where I had last seen it, proving that no one had ever been there since I had. There was always a sort of a mystery about this piece of quartz, for in all my wanderings throughout that country I have never seen anything like it. Fine "flour" or "flake" gold I have found in numerous places along the Athabasca and Baptiste, but the regular quartz I have never seen. Perhaps some wandering breed picked up that piece of stone hundreds of miles away and carried it about with him for months. For a number of years a certain Indian was wont to come into Edmonton each fall with a small fortune in gold nuggets and whenever questioned as to where he got them he merely grunted "muskeg." Now there are thousands of sections of muskeg or "swamps" in this country, so it can readily be seen that the old native's answer was enigmatic in the extreme. Some have advanced the idea that he was speaking of the "Muskeg River," a tributary of the Big Smoky, but at best it is only a matter of conjecture.



ATHABASCA TROUT!!

A BIG CAT

A HE-MAN'S DOG

The frost was getting pretty severe at nights and we always set up our shelter tent and made a good fire in front. We lived largely on partridges and trout, though many times I could have killed a deer or moose. Rabbits seemed to be very scarce and I was somewhat dubious as to the number of furbearers in that part of the country. Here and there I saw the sign of brush wolves and foxes, but on the whole this evidence was far from plentiful. Rats were fairly plentiful and we killed quite a number with the .22 Remington. On Marshead Creek the beavers were still fairly plentiful.

We stopped in an old building at Mile 70 one night when it was raining pitchforks and hammer handles, and in order to keep out of the wet as much as possible, I built a roaring fire right in the middle of the building and tore a hole in one corner of the earthen roof so as to allow the smoke to escape. Pretty soon the roof got soaked and started to leak, so we stretched our canvas shelter tent inside and warded off the downpour. It rained all night and when morning came it made me shiver to think of the contrast between our warm nest and the outside world. By this time the roof was leaking like a sieve and we came to the conclusion that it was our move next, so we packed up and hit for Kimberly Lake, another three miles north. We got well soaked on the way, but when we did get there we were well repaid, for it was nice and dry there. We set up the old stove and soon had things warm and comfy.

It is marvelous to see what a change a woman can make in these out of the way places and it seemed like wherever my wife went with me, things were more homelike. Here we were, nearly a hundred miles from civilization, in a little "ten by twelve" cabin and far more content than if we were in a marble palace. There is something about Nature that sooths the troubled spirit and it is hard to find fault with the world when in the wilderness. It seems that Nature, in her all-wise plan, has provided a mate for every living creature in her domain, and were we not her very own children! There was no room for discord in our hearts that beat as one and we laughed over our "trail troubles" as though they had been merely imaginary.

Time and again my wife was subject to hardships that would have been enough to kill some women, and though she was often tired and weary, she abounded in good health and spirits

(*Continued on page* 339)

HUNTING WITH A CAMERA

A Series of Practical Articles of Wild Life Photography—The Most Exciting of Outdoor Sports

By A. BROOKER KLUGH

THERE is no more intensely exciting sport than wild life photography. It calls for a knowledge of the haunts and habits of animals, unusual skill in stalking, a complete mastery of the camera and a technical understanding of the various processes of developing, printing, enlarging, etc.

The wild-life photographer must be able to keep perfectly cool under the most exciting conditions. He must have the patience and judgment to wait for the animal he is pursuing to assume the exact poise which he desires to portray, and he must have the strength and nervous energy to meet all of the exigencies of out-of-doors life in wild places.

In addition to being unexcelled as a sport wild-life photography is a long step toward the conservation of our wild life. There is more of a thrill to covering a deer through the view-finder of a camera than there is through the sights of a rifle and there is more satisfaction in stopping a fast-moving bird with a shutter exposure of 1 1/1000 of a second than with a charge of No. 6 shot. The victim of the wild-life photographer—be it of the earth or of the air may be shot again and again. There is no close season for the man who hunts with a camera.

The result of a successful season's hunting with the camera is a batch of negatives. Trophies which can be multiplied indefinitely, and give pleasure to hosts of people.

The wild-life photographer who records the activities of animals, is able to convey more information in a single picture than would pages of descriptive writing. In photographing an animal it is often necessary to watch it for a long time before it assumes the desired attitude, during this time the photographer is observing every movement, and naturally acquires an intimate knowledge of its life and habits.

Equipment for the Field

To be equipped for all kinds of work, the wild-life photographer requires two cameras—a reflex and a stand camera.

The reflex is the only camera with which stalking can be successfully done, because in this camera the image is seen right side up and the same size it will appear on the plate, and focussing can be carried on up to the very instant of exposure.

The reflex should have a long bellows extension, and should be fitted with a long-focus semi-telephoto lens, such as the Ross "Telecentric" or "Teleross" or the Dallmeyer "Dallon," which give an image twice as large as that of the ordinary type of lens used, at the same bellows extension. The shutter should have a range of speeds from 1/10 second to 1/1000 second. It is a great advantage for the reflex to have a quick-setting shutter of the self-capping type (i. e. one that requires but one movement to set to any speed); for in wild-life photography the fewer adjustments one has to make the better. It should be either 2½ x 3½ or 3¼ x 4¼, as reflecting cameras for plates of any larger size are so heavy and bulky as to be a decided burden. Personally I prefer the smaller size, as it means not only a lighter and smaller camera, but the plate-holders, plates and films are correspondingly smaller, and from small but critically sharp negatives enlargements may be made up to any desired size.

The stand camera will be needed for taking pictures of animals which can be relied upon to visit and re-visit a certain spot—such as birds at their nest, or an animal at the mouth of its den—as it can be set up, focussed accurately, and the shutter operated from a distance by means of a thread. The most suitable type is what is known as

a "hand and stand camera," with double extension (that is, with a bellows long enough to allow of life-size pictures), and anastigmat lens of F 6.3, or faster, non-automatic—shutter with a range of speeds which includes ½, 1/5, 1/10, 1/15, 1/25, 1/50, and 1/100 seconds, as well as "bulb" and "time." It should have rising, falling and cross-front movements. The most compact and durable cameras of this type have the body of aluminum. This camera may be either 2¼ x 3¼, 2½ x 3½, or 3¼ x 4¼, any larger sizes entailing needless bulk both of camera and accessories. The ground glass should be of very fine grain, as critical focussing cannot be done on a coarse-ground screen. A Barnett *matt-emulsion* plate, fixed without exposure or development, makes a most excellent focussing screen.

Both cameras should be provided with stout cases with a sling strap, which will hold the camera and several plate-holders. A focussing cloth will be required for the stand camera.

The anastigmat is the only type of lens worth considering for wild-life photography. The semi-telephoto lenses recommended for the reflex work of F 5.6 or F 5.4, and the lens of the stand camera may be F 6.3, F 5.6 or F 4.5. This does not mean that the lens will always be used at its full aperture, since it is often necessary to stop down to get the required depth of field, but a lens of wide aperture may be said to possess "reserve power" to be used when the occasion demands.

A lens hood should always be used, especially when working in bright light in the open, as with modern lenses of large aperture with relatively shallow mounts scattered light is very likely to pass through the lens and cause a slight general fog over the plate. A lens hood of aluminum or light brass, dead black on the inside and bushed with velvet where it fits over the lens mount, can readily be constructed by any good mechanic.

The plate-holders for the stand camera may be either double or single. For the reflex they should be double, as a double plate-holder can be reversed more quickly than a single one can be changed. It is essential to see that the plate-holders are absolutely light-tight, as the stand camera will often have to be left in the sun, sometimes for hours at a time, with the slide withdrawn, and many plate-holders will not stand this test. The best type of plate-holder, both for convenience in loading and unloading and for safety, is the double book-form holder.

A tripod is a necessity for use with the stand camera and for certain subjects with the reflex. The most suitable kind is a metal telescopic 7-draw tripod, as this can be used at any desired extension and allows the camera to be set near the ground. This tripod

may be conveniently carried in a leather scabbard slung from the belt.

A ball and socket head, fitted to the top of the tripod, is an essential piece of apparatus for the wild-life photographer, as this allows the camera to be tilted at any angle without shifting the legs of the tripod.

In the photography of butterflies, flowers, etc., suitable color filters, in conjunction with panchromatic plates or films, must be used. A set of filters which meets all requirements consists of the Wratten and Wainwright K_1, K_2, K_3, and G filters. These can be obtained in the form of gelatine films, or mounted in optical glass. If used in the former condition they will last for some time if neither the fingers nor any moisture is allowed to come in contact with the film, and if used mounted in optical glass they should be treated as carefully as a lens. A suitable fitting to hold the filters in position in front of the lens, and in which the filters can be interchanged, can be either made or purchased, or, each filter may be mounted in its own slip-on cell.

An exposure meter or calculator is a device which no photographer—experienced or otherwise—should neglect to carry. It is true that the experienced photographer can estimate exposures with a high degree of accuracy, but because of the number of variable factors—season, time of day, condition of light, nature of subject, stop, and plate-speed—which have to be taken into consideration, a higher percentage of correct exposures will be secured by the use of a meter or calculator. The exposure meter actually measures the strength of the light and indicates the exposure, the calculator shows the exposure required for any given combination of factors. There are many excellent models of both meters and calculators on the market. In much reflex work—for example stalking and "wing-shooting"—it is impossible to use a meter or calculator for each exposure, but the exposure can frequently be worked out before operations begin. When the photographer has to determine the exposure on the spur of the moment his knowledge of factors—gained by the use of a meter or calculator—will stand him in good stead.

An electric flashlight which stands erect, such as the Ever-ready, equipped with a cap made of two thicknesses of ruby fabric, will be found very useful in changing plates and films when away from a dark-room.

PLATES AND FILMS

The photographer has the choice of either plates or cut films, the latter having the advantage, being lighter, less bulky, and unbreakable. If cut films are used special fittings may be obtained to hold them in the plate-

(*Continued on page* 332)

ANGLING FOR THE PERCH

The First of a Series of Instructive Articles on the Life and Habits of Common Fish

By ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

THERE is no fish so common to our northern and eastern water as the yellow or banded perch, scientifically known as Perca flavescens. It is the fish of our youth; the fish that ushers us into the angling world and gives most of us the first great thrill of our lives.

You can all remember the day you caught you first large perch; it was a red-letter day. It is likely that you had been fishing for blue-gills and luck had been only fair, when suddenly you felt a queer, rippling bite. Something was toying with your bait, your line began to move out slowly and deliberately. Your nerves were jumped, your heart raised into your throat. What could it be! You jerked the line nervously and up came the largest perch you had ever seen. It was close to a foot in length and bright yellow with the cross-bars standing out with remarkable distinctness. What a fish! Was there ever another like it? You could wait no longer, you gathered up your angling equipment and a moment later, a breathless, barefoot boy was beating it down the road to show his prize to his mother.

The perch family is well distributed all over the world. Jordan notes that the Europen perch (Perca fluviatilis) is placed by Culver at the head of the fish, series, as representing in a high degree the traits of a fish, without sign of incomplete development—on the one hand, or of degradation on the other.

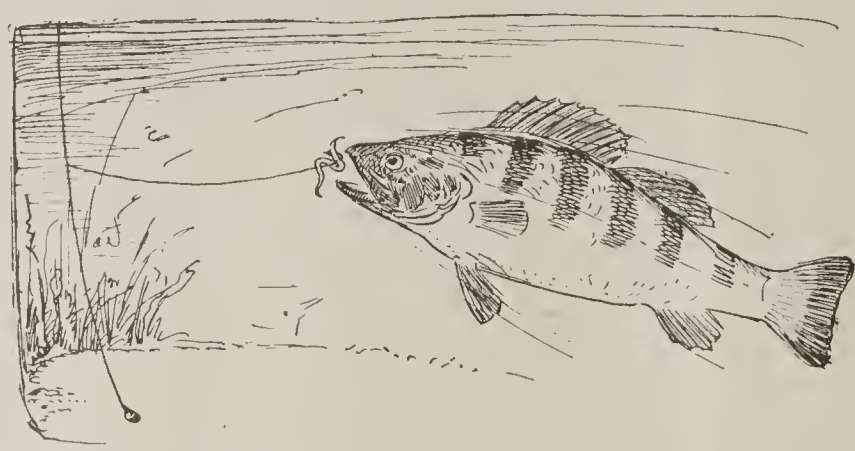
The range of distribution of the yellow perch in America is from the New England states in the east to the Ohio and Missouri river valley in the west, thence north to the Dakotas—and into Manitoba. It takes in the Great Lakes region and Canada east to Quebec and down to Maine.

In the area described you will find the perch in more or less of an abundance; but nowhere will you find them so finely colored or so large or so numerous as in and about the Great Lakes. In fact, to see a perch at its full weight, and in its full coloration, one must see one of these Great Lake beauties. They measure from 7 to 12 inches in length and weigh from a half pound to three pounds. Their rich olive and gold background with five or six deeply colored cross-bands standing out thereon, is a sight for the angler's eyes and wins his ready acknowledgment that it is one of the more beautiful of fishes. The more southern the range of the perch, the smaller they run. South of the Great Lakes regions it is unusual to catch one that weighs over two pounds and in its southern habitat the largest perch caught seldom weighs a pound.

"The school-boy loves them well. No sluggish pond
Where clangs and toils the churning water-wheel,
No darksome pool beneath the leaning dam,
No brimming river and no crystal brook
Where range the dazzling perch, are unexplored."

—McLellan.

The large size of the perch in our northern waters, is a matter of surprise to those people who have fished only in waters where perch of seven inches is considered of good size. I remember an incident of the kind at a northern resort. A gentleman from a state further to the south (Ohio, I believe) had caught a yellow perch of close on three pounds while casting for bass with fly and spinner. His amazement was amusing, for never had he seen a perch like it, although he had caught perch all of his life. His contention was that it was not a perch but a sauger, or sand-pike (*Stizestedion canadense*) a fish closely related to the wall-eyed pike-perch. This point was argued away of course; but the angler was not satisfied. He brought the fish home with him, consulted a fish hatchery man, and found out that it was really a remarkable yellow perch. He wrote me a letter that he had the fish mounted; and that it was touched up with colors, so that it could not be told from life.



THE PERCH

I was surprised one time, on one of the wild streams of the northern peninsula of Michigan, to catch about as fine a mess of yellow perch as I have ever landed. At this point the stream flowed through a series of small lakes, or ponds, three to four acres in area. We had made camp for the night! the shelter tent was up; my partner had stretched the canvas for our "tablecloth" and was getting firewood ready; I was to furnish the fish.

There was a pool where the stream dipped into the lake. It looked extremely inviting and I rounded the shore to reach it, believing that here I would pick up some small-mouthed bass, for I knew they were in the stream. I had fixed on a spinner and my favorite bass fly, the Yellow Sally. I cast toward a calm place off from the edge of the pool. No sooner had the fly sunken deep enough and was twirling than there was a flash—and a fish had hold of it. I set the hook and the rush of water brought the fish out into the lake where I played it to shore. Imagine my surprise to find it a perch of about two pounds in weight. I cast again to the same place, hooked another and played him the same way. I was successful thus in landing a half dozen of the beauties, ranging from one to two pounds. They were very deeply colored, and full of vim and vigor. I still recall the larger one with his flashing eyes and broad, spreading fins, with a pronounced "hump" on his back, forward of the dorsal fin. We had perch that evening, dipped in cornmeal and fried in bacon grease, nor do I ever recall that I have enjoyed a fish more. You may speak of your brook trout prepared in olive oil, and all that, but if such a thing is possible, give me some

(*Continued on page* 328)

THE HELLGRAMITE OR DOBSON

Found Throughout the United States—the Hellgramite Is Second to None as a Bass Bait

By A. B. CHAMPLAIN

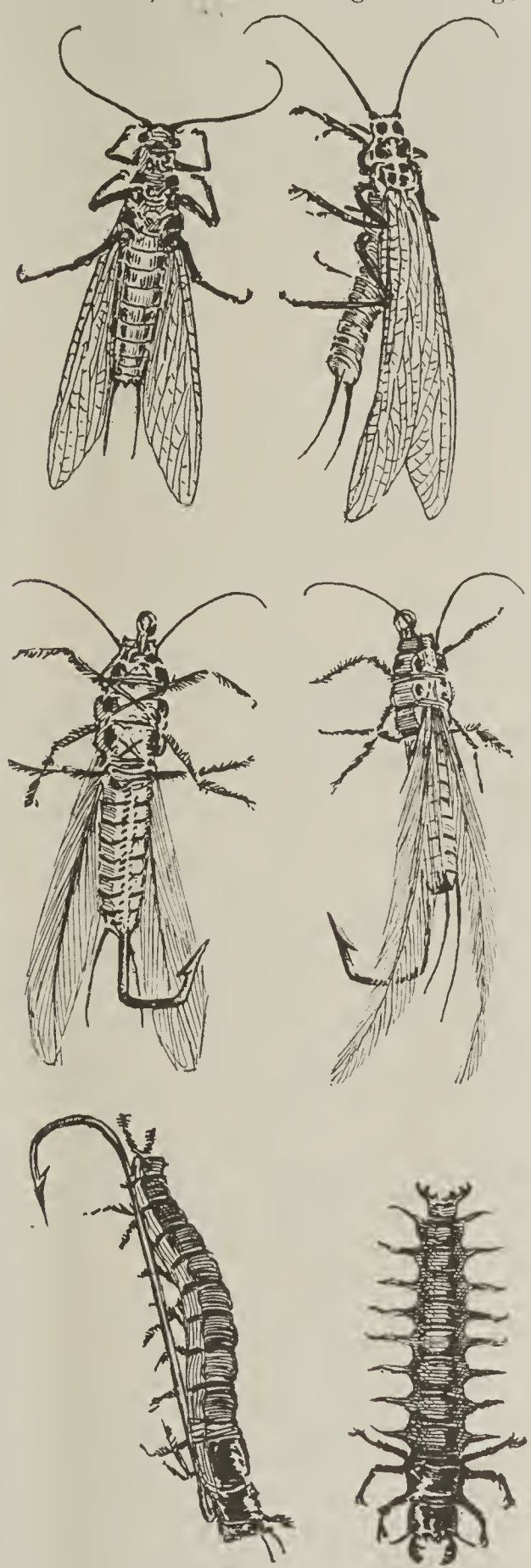
FISHERMEN know the value of the "hellgramite" or dobson in fishing for bass and others of the finny tribe, but their knowledge is usually limited to the stage of the insect most prized as bait.

Anglers whom I have known, especially around Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, on the Susquehanna River and tributaries, consider the larvae of hellgramites equal to any bait for black bass. In addition, they may be used with good results in catching numerous other game fish. They live and move about for a long time when on the hook, and for that reason were great favorites as bait for outlines before the latter were prohibited by law. One local fisherman tells me that his best all-around bait was hellgramite larvae, treated in the following manner:—Cut off the head and run the hook in at the tail, drawing the body up over the hook with the in-side out, the legs pulled up above the hook on the leader. Then free the barb of the hook on account of the tough skin, and in this condition there is exposed a tough but strong scented, attractive bait, that is often taken by fish when every other bait fails.

They are plentiful where they occur, and, as the insect lives nearly three years in the larval stage in the water, they may be found and collected at any season of the year. The best method of collecting the larvae is to wade into the stream against the current, with a net, turning over the stones in front and the hellgramites will float down the stream into the net. In the winter time the larvae curl up into a sort of ball when disturbed, and they are easily collected in this manner.

Fishermen desiring to keep hellgramite larvae at home for convience, will have no trouble if the following directions are carried out:—In a wooden box place a layer of gravel about one inch deep on the bottom. Put a few loose boards over the top of the gravel, thus making a place for them to hide. A lid on the box will prevent their escape. In the lid there should be a small hole in which to pour water, just enough to keep the gravel moist, the surplus running out at the cracks. Do not place too many larvae in one small box, as they will attack and mutilate each other when too numerous. Keep in a cool place.

The adult or mature insect, often called fish-fly, hellgramite fly or dobson fly, is about two inches long, with a wing expanse of about five inches. The four, brownish wings are large



and net-veined and are folded back over the body when at rest. It has a broad head, six legs and prominent mandibles or jaws, while the antennae or feelers are many jointed.

The adults are active and crawl about or fly readily, usually at night and are attracted to arc-lights or any strong lights, especially those situated along or near streams. They are short lived and their main function is mating and egg laying. The female resembles the male in many respects, but the latter can easily be distinguished by the greater length of the mandibles.

After mating, the females, which are the longer lived, are ready to lay their eggs; these are laid in blotch-like masses, chalky-white in color at first, later a dirty-white, each mass about one inch in diameter and containing from one to three thousand eggs. These eggs are attached to the stone work or timbers on the under side of bridges, to stones or the trunks of trees overhanging a stream, so that when the eggs hatch the young hellgramites or larvae will easily find their way into the water, where they pass their entire early life. These larvae are carnivorous and feed upon the young or larvae of other aquatic insects, readily crawling or swimming about and making their homes beneath stones or among the vegetation at the bottoms of running streams, preferring places where the water flows swiftest; they breathe by means of gill tufts arranged along the under sides of the body.

When nearly three years old, the larvae have reached their full growth; and during the latter part of May, or early June, they leave the water at night and migrate to the shore, where they burrow into the soil, beneath sticks or stones, or in an old stump. It is at this time that they may easily be collected, and usually in numbers.

After entering the burrows or cells, they change to the pupae or quiescent stage. The pupae are dirty-white in color. They are too soft and watery to be especially prized as bait.

The hellgramite, in this stage, is practically defenseless and for this reason utilizes a burrow or cell in the ground. No food is taken in this stage, but the energy stored up in the larval stage carries it through this period, lasting about a month, when the adult or winged insects emerge from the cells.

The adults are used for bait, but the wings are usually pulled off first.

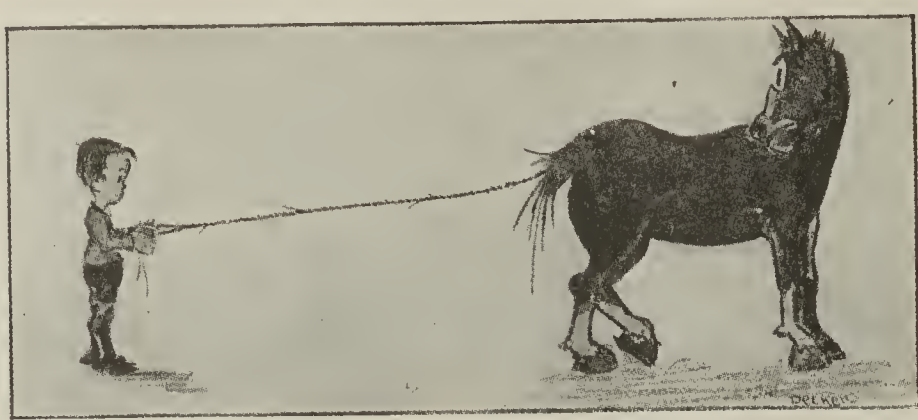
THE HORSE-HAIR FISH LINE

How to Make One of the Most Satisfactory Lines Ever Used in the Catching of Fish

By SENECA

THE making of horse-hair lines and their use is not confined to the European countries solely. Here and there in this country you will find them in use amongst those foreigners who were wont to fish with them in the old country and who brought the art over here, making lines for their own use, and who cannot be inveigled into using any other brand be it linen, cotton or silk. I do not know to what extent horse-hair lines are used in the southern countries of Europe. My inquiries have failed to bring forth any facts in this line. It would seem that the making and use of such lines is restricted to the northern European countries almost entirely. This is probably because more fish obtain in the north, hence, too, the seeking for materials for lines that will not only stand wear and tear through actual fishing but which will not be affected by dampness, warmth or cold, or by any change in the temperature whatsoever. At the same time strength of line would be in demand. This the horse-hair product certainly assures.

I do not know how long horse-hair lines have been in use in the Scandinavian countries, but it is probable that it dates back to the primitive or near-primitive times. So the art is not a new one by a great deal and, while it is true that such lines are not so greatly in use now, still the old-timers on the lakes and streams in those countries make use of them. In Scotland it will be found that horse hairs of considerable strength, selected from thoroughbred horses, known for their vitality, are used for leaders in trout fishing. I have never tried horse hairs in single strands tied together like gut strands, but I should imagine that a leader so made would stand considerable strain, a strain in fact that would amaze one who has never thought the matter over or who has never tried the peculiar strength of horse hairs. There must be some great attraction about horse hairs for leaders if the Scotch use them in preference to gut casts, else they would be discarded for the silkworm product. Whatever may be the reason, one thing is certain, horse hairs have strength and it is this strength that commends them for use in twisted lines such as I am going to speak of.



The angler in touch with civilization, who casts with a modern equipment of rod and reel and line of silk, will see little to attract him in this line of his ancestors. There may, however, come times in the wilderness when a knowledge of how to make a serviceable horse-hair fish line will prove useful.

What then are the good points scored for the horse-hair line. Understand at the very beginning, that it cannot possibly be used as a casting line. That is absolutely out of the question. It can, however, be used on a long pole like any other line; it can be used without the pole as a handline for trolling or to be fished with in still-fishing either through the ice in the winter or in the "free" water in the summer. It can be made in any length that is desired from fifty to one hundred feet. It has certain elastic qualities that are particularly to be taken into consideration for this giving out and coming back into place is a power all of itself when it comes to handling a large fish. To what an extent, you will ask, is this elastic quality in the line carried out? That depends a great deal upon the length of the line. The longer the line the more spring and extension there is to it. Thus, in a sixteen-foot line, there is noticeable a pull of three feet; that is to say, under the rushes of a fish, or when pulled, a sixteen-foot line has an elastic quality that will take it very nearly to the nineteen-foot mark: other lengths of lines in proportion. But the moment the pull on the line is released, it will come back to its original length and will not be weakened in the least. And the suprising part of it is that age does not weaken it in this respect, nor indeed does it weaken it in any way. I have been referring in the above to a line of eight strands. Of course, the more strands there are to a line the stronger it becomes and the less noticeable its elastic quality. The less strands the more noticeable the spring to the line.

THERE are numerous other qualities that commend the horse-hair line. For the fisherman around civilization who does most of his casting with a rod and reel, the horse-hair line will, in all probability, have little attraction. But for the man in the wilderness or out in the woods, a line such as this should be had for one of several reasons. *First*, a line such as this does not soak up water like the silk or linen lines, so that it is impossible for it to decay. You can hang it up anywhere; take it out in the spring of the year and it will be as good as ever. And, *second*, it does not collect ice along its length when fishing in the winter, a common failing with linen and silk lines; and of course, the further north you go the greater the chances of having to poke your line down veritably like a stick, owing to the collecting of ice along its length. But best of all is its imperviousness to soaking water. In a word it is waterproofed and even "enameled" (by nature if you will) and, *third*, no matter how bristling a series of fangs a pike or muscallonge may have, he will find it mighty hard to cut through this line with his teeth. They resist the teeth like steel wires, whereas merely the catching of the silk line on a fish fang, sufficient to separate a strand is enough to cause the breakage of that line and the get-away of a mighty fine fish. I make the assertion that if I were ever to go into the woods to spend a prolonged time, and would of necessity have to

(*Continued on page* 326)

depend upon worth-while lines, then most assuredly I would want to have about three or four, fifty to one hundred foot horse-hair lines. I know that I could depend upon them, where I could not upon others; and I know that I could hold some mighty big fish on them.

I am going to tell in the following how to make an eight-strand line. This line will hold a twenty-five to thirty-pound fish. That will give you an idea of its strength. If you wish to make heavier lines, then you can add strands as you desire.

Selection of hairs for such lines depends somewhat, I imagine, upon the animal it is taken from and its vitality. The healthier the animal, the stronger the hair, and *vice versa*. The color of the hairs and the line, if you will, is probably one of some moment. For a general purpose line there is nothing to equal the black or some shade of black. But if you have not access to such, then a lighter color is all right. I have not tried dyeing horse-hair lines, but I imagine that it could easily be done. The thickness or caliber of the hairs to be used in this line is a matter of some concern. Do not select the heavier outer hair, the longer ones of the tail. Rather select the inner ones, those that are most flexible and medium fine. These, when made into a whole, provides the best line of the lot.

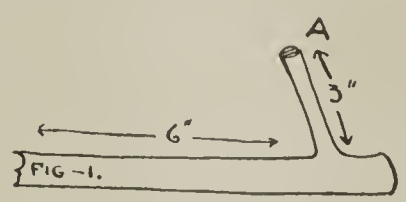


FIG-1.

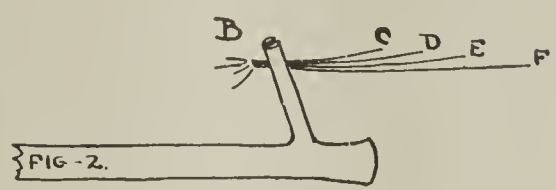


FIG-2.

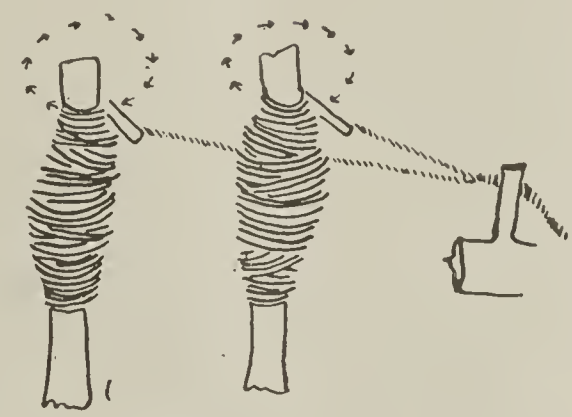


FIG-6.

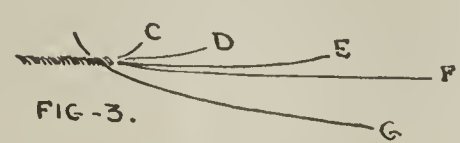


FIG-3.

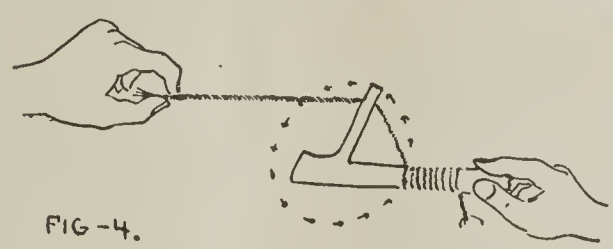


FIG-4.

STEPS IN MAKING THE HORSE-HAIR FISHING LINE

FIG-5.

NOW with a hank of horse hairs you are ready to begin, first having your "tools" on hand. I have in my drawings sought to carry out very carefully the various details necessary and I am sure that they will readily be followed. Figure I shows the winding or twisting stick. It is cut from a tree, the arm (A) being three inches or so in length, the body of the stick being thicker and some seven or eight inches in length. You will need three of these, one a little heavier in diameter than the other two, the reason for which will be seen later. With this stick ready, cut a slit at the tip of the arm. Now select four strands of horse hair; tie them together, twist them and then insert them in the slit of the twisting stick. The letter (B) will show what is meant. Now notice that the four hairs are not of the same length. The hair (C) is the shortest; the hair (D) is next, and so on. With the hair in place, start to turn the twisting stick as shown in Figure IV holding the ends of the hairs between the thumb and the forefinger in a very tight pinch. You can twist this as mush as you desire. By glancing at it you can tell just about when it is twisted aplenty. Then the line that is twisted is removed from the slit and is wrapped around the stick and tied. Then the line is again inserted, the twisting is continued, when twisted, is lifted and wrapped around the stick and so on.

We now come to the matter of inserting the hairs as the various lengths give out. The hair (C) will give out first. Select another hair now, which will be (G), and insert it in the twisted portion of the line just forward of (C) as shown in the inset. Start now to twist again, being sure that (G) is caught in well *and that it actually twists around and around as you turn the stick.* After you have twisted for a ways pull the line to see if (G) pulls away. If it pulls away then it is not securely in place and it will have to be inserted again. In this manner keep on, inserting hairs when needed; twist the line, lift it out of the slit, wrap it around the stick. That is the simple process of it.

WE will suppose now that you want a line of some fifty feet. With this in view make sufficient line to cover that length and in the end you will have it wrapped around the stick. It can then be laid aside. Now another stick (the second one) is brought into use, and another line of four strands, fifty feet in length is made on that. You will then have two sticks with line on them as shown in Figure V, ready then to be twisted into another single line, the two lines of four strands each making a line of eight strands. You will now select the third winding stick (H) of Figure VII. Into the slit of this, the two lines as shown in Figure V, are inserted, the two to be tied together at the end. On can have a second person, if this is convenient, to hold the stick (H) while the other two are twisted. Take hold of these two twisting sticks as shown in Figure VI, and turn then around, both the same way as denoted by the arrows. The peculiar twist will cause the two lines

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TOURING WITH RAYMOND SPEARS

The Problem That Confronts All Those Who Tour in House Cars is Many Sided

By RAYMOND SPEARS

A HOUSE-CAR sounds attractive, and many people have endeavored to build a house on a chassis that would enable them to live on the highways as in a shanty-boat on the rivers. Some enormous ones have been built, one on Long Island so large that it couldn't go under the railroad bridges in the Mohawk valley, on the Albany, Utica and Syracuse highway. Others have negotiated the great passes of the Rockies, and the alkalis of the west, the mucks of southern winter highways, and through the New England regions.

ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME

The closed cars, now the most popular of the products of the automobile companies, unquestionably indicate that the house-car idea is developing. Sedans, limousines, and various other models suggest that when the car for touring finally is wholly developed, we are to have a kind of highway sleeper, kitchenette, and all the conveniences, including the prime necessity of all, comfortable seats for all the travelers.

The problem that confronts all those who plan house-cars is many-sided. I doubt if any one who has not toured rather extensively can design a first-class touring car, for all purposes. Certainly, a house-car is unsatisfactory, unless it provides many essentials, and these are, in part at least.

Plenty of air.

Comfortable seating arrangements.

Storage room—lockers.

Ample carrying capacity for chassis for the body.

Wild-angle view range for the driver.

Warmth in chill, coolness in heat.

Sleeping arrangements to accommodate all the party.

Head-room.

One of the chief objections to a house-car is the weight. This is a question of design, and materials. Certainly, if one is going to build a house-car, it is advisable to consider, first of all, the kind of a chassis to be used. A ton truck would easily carry an ample house, but a 1,000-pound burden is too great for some of the small cars. Better have a lot of extra carrying power.

This suggests, of course, the question of cost. Most house-cars are distinctly home-made. They range all the way from a canvas stretched over hoops, the way canvas served the old prairie schooner travelers, to elaborate buildings of strong and pretty woods. Some of the simplest of house-cars are merely delivery vans, and many of the war-time ambulances were converted into sleeping quarters for tourists.

No two kinds of cars would have the same house on the chassis. Therefore it is not feasible to go into detailed discussion of the construction of house-cars. If the roof is heavy, the top will swing, and in wind, over rough roads, and in making short terms the danger of tipping is great. The center of gravity must be kept down, the lower the better. If the springs are not stiff enough, for the weight, a house-car will rock distressingly. Extra heavy springs are desireable on practically all the passenger-car models, when a house is built on the chassis. Shock absorbers help some. In no event should a house be put on that weighs more than the closed-car model of the same make of car. Occasionally a closed-car model is too heavy for the chassis, as it is.

The fact is, the house-car is merely a portable camp. For rolling over the highways, there is no pleasanter driving than the open car, with the top down. The moment there is a top, the view is restricted. Shade is grateful in the unwinking desert sunshine, of course. The moment the car is closed in, advantages accrue in one direction, while others are lost. A true balance is difficult to find. Some solve the problem with trailers, having all the outfit, for night and eating, and stopping along, in a two-wheel cart towed behind. To make them tow easier, some are folding camps, packing down in a wagon box. The folding top of a touring car is a makeshift—used too often, the top wears out. Few put the top down nowadays.

The ideal house-car will be as wide as the touring model, with the running-boards. Lockers will hang to the level of the running-boards, lower ones opening outside, the upper ones, serving as seats, will open inside. The beds will roll up or be folding, perhaps of canvas, or chain-springs, or combinations of both. Table, gasoline or oil stove, dish-cupboard, grub-box, and all the various necessities will be built in, or pack in, tight.

The floor space will be bare, when

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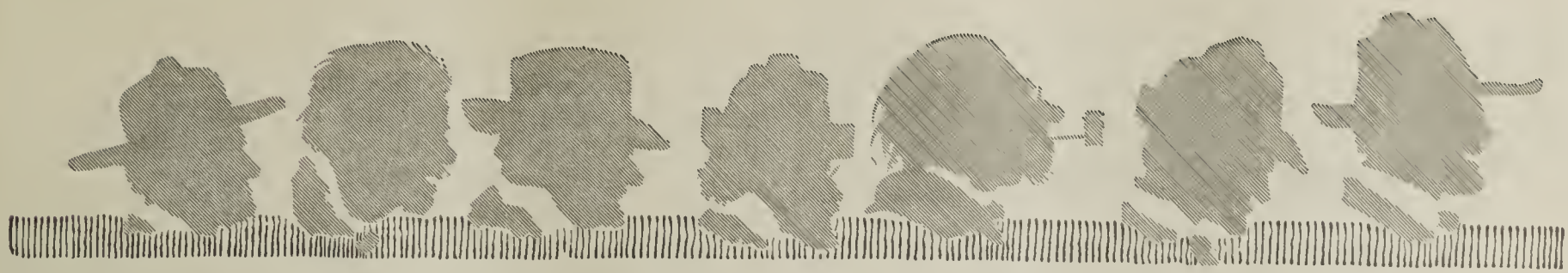


LETTERS—QUESTIONS—ANSWERS

GOVERNMENT HUNTER KILLS HUGE BEAR

Dear Forest and Stream:

When Daddy went a-hunting, according to an old nursery story, the best he could do was to get a rabbit skin to wrap the Baby Bunting in, but a Government hunter went a-hunting the other day and got a bearskin big enough to wrap the automobile in —and it was a seven-passenger touring car, too, that the bearskin made a top for.

It happened in Arizona on the reservation of the Moqui Indians. This 900-pound brute, forsaking the wholesome habits of the ordinary black bear, turned cattle killer and stirred up anew all the Black Bear superstitions that the Indians ever had. When he wanted a steer for dinner or a calf for breakfast, he went out and got it, and there was no Indian hanging around to cry scat or shy a rock.

Then the Government hunters—those wizards of the wilds that the Bureau of Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture employs to protect the Nation's livestock interests from predatory animals —went on the job. They have all sorts of aids, those hunters—guns, traps, poison—but this time they took along a pack of wire-haired fox terriers.

Fox terriers cannot kill a bear, but —Wellington could not defeat Napoleon. All he could do was to hold him till reinforcements came. And this pack of terriers did as well as Wellington. They got on the track of the bear in the snow, near the scene of his latest steer-killing operation, and trailed him to the place where he was getting ready to "hole-up" for the winter. The den was not complete and extended only a little way into the earth. The dogs blocked him in—900 pounds of bear, equal to about 40 dogs in weight—and held him there for an hour.

Finally, the bear made a dash for liberty—but Blucher had arrived. In fact, half of him arrived too early.

900 POUNDS

One of the hunters—there were five of them on the hunt and two had come up with the dogs—had the temerity to come very close to the mouth of the den just before Bruin made his grand rush. When the whirlwind broke, bear and dogs in a mighty mix-up, the big brute was almost on top of the hunter before he could move, and his gun was useless. The other hunter, standing to one side, got in a shot and dropped the bear only four feet from the man he had charged.

The bear fell without a struggle and rolled down the hill with all the terriers hanging on.

This was the first black bear killed by Government hunters in that region for a long time. They have orders from the Biological Survey not to molest the black bear unless he becomes a stock killer. Indeed, it is the universal policy of the Government hunters to leave the general run of wild animals alone and go after the outlaws that are destroying property.

Government Report.

BIG LAKE TROUT FIGHTS TWO HOURS

Dear Forest and Stream:

It has been my pleasure for several years to angle with C. G. Alford of New York, who has been a regular visitor to the Adirondacks, each summer for thirty years. The number and size of the trout he catches, clearly demonstrate his prowess as an angler.

The other day we caught a brook trout of four and one-half pounds in weight. This I believe to be one of the largest trout that may be caught in the Adirondacks to-day. Mr. Alford was using a six-ounce lancewood rod and flies, the lower one of which was a red ibis. As we moved through the pond Mr. Alford was dragging the flies behind the boat in a manner which some will call trolling. The trout rose, struck and was hooked at the first snap.

The battle that ensued lasted for upward of a half hour. The trout was chunky, of thick build, well fed and heavy. He was one of the handsomest I have seen in a number of years, and his speckles proved him to be a full brook trout of unusual size.

The lancewood rod which landed these large brook trout, is the same rod with which Mr. Alford successfully handled a sixteen-pound lake trout while angling in the water of the Upper Saranac Lake near Birch Point some years ago. Mr. Alford was injured in a runaway accident in New York and for three days lay as one stunned. At the end of this time he expressed a desire to be removed to the Adirondacks, and he reached Saranac Lake one morning in the spring. I made a bed for him in a boat and rowed with him through the lakes to the Saranac Club, where we arrived in the afternoon.

The next morning I asked him if he wished to go fishing and he said that he did not; that he was not feeling strong enough, but in the afternoon he directed me to get his lancewood rod ready for a little fishing in the lake.

(*Continued on page 314*)

FOUNDERS OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY

Dr. WILLIAM BRUETTE, Editor

Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation

THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL WILL BE TO studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and a refined taste for natural objects.
August 14, 1873.

EMERSON HOUGH—AMERICAN

EMERSON HOUGH is dead. A conspicuous figure in American Literature has passed away. He will be mourned by thousands who knew him, and by millions who have followed him page by page as he unfolded those vivid pictures of the land of the Buffalo and the Indian; the trapper, the cowboy and the scout; and those covered wagons that toiled over prairie trails in the conquest of the West.

The Houghs came from Virginia, and in the van of the movement that swept over the land in the 40's moved to Iowa. There ,on June 28, 1857, Emerson Hough was born. He graduated from the State University of Iowa and shortly afterwards began practising law in New Mexico.

It was in the picturesque days of the longhorn steer, Billy the Kid and soft-voiced Pat Garret. The Colt was a more important factor than Blackstone, and the young attorney with Time on his hands, began writing the story of the Southwest in a charming series of letters to FOREST AND STREAM, and he shortly afterwards joined the editorial staff with headquarters in Chicago, and a roving commission.

The years he spent in this position he always referred to as the happiest of his life.

It enabled him to gratify his love for sport. To explore wild places and come in touch with nature and nature's creatures, and above all to be of public service.

He followed the buffalo and the elk herds through the Yellowstone in the dead of winter, and his timely articles aroused the public to the importance of their protection.

He explored what is now Glazier Park and his name will always be identified with saving that playground for the people. It was Emerson Hough's part in life to portray one of the great phases in American pioneer history and he did so well.

To Mrs. Hough, who has been his wife, his inspiration and his loving assistant for many years, a Nation's sympathy will be extended.

STOPPING INDIAN DANCES

COMMISSIONER of Indian Affairs Burke has issued an order forbidding ceremonial dances by the Pueblo Indians, except in winter. "We found," he says, "that the frequency of these ceremonies, some extending a week or more, was steadily increasing to the evident injury of the tribe.

The last time the Pueblo Indians were in the news, Commissioner Burke was among the foremost for the passage of a bill that would dispossess the Pueblos of lands that they had rightfully held for centuries. The plight of the Pueblos was called to public attention, the public conscience was aroused, and the scheme was defeated.

Now comes Commissioner Burke's order forbidding ceremonial dances by the Pueblo Indians. Why not forbid White people, the Jazz boys and the Jazz babies, to dance to syncopated music, Commissioner? Certainly the Commissioner will find people hurting themselves physically and economically by jazz. Then why not forbid it, Commissioner?

When President Thomas Jefferson, who was a very able man, who did three very notable things (author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom and founder of the University of Virginia), sent Lewis and Clark to the Northwest, an expedition, by the by, that he planned, he instructed Lewis (his private secretary), to make observations of the native tribes, their traditions, language, and everything relating to them that it was possible to collect. Those who have read the Lewis and Clark journal know how well they did their work.

Three-quarters of a century after that expedition, the Bureau of American Ethnology was organized and placed under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institute. Their publications relating to the customs and habits of the American Indians north of Mexico would make a five-foot shelf groan, if it did not bend. If Commissioner Burke would read but the two volumes called "Handbook of American Indians," particularly those chapters on dance, busk and the like, he would see that busk was one of the most remarkable ceremonial institutions of the American Indians.

Among the Creeks, busk began the new year, celebrated by dance in August, or late in July. Each town celebrated busk, whenever their crops came to maturity. It was a period of amnesty, forgiveness, and absolution of crime, injury and hatred, a season of change of mind, symbolized in various ways. It lasted four days in towns of less note and eight days in the more important towns. It was a time to clean house, a sort of the modern "clean-up week"—worn-out things, clothes, household utensils, old food, everything pertaining to the old year, were placed in a common heap and destroyed by fire; the new year began with a clean house and new things. Everything had to be new or renewed, and calling, like our New Year's day of the past, was indulged in.

But all these traditions of the American Indians, that have been the custom of tribes long before Christopher Columbus sailed to discover the shores where the Indians lived, must now be done away with. Commissioner of Indian Affairs Burke says so.

WAS IT A WOLF?

CORRESPONDENCE from Lake Placid, N. Y. (where is the farm and grave of John Brown, abolition martyr, of whom Union armies sang in the Civil War), tells of the killing of a five-foot wolf in the Adirondacks. Much controversy has been excited among sportsmen, game protectors and taxidermists as to whether or not the animal killed was a timber wolf.

The animal was killed at Wilmington by Carl Lawrence. Dogs that were fox-hunting came upon

the animal, Lawrence's first shot crippling it. The dogs circled the animal, bearing down toward Lawrence with snarling fangs. A lucky shot ended its career. A taxidermist said it was a wolf, the fangs and color proving it, "with not the smallest strain of dog in the animal," was his contention. A game protector believed there was a strain of dog in the animal.

In 1919, a similar controversy took place when Edward G. Faile, of Rosedale, Westchester County, New York, killed an animal whose brush, size and head were coyote. The body color was that of the common red fox. The ears, it was said, were too short for a coyote. It was a hybrid animal, and, according to the knowledge of Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews and Dr. Harold Anthony, Associate Curators of Mammals, American Museum of Natural History, they pronounced it a coyote with a distinct dog cross. It was the assumption that possibly some one had a dog-coyote in captivity which crossed with a collie, common shepherd or possibly a police dog. On the second or third throw-back to the original strain, the animal was almost a true coyote type in appearance and had the characteristics of a wolf.

In the case of the Adirondack wolf, it is pointed out that the moving-picture camps keep wolves, that one may have escaped, or, it may have been the offspring of one that had mated with a dog. Here the controversy stands. There is no doubt that Reuben Cary, in an old clearing not far from Brandreth Lake, caught and killed the last survivor of the Adirondack wolves. That was in 1893, and in the February (1923) number of FOREST AND STREAM, Frederick A. Potter told about it entertainingly.

TABS ON TRAVEL

ON the fishing-banks off the New England coast, men of the Federal Bureau of Fisheries have released about 10,000 cod, pollock and haddock, and doubtless before this appears in print, some of these fish will be captured, for which the Bureau of Fisheries will pay 25 cents for each tag returned. To obtain the quarter from Uncle Sam it will be necessary to make a report on the locality where the tagged fish was taken and the circumstances under which it was caught.

The Bureau of Fisheries is repeating the method, first tried in 1908, when salmon were caught and tagged, then released, from the recovered tags of which the fish experts were able to get definite information of the traveling habits of the silver and steelhead members of the family, in addition to how they acclimate themselves from salt to fresh waters. These scientific steps to ascertain the seasonal movements of fish, from the knowledge obtained, should assist much in proposed legislation regarding sea fishes. The newspaper writers who think that some fisherman may make a haul of cod that the government will pay $2,500 for the tags has another guess coming. Let them read that fishing classic of Kipling's, "Captains Courageous."

A PLEASURABLE PASTIME

A PLEASANT occupation for women and men who have the leisure, and who live in the country, or have access to the great outdoors is to aid the Biological Survey in their annual bird census.

The Biological Survey has no funds to pay for this work, depending wholly upon the assistance of volunteer observers. To be effective, the same tract of land, be it marsh, swamp, field, orchard, pasture or timber, must be recorded year after year. The time to begin is after the migration is over, at the height of the breeding season. Blanks for recording the results of bird censuses are furnished by the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

NEW WILD TURKEY

SPORTSMEN who prefer upland bird shooting will be much interested in the news reports telling of an expedition of the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture to Central America to capture live specimens of the beautiful Honduras spotted turkey. The range of this wild turkey extends over a section of Yucatan, Honduras and Guatemala, and the intention is to take the birds to Sapelo Island off the Georgia coast, where experi-ments will be tried to domesticate and propagate the birds.

The Honduras bird is said to be smaller than our domesticated turkey, but until this time no attempt has been made to domesticate it. In 1950 we can imagine the scene in the New York *World* office. "Harvey," says the City editor, "go up to *Forest and Stream* office with the monoplane T-6 and get all the facts you can about the Federal Government in 1923 capturing and distributing Honduras spotted turkeys, I see that New York has an open season beginning to-morrow and I think that will make an interesting story. Make it snappy and tell where the birds can be taken. Write a column, tell Johnson to put it on the front page, unless he can dig up something more interesting."

HOPE FOR RED FLAMINGOES

HOPE is expressed that the red flamingoes may be saved. The flamingo was held in high repute among the luxurious Romans; and Apicius, famous in the annals of gastronomy, is recorded by Pliny to have discovered the exquisite relish of the flamingo's tongue and a superior mode of dressing it.

Twenty-one years ago Frank M. Chapman's investigation showed that the flame-colored flamingoes had disappeared from Florida as well as from the Bahamas, where once they were numerous. So he went to the island of Andros, where he found 12,000 birds, took some live specimens and more photographs. Now there are barely 1,200 birds gathered mostly in one colony or rookery. T. Gilbert Pearson, president of the National Association of Audubon Societies, is now in Andros, making arrangement with Sir Harry Cordeau, Governor of the island, for the protection of these birds. Protection may save these birds, although it came too late to save the passenger pigeon.

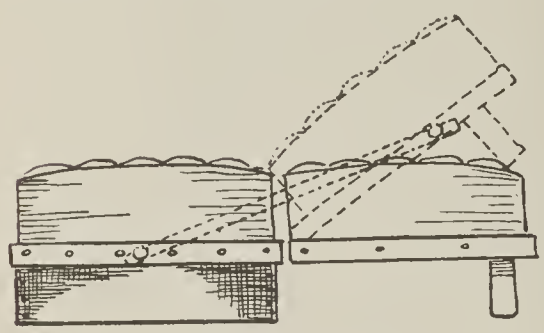
A PLEA TO CAMPERS

WITH the coming of spring and summer there will be the usual exodus of nature-lovers into the open spaces. Thousands of camp fires will be lighted and thousands of trees will be cut down to build them.

To avoid devastating fires and to protect the forests do not neglect to put out your camp fire and cut down dead trees only.

FOLDING AUTO CAMPING SEAT

IF you have a touring car and prefer the camp bed made up in the tonneau, you can construct a folding seat to fit between the back of front seat



FOLDING AUTO-CAMPING SEAT.

and the edge of rear seat to fill in this space, at the same height as the rear seat cushion making a bed compartment of the tonneau.

The width and height of folding seat, will have to be determined by the space between your seats of touring car, as different model cars vary slightly in this respect. If the seat is made in two sections it will be found more convenient in use and during daytime you have two folding auto-chairs for use.

The base can be made of wood topped by a rim of one-eighth inch iron strip three inches wide with lower edge screwed into the top edge of wood rim. This makes a depression in which to fit the cushion and keep it in position on the seat. The same method should be employed in making the back for the seat. It will save much time and work if you can get cushions from some old seat to fit on to the base. Making a cushion requires quite a bit of detail to construct properly.

The back of the seat should be attached at base by three good strong iron hinges. The longer hinge to be preferred. If the seat is to be used as a chair seat with the back in a vertical position, it can be held in place by leather straps, which can button on to both sides of seat and back. Any harness maker can put these together for you and supply you with proper fasteners to screw into the sides of seat and back.

WE are depending upon the friends and admirers of our old correspondent Nessmuk to make this department worthy of his name. No man knew the woods better than Nessmuk or wrote of them with quainter charm. Many of his practical ideas on camping and "going light" have been adopted by the United States Army; his canoe has been preserved in the Smithsonian Institution; and we hope that all good woodsmen will contribute to this department their Hints and Kinks and Trail-tested Contrivances.—[EDITOR.]

A hinged strip of hard wood can be attached to the back of the chair so that when it is lowered into position for night it will support the back at the same level as the cushion of the rear seat. It might be advisable to place two strips on the back and make a two legged support rather than one.

By making two seats you have them for use as camp chairs, or spare seats for extra passengers and at night they can be placed together to form the bottom part of the tonneau bed.

Along this method of making a bed I have seen the front seat so cut and hinged that it could be turned back to the level of the rear cushion forming a bed. This gives a full length bed for a short touring car. In cars of longer seating-room bodies the above folding seats will form a bed of sufficient length.

When using the auto for the bed it is advisable to take along a tent fly which can be attached to the auto top on either side of the car and make a sort of lean-to tent for dressing and protection from rain. The running board under the tent fly makes a convenient table and shelf when camping.

W. A. KIMBALL.

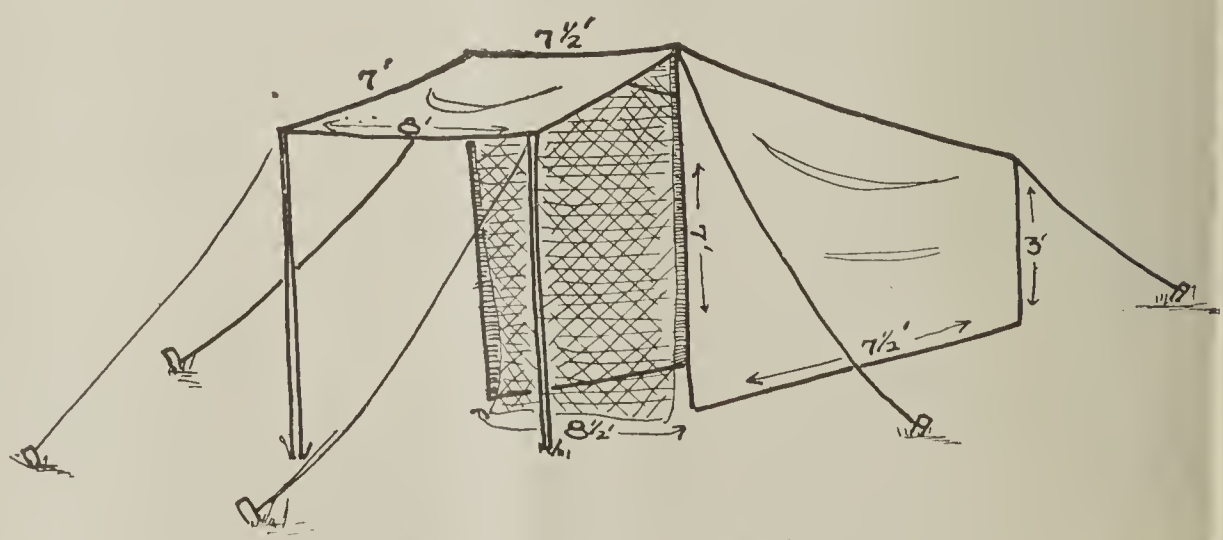
MAKING A TENT FOR AUTO CAMPING

THERE are many good medium-priced tents of all descriptions now on the market, but if one prefers to make a tent of their own it is not a difficult matter with a little planning.

In the drawing, I have sketched a tent that I made last season and find it serves every purpose well.

You can use good grade of duck or a light weight Khaki cloth if you have it treated with waterproof paint. The latter tent is lighter and easier to handle. You can buy waterproof paint, for tents, in the open market at small expense.

The particular advantage of the tent I describe is that it can be pitched independent of the car or if you prefer, the front flap can be attached to the top of the auto. There are times when you like to take a side trip and leave the tent standing.



A SERVICABLE TENT FOR AUTO CAMPING.

Cut the top and rear wall in one piece, seven and a half by eight feet. The end walls can be cut separate allowing a couple of inches of overlap to be sewed to top wall with good strong linen thread, preferably with a double line of stitching. With light weight Khaki you can sew all parts on the ordinary sewing machine. The front flap seven feet high and eight feet wide so that the sides will overlap the front entrance and to these side walls stitch some tape, also stitch tape to correspond on the front flap so that when the flap is down the sides can be closed by tying the tapes. I have made a flap of two layers of mosquito netting with taped edges to hang down the front. If you make this eight feet wide it will allow the netting to be brought inside the tent along the vertical front edges of the tent side walls. Make the netting long enough to drag a few inches on the ground. When the netting is not in use you can roll it up to the top and have some tape sewed to inside of top wall to hold the roll of netting.

The two outside poles of soft wood (inch stock) should have a metal rod driven into the top end so that this can be put thru grummet holes sewed into the corners of front flap. You can make grummet holes by sewing in small iron rings. The inside poles will stand into the corners of the tent without other means of support.

Another very acceptable addition is a floor cloth made of heavy waterproof duck the area of the tent floor. This should be heavily coated with waterproof paint if you make it from heavy duck tenting material. With a good waterproofed floor cloth you have a suitable waterproof cover to wrap the tent in and keep it dry, en route. Be sure to place folded tent on the inside of floor cloth as the bottom surface may be a bit damp after a nights use on the ground and this might cause mildew of the tent.

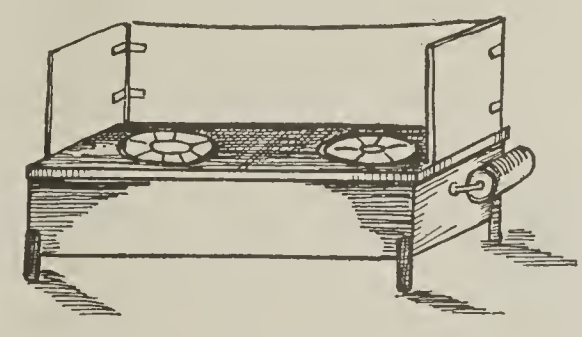
A good mosquito netting and floor cloth are to my mind as necessary as a waterproof tent for real camping comfort. They take up little room and serve many purposes.

For guy ropes, quarter inch rope serves all purposes. I made two loops to fit over the metal rods of front poles which makes it easy to drop the flap when desired. The other guy ropes sewed with strips of overlapping canvas or put thru small grummet holes sewed into tent walls.

W. A. Kimball.

A GUARD FOR CAMP STOVES

A piece of sheet iron or zinc, cut and hinged to fit Gasoline Cook Stove, will prevent wind from blowing out the flame.



WINDSHIELD FOR CAMP STOVE.

This guard may be folded compactly when not in use.

W. A. Kimball.

CANOEING AND CAMPING AN ART

CANOEING and camping like other sports is an art, and has to be learned by experience. Although, a few hints and rules will not go amiss, while a few are really needed before one indulges in the same.

You experienced canoers and campers may smile, but—you remember the first time you paddled a canoe? How difficult it was to keep the clumsy paddle from splashing, and make the obstinate canoe go straight, 'member?

Also how you went camping leaving needed articles at home; the time you lit nearly every match in camp trying to light a fire—'member those days?

Now, if some one who had gone through this primitive stage whispered a few hints and suggestions in your ear, wouldn't you have found paddling a little easier or camping more simple —enjoyed it better by knowing what you were doing or trying to do, was right? Well, then read some other interesting article, passing this by for the young folks whom are about to partake of their first camp trip or just learning to paddle.

The best and most convenient way to paddle a canoe is to kneel on the bottom of the canoe-blanket protecting knees from the floor boards—and lean against the middle swarth.

Paddling in the center of the canoe, when alone, is the recommended way. For if you paddle from the stern (back) the front of the canoe will naturally, from your weight, project above the water, the wind will blow you in circles, but—

If you are shooting rapids or in swift water and have a pack, kneel in the stern and if you can paddle with greater ease, then, adopt this style of paddling, providing you have weight in the bow (front) of the canoe.

Of course, when two are paddling, one kneels in the bow and the other in the stern, the latter steers the canoe; the bow-man never steers.

When paddling alone, kneel slightly toward the side you wish to paddle from, this makes the gunwale nearer the water, giving you freedom of stroke, by not scraping your paddle along the side of the canoe. Don't fear, the canoe will not tip over, if your knees are on the bottom of the canoe. They are your balancers.

If you are paddling on the right side, take hold of the top of your paddle with your left hand and with your right hand about four to five inches from where the blade broadens.

Reach out nearly at arm's length in front of you—clip three-fourths of blade, then pull with your right, equally push with your left and lean your body with each stroke.

Push, pull and lean, till your right hand nearest the blade is even with your body, your left arm will be extended forward and downward, nearly at arm's length. Rest just a moment.

Then, the flat side of the paddle facing your rear, turn it, so it faces the bank, push paddle slightly away from the canoe, till boat straightens from

(*Continued on page 324*)

LETTERS—QUESTIONS—ANSWERS

(*Continued from page* 309)

It was about five o'clock that afternoon when, as we were going around Birch Point, Mr. Alford's hook became fastened in a snag in the water and I backed the boat up that we could free the tackle. In a very few seconds after we had started on again, Mr. Alford hooked a trout.

That he was a large one we were certain, for he did about as he pleased with us. Mr. Alford had only 100 feet of line and when the trout would begin a rush I simply had to follow him with the boat to prevent his running out all the line and breaking away. The line was rigged with two flies, a trolling spoon and a single gut leader, and it was a pretty light outfit for a large fish. Mr. Alford kept a firm hold on the line, but he did not pull very much, nor did he permit the fish to pull very hard, either.

As the battle progressed, one boat after another was attracted to the scene, and before we knew it there were four boats containing fishermen, watching us with great interest. The trout was boss of us and made us follow him back and forth until after 7 o'clock, when he began to get tired. At half past seven we managed to get him into the boat after a struggle lasting two and one-half hours. The trout weighed sixteen pounds and as soon as he was well secured, Mr. Alford slid exhausted from his seat to the bottom of the boat, where he remained until we assisted him to land at the clubhouse.

HENRY KINGMAN,
Saranac Lake.

LANDED HUGE LAKE TROUT

ONE OF NATURE'S TRAGEDIES

Dear FOREST AND STREAM:

One day while I was fishing for bass in Brick House Slough, above Alton, Ill., I saw a near tragedy of water life that struck me as quite interesting.

I was anchored in water about eight feet deep and about forty feet from shore enjoying a "ri dawon good smuk," as Uncle Lish would have said. About fifty feet in front of me were two logs about twenty feet long, fastened together with boards nailed near each end. One end was about five inches out of the water and the other flush with the surface. A board about a foot wide lay across the center and extended out over the log nearest me about eight inches. Beyond the two logs lay another, about eight eight inches in diameter and twelve feet long. Some three feet farther on was a stump flush with the water, and a drift of sticks about the same distance extending to the shore.

As I glanced over the logs a frog appeared seemingly from nowhere and came hopping up on the board near the centre, stopping at the edge. He looked my way and deciding everything was safe, appeared to go to sleep. A few minutes after there was a slight movement at the end of the logs, flush with the water, and a large black snake, some five feet long slid silently upon the log. I thought he had come up for a sunbath, so slipped out my Colt .44 with the intention of giving him a warm reception. But he commenced to move up the log toward the frog. He had five feet to crawl and it took him at least five minutes to cover the distance Then he started to coil for a strike.

The frog had moved over to the edge of the board, away from the snake, so he had not been asleep after all. The snake could not reach him so he began to move nearer. Then the frog acted as though he had just seen him, and started to jump into the water. Instead of jumping he became rigid, and almost fell in, but regained himself in a second. In the water, where he had started to jump, there was a swirl.

The snake struck and I thought he had him, but Mr. Frog jumped to one side, turned around in the air, and landed on the log about two feet from the snake. The next time I saw him he was hopping across the board at the upper end and Mr. Snake was still coiled up on the board and looking for him. The frog hopped back down the other log until he was about two feet from where the snake was. Mr. Snake had his eye on him and struck as the frog jumped to the twelve-foot log, but missed him by three feet.

The frog hopped along the log, landed on the stump, jumped to the driftwood and disappeared. Mr. Snake was certainly mad, but he finally got over it, coiled up and was having a good sunbath, when I made a slight move. Up came his head, the Colt barked and off came his head. He thrashed around and fell in; where he went down there was a great swirl and all was over.

Did the frog use his head when he saw Death in the water and Death behind him? Or was it all luck?

PRESS CUTLER, Oregon.

ADVENTURES IN COMRADESHIP

(*Continued from page* 297)

Again we were all impressed—and amused—by the vision seen through the clear waters. The snappers were there in plenty, after having foraged elsewhere a little while. This hole was obviously a favorite with them. There was thrill in watching the big, curious-eyed, shrewdly inquisitive fellows, as they "smelled around" the remnants of Mike's last "chumming."

It was now or never, for night was fast coming on. And I had no desire to keep Sonnyboy out much after dark, in this particular locality.

And Mike's reputation as a prophet suffered.

It was a partnership in Mangrove Snappers. Father, Son and Company did the heavy work that day.

We caught two—almost at the selfsame second.

Sonnyboy's line tightened first. It came so suddenly that it caught him off his guard, and he fumbled the haul; twice the line slipped from his nervous fingers, and twice he made a frantic scramble for it. Mike's excitement was so great that he came near scuffling off the stern.

"Pull . . . pull, Little Cap'n!" he managed to yell.

(*Continued on page* 343)

Strength!-where it is needed

A ROWBOAT loaded to full capacity weighs almost half a ton. With this load going at full speed, how hard a blow do the drive and propeller shafts of an outboard motor receive when they strike under-water obstructions? The under-water part of a motor, not constructed like that of the ELTO, is apt to be completely distorted, if not broken outright.

A series of even lighter blows, in time, causes disalignment of shafts, fast wear and early breakage, unless they are encased in a strong and rugged housing. The 200 pound man in the illustration is jumping on the one-piece housing that encases and completely protects the ELTO drive shaft. This housing is constructed like the full floating type automobile axle, taking all the shocks and strain which otherwise would fall on the shafts. The unique housing construction belongs *exclusively* to the ELTO. The fine stream lines of the ELTO'S under-water parts make it the most *weedless* of motors. They offer the least resistance to the water—cut through it like a knife. The entire design of the ELTO is distinctively beautiful and clean-cut through-out.

The Only 3 H. P. Light Twin

An Extra Horsepower!

Your motor must carry you a great deal farther than you will ever carry the motor and it takes three full horsepower to do it in a substantial boat against currents, winds and tides—to get you safely to shore in a sudden summer squall—or to get speed from sea-worthy boats. The ELTO is the *only 3 H. P. Motor* in the light weight class. It is also the ***lightest*** motor per H. P.

Double the Bearing Area

It was to be expected that Ole Evinrude, the pioneer designer of outboard motors, would build only as "light as right", at no sacrifice of needed power or durability. That is why his perfected motor, the ELTO LIGHT TWIN, has more than double the connecting rod and crank shaft bearing area of all other light weight motors.

Safe Rudder Steering

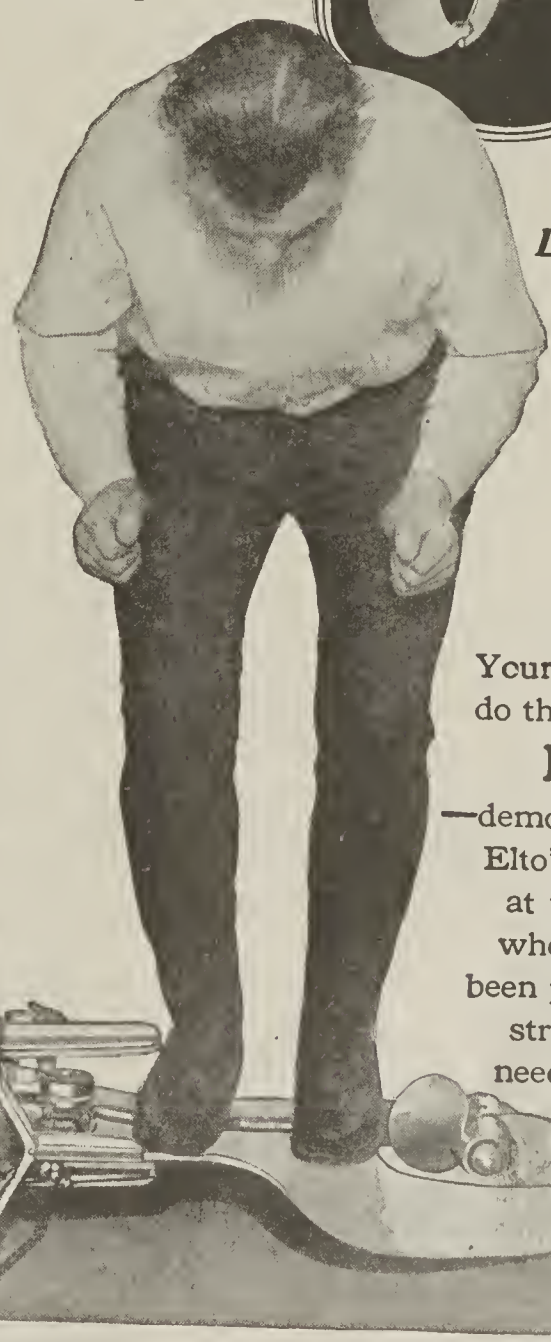
—no possibility of dangerous pivot turning. No shaking steering handle. Tiller line steering from any part of boat. Hands are free except at turns.

Instant Starting

Because there could be no relief from hard, stubborn and uncertain starting, the curse of outboard motors, without change of ignition, Ole Evinrude made the change. The ELTO starts on ***first quarter-turn*** under all conditions. No ropes or starting devices needed.

Enlightening Information

Write us for ELTO Catalog—a book packed with interesting facts and illustrations which will show you how to judge outboard motor values.



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Light equipment which allows greater freedom of movement to those who feel the urge of the outdoors.

Hikelite, Tanalite Tents, 5 x 7 x 6 ft. high, ground cloth sewn in—will sleep two men. Weighs 4¼ lbs.	$27.50
Grey all-wool camp blankets, pair weighs 6½ lbs., pair	13.50
Hikelite Cooking Outfit—two persons, weighs 3 lbs. 10 oz.	8.50
Boy Scout Cooking Outfit—one person, weighs 1¾ lbs.	2.25
Duffle Bags	1.50 to 6.65
Shoulder Packs	2.35 to 21.50
Folding Cots	4.35 to 18.75
Air Mattresses	16.00 to 27.00
Camp Blankets	6.75 to 27.00
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Complete stock of camp equipment for the permanent camp, near at home, or for the explorer under any sky.

Write for Camp Catalog

Abercrombie & Fitch Co.
EZRA H. FITCH, President
Madison Avenue and 45th Street
New York
"Where the Blazed Trail Crosses the Boulevard"

FISHING FOR BLACK BASS

(*Continued from page* 295)

ful act, but it enhances its value for the table, rendering the flesh firmer, sweeter, and of better color."

Ignatius was capable of admiring the Professor's humanity, but he was most attracted by his wonderful skill. His grace and deliberation, though natural and inborn to a certain degree, were chiefly the result of many years' devotion to the rod and gun and the practical study of the habits of fish and game. There is more symmetry of form and natural grace of motion among the aboriginal races of the world, trained to the pursuit of animals on land and water from childhood, than among the civilized and enlightened; our brains are developed and fostered at the expense of our bodies; therefore, the nervous, jerky, impatient, and impetuous man will never make a truly successful angler nor a really good shot, though he may attain to a certain mediocrity in both sports.

At the next cast the Professor fastened a two-pound bass to the "polka," and while giving him play another bass of the same weight took the "Lord Baltimore." As these fish kept downstream, the full force of the current was an additional factor of resistance to the rod, which seemed to Ignatius to bend nearly double, and caused him to say:

"You will have a hard time to land them both, Professor!"

"Not necessarily, for although the weight is greater, they, together, will not play much longer than a single fish, if so long; for they are pulling against each other. It only remains for me to hold them by the spring of the rod and let them fight it out."

His method of landing them was unique: Holding the net a few inches beneath the surface, he first drew in the bass on the stretcher-fly; then, as he turned up the lower or down-river half of the net-rim to the surface, he let the bass on the bob-fly drop back with the current into it, and lifted out both.

Ignatius proceeded farther out into the stream, but parallel with the shelving rock. Then selecting a minnow four inches long, he passed the hook through the lower lip and out at the nostril. Reeling up his line to the snell of the hook, and with his thumb on the spool of the reel, he turned his left side to the riffle below; then swinging his rod to the right, the minnow nearly touching the water, he made a sweeping cast from right to left and from below upward, starting the minnow on its flight just before the tip of the rod reached its greatest elevation, by relaxing somewhat the pres-

STANDARD LOADS of DU PONT SHOTGUN POWDERS

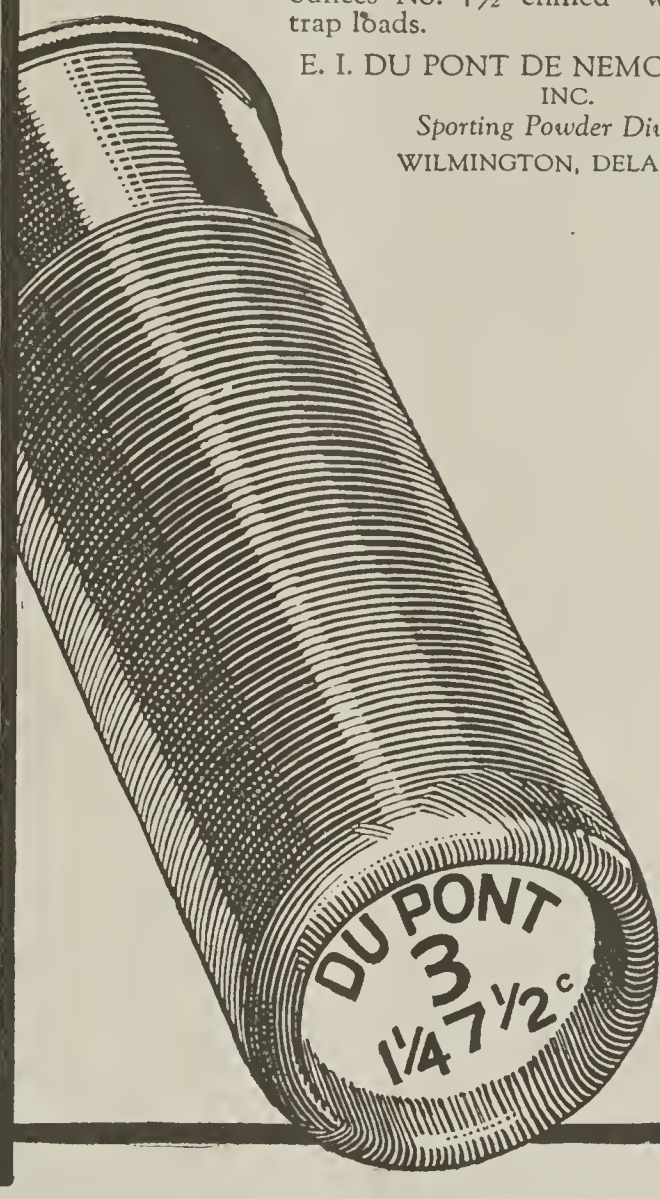
Kind of Game	DUPONT (Bulk) SMOKELESS 12 GAUGE DRAMS	12 GAUGE OZ SHOT	16 GAUGE DRAMS	16 GAUGE OZ SHOT	20 GAUGE DRAMS	20 GAUGE OZ SHOT	SHOT SIZES ALL GAUGES
Turkey Geese	3½	1-⅛	2¾	1	2½	⅞	* 2 & 4
Brant Large Ducks	3¼	1-⅛	2¾	1	2½	⅞	4 in flight 6 over decoys
Medium Ducks Grouse Prairie Chicken	3¼	1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	6
Squirrels Rabbits	3	1 or 1⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	6
Small Ducks Pheasants Pigeons Doves	3¼	1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	7½
Quail Snipe Woodcock Shore Birds	3	1 or 1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	8
Reed & Rail Birds	3	1	2½	1	2¼	⅞	10
Trapshooting	3	1¼	2½	1	2¼	⅞	7½

BALLISTITE (Dense) SMOKELESS

If BALLISTITE (*dense*) Powder is desired order by grains. A comparison follows of *Bulk* and *Dense* Loads:

DRAMS		GRAINS	DRAMS		GRAINS
3½	equivalent to	28	2½	equivalent to	20
3¼	" "	26	2¼	" "	18
3	" "	24	2	" "	16
2¾	" "	22	1¾	" "	14

* In 12-Gauge loads only, use No. 2 Shot



Du Pont makes powder—not shells. Du Pont Powders are loaded in every brand of shell. The name "DU PONT" or "BALLISTITE", printed on the carton and top shot wad tells you that you are shooting the fastest, most accurate powder made. Specify "3 drams DU PONT 1¼ ounces No. 7½ chilled" when ordering trap loads.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO.
INC.
Sporting Powder Division
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

Experienced trapshooters are just as fussy about the brand of powder they shoot as the make of shell. Eight out of ten shoot DU PONT, because they *know* it gives them greatest velocity, accuracy and uniformity.

SHOOT DU PONT POWDERS

DU PONT

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

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The "Auto-Kamp" Trailer

A completely equipped home with everything snugly packed and every convenience at your command. Light enough for mountain travel over any road. No trouble, worry or delay. If it is an AUTO KAMP you won't realize it is there, and you will enjoy every minute of your outing or tour. Let us send you complete details of our four models, ranging in price from $98.50 up. Write to-day for literature.

AUTO KAMP TRAILER CO.
2026 SHERIDAN AVE., SAGINAW, MICH.

Live Helgramite for Black Bass

Shipped direct to your fishing station, $5.00 per 100, order in advance, send check or money order, prompt shipment. Special bait box for Helgramite, $1.25. Instructions how to keep them, 25c.

J. G. BURST : RIDGEWOOD NEW JERSEY

A Super-Fine Camp Trailer for $198

These are the days when UNION CAMP TRAILER owners are slipping out of town for real times in the open. Some make nightly trips to the country to sleep in the trailer. Others go out over Sundays—to fish or camp. Still others are thousands of miles from home on transcontinental tours.

The Union Trailer is an all-purpose outdoor home. At $198 a first class trailer, frame folding tent, double spring beds and mattresses, etc., are included. Fully guaranteed. New literature tells all about it and how easily your car draws it.

Write for catalog to-day

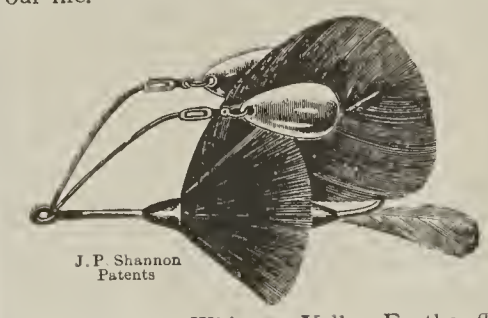
Union Trailer Works
320 Charles St., Boonville, N. Y.

"Smiling Bill" says:

"Lot's of people think there is a big secret about catching fish, but there aint nothing of the kind. All you have to do is just fish where the fish are and use your brains mixed with plenty of elbow grease."

The Shannon Twin Spinner

will enable you to fish where the fish are and will prove that you have used your brains, for the Shannon is about the only bait there is with which you can ***always*** fish where the fish are. No matter how thick the rushes or lilies are, you can cast right into them without fear of fouling. As for attractiveness, the game fish don't live that can resist it. It gets big catches where others fail. Try it and see for yourself. You'll have the best fishing you ever had in your life.



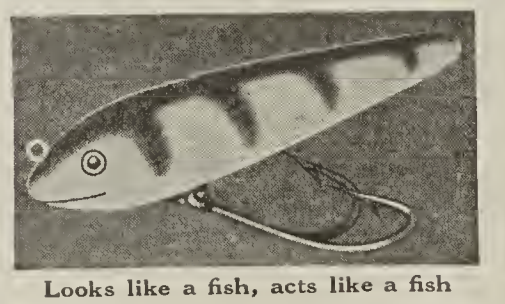
Made with Red, White or Yellow Feather fly. Also Red, Yellow, White and natural color bucktail fly. **Price, each, 85c.**

The Jamison Special Line

Bill Jamison's special made silk casting line will save you a whole lot of elbow grease, for it is the smoothest and easiest casting line you ever saw. Don't burn your thumb and is almost entirely free from the dreaded back-lash. That means less work and more fish. Give it a trial and get the most agreeable surprise of your life. You'll enjoy casting from then on a hundred per cent more than you ever did before.

No, 5, 12 lb. test. 50 yard spools, each, $1.00
No. 4, 16 lb. test. 50 yard spools, each, 1.20

THE FLY ROD WIGGLER



Looks like a fish, acts like a fish

Here is absolutely the greatest fly rod lure that ever fooled a fish. Easy to cast and lifts without a splash. Made in eight lifelike patterns: Silver Shiner, Golden Shiner, Red Side Minnow, Red Head, Yellow Perch, All Yellow, All White and All Red. Three sizes: Trout, 1¼ in.; Small Bass, 1¾ in.; Large, 2⅛ in.

65c each. Four in vest pocket box, $2.60

Send for our catalogue of Baits, Flies, Leaders, Lines, Weedless Hooks, etc.

THE W. J. JAMISON CO.
Dept. S, 736 South California Ave.
CHICAGO ILLINOIS

sure of his thumb on the spool, but still maintaing a certain light and uniform pressure to prevent the reel from back-lashing and the line from overrunning; the minnow was neatly cast, in this way, some seventy-five feet, and just beyond the riffle. Then he reeled slowly, keeping the minnow near the surface (there being no sinker), and just as it was passing through the broken water of the riffle, a bass seized it on the run and continued his rush up-stream toward deep water. Ignatius reeled his line rapidly until he felt the weight of the fish, which then gave a short tug or two, when he was allowed to take a few feet of line, though grudgingly and sparingly, so as to keep it taut. Ignatius then, feeling the bass pull steadily and strongly drove in the steel by a simple turning over of the rod-hand, while drawing firmly on the line; this set the hook.

The bass continued his race by swimming rapidly between Ignatius and the shore and then up the river, describing a half-circle, the line being the radius. The bass, finding his progress thus stayed, sprang clear of the water several times in quick succession; but Ignatius, instead of slackening the line, skilfully turned the bass over in the air by a slightly-increased tension as it left the water, thus preventing, by another method, his falling across the taut line. This latter mode requires more adroitness than the plan used by the Professor, of lowering the tip of the rod to slacken the line as the fish falls back, but it can be more successfully and safely accomplished with the shorter and stiffer minnow-rod than with the fly-rod. The bass was sooner exhausted and brought to creel than if he had been down-stream, not having the strength of the current to aid him.

"That is the best fish yet taken, Ignatius," said the Professor; "he will scale fully three pounds, and you landed him in two minutes."

"One should hold hard and kill quick."

"With a qualification as to the rod, that is the true principle," returned the Professor. "With a properly made, light, and flexible rod, yes; with a bean-pole, no. With a well-balanced, supple rod of eight ounces, a pound bass, even in swift water, can be easily killed in a minute, and one of five pounds in five minutes."

The Professor and Ignatius, having each taken a dozen bass, reeled up their lines and retraced their steps toward the wagon for luncheon. Turning a bend in the river, they came in sight of Luke, still sitting on the log with a firm hold on the rod, but sound asleep.

"Behold the ideal still-fisher!" observed the Professor.

Johnson Sets the Pace

BEFORE you decide on the Outboard Motor you will buy this year, do yourself the justice of seeing the Lightweight Johnson Twin in action.

See why within the last 12 months the Johnson has shattered all sales records—why today it leads the field. See why you hear so many lovers of outdoor sports enthusiastically describing its feats of power, its speed, its wonderful flexibility, the quiet, smooth running of its motor and, of course, its incomparable convenience in carrying.

The whole outfit weighs only 35 pounds. You have no batteries to lug or replace. The motor takes apart quickly for packing in the handy Johnson Steel case—about the size of a suitcase—slides under your Pullman seat. In addition there are compartments for tackle box and fuel supply.

With a Johnson as a part of your equipment, you can go to a different lake every week end. You can quickly reach the choice fishing grounds, and you approach so quietly fellow fishermen are not disturbed. Your voices are not drowned. There is no vibration to shake your boat.

And when you are not using the motor any member of the family, even the twelve-year-old boy or girl, can derive constant pleasure and benefit from this marvelous lightweight package of power.

In the Johnson you will find 16 outstanding features, protected by patents issued and pending, all of which have combined to win first place among sportsmen everywhere. If you are not familiar with these exclusive advantages, write for a free Catalog Folder today. You will see that now "Johnson sets the Pace" because "Johnson was Right."

JOHNSON MOTOR CO. 852 SAMPLE STREET SOUTH BEND, IND.

(28) EASTERN OFFICE: 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Johnson "WATER-BUG"

THE LIGHTEST, LIVELIEST BOAT MOTOR ON THE WATER

THE JOHNSON Motor takes apart quickly and fits neatly in this handy case, with space left in each corner for supplies and tackle. Slides under a Pullman seat.

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

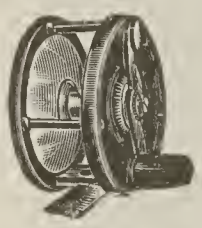
Makes You Sunburn-Proof

Just one application of NOBURN before exposure and you are sunburn-proof. Still you can get a good tan. NOBURN is not a healing lotion but an absolute preventive against sunburn. NOBURN gives great relief while fishing, canoeing or on the beach. It's a liquid easily put on; quickly washed off. You can't tell you have it on. Send $1 for bottle containing season's supply. Your money back if you are not immensely pleased with NOBURN.

STRONG-COBB & COMPANY
303 Central Viaduct Cleveland, Ohio

FISHING TACKLE

Deal Direct With the Manufacturer



When the question of quality tackle comes up there is never a doubt as to where ours fits in. Edward vom Hofe Tackle made the capture of big game fish a pleasure. Its character stands out no matter where it is used. Our reputation was made long ago, and we maintain it by building and selling honest goods.

Catalog of 160 Pages Sent on Request

Edward vom Hofe & Company
91 Fulton Street New York City

THE AUTO ANGLE

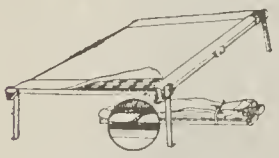
An improved Target Trap that changes its angles mechanically without the use of a spring. **No Shimmy——No Shake — No Slam — Simple — Strong—Serviceable.**

Built by an organization of Trapshooters of broad experience. Sold on a guarantee of **Satisfactory Service**, or your money refunded.

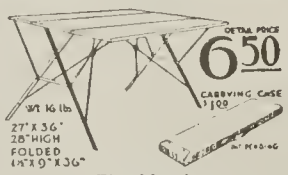
Write to-day for full information.

The Automatic Angle Trap Co.
Chillicothe, Ohio.

THE LINCOLN FOLDING FURNITURE



The Lincoln Folding Bed
Strong, rigid, durable steel frame, reinforced canvas top, with heavy springs. It really folds, no detachable parts. Can be set up or folded in 30 seconds.
PRICE $19.75



The Lincoln Metal Folding Table
Strong, rigid, sanitary, compact, smooth, flat, solid top. Makes a fine card table, excellent writing surface. Set up or fold in 30 seconds.

The Lincoln Junior Stool
The strongest, biggest little stool on the market, weight 3 lbs., 16 inches high.
PRICE $1.25
WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS

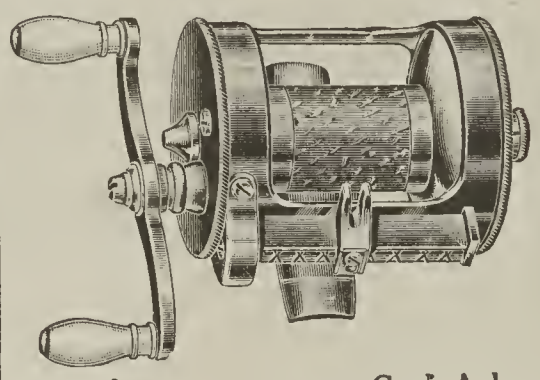
Exceptional Proposition for Dealers

McGrew Machine Works, Lincoln, Nebraska

Send for Our
Sportsman's Catalog
FOREST & STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY
221 West 57th Street, New York City

MEISSELBACH
"OKeh"
Level Wind Reel

Guaranteed to last a lifetime



100 yd. Cap — Cork Arbor "Takapart" features

A SMASHING STRIKE OR A LAZY NIBBLE —

In either case you want the same results—a catch.

The Meisselbach "OKeh" level wind reel is the choice of fishermen everywhere. No tangling or jamming — no back lash, or hitch.

Light and strong with all the individual Meisselbach features, the "OKeh" Reel is the greatest improvement since the "fishing pole" was in vogue.

Write for our new booklet, "Brief Castlets." It is FREE, and you may find some valuable information in it. Drop us a line today—

Then ask your dealer to show you a genuine Meisselbach Reel—see him take it apart and put it together again in 20 seconds.

Genuine Meisselbach Reels—famous wherever fish are curious.

A. F. MEISSELBACH MFG. CO.
25 WEST 45th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

A. F. Meisselbach Mfg. Co.
Department A2.
25 West 45th Street,
New York City.

Department —.
Gentlemen: Please send me FREE your booklet, "Brief Castlets."
Very truly yours,

Name .....
Address .....
City .....

Suddenly the float disappeared, the point of the rod was violently pulled into the water, and Luke, awakening, took in the situation, and with a savage jerk, struck a large fish which threatened to pull him from his perch. Indeed, he was forced to follow it into the water to save his tackle.

Luke, seeing them approaching, cried out appealingly:

"Wat I gwine to do wid dis fish?"

"Keep your pole up, and lead him out to the shallow water."

Finally, after a few minutes more of great effort, and much floundering of the fish, he succeeded in getting the fish into shallow water, and drew it out on the shore, a channel cat-fish, weighing fully ten pounds.

"I got be boss green bass, too, Mars' Nash," said he, as he drew his fish-string out of the water and displayed a large-mouthed bass of four pounds.

"And the only large-mouthed bass caught this morning," said the Professor. "Now, Ignatius," he continued, "lay it side by side with your heaviest small-mouthed bass, and you will readily see the principal points of difference. In the first place, Luke's fish is more robust, or 'chunkier,' yours being more shapely and lengthy. Then Luke's bass has much the larger mouth, its angle reaching considerably beyond or behind the eye, while in yours it scarcely reaches the middle of the eye; thus it is they are called large and small-mouthed bass. Then the scales of Luke's are much larger than those of yours, for if you count them along the lateral line you will find only about sixty-five scales from the head to the minute scales at the base of the caudal fin, while there are about seventy-five on either of your small-mouthed bass. You also observe that the scales on the cheeks of Luke's fish are not much smaller than those on its sides, while on your fish the cheek scales are quite minute as compared with those on its body.

"As for Luke's big-mouthed bass," continued the Professor, "I've taken them in Florida weighing about fourteen pounds. I used a ten-ounce rod for those big fellows; I could have killed them with this little rod by taking more time and muscle, and uselessly prolonging the struggles of the fish, but I deem that unsportsmanlike."

"I've heard," said Ignatius, "that most of the Florida bass are taken with the hand-line and trolling-spoon."

"That is the way most Northern tourists usually take them, because they don't know how to handle a rod; and then, the necessary tackle for hand-trolling can be carried in the pocket. It is the simplest mode of angling, if it can be dignified by the name, for it is more suggestive of meat, or 'pot,' than sport. The pseudo-

"It Wasn't Luck"

There's Fish in Ontario

Agents:

Atlanta, 49 *N. Forsyth St.*
Boston, 405 *Boylston St.*
Buffalo, 160 *Pearl St.*
Chicago, 140 *So. Clark St.*
Cincinnati, 430 *Walnut St.*
Cleveland, 1040 *Prospect Ave.*
Detroit, 1239 *Griswold St.*
Duluth, Soo Line Depot
Kansas City, 601 *Railway Exchange Bldg.*
Los Angeles, 605 *S. Spring St.*
Minneapolis, 611 *Second Ave. S.*
Montreal, 141 *St. James St.*
Windsor St. Station.

DO YOU remember the thrill of your first catch? Can't you smell the wood smoke in the twilight and hear the cooking pan's cheerful sizzle above glowing embers? Do you remember the appetite you brought to the feast? And the lazy hours around the campfire in the clearing?

Come and recapture it all in Ontario this Year

Here are Bungalow Camps built this year for you in the heart of this sportsman's Mecca. Where rivers and lakes are teeming with fish that fight. And here, too, are guides who know just where to take you when you come.

3 New Bungalow Camps— Easy to Reach

Three new camps—Lake of the Woods, Nipigon River and French River—located where fishing is good and forests inviting. Each camp is composed of comfortably furnished rustic bungalows grouped around a central clubhouse where you dine—the meals are excellent—and indulge in social diversions. An ideal vacation, yet it actually costs less than a holiday spent at an ordinary summer resort. All the camps are easy to reach by Canadian Pacific.

Spend your summer vacation at one of these hospitable Bungalow Camps. *Any Canadian Pacific agent will be glad to furnish full particulars.* Ask the nearest one.

Agents:

New York, Madison Ave. at 44th St.
Philadelphia, Locust and 15th St.
Pittsburgh, 340 *Sixth Ave.*
Portland, Ore., 55 *Third St.*
San Francisco, 675 *Market St.*
Seattle, 608 *Second Ave.*
St. Louis, 420 *Locust St.*
Tacoma, 1113 *Pacific Ave.*
Toronto, 1 *King St., E.*
Washington, D. C., 1419 *New York Ave.*

Canadian Pacific

It Spans the World

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

FAMOUS STEAMERS
"Washington Irving" "Hendrick Hudson"
"Robert Fulton" "Albany"
"De Witt Clinton"
"Alexander Hamilton" (under construction)

Hudson River by Daylight

Don't miss it this year!—the most delightful inland water trip on the American continent. Inspiring views of lofty Palisades and headlands; beautiful shore vistas; points of historic interest. A new thrill at every turn.

The Pleasant Route To Vacation Lands

No matter which direction you travel, the Day Line forms the ideal connecting link between New York and the Catskills, Berkshires, Adirondacks, Saratoga, Lake George, Lake Champlain, Niagara Falls and all points North, East and West. Delightful One-Day Outings from New York.

Daily and Sunday service—season May 12 to Oct. 21. Rail tickets accepted, New York to Albany, Albany to New York.

Write for Illustrated Literature

Hudson River Day Line
Desbrosses Street Pier New York

BINOCULARS

Achromatic Adjustable Prisma Type Clear White Crystal 8X Lenses. Ideal for Hunting, Camping, Fishing, etc. Guaranteed perfect. Well made and serviceable; will last a lifetime. Black morocco covered body. Case and Shoulder Straps included. Value $20.00. Our special price, C.O.D., $8.75.

Order to-day. This instrument guaranteed to please or money cheerfully refunded.

BENNER & CO. D-5 Trenton, N. J.

The WENZEL POLELESS TENT
A Wall Tent without A Ridgepole

Beyond the Distant Hills
ADVENTURE CALLS

Put care away; oil up the old bus and point for the great outdoors. You'll want this tent along--on the running board until you need it, then pitched in a jiffy anywhere. The Wenzel Poleless is truly portable--a real vacation home. 5 sizes, all of finest waterproof khaki duck. Let your dealer show you, or write us for *free* illustrated catalog.

H. Wenzel Tent & Duck Co. ***Dept. F***
1035 Paul Street - *St. Louis, Mo.*

LOOK 'EM OVER!

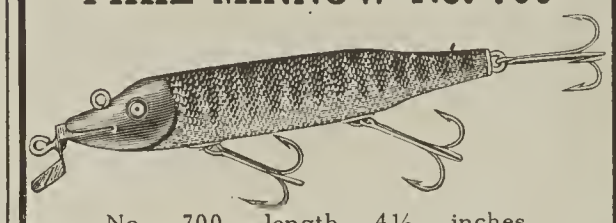
CREEK CHUB NATURE LURES

Didja ever see baits so lifelike in appearance, and they are just as lifelike in movement.

Be sure they are all in your kit for your fishing trip, then you'll

CATCH MORE FISH

THE FAMOUS PIKIE MINNOW No. 700



No. 700, length 4½ inches. Weight ¾ oz. Natural Pike color. Scale finish. Price $1.00.

No. 900 Baby Pikie. Length 3¾ inches. Weight ½ oz. Price 95c.

NEW PORK RIND LURE POLLY WIGGLE No. 1700

Length of Body 1¾ inches. Weight 12 oz.

No. 1700 Natural Polly Wog Color. Price $1.00

No. 1701 White with Red Head. Price $1.00

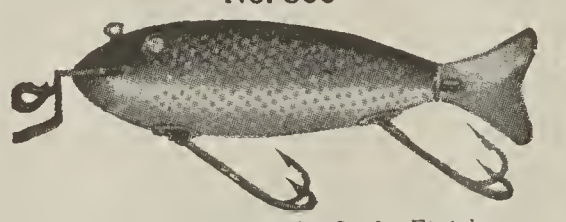
NEW INJURED MINNOW

No. 1500 (Flat Side Chub)

Length 3¾ inches. Weight about ¾ oz. Color a beautiful blend of dark green, silver and red in scale finish. Price, $1.00.

DE LUXE WAG TAIL CHUB

No. 800



Color Natural Chub, Scale Finish. No. 800 length 2¾ in. Weight ½ oz. Price $1.00.

Progressive dealers have them or will get them for you. All baits guaranteed to be satisfactory in every respect or money refunded. Dealers can sell our baits under this guarantee and we will protect them.

Our new Tackle Catalogue gives full information about these and other good lures. It's free for the asking.

THE CREEK CHUB BAIT CO.
131 S. Randolph Street, Garrett, Ind.

angler sits in the stern of a boat with a stout line, nearly the size of an ordinary lead-pencil and about seventy-five yards long, to the end of which is attached a spoon-bait or trolling-spoon, with one or two small swivels. When the boatman rows the boat slowly and quietly along the trolling spoon, revolving swiftly beneath the surface at the end of fifty yards of line, glittering and flashing in the sunlight, is eagerly seized by the bass as it passes near his lair, when one or more of the hooks attached to the spoon are fixed in his jaws. While there is a certain amount of excitement in hauling in the struggling bass by 'main strength and stupidity,' as the mule pulls, there is not the faintest resemblance to sport, for there is no skill required in the manipulation of the line or bait or in handling the fish when hooked."

"Do they troll with the hand-line, too?" asked Ignatius.

"Not many of them; they use a long rod or pole for still-fishing, skittering, and bobbing."

"What are skittering and bobbing?"

"Bobbing has been practiced in Florida for more than a century, and is a very simple but remarkably 'killing' method of fishing. The tackle consists of a long cane or wooden rod, two or three feet of stout line, and the 'bob,' which is formed by tying three hooks together, back to back, and covering their shanks with a portion of a deer's tail, somewhat on the order of a colossal hackle-fly; strips of red flannel or red feathers are sometimes added, all together forming a kind of tassel, with the points of the hooks projecting at equal distances. The man using the bob is seated in the bow of a boat, which the boatman poles or paddles silently and slowly along the borders of the stream or lake, when the fisher, holding the long rod in front of him, so that the bob is a few inches above the surface, allows it to dip or 'bob' at frequest intervals in the water, among the lily-pads, deer-tongue, and other aquatic plants that grow so luxuriantly in that sub-tropical region. The bass frequently jumps clear of the water to grab the bob, but usually takes it when it is dipped or trailed on the surface. Deer hair is very buoyant, and the queer-looking bob seems like a huge, grotesque insect, flying or skimming along the clear, still waters.

"Skittering," continued the Professor, "is practiced with a strong line about the length of the rod, to which is affixed a small trolling-spoon, a minnow, or a piece of pork-rind cut in the rude semblance of a small fish. The boat is poled along, as in 'bobbing,' but farther out in the stream, when

A ready camp fire for instant service

Smoke and embers in the food have the joy of novelty for a day or two. Chopping wood and coaxing wet wood to burn are primitive pleasures that soon pall. We all endure such discomfort because of the joy of life out in the open. But why suffer such inconvenience when you can

"Camp like a King" with

Prest-O-Lite Gas

and PREST-O-POCKET STOVE

It's a complete gas kitchen that cooks hot meals at wayside camp or permanent camp. Simply turn on the gas and have a piping hot meal from coffee to steak or fish inside of 10 minutes. Think of the convenience of having a camp fire at a moment's notice without fuss or bother any hour of the day or night. And its a campfire that burns as well in the tent while its raining outdoors. No embers to get in the food or smoke to get in your eyes. Turn off the gas and the fire is out—no embers left to cause a forest fire. The same Prest-O-Lite tank furnishes camp light, too—at the same time you are cooking, if you wish.

22,000 P. O. L. stations exchange full tanks for empties and charge for gas only. See your nearest dealer or write us for Camp Cooking and Lighting folder.

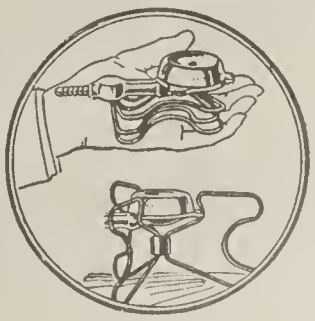
Sporting goods dealers: Write for our interesting proposition.

This is the Tank

THE PREST-O-LITE COMPANY, Inc.
SMALL TANK SALES DEPARTMENT
Indianapolis, Ind.

New York Office: 30 East 42nd Street
Pacific Coast Office: 599 Eighth Street, San Francisco
In Canada: Prest-O-Lite Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

This is the Stove



In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

Shoot over Hays' "True to life" Decoys

Made exactly like the wild ducks and geese we raise on our five-acre lake, and use as models. They have natural color glass eyes and are hand painted. The shape and color are perfect and the decoys have the special "Hays' Feather Finish." At ten feet distance they cannot be distinguished from live birds.

Made from selected Idaho cedar—guaranteed not to split. Paint stays on. Hollow (Grand Prix) solid (Superior) models.

Insist on "Hays' Decoys" at your dealers.

Send for catalogue illustrated in colors.

J. M. HAYS WOOD PRODUCTS CO.
Jefferson City, Mo.
Dept. 55

SEND NO MONEY
for these AUTOMATICS

$10.25

A Man's Gun, Military Model, built for hard service, just like they used "Over There." .32-cal., 10-shot, blue steel, safety attachment.; No. 205 with extra magazine FREE, now reduced to..... **$10.25**

.25-cal., 7-shot, blue steel Gun, vest pocket style, accurate and reliable, perfect grip; No. 105 now reduced to.... **$8.75**

Mauser .25-cal. 8-shot World Famous Gun, No. 805..... **$12.25**
.32-cal. Mauser, No. 805-A... **$13.25**

Luger .30-cal. 9-shot, most powerful gun made with automatic magazine ejector, No. 905.... **$21.00**

These Guns Are Brand New and Use Standard Ammunition

Rush Order—Supply Limited; pay postman on arrival our price plus postage, or send cash, check, money order and save postage charges. Examine merchandise carefully upon delivery and if not satisfied return at once and your money will be promptly refunded.

Edwards Import Trading Corp. 258 Broadway NEW YORK

AUTOMATE
POCKET LAMP

Generates Its Own Current by Movement of Lever No Batteries

NO BATTERIES

For Sportsmen, Motorists, Watchmen, etc. Always ready. Aluminum case, long-life bulb. Will last for years. Officially recognized by several governments as military or naval equipment.

ERNEST C. CHESWELL
284 Ferry Street
Malden, Mass.
Canadian Office:
W. J. Patterson Way
Central Chambers,
Ottawa

Always Ready **$6.00**

Delivered to any address U. S. or Canada, postpaid and insured. Remit by Postal or Express Money Orders or may be sent C. O. D. Prices subject to change without notice.

Well Informed Sportsmen Want This Better Wad

SINCE shells loaded with Cork-Tex Wads have been tried out, the verdict of experienced shooters is practically unanimous. This new and better wad represents a permanent improvement in the shooting properties of shells.

Cork-Tex Wads are made of cork products, with a scientific binding material, and an efficient lubricant.

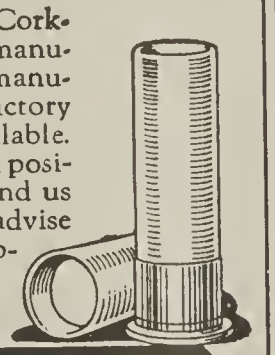
They keep out moisture, making a more stable load. They lessen fatigue, recoil and nerve strain. They increase accuracy without loss of velocity—and insure an absolutely clean load.

Every hunter and trapshooter who has used Cork-Tex wadded shells knows that in firing, Cork-Tex Wads do not disintegrate and blow back into the shooter's face.

Send for our free booklet, "Shell Certainty Through Ballistic Science," and free samples of Cork-Tex Wads.

Bond Manufacturing Corporation
513 Monroe St. Wilmington, Delaware

Note: We make the "Cork-Tex" wads for shell manufacturers. We do not manufacture shells—but factory loaded shells are available. If your dealer is not in position to supply you, send us his name and we will advise him how he may be supplied with "Cork-Tex" wadded shells.



CORK TEX
The New WAD Endorsed by SCIENCE

the angler, standing in the bow, 'skitters' or skips the spoon or bait over the surface just at the edge of the weeds. Skittering is a more legitimate method of angling than bobbing, for with the longer line the bass gives considerable play before he can be taken into the boat; and as this manner of fishing is usually done in shallow waters abounding in moss, grass, and weeds, the fish must be kept on the surface and landed quickly.

"Ignatius, you should become a fly-fisher," added the Professor. "Your style of bait-fishing is admirably suited to the Northern lakes and the deep rivers, where, indeed, it is the favorite method with the best anglers, though a small swivel or sinker is necessary to keep the minnow beneath the surface. But on such a charming, rapid, and romantic river as this, the artificial fly alone, should be used. This afternoon, when the sun is low in the west, bass will again rise to the fly, and if you like we will try them again."

And now, while the Professor and Ignatius are talking of other matters over their pipes, we will conclude by wishing "good luck" to the entire fraternity of anglers, from him of the aesthetic fly to him of the humble worm, but with a mental reservation as to him of the hand-line and spoon.

NESSMUK'S CAMP FIRE

(*Continued from page* 313)

the stroke, after which bring the paddle out edgeways and repeat the stroke.

Think the above carefully, picture it in your mind and take a broom and rehearse it before trying it out.

As for size and weight of paddle, suit yourself, remembering that too large and heavy a paddle proves tiresome and a small paddle loses you too much energy.

Pick a medium-weight paddle reaching in the vicinity of your chest, and not too broad a blade; when buying watch for knot-holes in paddle.

Your speed will be according to the muscle you place behind the stroke. Remember, a short, steady stroke all around equals a long hesitating stroke.

As for camping, I am not attempting to tell how to cook, pitch a tent or chop wood, just a brief sketch and a few hints that can only be acquired by experience itself.

Always plan your trip way ahead, that is nearly half your trip. Get the right sort of fellows who will stick through thick and thin, fellows who are not afraid to share the camp duties. Make your lists of food and clothing, remembering that: coffee, sugar, bread and butter go fast in camp.

ELMER WHEELER.

(*Continued in Next Number*)

HETTRICK

Weighs only 18 pounds.

The Best Tent for Sportsmen

THIS new Hettrick tent entirely meets all requirements of sportsmen.

It is especially designed for their use.

Do not risk spoiling your trip this season with an inferior or burdensome tent. Make sure of comfort and camping ease by getting this convenient tent.

It is *easy to carry,* on running board of motor car, on a train trip or on hiking jaunt.

Unusually Roomy

When rolled with jointed poles and stakes it is only 12 inches in diameter and 40 inches long. This makes a compact handy package.

It is always easy to *find a place* to erect this Hettrick Tent and you can erect it in a few minutes. It can also be used without poles by throwing the front flap over the top of motor car.

There is ample room for three cots. The flap out in front practically doubles the size of the tent.

Exclusive Watershed Treated

It is made of a high grade closely woven canvas, unusually strong and durable for this purpose. All seams have two rows of stitches. It is given the exclusive Hettrick Watershed treatment so that it will resist rain and moisture, and be mildew-proof. It will not crack when folded. There is an extra heavy reinforced band where the front flap fastens to the top, permitting the tent to be stretched out in a flat and smooth surface from the pitch of the tent. The Khaki color will not attract or absorb the hot rays of the sun as a white tent will.

Order *Yours* at Once

Ask your Sporting Goods Dealer for a Hettrick Tent. If he hasn't one in stock he can quickly get it from us for you. We particularly recommend this Tourist Tent No. 8, illustrated above, because it so economically gives every convenience and comfort without being big, burdensome or hard to erect.

Finest Quality Guaranteed

The size of the base is 7 ft. 6 in. x 7 ft. 6 in. Height of rear wall 3 ft. Height of opening 7 ft. Front flap 5 ft. x 7 ft. Possessing as we do the largest canvas cutting room under one roof in the United States, supplemented by vast facilities and modern equipment, we have merited and justly won the distinction of the largest producers of tents and canvas goods of all kinds in the U. S. The triple benefits of Quality, Price and Service reflect from every angle in favor of Sportsmen who accord us an opportunity to serve them.

Floor Cloth

We furnish a separate floor cloth 7 ft. 6 in. x 7 ft. 6 in., with metal grommets in each corner made in heavy Khaki-Watershed Duck, $6.00 extra.

Dealers should write us at once. Address Dept. A

THE HETTRICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

TROUTING IN THE Colorado ROCKIES

In a few hours, now, the angler can go by auto, to out-of-the-way fishing streams and lakes in the National Forests of Colorado, to where only a few years ago it required a long, hard trip with guide, pack-train and extensive camp equipment.

Write Today for Free Booklet

that tells what you can see, time required, cost of trips to Rocky Mountain National Park, Mesa Verde National Park, Denver's Mountain Parks, The Glaciers and 60 other short trips. Rail trips: Platte Canyon, Georgetown Loop, Moffat Road.

DENVER TOURIST BUREAU, 541 17th St., Denver, Colo.

Scenic Colorado has—

Mountain Peaks

Of the 59 mountain peaks in the United States 14,000 feet high or over, 46 are in the Colorado Rockies.

2 National Parks

Rocky Mountain National Park —the most popular of all the National Parks; and Mesa Verde National Park, the Ancient Cliff Dweller Ruins, are in Colorado.

15 National Forests

There are 15 National Forests in Colorado. Total area is over 13,000,000 acres. They contain 6,000 miles of fishing streams and over 500 lakes.

Living Glaciers

These huge masses of living glaciers that have carved their way through "The Snowy Range"—the source of Denver's cool days—are accessible from Denver.

Rail and Auto Scenic Trips

60 short trips of from one hour to a day, or a week, can be taken into the Colorado Rockies.

CAMPING HIKING
FISHING MOTORING
GOLFING CLIMBING
COOL DAYS
COMFORTABLE NIGHTS

It's ALL in COLORADO

Mr. Fisherman!

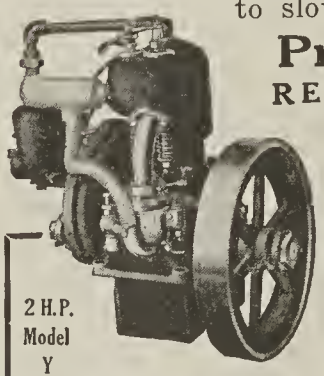
WHY not have a try at Mountain Trout? The territory beyond Lander, Wyo., on the Chicago & North Western Ry. has been rightly named the Fisherman's Paradise. There you can have the best trout fishing of your life and at the same time enjoy some of the grandest scenery in the Rocky Mountain Region. Just another step from there to Yellowstone. Write to C. A. Cairns, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago & North Western Ry., 226 West Jackson Street, Chicago, Ill., for further information and descriptive booklet.

530

Established Twenty-two Years

Still Holding Regal Prices to Low Level

Here is the ideal four-cycle engine for 15-ft. to 18-ft. fishing boats. Weight 135 lbs. Starts easily; throttles to slow trolling speed.



2 H.P. Model Y

Price $120

REGAL ENGINES

made in 17 sizes, one to eight cylinders, and built for long, hard service. Catalogue and new low price list on request.

Regal Gasoline Engine Company
Division Street
Coldwater, Michigan

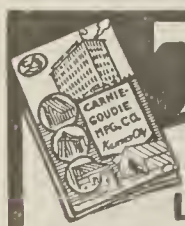
English Ringneck

PHEASANT EGGS

Guaranteed delivery at your post office. Five Dollars for fifteen. All pens headed by cocks imported this year.

Arden Estate, Arden, Orange Co., N. Y.

TENTS AND CAMP SUPPLIES



Before you buy—see our new Catalog of Touring and Camping Tents, Clothing, Cooking Outfits, Army Goods, etc.

Lowest Prices In America.

Hundreds of Bargains all guaranteed. 50% less than dealers price. Send your name and address today for FREE BOOK.

CARNIE-GOUDIE CO., Dept. 542 Kansas City, Mo.

Duck Foods That Will Grow

If the reader is interested in growing duck foods, Wild celery, Sogo pond Widgeon grass or any of our Currituck duck foods, write us. We have been in the business many years and know how to grow the foods. If fond of duck, goose, quail or snipe shooting, write us for reservation for next season.

WHITE'S GAME PRESERVE
Waterlily, Currituck Sound, N. C.

THE HORSE-HAIR FISH LINE

(*Continued from page* 307)

to come together. Twist as tight as desired, then advance and insert anew in the slit as shown in (H). (The first thought when one is twisting a line like this is that it will untwist as it hangs free. This will surprise you for it will not. It is true that when you hold it up free it will untwist a little, but just a little, and then it will stay that way.)

One can proceed then as shown in Figure VII. This consists of attaching to the end of the winding stick containing the finished line, a weight of some kind not to exceed a half pound, or heavy enough in all events to hold the line stationary while the twisting is done. This can be hung over the back of a chair, etc., as shown in Figure VII, so that when the line is twisted it will turn of its own accord to untwist a few times, as I have mentioned; then, when the untwisting is over it can be wrapped on the stick and the twisting of the two lines together can be continued. The method once seized upon is very simple, but unless understood its very simplicity is as intricate, and as little to be understood as a Chinese puzzle. But master the various moves and you will be surprised how smoothly and well one can take up the making of a line of this sort. I will admit that you may meet with some minor difficulties in the twisting, but even the poorest amateur, if the various moves are mastered, should be able to make a line after a few attempts.

When your line is completed stretch it out and pull it and go over it, rubbing it down by having a glove on your hand so that the fingers will not be hurt. It will be noticed that the ends of the hair where each was inserted in the line will be sticking out here and there along the whole length. Do not clip these off when the line is made, nor when you have stretched it and rubbed it down. Use it to fish with for a little time so that each hair is stretched its full length, to pull in as much as each will go, then the ends of the hairs thrust out here and there may be clipped off close. You will then be surprised to find that you have a line that will be as tenacious as any line ever was or ever will be. One point more. A line such as this if merely coiled around a stick will, if allowed to remain, take on a coiled effect and will be hard to straighten in the water. Therefore lay it on a piece of board a foot or more in length, wrapping it on lengthwise. It will then come out more or less straight in the water.

Who wouldn't "look pleasant?"

"Here is a snapshot of the kid holding the big one—15½ pounds taken on your Shimmy Wiggler.

"There were some other lesser lights also, but all real bass, one of them weighing 12¾ pounds. This also was caught on your Shimmy Wiggler — in fact all our fish were caught on that bait. No one in our party used anything else — or will they!

"This is my first Florida fishing, but you can bet it won't be the last! I have been fishing for years on the St. Lawrence, and on the Rideau chain of lakes back of Kingston, Ontario, but there is nothing to compare with the big boys of the Kissimee River. And, Oh Boy! they certainly wait in line for that old Shimmy Wiggler."

So writes Mr. A. P. Lodewick, of N. Y. City, of the fish-getting qualities of

SHIMMYETTE FLY ROD WIGGLER
Weight 1-20 oz., 50c
(Used with our fly spinner pork)

SHIMMY WIGGLER, ½ or ⅝ oz., $1.00

ORIENTAL WIGGLER, ½ or ⅝ oz., $1.00
All Red, All White, or Red and White

LITTLE EGYPT WIGGLER, Weight ½ oz.
75c

45c — Bass, Musky and Fly Spinner sizes

Al Foss Pork Rind Minnows

That "the Good Die Young," is more or less true, when applied to persons. Mostly because the young aren't tempted by Kalsomined Flappers or Bootleggers with synthetic gin, who sometimes lead us older birds away from the "straight and narrow."

But with fish lures it's another story, for "the Bad Die Young." The good ones, only, live to a ripe old age.

A lure is either a good one or it isn't. If it is good it will be good until Gabriel blows his trumpet. But a poor one will always be a piece of cheese, no matter what extravagant claims are made for it.

Al Foss Pork Rind Minnows are time tested and proven. Their success has brought forth a host of imitations by makers without brains or initiative to originate anything but puzzle-witted junk, or enough sportsmanship to shame them from stealing another man's ideas. Foss Minnows are covered by patents which prevent their duplication in the essential features that make them fish-getters.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct to

AL FOSS, 1726 Columbus Road, Cleveland, Ohio

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

SEE YOUR GUN Before Buying

We Will Ship Guns C.O.D. Subject to Your Examination

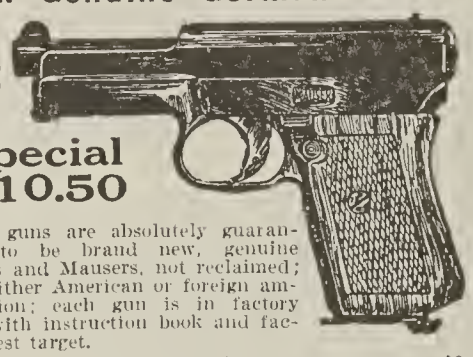
New Genuine German Luger

Automatic .30 Cal.

WITH EXTRA MAGAZINE

SPECIAL $16.50

New Genuine German Mauser



.25 or .32 Cal.

Special $10.50

These guns are absolutely guaranteed to be brand new, genuine Lugers and Mausers, not reclaimed; uses either American or foreign ammunition; each gun is in factory box, with instruction book and factory test target.

New Ortgies Auto., .25-cal. $8.50
.32-cal. 9.00

CARTRIDGES (Per 100)

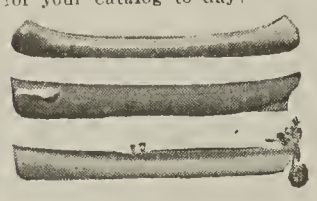
.25 or .32-Cal. 2.00
.30 Luger 3.00
Luger Holsters—made special for Lugers 2.00
Mauser Holsters 1.50

All above guns are new and original factory boxes and will be shipped to you C. O. D. subject to your examination.

MAX COOK
1653 Larimer St. DENVER, COLO.
No Catalog

Get This Boat Catalog!

Illustrates, in full colors, complete and finest line of boats we have ever offered. Savings greater than ever before. Trim, stable, handsome models—speedy, safe and easy on the oarsman. Thousands in use the country over. Write for your catalog to-day!

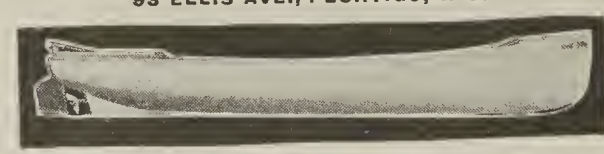


Canoes ..... $45 Up
Rowboats ..... $40 Up
Flat Bottom Boats (Shipped Knocked-Down) ..... $29 Up
Assemble sections yourself—ready for water—two hours.
Fish and Hunting Boats ..... $32 Up
Outboard Motor Boats ..... $46 Up
Motor Boats (16 to 26 Ft., Engine Installed) ..... $200 Up

Save Money—Order by Mail

State kind of boat in which you are interested.

Thompson Bros. Boat Mfg. Co.
93 ELLIS AVE., PESHTIGO, WIS.

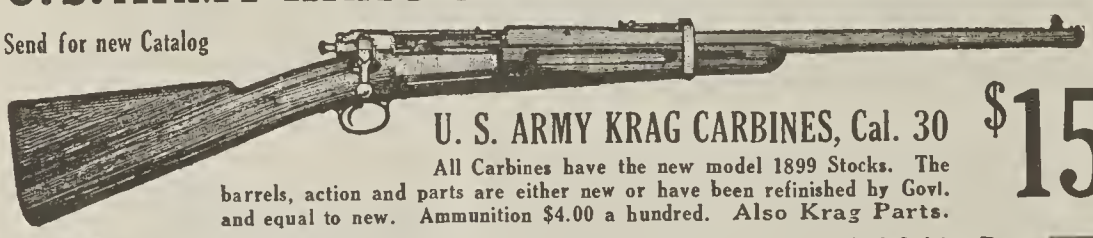


WHY NOT spend Spring, Summer and Fall gathering butterflies, insects? I buy hundreds of kinds for collections. Some worth $1 to $7 each. Simple outdoor work with my instructions, pictures, price-list. Send 10c (not stamps) for my Illustrated prospectus before sending butterflies.

Mr. Sinclair, Dealer in Insects, Dept. 9, Ocean Park, Calif.

U.S. ARMY KRAG GUNS--PARTS--AMMUNITION

Send for new Catalog



U. S. ARMY KRAG CARBINES, Cal. 30 **$15.00**

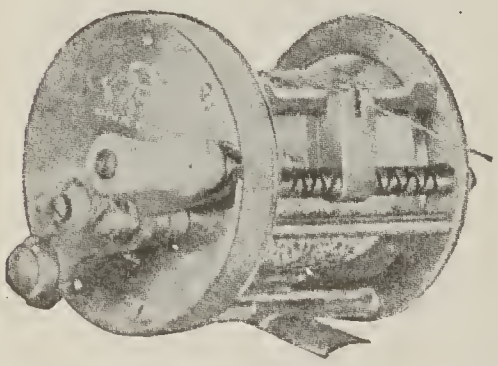
All Carbines have the new model 1899 Stocks. The barrels, action and parts are either new or have been refinished by Govt. and equal to new. Ammunition $4.00 a hundred. Also Krag Parts.

W. STOKES KIRK, 1733 to 39 North 12th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"It Sure BEETZS'EL—The BEETZSEL"

You will say so, too—**if you get one now**—you will be guaranteeing **yourself** a summer of record catches. Ask **any** dealer.

"GET ON THE BEETZSEL TRAIN—IT STOPS AT **FISH**"



! ! ! LISTEN TO THIS

Backlashing Impossible—Spool Stops at End of Cast—Does Not Shorten Cast a Foot—Adjustable to Weight of Lure—A Real Level-Winding Reel—Automatic Thumber - Jeweled — 100 Yards—Bronze Bearings—Drag—and All on One Reel for only **$25.00.**

THE BEETZSEL REEL IS ONE **REAL** FRIEND THAT MONEY CAN BUY

REDIFOR-BEETZSEL CO., 401 STONLEIGH COURT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

REMEMBER - THE 3-WAY-BEETZSEL

ANGLING FOR THE PERCH

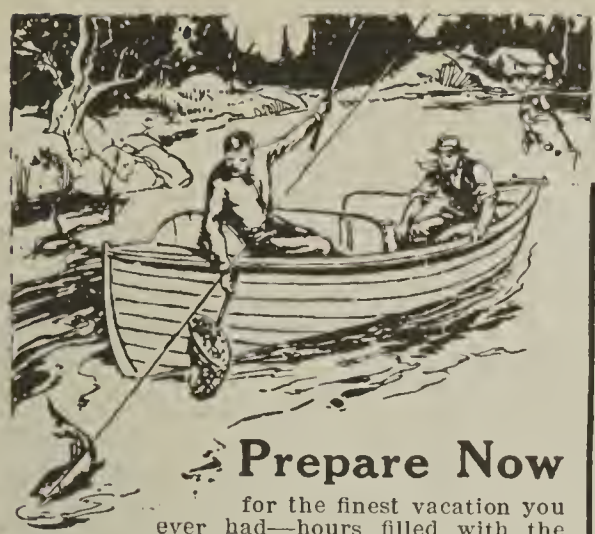
(*Continued from page* 304)

good-sized yellow perch, fried as above stated and I will ask nothing better.

I have ofttimes tried to equal the catch above made, but have never been able todo so. It is one of those events that are thrust upon one now and then in a lifetime. The northern Michigan lakes teem with this fish; indeed, in some lakes one will find little else. I have found that where they are numerous, and the small ones by far predominate, it is best to use a large sized fly and a spinner. The bass fly is therefore recommended. It works out both in theory and practice, that the large ones, if they strike at all, will seize the larger lure. It is well to use a light colored fly in the evening fishing, such as Yellow Sally, the White Miller and the Coachman. These are more readily detected in the water.

The yellow perch often come in from the deep waters of the lake to the bays, and in the clear waters of the north one can stand up in a boat and see hundreds of them; in fact, one can almost pick out the fish he desires to cast to. The perch is rather chary about coming to the surface—hence the flies should be played down to them. Anyone can catch perch on flies if they will get them down in the water. I have played flies (three to a cast) in six feet of water off of the weed beds and have caught perch. Of course, in a case of this sort, one must add split shot to the leader—just enough to bring a little weight to it.

The fecundity of the yellow perch is amazing, to say the very least. It is stated upon reliable authority, that a medium-sized female banded perch will produce 50,000 eggs, and that a female of two pounds weight will deposite a string of eggs over seven feet in length, which will weigh nearly three pounds, and will almost fill a four-quart measure. The eggs are dotted along a string-like material of a transparent color which appears to be crumpled, so that the eggs, dotted thickly along it, give the whole the appearence of a piece of yellowish-white, accordion-plaited, lace. The string is round and consists of a series of concave disks fastened at the center by a thin gelatinous material, so that it much resembles a string of winkle eggs. When the water is approximately 55 degrees F. the perch seem to spawn most freely, although they spawn also when the water is a little cooler; in May they are generally spawning in the Great Lakes region and continue for about two weeks, with pauses in between, if the weather turns chilly. In some years of a late spring,



Prepare Now

for the finest vacation you ever had—hours filled with the sheer joy of catching the big ones up any stream where you can row a boat, without the tiresome oar work.

Make this possible with the WATERFORD—a complete motor-boat for the outdoor man and his family—a boat that will drive in shallow water, over submerged logs and rocks or can be pulled up on the beach like a rowboat.

The instant the protecting skeg strikes any submerged obstacle, the propeller disappears and automatically throttles the motor. Speed from the slightest forward movement to full speed ahead controlled by one lever—so simple a child can operate it. A real motor-boat for the sportsman at a price that will surprise you.

Write for booklet, "1500 Miles in Canadian Wilds," and descriptive literature.

DISAPPEARING PROPELLER BOAT CORP.
391 Robinson St. North Tonawanda, N. Y.

WATERFORD
The Disappearing Propeller Boat

You Can Get 'em

with a

SEA GULL

—down where the big daddies hide

Try a Sea Gull Lure and watch 'em rise to it—bass, trout, whatever you are after.

Sea Gull Lures are sure killers and will keep up their record year after year. The brilliant colors so irresistible to fish, will not fade and the enamel will not crack or chip. Hooks are the very strongest, heavy nickeled, imported English spear-points.

You can have a choice of a wide assortment of colors and sizes according to the [illegible] See them at

—in any kind of fishing

A Sea Gull Reel will never fail you in a pinch. Not only is it built right of the finest materials but there are exclusive advantages that guarantee strength and endurance.

For example: A one-piece reel seat; German silver click spring and holder in one piece (patent applied for); tension cap pin and all bearings of phosphor-bronze; no rivets, only German silver screws; gear and gear-shaft in one piece; high-grade German silver and vulcanized rubber.

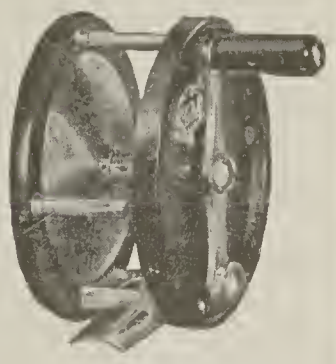
Examine them at your dealer's and realize their unusual value.

Catalog shows all models.

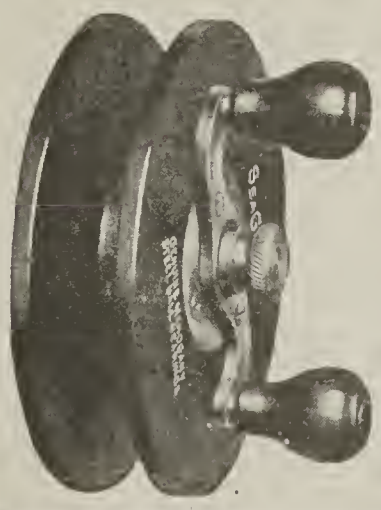
90c each

Sea Gull Bass and Trout Bug No. 600, 1½ in. long; has darting motion; 4 colors. 45c each

[illegible] ing and Fresh Water Trolling Reel, No. 4100, 100 yd. $6.50



Sea Gull Trout and Fly Reel No. 960, single action, 60 yd. $4.00



Sea Gull Reel, No. 65, 5-in. diam., for bank, lake trout, muskallonge and wire-line fishing, genuine mahogany, two sets of steel ball bearings, $4.00

TRADE **SEA GULL** MARK
Schoenfeld-Gutter, Inc.

Reels AND Baits

Campers! Anglers! Auto Tourists!

This part of the year is set aside for the outdoorsman. There is real pleasure for the sportsman who is properly and comfortably dressed.

Eisner-Dupont Sportwear

is conceded to be the very finest outer's wear ever designed.

A garment to fit every need.

Ask your Dealer—insist on Eisner-Dupont. If you cannot obtain, let us know.

Illustrated circulars on request.

Also a free copy of "Trout Fishing."

SIGMUND EISNER CO.

8-14 Bridge Ave.
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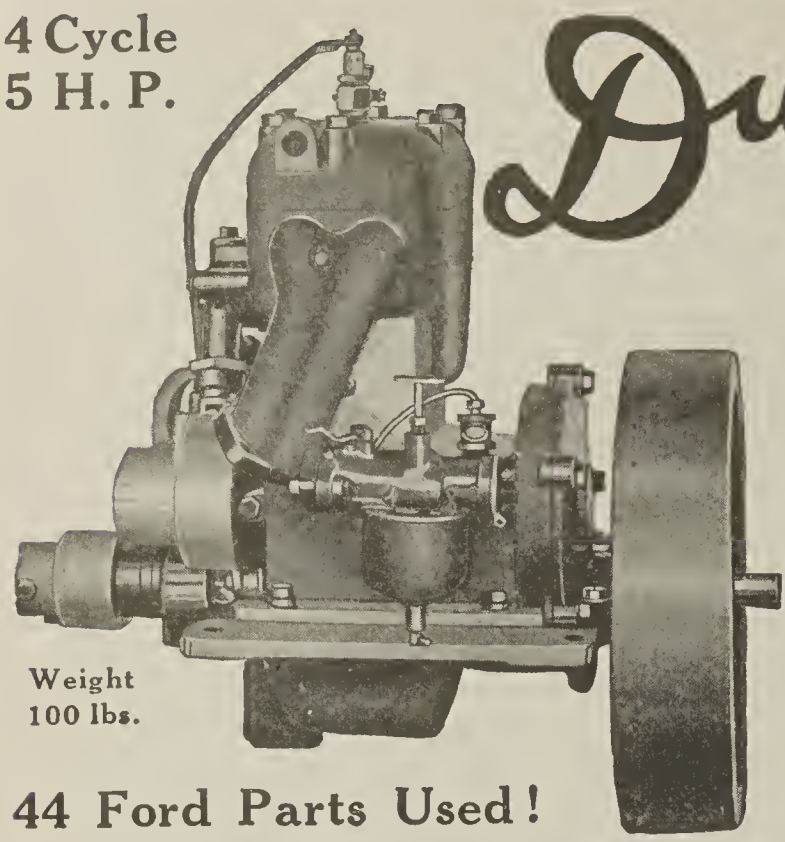
Showrooms

-EISNER-DUPONT-

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

4 Cycle
5 H. P.



Weight
100 lbs.

DuBrie

$97.50
Complete

Bosch Magneto with Impulse Starter!

"The Marine Motor Sensation of the Year."

44 Ford Parts Used!

Send now for Catalog!

Dealers—Boatbuilders—Special Proposition

DUBRIE MARINE MOTORS

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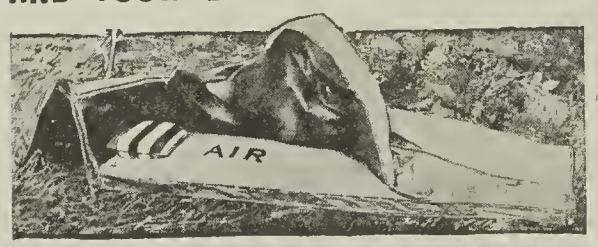
Louisiana Distributors—Stauffer Eshelman Co., Ltd.

SLEEP ON AIR

MATTRESSES

So Soft and Yielding you can make your bed on the roughest and wettest ground and be comfortable. Sanitary, compact and waterproof.

AND YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE



IN A COMFORT SLEEPING POCKET
Comfort Sleeping Pocket is not a Filthy Sweat-Box Sleeping Bag, but an ideal outdoor bed.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

Metropolitan Air Goods products have stood the test for the past 40 years. Recommended by thousands of satisfied Campers, Fishermen, Automobilists, Cowmen, Woodsmen and Forest Service, as the most reliable for outdoor purposes.

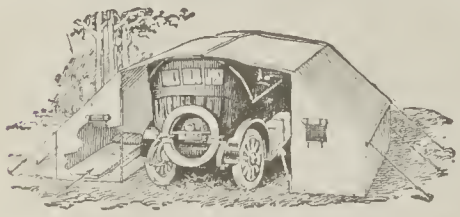
DEFY THE ELEMENTS

CARRY A RAINCOAT IN YOUR POCKET

Many a good time has been spoiled and serious results follow a day or night in the drenching rain that could have been avoided with a Perfection Rain Cape.

Write Today for 1923 Illustrated Catalogue on Comfortable Camping

UTILITY AUTO TENT



It Fits the Running Board

WHALL'S UTILITY TENTS are masterpieces of ingenuity. Guaranteed waterproof. Bugproof and serviceable. Will fit any type of car. Erected with or without auto. Ideal for mixed parties.

Sole Manufacturers

METROPOLITAN AIR GOODS CO. ATHOL, MASS., U. S. A.

I have known the spawning to extend into the month of June.

The eggs of the perch are not deposited on the pebbles of a regular nest, as made by the sunfishes, and the calico bass, but are strung out in the midst of the grasses and vegetation of the water, to the stems of which the gelatinous string is securely attached. Often this string appears some two feet under the surface, sometimes near the bottom, but always it is strung out, free from contact with the sand or muddy floor of the lake. This peculiarity in the spawning of the perch may be news to many.

By keeping watchful about the time you think the yellow perch should spawn, you will see those whitish transparent strings wound in and out through the water vegetation. After hatching out, the yellow perch grows fast, attaining to the length of an inch in a month and at the end of twelve months, sometimes appears over five inches in length; the average length being slightly under that, dependent upon food and water conditions.

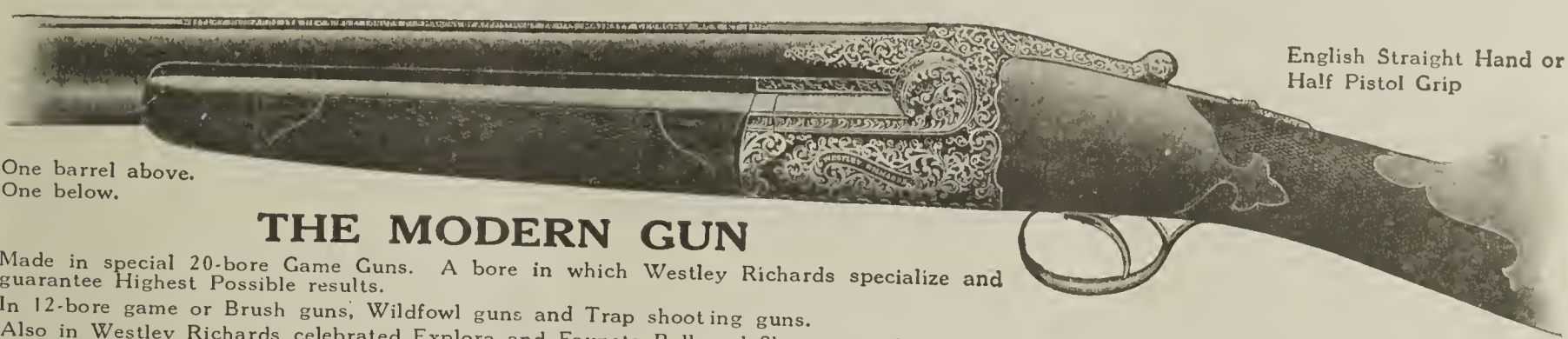
As a pond fish, raised both for home consumption and for the market, it is of course hard to equal the perch as a subject to concentrate upon. I know of several instances where a great success has been made of the venture. Of course, there are fewer who concentrate on the perch, as a pond fish, than those who give their attention to the sunfishes and trout. Meehan says: "Death is always busy among young fish hatched in huge quantities from the eggs of a single parent. Loss from other causes than death is also great among minute fry, in the majority of cases at least 90 per cent. This would be appalling and discouraging were not the spawn furnished by the female yellow perch, almost limitless in amount. A string of 50,000 eggs will yield, after all losses, about 5,000 fish, a year old, probably three times the yield in nature. A single hatching-jar would hold in the neighborhood of 600,000 eggs, so that one jar alone would yield about 60,000 yearlings. Owing to the great loss during the first few weeks after hatching, it is necessary to stock very heavily a pond intended for rearing purposes. The amount of yellow perch fry introduced, should be at least sixty or seventy times the number of yearlings which it would comfortably carry. This is an important point because it is not necessary to do any sorting the first year. Although a carnivorous fish, the growth is more nearly even in yellow perch than in its distant relative, the black bass, and the loss from cannibalism is, therefore, not as great."

In the winter the perch go into the deeper waters and hug the bottom,

WESTLEY RICHARDS

The Ovundo Breech Loading Gun, the Latest Development of the Westley Richards Firm

An Entirely New Design of Over and Under Gun. A New and Improved Arrangement of the Westley Richards Celebrated Breech Action With Quadruple Fastening. Strongest in the World.



English Straight Hand or Half Pistol Grip

One barrel above.
One below.

THE MODERN GUN

Made in special 20-bore Game Guns. A bore in which Westley Richards specialize and guarantee Highest Possible results.

In 12-bore game or Brush guns, Wildfowl guns and Trap shooting guns.

Also in Westley Richards celebrated Explora and Fauneta Ball and Shot guns, shooting both Ball and Shot against heavy four footed game as proved in Africa and India; firing with unexampled accuracy, special bullets to the longest range with deadly effect. This new development of the Breech Loading Arm is now further produced and proved satisfactory in the heaviest large bore rifles for attacking the most dangerous and largest Mammals.

WESTLEY RICHARDS & CO., LTD.

23 Conduit Street, London, W. 1, and Bournbrook, Birmingham, England

AGENTS: Abercrombie & Fitch, New York. Bob Smith, Boston, Mass.
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$1.25

ANSONIA Sunwatch

Tells the Time and Points the Way

Sportsmen, Campers, Scouts, Guides, Motorists and all outdoor people need a reliable Compass.

The Ansonia Sunwatch is both Compass and Sundial. Tells correct time anywhere in United States.

Handsome brass case; fits vest pocket.

GET IT FROM YOUR DEALER

If he has none in stock, we will mail postpaid on receipt of one dollar and twenty-five cents

Price for United States only

ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY
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Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century

THE TAIFUN SECTIONAL STEEL BOAT

Length 12 ft. Nested 68 in. Weight 115 lbs. Also built for outboard motor use. The only guaranteed Non-Sinkable boat. Will fit on running-board of car.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

THE ALFRED C. GOETHEL COMPANY
827-29-31 31st STREET MILWAUKEE, WIS

Abbey & Imbrie

"Fishing Tackle that's Fit for Fishing."

It's easy to get

good tackle when you know what to ask for. If you do not see the Abbey & Imbrie trademark on the first items that catch your eye in the tackle store, ask the dealer. He doubtless is one of thousands who carry "Abbey & Imbrie" quality for the fisherman who wants that and nothing else.

Look for "The Sign of the Leaping Dolphin." Catalog, 10c.

Abbey & Imbrie
Division of Baker, Murray & Imbrie

97 Chambers St. New York

Established 1820

This Is Our 103rd Year

NEXT TRIP— Be Sure

To Persons Fond of

SHOOTING and FISHING

the South Side of Long Island appeals strongly as a residence. The Great South Bay furnishes excellent duck shooting in the Autumn, yellowleg snipe and shore birds in August, and fishing during the summer.

I offer for sale at West Islip a property of about 96 acres, with beautiful trees and lawns, large shore frontage, on the Bay and on two creeks, with large, comfortable dwelling house, four cottages, boat house, bath houses, garage, stable, greenhouses, chicken houses, etc., all in perfect order, for a price which represents the value of the land alone, within one hour of New York.

JEREMIAH ROBBINS
Babylon, L. I. Tel. Babylon 22

RAISING SILVER BLACK FOXES A VERY PROFITABLE BUSINESS

We will have a few pair of our Pedigreed and Registered **ALASKAN STRAIN** 1923 Puppies For Sale this Spring. These beautiful animals are direct descendants of a strain of foxes that have proven their prolificness and ability to breed true to color for over **FIFTEEN YEARS!!!**

MR. PROSPECTIVE FOX-RANCHER, you cannot afford to start with any other than **THE VERY BEST STOCK OBTAINABLE.** You should therefore send for our various sales plans **TO-DAY.**

MILWAUKEE SILVER BLACK FOX CO.
208 Wells Bldg. Milwaukee, Wis.

THE PRESCOTT SPINNER

"GETS-EM"

WHEN ALL OTHERS FAIL

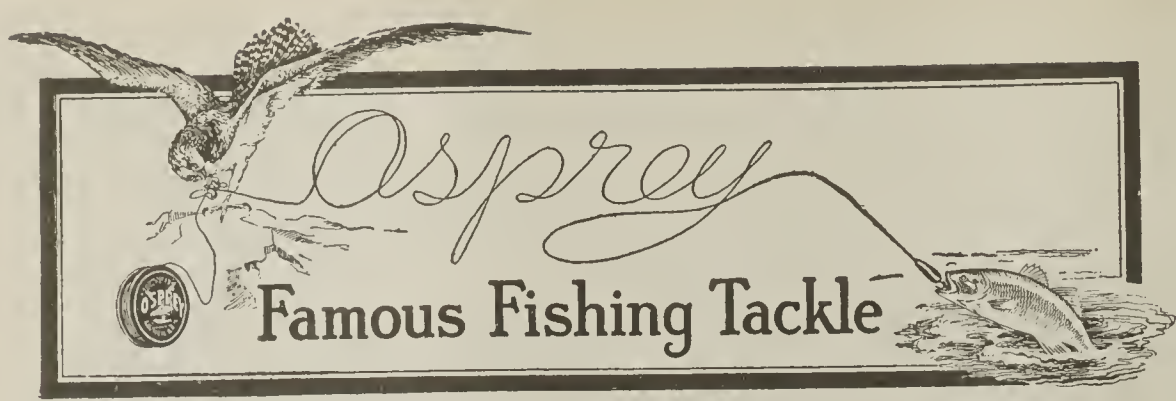
9 IN. OVERALL

ASK | WEEDLESS 30¢
| PLAIN 25¢

YOUR DEALER—SEND FOR CIRCULAR

PRESCOTT SPINNER MFG. CO.
BY CHAS. H. STAPF. PRESCOTT, WIS.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Dardevle Gets all kinds of Fish Anywhere

Read What These Users Say:

Bass, Pike and Pickerel in Indiana
". . . Did a lot of fishing and caught many large and small mouth Black Bass, Sun Fish, Rock Bass, Pickerel and Pike with Dardevle's Imp."—J. C. TEMPLETON, Indiana Harbor, Ind.

Bass and Trout in Idaho
". . . It (Dardevle), gave me a delightful surprise by getting more bass and trout than any other piece in the tackle box."—F. E. SAWYER, Sand Point, Idaho.

Striped Bass in California
". . . Used Dardevle for Striped Bass and found it to be the only genuine killer for that fish." — THOMAS REGAN, San Francisco, Calif.

Bass in Michigan
". . . One day of my stay Dardevle was the only bait that got any Bass on the entire lake." —FRANK C. PAULER, Chicago, Ill.

Bass and Croppie in Oklahoma
". . . One Bass weighed 5 pounds and Dardevle also got the largest Croppie I ever saw."—ROY A. TEGARDEN, Krebs, Okla.

Pickerel in Connecticut
". . . During 40 years I've never used a bait to equal Dardevle for Pickerel." — GEORGE MASHEN, Bridgeport, Conn.

Trout in Montana
". . . I have caught lots of Trout on Dardevle and wouldn't use another casting bait." —N. E. L. MEANS, Missoula, Mont.

Jack Salmon in Missouri
". . . The first catch was a channel catfish, next a Jack Salmon, then a tooth Herron and a Carr and a Croppie. Think Dardevle will attract any fish."—DR. R. L. ANDERSON, Boonville, Mo.

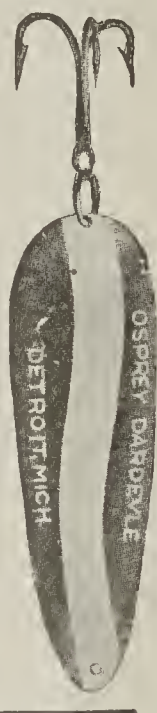
Get Dardevle at Your Dealer's Now or Send $2.35 for Three Sizes

TRY Dardevle, Dardevlet or Dardevle's Imp once—when all other baits fail you—and you will always be a Dardevle enthusiast. Gets any kind of game fish, anywhere. Easy to cast. Fine for trolling.

Dardevle, 3½ inches long, 1⅛ oz. weight, 85 cents.
Dardevlet, 2⅞ inches long, 3/5 oz. weight, 85 cents.
Dardevle's Imp, 2⅛ inches long, ½ oz. wt., 65 cents.
Huskie Devle for Muskies, 5½ inches long, $1.50.

No difference in effectiveness—the three sizes are made to fit various weights of rods. Each is a killer!

Write for Complete Osprey Folder and Sample of Osprey Waterproofed Silk Line —lasts for years.



Lou J. Eppinger

Dept. O.
310-312 E. Congress St. Detroit. Mich.

keeping from one to six feet above it. They move about in schools, along the sides of sandbars and work into the bays. When fishing deep with minnows for crappies you often catch them.

Often in the deepest holes in the lakes you will find the large perch, one hundred feet or more down. There, in the aquatic caves, you will find them; as also the black basses, for there, too, they sometimes retire in their season of hibernation. The perch of course, has one great enemy, it is the pickerel; also the pike and the muscallonge. They follow the perch schools industriously; for perch are their staff of life. It is for this reason that perch-like artificial minnows and live perch themselves on the hook prove such good bait for these fish.

HUNTING WITH A CAMERA

(*Continued from page* 302)

holder, or they may be placed in the plate-holder with a sheet of dead-black metal behind them.

Plate or films of two kinds are used in wild-life photography—ultra-rapid and panchromatic. The ideal plate or film for general use in animal photography is one which combines extreme rapidity with freedom from any tendency to fog. The chief bane of the wild-life photographer is under-exposure, as so many pictures are made in poorly lighted situations, and high shutter speeds must be used to stop the motion of rapidly-moving objects. A great increase in the sensitivity of photographic emulsions has been attained in recent years. The "rapid" plates of a few years ago are the relatively slow plates of to-day. The meaning of the word "rapid" in this connection has lost its significance, and the terms special rapid, extra-rapid, ultra-rapid, extreme speed and super-speed have in turn been introduced to designate the faster and faster emulsions which have been produced. The result is that none of these terms have any precise meaning, and the universal adoption of the Hurter and Driffield system of plate speed numbers would be highly desirable. By this system super-speed and ultra-rapid plates have numbers between H & D 550 and 700, extra-rapid plates from H & D 400-500, special rapid plates from H & D 300-375, rapid plates from H & D 200-275, ordinary plates from H & D 100-175, and slow plates below H & D 100. Ultra-rapid plates and films are obtainable from various makers, excellent examples of these plates being the Imperial Eclipse Ortho, Ilford Monarch and Wellington Xtreme, and of cut films the Eastman Super-speed Portrait Film and Ilford Monarch Film.

A panchromatic plate or film is one which is sensitive to all the colors of the spectrum, thus differing from the ordinary plate which is insensitive to red and orange, and but slightly sensitive to yellow. An orthochromatic or isochromatic plate is one which is sensitive to yellow, and to a slight degree to orange, but not to red. Both panchromatic and orthochromatic plates and films must be used with a yellow filter to reduce the influence of the highly actinic blue and violet rays, and give the colors of the subject the true tone-value as seen by the eye. The amount of this "correction," as it is called, will vary with the depth of the filter employed. The light yellow K_1 filter gives some correction, the deeper K_2 gives more, the still deeper K_3 gives full correction, and on some subjects the very deep G filter gives better results by over-emphasizing the yellow-red end of the spectrum. Naturally the deeper the filter the longer the exposure required. Orthochromatic plates, especially those of the "non-filter" or "self-screen" type (in which a dye acting as a filter is incorporated in the emulsion) may be used for subjects which contain no red, and such plates as the Imperial Non-filter, Ilford Screened Chromatic, and Wellington Anti-screen, especially if used with a K_3 filter, give very good results with a great many subjects. The superiority of colour rendering given by panchromatic plates and films, and the fact that much shorter exposures with any given filter are required than with orthochromatic material, offsets the disadvantage that these plates must be handled in complete darkness. Several brands of panchromatic plates are now on the market, such as the Ilford Special Rapid Panchromatic, the Wratten and Wainwright Panchromatic, and the Imperial Panchromatic, while a color-sensitive cut film is provided in the Eastman Commercial Panchromatic Film.

GENERAL NOTES ON THE USE OF EQUIPMENT IN THE FIELD

Test all equipment, especially new apparatus, *thoroughly* before taking it into the field.

Take all the plates or films you think you are likely to require—and three dozen more.

Carry an extra focussing screen. The one in use may not break for years, or it may break to-morrow.

Learn to tell the sensitive side of a plate by feeling the extreme corner with a perfectly dry finger. If in doubt the following test may be used on unbacked plates (*not* on backed plates or films). Bite the corner with the well-bared teeth, then open the mouth slowly. The side which sticks to the teeth is the coated side. Cut films

"Now, Good Digestion Wait on Appetite, And Health on Both!"

—Macbeth.

PLENTY OF RICH Mazola in the pan, flour your trout, and lay 'em in gently. Get 'em just the proper shade of brown — then likewise with the potatoes.

Don't forget to include a can of Mazola in your camping outfit.

for
Every Purpose—

Change from Rifle to Shotgun in One Second

At last the all-purpose gun—something you've always wanted. Strap the Game-Getter under your coat (its weight isn't noticeable), put it in your suitcase, automobile or canoe and you have ***both*** rifle and shotgun.

The upper barrel is .22 cal. rifled—lower barrel .44 cal. and .410 gauge, smooth bore, for shot, or round ball. You may have your choice of 12, 15, or 18 in. length barrel.

Two Guns in One

Made especially for every man who wants a convenient, reliable gun for all-round shooting. A more accurate .22 cannot be found—use short, long or long rifle cartridge. For rabbits, birds and like game it almost equals a 28 gauge shot gun.

When you learn its many advantages you'll take it on trips where you would never think of packing a heavy rifle or shotgun. It is the ideal gun for women—can be held perfectly steady and gives a very slight recoil

No. M21—12-in. barrels, complete with fine leather holster..... $25.50
No. M21—15-in. barrels, complete with fine leather holster..... 27.00
No. M21—18-in. barrels, complete with fine leather holster..... 28.50

Prices include revenue tax, f.o.b. factory

Dealers selling Marble's Outing Equipment—gun sights and cleaners, axes, knives, etc., handle the Game-Getter Gun. Write us direct if your dealer can't supply you. Ask for catalog.

SAFETY POCKET AXE—Handiest tool made for outdoor men—guard folds into handle—blade finest steel. No. 2—steel handle $3.25. No. 6—selected hickory handle $2.25.

WOODCRAFT KNIFE—Adapted for sticking, skinning, cleaning, breaking bones, etc.,—*all-purpose knife.* No. 49—leather handle $2.25. No. 50—Stag handle $3.00. Prices include leather sheath—add 10% war tax.

MARBLE ARMS & MFG. CO., 526 Delta Ave., Gladstone, Mich.

MARBLE'S Outing Equipment

FOR EVERY HOUR IN THE OPEN

curve very slightly towards the sensitive side.

Before loading blow out the plate-holders, after loading blow gently over the surface of plate and films to remove particles of dust. Do not use a brush, as it will put on more dust than it takes off.

Plates or films that are not developed as they are removed from the plate-holders should be placed in twos face to face and rewrapped as in the original packages. Label each box with a list of subjects.

Never touch a lens with the fingers and never clean it except with special lens paper or a very soft old linen handkerchief. Optical glass is soft glass and its high polish is easily impaired by rough cleaning.

(*To be continued.*)

TOURING WITH RAYMOND SPEARS

(*Continued from page* 308)

all is ready to roll on, except for the seats. The seats, deep with springs, strongly upholstered, should approximate the touring-car seats, fitting the figure. Those who plan to use camp chairs when riding on the road, or any makeshifts, find themselves tired out after driving all day, or even part of the day. Moreover, the purpose of a trip is not merely to ride; it is to see the country, enjoy the outdoors, and experience the pleasures of traveling.

The house-car is simply an attempt to save the work of making a camp, insure shelter in storm, and make convenient the countless affairs of camping and traveling. If the house-car detracts from the comfort, what's the use? If it makes driving harder, where is the saving, even as against the work of putting up tents, and unfolding of cots or running-board beds?

The fact is, I question if anything is gained by having a house-car west of the Missouri. East of the Mississippi, where storms are likely, the house-car has unquestioned advantages. After driving all day in the rain, the house-car traveler pulls out beside the road, anywhere there is room, and there he is, without the necessity of pitching tent or even clearing away a place to build a fire. Everything is inside, under cover, and more or less available.

But unless a house-car has enormous windows, at least as much open space to the wind as a sedan, the outdoors is missed. Dust comes through the tightest of the cars. Air must circulate through the structure, especially in damp regions, in hot desert country, and wherever stifling is easy. The windows are a problem, glass breaking easily, unless heavy and expensive.

But aside from the difficulties, the annoyances, the troubles of the house-cars one sees along the highways, it cannot be denied that the cabin-car is the ideal for the touring family, or the travelers by automobile. Perhaps a discussion of some of the house-car requirements and advantages will serve to help even in a sedan-camping outfit, or closed-car arrangements. No one, I think, has ever devised a perfect touring equipment. At least, I never saw such a happy accumulation.

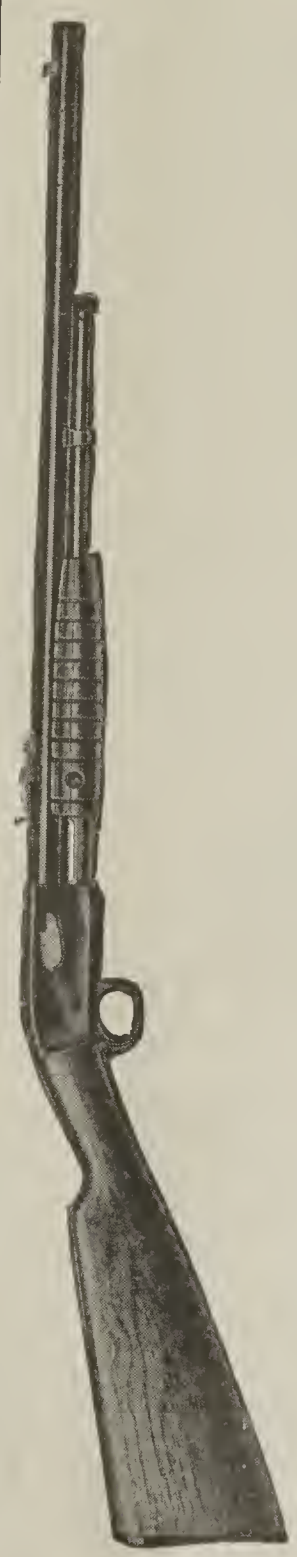
The automobile is first of all to follow the highways. The passengers, to travel with pleasure, must have comfortable seats. In a touring car, loose seats would be thrown in all directions on rough highways. The seats must be practically what the touring cars now have. But these seats must be removable, to obtain house-car conditions of open floor space. If they are difficult to remove, it would be easier to put up a tent. Some cars, for sleeping purposes, are easily made over by lowering the backs of the front seats. Seats to fold out of the way, in the car, are therefore a modification.

If there are more than two people, seats must be had back in the car. These may be folding, or otherwise removable. They must be comfortable, and windows for easy-seeing provided —otherwise, why travel?

Beds must be provided. These can be designed to fold down like sleeping-car berths. They can be merely canvas hammocks. Some cars have mere bunks. Lockers along both sides of the car, like some closed-car town model seats, can be extended with cushions across the car. Beds are less difficult in a cabin car than the seats for the driving hours, for beds can be made to roll up, fold up, buckle up, swing up, take down and tuck away. But beds and seats for riding are only a small part of camping. Indeed, an ordinary touring car is not especially difficult to turn into sleeping quarters, as well as driving quarters.

The cabin car is shelter in stormy weather, and in the evening after a long day, when chill is in the air, one may well wish to sit down to write a letter or notebook, or to read a magazine or newspaper. The question of lighting thus arises. Some have small bulb lights attached to the car battery. The better way, however, is not to take a chance of exhausting the car battery. Gangs of ordinary dry cells, with wire and light bulbs of ample power can be installed and renewed, as required. Bulb sockets, and handy-line wires can extend the lighting service all over the car, and under it, all without drain on the headlight, ignition, starter and other travel requirements. Plenty of light is a tourists' pleasure in dark or dusky camp grounds.

How about a Remington .22 *for that Camping Trip*



WHEN you are getting your kit ready pack a Remington .22 and a few boxes of cartridges — and there'll never be a dull hour in camp.

Even bad weather loses its effect as a joy killer — rain can't stop target practice.

And if there's any small game where you're going—so much the better.

Your dealer has several Remington .22s awaiting your choice—single shot, repeating and autoloading.

The rifle shown here is the Model 12 repeater — a great all-round gun for camp. *Hammerless. Solid Breech*—completely enclosed. *Take Down*—no tools required. *Safety Devices*—impossible to fire when the safety is on. Shoots .22 short, .22 long, and .22 long Rifle "Palma" cartridges.

A real Remington—light, beautifully balanced and accurate.

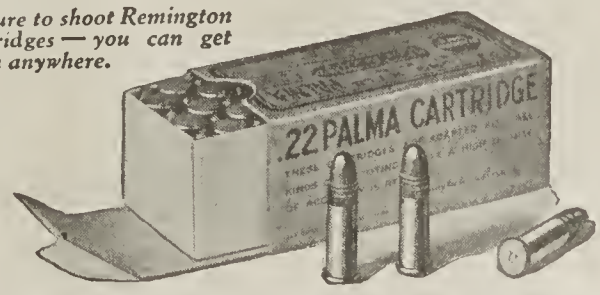
And, by the way, don't forget to take a Remington Scout or Camp Knife—you'll find it the handiest thing in your outfit.

Remington Arms Company, Inc.—*New York City*
Established 1816

Remington

THE AUTHORITY IN FIRE ARMS, AMMUNITION AND CUTLERY

Be sure to shoot Remington cartridges — you can get them anywhere.



Skunk: A menace to the chicken yard. Uses tactics in fighting that are not considered exactly fair.

[AT TOP]
Model 330
Retail price inc. tax, $27.50
Stevens latest 1923 double-barrel hammerless shotgun, with all the Stevens 59 years behind it, accurate and durable.

[AT LEFT] *Stevens "Favorite."*
Retail price, inc. tax, $9.85
24-in. take-down .22 long rifle, .22 short, .25 Stevens and .32 long rim-fire. A favorite for three generations.

A steady hand— a clear eye— *and a sturdy Stevens rifle*

Knocking over a skunk, keeling over a rabbit, or bringing down a red squirrel—doesn't make any difference. If you're holding a *Stevens* and sighting straight, you've got your game every shot.

For a *Stevens* is always accurate.

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The finish put on *Stevens* rifles and shotguns is exceptionally fine. From butt-plate to muzzle nothing has been left undone to make every *Stevens* firearm thoroughly good-looking and durable.

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The barrel, high-pressure compressed steel—blued—a beauty. Case-hardened frame with splendid lasting polish. And stock, selected black walnut—finely checkered—with pistol grip. A knockout—and the same fine finish throughout the Stevens line.

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All Other Makes at Attractive Prices.

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The cooking stove may be built into the side or rear of the car. The better way is to build the stove table into the car, but have the stove easily removable, so that it can be set up in pleasant outdoor surroundings on occasion. Smoke from gasoline, fumes from the flames, oil smudges, must all be drained into the outdoors by draft pipe, and this pipe should not admit rain or wind—should be clear of the side of the car, too. Metal sheets and asbestos may save a car from destruction by fireproof against flames all around the stove is advisable.

Fuel for the stoves would better be carried in separate cans—leak and slop-proof gasoline or kerosene containers, in their own locker. Draining one's power tank for cooking is bad practice. A small wood stove is a feasible, even desirable cabin-car heater in rough weather. A handfull of sticks will heat almost any cabin car comfortably, in any weather.

Nothing can be left loose in a cabin car. The jouncing an automobile goes through is incredibly vigorous over rough highways. The table, or tables may let down from the side of the car, like a sleeping-car berth, or it may be a folding-table, that rests when on the go, in a slot behind bars. Chairs for dining, camp stools or folding chairs, must be fastened, or barred fast.

The table ware, cooking utensils, and kitchen things must be stowed for each ride. A few loose kettles, plates and cans make when in motion a most vigorous protest against their treatment. All carriers of milk, molasses, and the like must clip or fasten into niches, and have tight tops against slopping. The left-over food-stuffs must be carried in closed, dust-proof and practically air-tight pails, or other containers with clip-down covers. Friction-top carriers, under the pound of jumping potatoes or meats, will often fly off, unless very tightly held.

In a house-car, with lockers along both sides of the room, and enclosed shelves, on the sides, will carry bedding, suitcases of clothes, food supplies, and all the equipment of the outfit, from ammunition to the trip supply of books and magazines. But the weight must be kept down, the center of gravity must be made as low as possible.

If the car is improperly loaded, a good many different difficulties will be had. If the load is too high, the car will be hard to steer. If it is not evenly distributed, the car will tip, and this makes steering difficult. Often, hard steering is due to a few pounds too much weight on one side, or the other. Cabin cars are notoriously difficult to stow well. Twenty pounds more on one side than the other will give a slant to the equipment, if the springs are

sensitive, or too light. How much more a bushel of potatoes, a sack of flour, even a large watermelon, will increase the difficulties of driving! A top-heavy car is dangerous and sways uncomfortably at every jounce.

My own choice for a cabin car would be a speed truck designed for a ton burden. On this chassis, with its six-inch commercial pneumatic tires, I should build a cabin of lightest material, with touring car seats forward, but removable, and practically a model limousine, full width body over all. The total load weight of the cabin, with all its house and equipment, would be under 2,000 pounds, 1,500 pounds, preferably. Two, three, four people could be carried. Tents for permanent, or long camps, would be in lockers, and shanty-boat curtain partitions would supply family privacy.

The water supply is always a touring necessity. Tanks containing an amply quantity are essential on any car, on any tour. One tank holds drinking and cooking water. Another holds water that can be used in the radiator, or for washing. For four people five or six gallons is not too much. In the desert regions, ten or twelve gallons is far safer. Hundreds of tourists, unaware of the water necessity, depend on a quart or two—and lives have been lost, merely because there was not a water tank on the car—kept full of good water.

The cabin car would have water hung low. A pressure tank would serve in locker space, so that a small pipe could lead it up into the sink, by the oil stove. In placing the water, of course, the balance of the car must be preserved, whether it is full or empty —by equalizing weight on the opposite side. Perhaps it could be put across the rear of the cabin. That is a question for the cabin-car architect, or engineer-designer. A few thrusts with an air pump would make the tank water always available at a tap, or faucet. But provision should be made for draining and cleaning tanks.

Those who have watched the performances of the mail trucks over the western mountain roads see no reason why a light truck cabin car could not serve tourists wonderfully. Slowly the experience of the country with the house-cars already tried out is leading to an adequate model which will serve every purpose. The wonder is that the manufacturers of automobiles have not designed a camping-car outfit. The reason, is, of course, that no two tourists would agree as to what is necessary.

The lack of agreement, however, is due wholly to the emphasis laid on some one or two features of cabin-car designs. If any one has in mind the cabin-car project, he will do well to

68 miles to get Super-X

A SHOOTER in Utah went 68 miles across the mountains to get "SUPER-X." Another in Texas went 47 miles. Shooters have learned that they can bring down ducks and geese with this famous new load at extraordinarily long distances, killing them dead in the air at 60, 65, 70 and even 80 yards.

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All American Kampkooks fold like a suit case when not in use with all parts, including tank and legs, packed inside, protected against loss and breakage. Compact and handy to carry.

The American Kampkook makes the tourist-camper independent of hotels. The great free outdoors becomes your dining room; your table is set in any cool, shady spot where you choose to stop. Kampkooking means that meal time is governed by your appetite and your own convenience—not by the clock.

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The Regular and Featherweight models are of equal strength.

This all-important feature is unique with the SMITH as all other makes are furnished on the same frame, regardless of weight.

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THE HUNTER ARMS CO., Inc., FULTON, N. Y.

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make note of each and everything the car should contain. Of these, easy-riding, (good, comfortable seats), the sleeping arrangements, cooking and eating, and floor space for the house-worker's activities are the prime requisites. And, of course, storage and packing space for everything carried.

A cabin car for touring is an ideal arrangement, no question about it. The architect should know touring, however, throughout all its details, and in all the regions of the land, from the hot and muggy coastal plains to the arid Trans-Rocky plateaus, if perfection is to be had. There must be compromise between ample headroom, and Kansas wind storms, between fragile windows and light, air and view.

Probably a house-car is hardly worth bothering with, except for some such undertaking as the double-transcontinental, or a months' long journeys under camping conditions into any part of the country. One can sleep in any five-passenger touring car, and a lean-to tent will serve alongside.

Generally speaking, summer weather anywhere west of the Missouri will never require one to go into shelter, if ample blankets and tarpaulins are provided. A cabin car will not take the place of a bunglow or a shack on the California Coast, nor will it serve one as a winter home in the south or southwest. No car would serve to carry a cabin large enough for a family. I dare say, however, that honeymooners, or any happy couple, could live on the trails for months in a cabin car more comfortably than in any other touring arrangement, especially if a small wall-tent was carried for the longer or shorter stays during the sight-seeing or weather-waiting times.

Two or three parties, traveling together, using a cabin car as "headquarters" might well find its conveniences worth the difficulties. The subject is one of those in which everything depends of the conditions, the people, the objects sought, the question of economies, comforts, etc. The cost of a house-car must vary according to who builds it, and all the materials used; a friend of mine built too heavy a cabin on a light car. He made the transcontinental in it, however, and many a night rejoiced in the ease and comfort of a camp already made, while the rest of us pitched our tents and set up our cots or running-board beds.

A study of cabin-car requirements, camping conditions, touring outfits, regional characteristics to be met—all these efforts to arrive at a satisfactory solution of problems will help every one who contemplates any kind of automobile, or for that matter, any kind of traveling under out-door conditions.

TRAPPING THE THREE RIVER ZONE

(*Continued from page* 301)

and I could never see that it did anything but good to her. I believe the vast majority of women would benefit greatly through more outdoor exercise and I have always been heartily thankful that my girl went in for such things. Surely Nature might well be called the GREAT PHYSICIAN.

This trip, as a whole, was the best I have ever experienced. We hunted, fished and trapped to our own liking. The wife proved an adept student and it wasn't very long before she was trapping weasels and muskrats for further orders! She taught me a lot about cooking simple "luxuries" on the trail, things I had never thought of, and believe me they sure tasted good.

On the return trip to the Athabasca we experienced a rather exciting time in crossing the Babtiste. This river had started to freeze over and it was well-nigh impossible to get the horses across the glare of ice and into the swift running channel. By dint of much hard work I finally managed to break the ice out from the north shore, after which the horses went in more readily and we got safely to the other side where I again broke our way out to the south shore. The Athabasca was running heavy with slush ice, and being too deep to ford, we rafted across and swam the horses behind.

All this time we trappers had been praying for snow, as then we would be able to tell more about the amount of game in the country. Shortly after our return from Kimberly it snowed a couple of inches and I made a hasty trip back north as I had left a number of traps set for lynx and fox. On the whole distance from the Athabasca to Kimberly Lake I saw but one track, that of a brush wolf! To say that I was disappointed is putting it mildly. Here I was, settled down comfortable for the winter and NO FUR to trap!

Being something of a rustler I was not to be easily outdone; if there was no fur in that part of the country I would look elsewhere! I decided to prospect for martens in the Moose Mountains to the southwest, as I knew of a line which had been vacant for three years. Parallel with the Athabasca, and running southwest, was an old trail called the Medicine. Lodge. The first twelve or fifteen miles of this trail followed along the north side of the Moose Mountains at a fairly high elevation and the martens were accustomed to run there quite frequently.

There was a large creek running into the Athabasca and at its mouth I found an old trapping cabin in fairly good shape. There were two tin stoves and a few cooking utensils and

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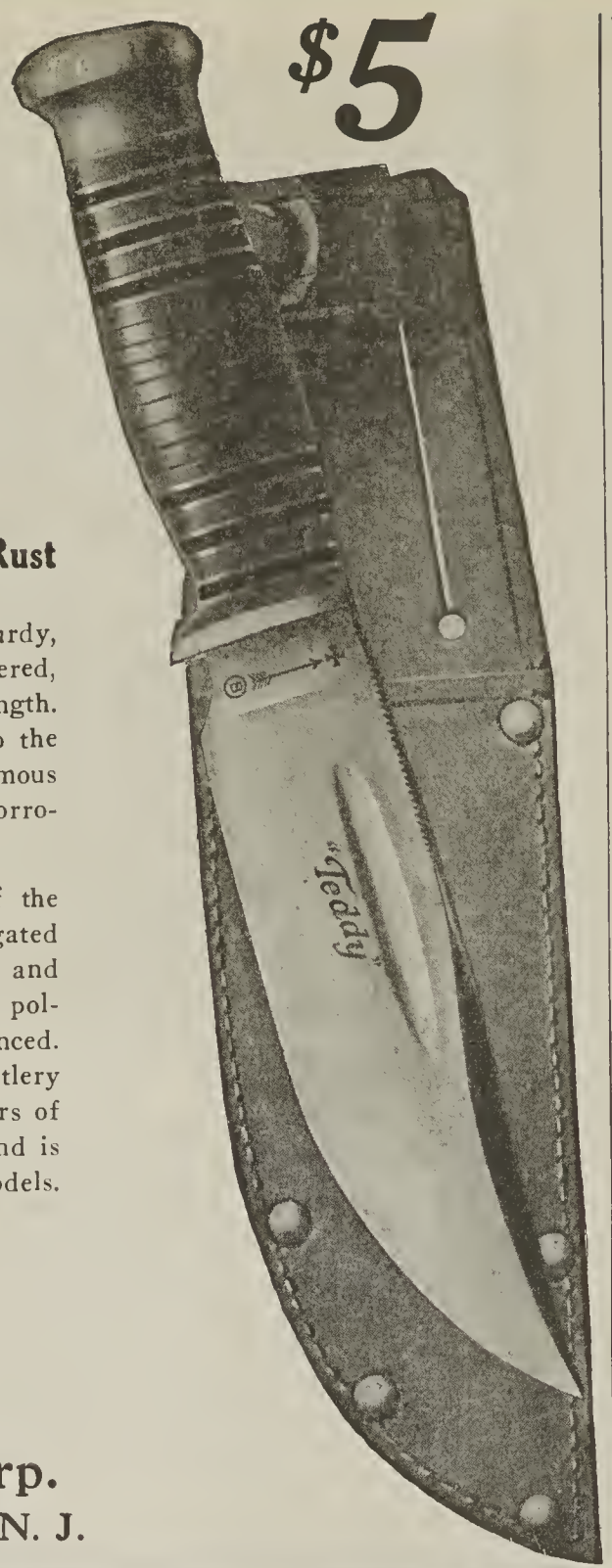

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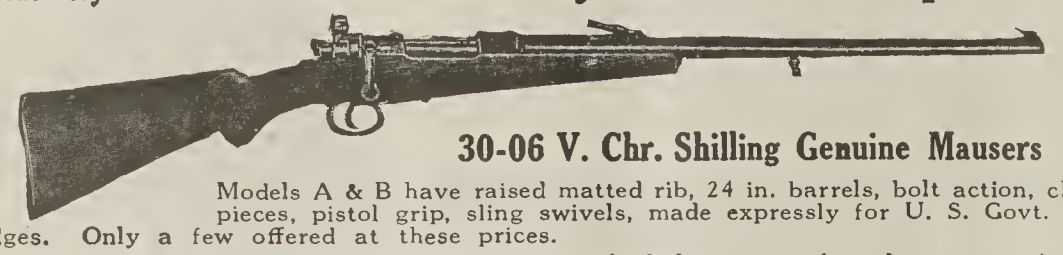

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Ammunition per 100: U. S. Govt. steel 30-06, $4.00; 7mm. $4.00; 8mm. (soft), $8.50; Mannlicher (soft), 6.5 $8.50; 8mm., 9mm., 9.5mm. (soft), $9.50.	
Binoculars, 8 Power Felag, $50 value, complete with case	$21.50
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Every article guaranteed new and genuine. Satisfaction or money back.

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under the bunk I found a good axe. According to a plan of that part of the country, there were a number of traps on top of a big hill just out of the creek valley. The morning after I stopped at this cabin I climbed the hill and after some trouble found the traps. Taking a dozen and a half small ones, I started back for the Athabasca and set them all in marten pens along the Medicine Lodge Trail. I had noticed quite a number of marten tracks coming up and was hoping desperately that this line would help me out of my difficulty.

My little pal at the Athabasca was overjoyed to hear of my good luck and she had an extra good supper waiting for me. Believe me, I was living high for a trapper. I made a return trip up the Medicine Lodge Trail within a few days and got a nice dark marten on this trip as well as a number of weasels. I never noticed a single track of fox or lynx and came to the conclusion that the country was absolutely void of any such game.

It was getting high time we killed a moose; Mr. Rapelje did not get out much with a rifle and it was up to me to supply the meat. It was easy enough for me to get moose up west on the new trapline, but it was too far to carry the meat, so the wife and I made a trip back over the trail to Mile 35, driving a team, behind which we sat in a light sleigh. There was just barely enough snow to make the sleighing half way decent and the old trail was sure tracked up with moose.

During the whole latter part of September and all of October, they are mating and the bulls are very bold and inquisitive and one can get right close to them. A few of the moose will mate as late as the latter part of November, thus it will be seen that no hard and fast rule can be laid down as to their actions at any certain period. As a rule, however, outside of the mating period even the bulls are mighty shy and don't hanker after a man's society.

We drove up the long hill up Canyon Creek and down again to Mile 47, up Breakneck Hill and down a second time into Beaver Creek valley without seeing our big quarry. As we were going slowly up Beaver Creek Hill, a slope three miles long, a gigantic bull rose up out of a hole near a big spring and trotted diagonally across the trail. I stood up in the sleigh and fired once at him with the .280 Ross, but missed him completely and an instant later he disappeared in the heavy brush that lined the trail.

"There goes our winter's meat!" laughed the wife as I came back, for I had jumped from the sleigh and ran ahead to see if there was any sign of my having hit the bull. For some time

we could speak of nothing but that moose and I honestly believe he was the finest one I have ever seen. I have noticed, however, that a bull moose standing up in front of one appears to have a larger spread than he actually has, due to the animal's majestic appearance.

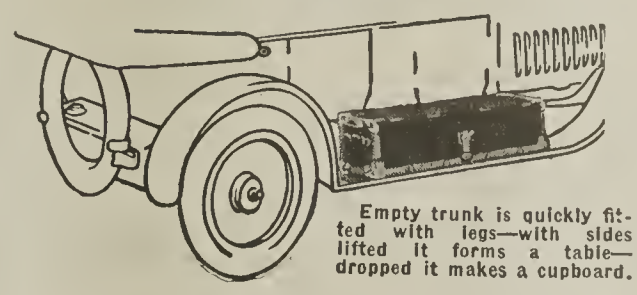
The sky became overcast shortly after this and as we were anxious to make Mile 35 before it started to storm, we hastened on and thought it hardly likely that we should see any more moose that day. But when within a very short distance of the old stopping place, a five-year-old bull stepped out of some heavy spruce and ambled slowly down the trail ahead of us. He was so close the horses plunged and snorted in terror and when we finally got them quited down I stood up in the sleigh and shot Mr. Bull Moose. He gave a couple of heavy plunges, off the trail into the bush, and lay down to die. On account of the impending storm I didn't bother to skin him at the time as it took me quite long enough to clean the kill. It was storming heavily and bitter cold when we pulled up at the old 35. Luckily we had some hay for the horses and once we got them in an old stable they were quite comfortable.

We had brought a small sheet-iron stove with us, this we set up in the old log cabin and while I got some water from a nereby spring the wife built a fire in the stove and started supper. Soon the odor of frying moose steaks made us forget all about the cold driving, and after a bounteous feast we sat by the fire for two or three hours, living over again our various experiences and, because we were young, dwelling much on our future fortunes and the times we would yet have together. And tomorrow we would start back for our little home on the Athabasca, successful in that we had secured a good supply of meat.

Again I went over the Medicine Lodge Trail and this time went on up Lynx Creek to look for another cabin which was well up in the hills toward the head of this small stream. I did not know exactly where this cabin was situated and it took me three days to locate it and get straightened around. Knowing that my wife would be anxious about me, I went back down to the Athabasca without accomplishing anything beyond finding the cabin and a bunch of traps. On the way back I picked up a couple of martens and about thirty weasels. The little white animals were very numerous and, as they averaged a dollar and a half that year, were not to be ignored.

On the next trip to the Upper Cabin, as I called it, I explored further southeast and noting a large number of

FROM This Small Trunk on Your Running Board



Empty trunk is quickly fitted with legs—with sides lifted it forms a table—dropped it makes a cupboard.

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A DeLUXE BED with springs and mattress for sound sleep.
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The 50,000 acres is entirely surrounded by wire fence. Can be made self-sustaining by stocking with cattle or hogs, which can run on this grass eleven months in the year, or by selling off small portion of timber annually.

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marten tracks in that direction, set out all the small traps I had. Then it commenced to snow in earnest. Every trip over my lines it seemed as though half of the traps were out of working order through being smothered with snow. In this way a number of martens were prevented from getting into my traps; such is the life of the trapper and something is always happening to keep one from getting rich at the game. The marten is a very small animal and a trap must be working so as to require very little pressure to set it off, otherwise the weigth of the animal will not effect it.

Whenever the trapper makes a set for a certain animal he is not assured, by any means, that he will catch one of these particlar furbearers. He is apt to catch anything from a "Whisky Jack" (Canadian Jay) to a silver gray fox. The smaller traps catch a host of creatures, such as squirrels, mice and birds of all description, such catches being termed "flukes" in the trapping trade. We have a flying squirrel in this country that is about the worst pest imaginable, being carnivorous as well as herbivorous, they will eat the trapper's baits whenever the opportunity presents itself and naturally get caught if the trap is working. These creatures do not actually fly; their method of locomotion is very peculiar. Climbing to the top of a high tree they spring out in the direction they desire to travel and "volplane" toward their destination by virtue of a web which extends from the forefeet to the hind ones, on either side of the body.

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(To be continued)

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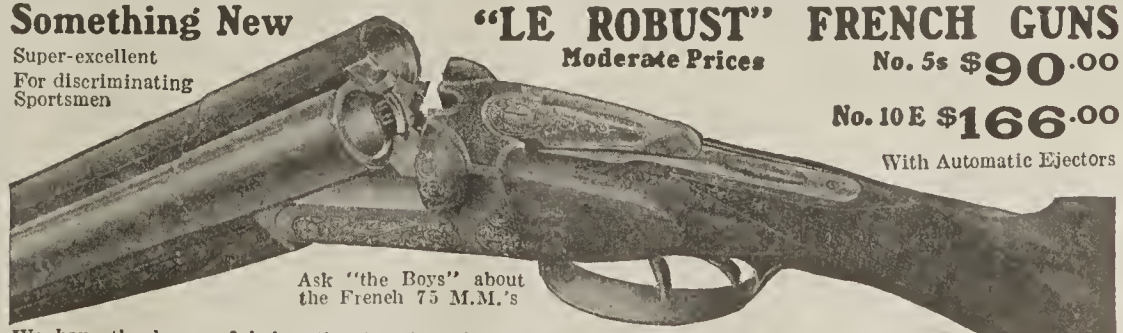

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ADVENTURES IN COMRADESHIP

(*Continued from page* 314)

And it was just then that I had a quick, commanding, sassy strike, as if a leaping tuna had nabbed my fragment of milky conch.

I saw Sonnyboy . . . his face very white, pulling, pulling. I saw Mike, all eyes, bending forward. I saw a whirling, frothy cirle in the deep, dark lagoon. . . . I saw a sleek body conngyrating upward, as, seemingly, yards of line wrapped around Sonnyboy's neck, his head, his arms, his legs. And all the while I was pulling at my own line!

Sonnyboy had brought in a big one —a ten-pounder. Mine, as was later verified by Mike, weighed a little over 12 pounds.

And Mike it was who explained why we had managed to catch them—at least, this was his explanation—and he looked upon the entire adventure as a sort of miracle. The tide and a freshening wind had caused the water to "rough up" just a trifle. In the cut and even opposite our camp site, it was choppy. Rounding the key, enough of this rippled surface held good to dimple the surface of our snapper-hole lagoon. And, momentarily, at least, neither boat nor occupants could be plainly discerned by the fish below. The transparent leader helped Sonnyboy, of course—but that didn't apply to me.

It was now sundown and we rowed slowly, happily back to our stretch of white sand beach, the mangrove thickets, and *The Elsie*, rocking patiently at her anchorage, Mike having made her doubly secure by running a long rope across to the nearest sturdy mangrove.

* * * * * * *

Second contact with the "lodge," up on the sand hill, did not tend to decrease our amazement over its presence there on this lonely island. As lean-to's go, it was admirably built, and we could have wished for no better shelter for the night, even in case of rain. Mike, while preparing supper—if you can name a better meal than mangrove snapper, then all of us want the information—was ever conscious of the mystery of this lodge of ours. He was positive that hunters never came this far out on the island, and why should fishermen want to go to that much trouble. It was quite incomprehensible to him.

A great fire crackled and roared directly in front of the lodge, and I watched Sonnyboy's face as he squatted upon the palmetto bedding, and took it all in. His eager, wondering face was oddly illumined by the yellow flames.

This was his very first experience in a real camp.

It was engrossing—the fact that man could adapt himself to the wilds and make out comfortably enough. The "architecture" of the lean-to impressed him. The perfume of good things cooking, and the aroma of whistling wood constituted new sensations.

And he . . . he had helped. One of those prime snappers was his handiwork . . . even if he HAD dropped the line twice, when Mike had so patiently warned him to "Keep it comin' —keep it comin'!"

We turned in early, for I could see that Sonnyboy was fatigued, although he would not admit it. The mental activities of those who play outdoors will often bring bodily weariness sooner than if violent exercise is taken. It is "great expectation," as someone has put it, that tires the sportsman —the almost continuous suspense.

Mike insisted upon coiling up in the first little makeshift, driftwood camp we had built down by the shore, and as soon as I found that it was prompted by a desire to be nearer *The Elsie* and to keep a sharp watch on her when the first streak of dawn came, I did not remonstrate, although a spot nearer the fire would have been more comfortable by far. Mike was weatherproof. He admitted it. (These are the folks who, after carelessness and many overboard wettings, at last succumb to rheumatism.)

I know that Sonnyboy slept "like a log" on his bed of palmettos, for three times during the night I awakened and looked him over by the light of the camp fire. His expression was one of sublime content. He was obviously dreaming and of the events of the day.

* * * * * * *

Morning! A gorgeously perfect day, and nothing further to relieve the mystery of the lodge on the point. Our occupancy had been unquestioned.

Mike was up and had brought the dying fire back to red hot coals for his bacon and coffee before we could summon the courage to stir.

But one thought was uppermost in his mind—sheepshead fishing!

He had been delayed long enough, and in an hour the tide conditions would be right for us.

I was more concerned, however, in giving Sonnyboy some of the rudimentary instructions in outdoor life. First we talked together on the subject of building various types of temporary camps, shelters, lean-to's and "hinting lodges." I pointed out, for example, the method of lacing the palmetto, to the point where it would keep out rain, and made a mental reservation to the effect that if I ever lived to get back home, I would see to it that he did two things: first, join the Boy Scouts,

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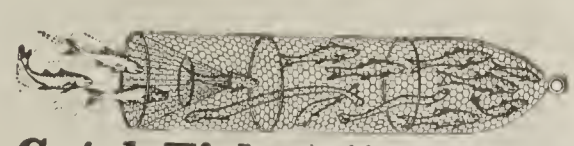

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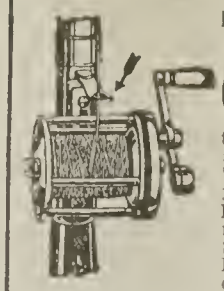

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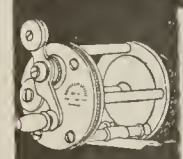

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and, second, spend at least one summer season at a carefully selected boy's camp, where every outdoor law, rule and observance was methodically taught. Sonnyboy was a raw recruit.

For one thing, I made up my mind to motor up to Dan Beard's summer camp and bring about an introduction. I have always held the highest regard for Mr. Beard and his achievements where boys are concerned.

Soon, too, I would begin to study Sonnyboy's preference in the matter of outdoor life. Would he be a fly-fisherman and care first and foremost of all for whipping silent streams down fern-hung rocky glades? Or would he want to go after the big fellows—tarpon, barracuda, sail-fish where the salt spray stung? Would his hobby be black bass and fresh-water fishing? Or did I have entirely it wrong and would he feel more at home with a shotgun under his arm? Would his heart and thoughts turn to the mountains and the hills and sportier game than wild duck? Whatever his choice, I determined to start him right and to make him always understand that game should have a fighting chance.

And just to close our latest exploit with an object lesson, it was quietly plotted to give him an insight into one of the very wrong practices of fishing, as carried on in these waters. Mike agreed, and who was in a better position to stage the adventure than Mike himself.

First, however, as soon as that bacon breakfast was finished, and the crisp morning air had given Sonnyboy the sort of appetite which only comes to the chap who has slept under the stars, as it were, we took the rowboat and allowed Mike to have his way. Sheepshead or bust!

We rowed out fifty or more feet from a position directly below the camp on the sand hill, and threw over the anchor. Mike used an exceptionally heavy iron sash-weight for the very excellent reason that the bottom here was a wriggling maze of mangrove roots and submerged branches, and our regular anchor would have been lost soon enough. In fact Mike assured me that if he had a dollar for every one lost at this particular spot, he could retire for life.

For the first hour we caught no sheepshead and had no suggestion of their presence. But we did worry with rock fish, and sporty little black-fish, and now and again a sizable whiting. It was rare sport for Sonnyboy, who was angling for his own lunch and a pan-full of small fry, but Mike was only bored and the little fellows did not interest me particularly.

The tide was just beginning to drag our lines off the bottom and away when Mike brought in as pretty a

sheepshead as ever grabbed a hook. Of course, it was a hobby of his. He had promised to bring some home for a chowder made according to his own recipe. If you ever go for this fish in Florida waters, I advise you to employ Mike's methods. It was still-fishing again, on the bottom, with 18-21 line, sinker adjusted to the tide, and Virginia hook. Unbeknown to us, the Cap'n had gone around the bend for oysters at the base of the mangroves, and diligent search had given him a limited supply of oyster crabs. He used these as bait, to the exclusion of the sheepheads' other morsels, fiddler, sea crabs and various Crustacea.

Mike claimed that he had caught them up to fifteen pounds a little nearer the cut, but the first one he caught was not over five and a quarter pounds, and others ranged down to a little less than three. They were all good to look upon and provided sufficient sport to keep the quaint negro in boisterous action.

I continued to pull in whiting and rock fish, and Sonnyboy was quite content with spots and black-fish, which were astoundingly plentiful here. But we did not land sheepshead. It was Mike's morning.

* * * * * * *

A fish fry was served a few minutes after eleven and we were ready for it, since we had been up since daylight. Mike permitted "Little Cap'n" to do much of the job. He was shown how to clean the fish, scientifically—how to wash them, salt them and make them ready for the pan. He even dipped them in egg and cracker crumbs, and dropped them into the sizzling fat. I rather think they tasted many times better because he had served as assistant Chef.

Following this, we rowed out to *The Elsie*, and, because of a stiff breeze, were soon headed for the distant shore and one of the numerous fresh-water streams, running into the river from miles of mangrove, swamp and live-oak jungle. On this occasion we left the rowboat on the sand, near our mysterious camp, as it was our intention to return. Its tendency was to hold *The Elsie* back.

"Where are we going now, Father?" Sonnyboy inquired, his curiosity aroused.

"Jes' keep yo' eyes open an' watch," was Mike's enigmatical answer.

And then it was just our luck to have him ask a question which worked in with the general plan.

He had been sweeping the wide waters with hungry, wistful, admiring eyes.

"Fishing is just—just free-like, isn't

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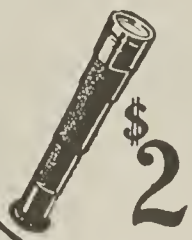

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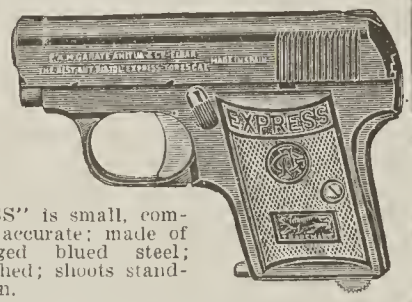

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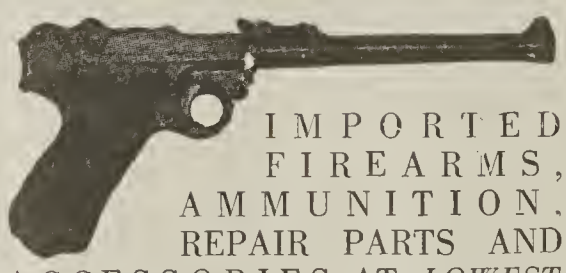

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(Continued on page 349)

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(Continued from page 348)

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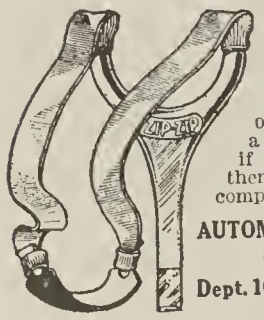

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Dept. E, 42 Penn Street, Brooklyn, New York

it?" he queried, "anybody can fish anywhere without asking?"

"Not ef de game warden done cotch yo' fust," grinningly answered Mike.

"Then there ARE things people can't do—at fishing?" Sonnyboy persisted.

"Deed dey is, Little Cap'n. We gwine ter show yo' in a minit."

We came up rather close to the mouth of a creek, which wound circuitously into the trees and low-lying clumps of saw-grass and water-oaks, and finally disappeared altogether. The shore, on either side, was well guarded by mangroves and oaks, in thick profusion.

It was really a wonderful sight to watch Mike handle *The Elsie* as we ran back and forth across the mouth of that creek and occasionally dipped our nose into it, up to the point where an obstruction plainly warned us to keep away.

The obstruction was a net, thrown from one side to the other, a distance, in this case, of perhaps thirty-five feet. This seine was held in place by sticks so artfully hidden in the marsh grass that, at a distance, no passing craft was apt to notice them at all. The mouth of the creek was sealed!

"See it?" I said to Sonnyboy.

He nodded, and was about to make some sort of exclamation when Cap'n Mike cautioned him to be silent. A black finger darted upward from the tiller, to a pair of expressive lips.

Then *The Elsie* turned about and tacked out into the bay. At a distance of five hundred feet or more, her owner volunteered an exclamation.

"Dat net," he said, "done been set at high watah. Den, when de tide done turn, an' hit go out agin', none er de fish c'n go wid it, kaze why de seine stop 'em. So dey jes' swim back inter de deepest hole in de creek an' stay. Nothin' else fo' 'em ter do. Understan'?"

"Y-e-s-s," Sonnyboy drawled, despite the fact that the significance of what Mike said was in no wise clear, "but—but what is THAT for?"

"Men do 'hit . . . men puts den seines in de mouth er de creek, kaze dey too lazy ter fish like hones' folks," he explained, "hit's again' de law, Little Cap'n. How kin de game warden done git aroun' ter ALL de creek mouths?

"Some er dem creek holes is mo' dan one hundren' foot deep. Dey holds lot er fish—fresh-watah fish—mullet, an' spots, an' Yaller Tails, an' Bank Winders, an' gullenbootie's, an' breems, an' now an' agin' som' speckled trout. Lawd, lawd! Yo' sho' kin scoop up fish f'um dem creek bottoms after de tide go out, an' de net done kep' 'um fum swimmin' inter de bay."

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

"Then—it's against the law?" Sonnyboy gasped, his indignation and astonishment increasing, and his gaze turned back to the grey line across the mouth of the distant creek.

"It sho' is!" Mike exclaimed, "kaze it don't give dem fish no fair chanct. Dat's why. Dey des' got cotched when it wuzn't dey fault."

It was enough.

The Elsie sped Eastward again and across to the channel and the island, but Sonnyboy had witnessed something which would always remain a vivid memory for years to come. He had seen the wrong way, the cruel way, the cowardly way of fishing. And it did not appeal to him.

* * * * * * *

"Camp Mystery," as we had appropriately called it, was as inviting as ever, when "Little Captain" safely piloted her up to the white sand shore again, and we all clambered out, dodging the overhead maze of mangrove. As Sonnyboy remarked, "it was like going through caverns," for often the clustered and gnarled brush all but shut out the sunshine.

What a contrast all this was to the first Spring jaunt we took a month later after brook trout up around Milford, Pa. For our next story will leave Florida shores behind for a while, and the reader will be asked to get out his box of flies and fare forth with us along sylvan ways and into the cool depths of almost virgin forests, sweet with laurel, honeysuckle, violets and pungent, brown shrubs.

I had determined to leave the camp just as we had found it, immaculate, ship-shape. This was really the occasion for our final walk up the sand bluff and in under the sheltering live oaks.

Sonnyboy was told how a procedure of this character was the rule of the open spaces. And Mike's fire had mussed up the cleared space before the shack, while Sonnyboy, in his thrilling dreams, had kicked the palmetto bunk helter skelter.

We had all but completed our task when the real surprise of the day took place.

From down the slender, gleaming curve of the beach came the musical hum of many voices—of young, happy voices.

Mike ran to the highest dune and shouted back to us:

"Somebody comin'?"

Through the underbrush, sweeping bayonet and tree branches aside, came a stalwart, grinning Scout Master, followed by a dozen noisily delighted youngsters. They looked strong and brave and dauntless in their natty uniforms, packs on backs, equipment complete, faces tanned, alert. Apparently our presence was as much of a sur-

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Do not attempt to raise a puppy without it. Price 50 cents.

DENT MEDICINE CO.
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33x4	11.90	18.30
34x4	12.30	19.35
32x4½	12.55	20.10
33x4½	13.10	21.10
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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

of Forest and Stream, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1st, 1923.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared T. H. Mearns, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the FOREST AND STREAM and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 221 W. 57th St., N. Y. City.

Editor, William Bruette, 221 W. 57th St., N. Y. City.

Business Manager, T. H. Mearns, 221 W. 57th St., N. Y. City.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 221 W. 57th St., New York, N. Y.; William Bruette, 221 W. 57th St., New York, N. Y.; J. R. Harbeck, 67 Liberty St., New York, N. Y.; Norwood Johnson, Pittsburgh, Pa.; George Bird Grinnell, 238 E. 15th St., New York, N. Y.; E. L. Parker, Pittsburgh, Pa.

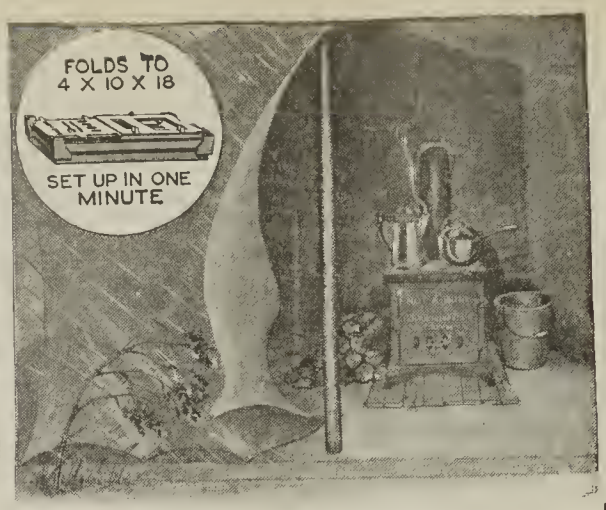
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

T. H. MEARNS, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of March, 1923.

[Seal MARTHA B. McCLERNAN.
(My commission expires March 30, 1924.)



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How nice it is to go fishing or camping and be able to take a REAL stove with you like the KALAMAZOO KAMP STOVE: one that you can set up in less than two minutes ready for your frying and cooking; and the beauty is you can cook all your meal at one time, as this stove has 260 square inches of cooking space, which gives you plenty of room, as the illustration shows. This stove is made of the best 18 gauge iron; it weighs only 17 lbs., when folded it measures only 27½x9½x2 inches; you can lay it under your automobile seat, or anywhere on the bottom of the car; you can pile anything on to it and it will not break or jam in the least. The price of this stove is only $7.00; extra attachment for the tent or ice fishing are $1.50, which is a sliding plate in the bottom and a pipe connection on the smoke stack. For ordinary use the legs are shoved into the earth and the ground used as the grate, when not using extra attachments.

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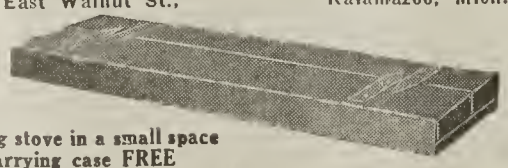


A big stove in a small space
A carrying case FREE

prise as the other way around. And, all in a moment, I read the answer to "Camp Mystery." It was a mystery no longer.

"Oh, that's all right," exclaimed the Scout Master. No need to apologize. We're glad to have you make use of our little camp. Why not? It'll come under that good deed a day clause. As far as I can make you, things looked better than we left it two weeks ago. Quite an idea, that—finding the bleached cow skulls and riggin' 'em up—it was the fancy of the boys.

"You see, every other week we go on our hikes and camping tricks. I'm showing the boys how to rough it, build shacks, cut trees scientifically and according to code. We spend two nights out here. Wanted to get as far away from civilization as possible. There was the lure of adventure about this place—sort o' wild and filled with ghosts of pirates. And you know boys—they love adventure or the suggestion of it. They feed on romance of a harmless kind at a certain period in their lives . . . and it ought to be encouraged. YOU have been a boy once—YOU understand."

I was doing some tall thinking.

Yes . . . yes . . . I understood!

"Guess you must have run on the camp by sheer accident. It's rather well hidden and nobody ever goes up much beyond the beach because of the mangrove thickets.

"Why not stay and have supper with us . . . you're welcome. What about it, boys?"

A shout went up from the lads in brown. Sure we were!

Sonnyboy was taking everything in with wide, curious eyes.

Mike peered out from under his glasses and mumbled. This was all a trifle off the chart. He was not sure that he approved of it.

"Came over in a motor-boat from town," resumed the Scout Master, "makes a fine run. You folks are in *The Elsie*, I take it. She's the last of the sailboats and a sturdy little craft."

But we could not accept the hospitality of our troop of new-found friends. Home and the northland called us. We were to leave on the following day.

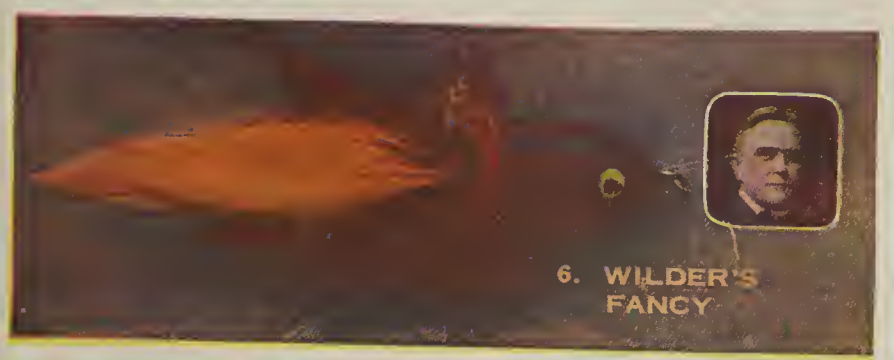
The Elsie was poking her nose into white spray before a lively wind, and Sonnyboy was at the tiller again, as I smoked my pipe and ruminated.

Something the Scout Master had said persisted in echoing in my ears:

"Boys love adventure and romance . . . they feed on it . . . it ought to be encouraged . . . YOU HAVE BEEN A BOY ONCE YOURSELF YOU UNDERSTAND."

(To be Continued)

Enjoy Fly Casting for Bass



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Cork Bodied Feather Lures

THIS is the wonder lure, imitating the action of a *wounded* minnow, that last year swept the country with its wildfire success in fly casting for Bass and Northern Pike. Never in our history of bait making have we received such unanimity of report as on certain qualities developed by this lure. Literally hundreds of letters emphasize the same points of extraordinary success in supposedly "fished out" waters, unaccountable vigor and smashing violence of strikes, the gamy fighting qualities and proportion of landed strikes brought out by its single hook effectiveness.

And not only that, contrary to all experience with bass flies of ordinary pattern, the catches ran uniformly to both *greater numbers* and *record breaking size* of fish.

Even if you are not a fly caster, the privilege of using this bait alone makes it worth your time and patience to take up this sporting phase of angling.

And as for the old timers—you'll find Wilder-Dilg's in practically every kit.

THE Wilder-Dilg lure is made up from a light enameled cork body, brilliant eyes, a ruff of various colored hackle and fin-and-body-feathers that impart the curious rolling, dipping and surface-seeking throes of a *wounded minnow,* together with a single non-twisting hook of correct shape and size.

These patterns, constructed and tied by Heddon, are the only authorized version of the inventors, Dr. B. F. Wilder and Mr. Will H. Dilg, and are the only designs wholly carrying out their scientific and practical principles.

Bass Size in 12 patterns, including both standard and original effects. Length 3¼ inches. No. 1 O'Shaughnessy hook.

Trout Size in 6 patterns, length 2 inches over all. No. 6 O'Shaughnessy hook.

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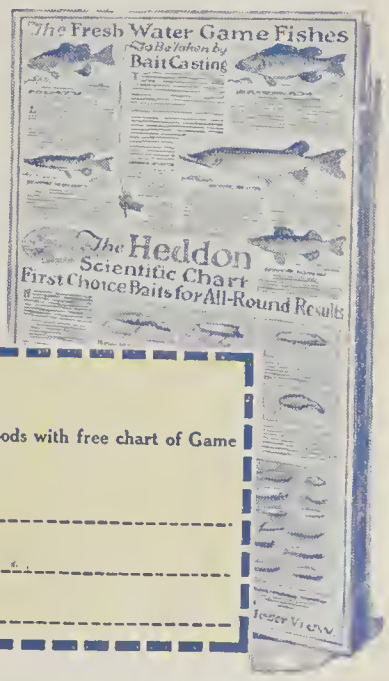
Free Booklet and Color Sheet show all patterns in full detail and correct colors, together with the inventors' fascinating story of the experiments and results which led up to these marvels of luring and hooking certainty. Your copy is Free.



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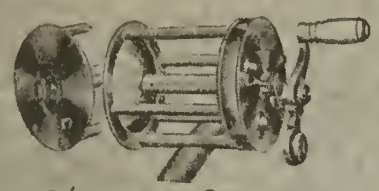
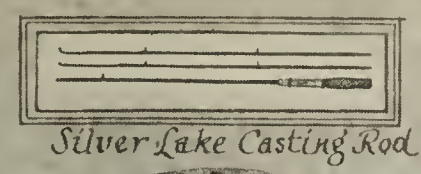
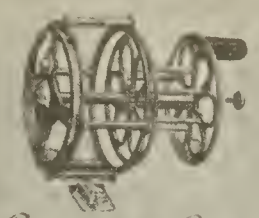


Worth Reel



Silver Lake Casting Rod



Progress Reel

Templar Reel

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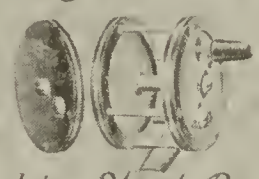
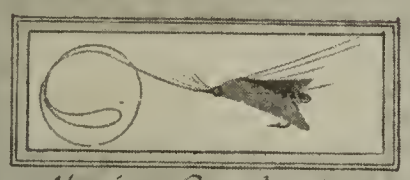


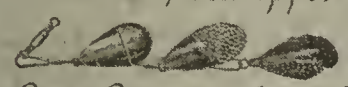
Golden West Reel

Biz Minnow Luminous



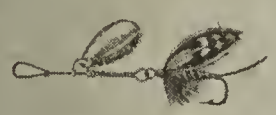
Merino Grasshopper

Trout and Bass Flies



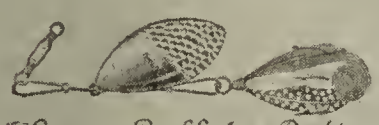
Lowe Canadian Special Bait

Lowe Star Bait -single

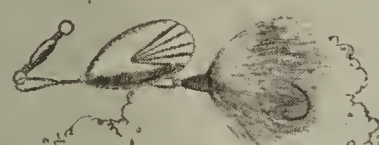


Indiana Fly Spinner

Fluted-Weedless Bait



Lowe Buffalo Bait -single



Enitime-Buck-Tail Spoon

Luminous-Tandem Spinner

Colorado Spinner

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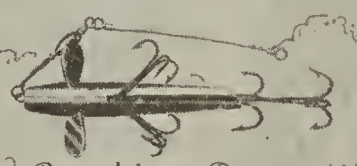
No. 133 Furnished Line

Wizard Wiggler

Surprise Minnow

Kent Floater Bait



Breakless Devon Minnow

Bear-Valley Spinner

Washington Bait Spinner

Ecko Frog Spear

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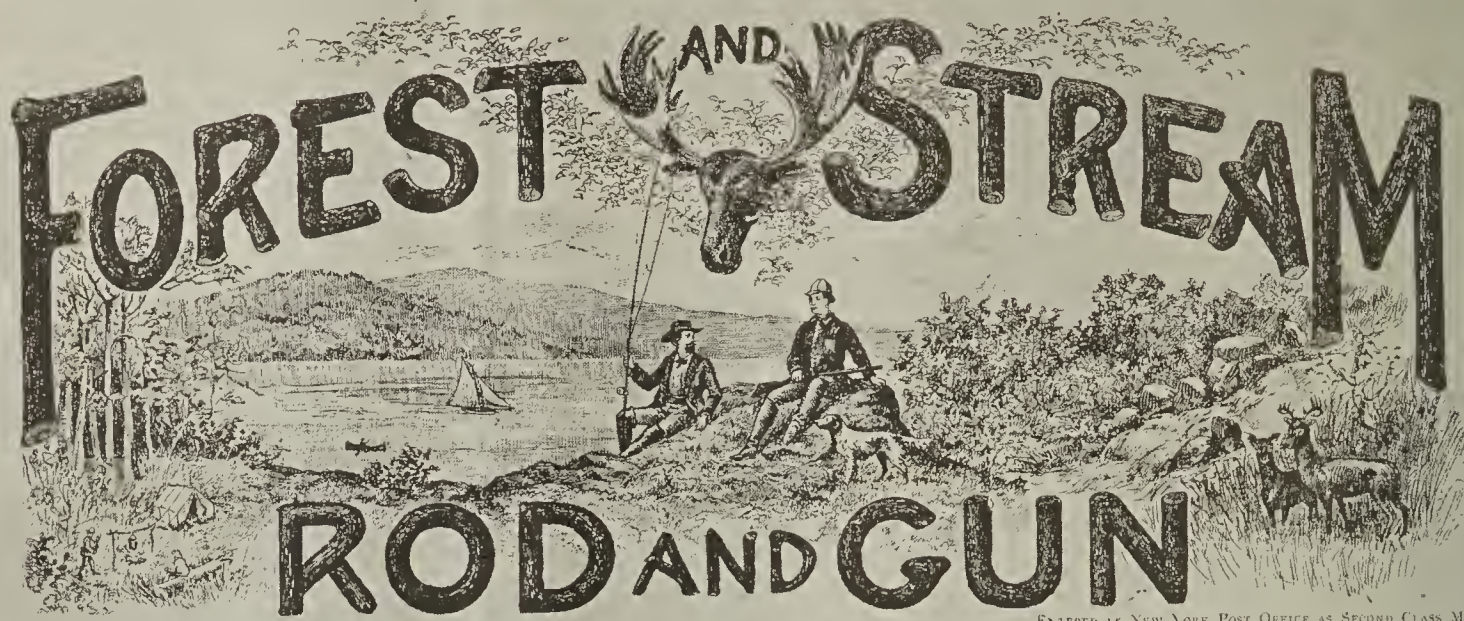

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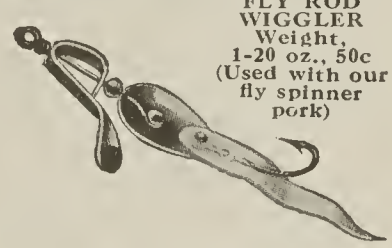

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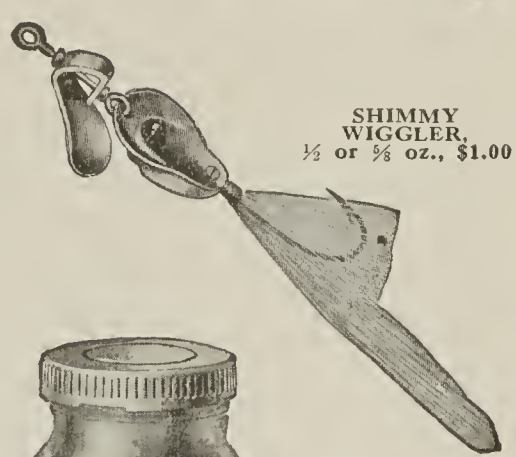

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Vol. XCIII JULY, 1923 No. 7

THE PICKEREL—A TRUE GAME FISH

When and how to catch them—
Their habits and fighting quality

By RUBE WOOD

WHERE is the angler who cannot revive fond memories of care-free days spent on the pickerel pond of his boyhood?

Your equipment was simple, but effectual. A cane pole, twelve to fourteen feet long; a cotton or linen line of the same length; a ringed hook, generally a cheap spear-point carlisle. You preferred the carlisle because of its long shank, which enabled you to extract it from the pickerel's mouth with the minimum of danger to your fingers. A small sinker ten inches above the hook — when you couldn't get the "store" sinkers, a ten penny nail did very well. You were always careful to select a rusty one so it didn't shine in the water and distract the fish's attention from the bait. The float was important. It let you know just when the pickerel took hold of the live bait and by its erratic movements indicated the proper moment to strike, for even in the days of your novitiate you had learned that the pickerel plays with the bait and mouths it, as the cat plays with the mouse. You knew that the float must be pulled well under the water before you dared strike if you were to be sure of hooking your quarry.

And how the fish, once hooked, rushed about and churned the water, and often leaped into the air (when you weren't pulling too hard yourself) in its mad effort to escape the stinging barb embedded in its tender mouth; how it flopped and thrashed its tail as you finally hauled it, gasping, upon the bank; how you admired its green reticulated sides and pure white belly; its long sharp teeth and lustrous eye flashed defiance at you then and there —these and a hundred other mental pictures flit by you, one by one, with the memory of the cane pole and the weed beds and rushes of the pickerel pond.

Pickerel fishing holds a definite place in the affairs of the boy, just as marble playing and kite flying. But as the boy advances into man's estate with its cares and responsibilities he forgets the thrills of pickerel catching in the days when cares were few.

Many anglers, removed from their boyhood by more years than they care to acknowledge, become so enthralled by fly fishing for trout, bass and salmon, that if they do think of pickerel at all and express their thoughts in words, it is in words of disparagement. They refer to the pickerel as a snake, "a common fish," and say it can't fight and isn't fit to eat.

That this is all wrong, any angler who catches pickerel on light tackle will aver. In a certain section of the Middle West, I have seen men fish for small-mouth bass with the cane pole equipment described in the beginning of this article. When a fish was hooked, it was thrown over the shoulder into the bushes whether it weighed a half pound or three pounds. If the bass were too big for this form of treatment, something "busted" and that's all there was to it. It is just possible that men who say the pickerel is not a game fish have used these methods on them. Under these circumstances, the black bass becomes removed from the game fish class, also; besides almost anything else one can think of weighing less than five pounds. This does not go to say, however, that the cane pole cannot be made a weapon of enjoyment in the taking of bass and pickerel. On the contrary, there are many anglers who enjoy catching these game fish by this means, and derive plenty of sport from so doing, simply because they play their fish as carefully as though they were using a four-ounce fly rod. Remember also that they are handicapped by lack of a reel and the fish often pulls loose by making a hard rush.

The pickerel will not last as long in battle as the bass or trout, it is true, but this is not due to lack of a courageous spirit, but rather to the fact that nature gave it a long slim body seemingly out of all proportion to the fishes' length. A black bass, when hooked, having a far wider body than that of the pickerel, will warp himself around in a curve at right angles to the line and thereby (with the aid of the resistance to the water thus formed) exert such a pressure on the line and hook as to reach the danger point; indeed, he often escapes by means of this ruse. Though the pickerel makes use of this same trick, it avails him little as his body is too cylindrical to "get a grip" on the water, and as he has no such means as this, whereby he may have a "breathing spell" now and then, he needs must give up quickly.

What the pickerel lacks in lasting power, he surely makes up for in speed. Built as he is, like a greyhound, he is the swiftest fish that swims in fresh water. Hooked on a light rod and small light lure, a pickerel's first few rushes are apt to astonish the angler. A fish weighing three pounds will make a dash of sixty feet in an incredibly short time. He will often terminate this with a leap of two feet, and if the angler keeps his

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line tight, the chances are that he will retrieve an empty hook, often not even a hook.

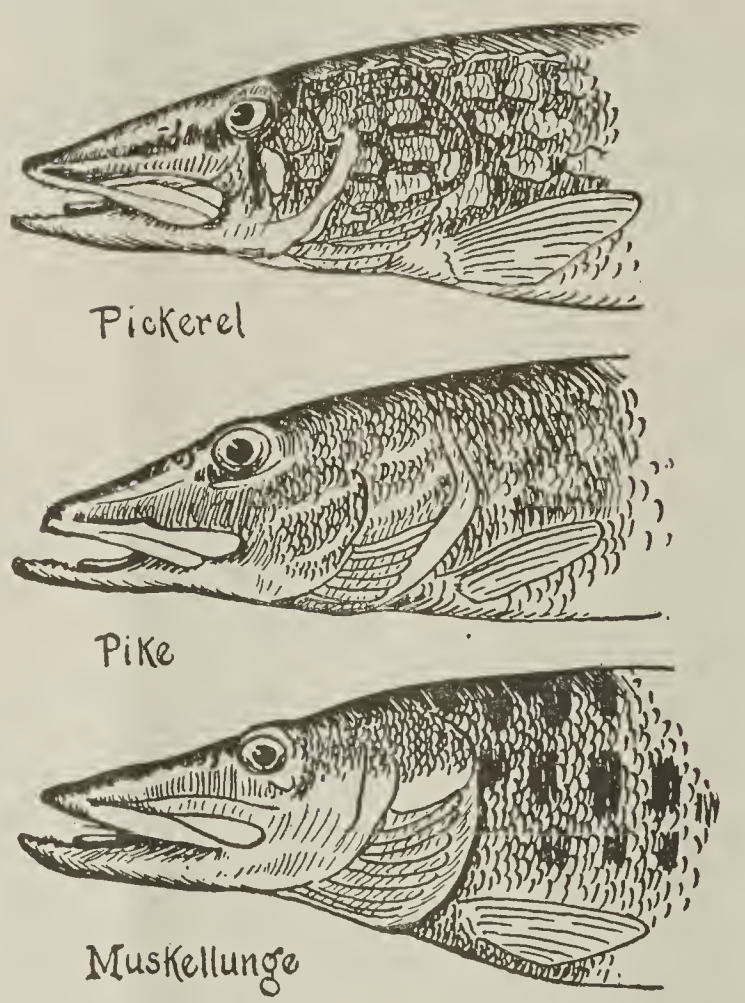
This question of leaping is often disputed by men who are opponents of pickerel fishing. It is true that not all pickerel leap. Further, it is true that a great many bass and trout do not leap. In the case of any species of leaping game fish, an individual of which does not leap when hooked, this may be due to the temperament (if a variation in habit may be termed temperament when applied to fish) of the fish, or to the fact that the angler plays him hard and forces him to stay under. It is almost always possible to prevent a fish's breaking by a movement of the rod sideways, when the fish is seen to be nearing the surface. Pickerel hooked on a spoon when trolling and pulled in rapidly, hand over hand, will seldom break; but those hooked on a fly rod and light lure will usually break once or twice at least, if they be of any size at all.

The pickerel is not a sulker—in this quality, he shares honors with the black bass. A large trout or salmon will often lie on the bottom of a deep pool and stay there until the efforts of the angler force him to move or pull the hook from his mouth. The pickerel, however, is the personification of extreme action until he is in the boat.

Besides the cane pole method of taking pickerel with live bait, there is a form of angling (often used in rural sections) called "skittering" in which the pole is also employed. The lure is about the same length as the pole as in still fishing, but instead of the bait hook, a spoon or spinner is attached to the end of the line. This is often used in conjunction with a strip of pork rind or pickerel belly. The angler stands in the bow of the boat or wades cautiously along the shore and flops the spoon among the lily pads and weeds, pulling it through the water in short jerks. As pickerel usually lie close to shore, this is often an effective method, especially early in the morning or late in the afternoon. In this connection, it may be well to mention the fact that pickerel never feed at night, and rarely after the sun goes down.

"Skittering," however, is not to be compared to taking the fish on a light rod, from a standpoint of sport.

The man who enjoys fishing with live bait, will find a light bait-rod and free-running multiple reel best suited to his needs when fishing for pickerel. A steel rod may be used with excellent results, as it possesses plenty of flexibility. Perhaps the best bait-rod obtainable, however, is the Henshall rod, of split bamboo, weighing around seven ounces, eight feet three inches in length. The line should be a fine silk one, though cotton or linen will do. If the fish run at all large (two, three and four pounds) hooks having snells of gimp, piano-wire or phosphor bronze become a necessity, as the sharp teeth of the larger fish often sever the snell on gut hooks. No two anglers will agree on hook sizes, but in general a good bass hook is a good pickerel hook. In fact, most bass tackle is good pickerel tackle also. Some good sizes of hooks for use in live-bait fishing for pickerel are Cincinnati Bass Nos. 17, 18 and 19; Sproat No. 1/0-2/0-3/0 and Sneck and Carlisle of the same sizes. The frog seems to be the favorite pickerel bait in most parts of the country, though it is seldom that a pickerel will not take a live minnow, especially a shiny one. Small shiners and red sides are best. Salt-water killies make good bait, and the killies in particular will live longer than most fresh-water minnows. The pickerel does not scorn the lowly worm, either, the larger night crawlers being best.



Pickerel: Chain-markings-scaly cheek
Pike: Markings plainer-scaly cheek
Muskellunge: Spotted-darker-smooth cheek

But while many pickerel are taken each season by means of live bait, it is a question if more are not taken by means of artificial lures. The pickerel loves action and anything with movement attracts him, particularly if it has color or glitters. This trait is responsible for the popularity of trolling as a means of taking this fish. The simplest trolling equipment is a spoon and hand line. But as this method serves merely to get the fish and is practically sportless, the rod is by far the better proposition. It may be either bait-rod or bait-casting rod. The ordinary fluted or kidney spoon is generally used. It has the feathered treble hook attachment and is apparently as effective today as it was in Civil War times. A type of spoon known as the "wobbler" or "Flop" has a long elliptical blade with treble hook attached directly to the end by means of a split ring. They are made in brass, copper and pearl and are very effective. The blade wobbles in the water instead of revolving, and this irregular motion sends off flashes which a fish can see a long way off.

The bait-caster can find fun aplenty on a good pickerel lake or river. Pickerel will take most plugs as readily as a bass will. Green under-water minnows and plugs of the semi-surface wobbling kind seem particularly effective, though almost any bass plug is a pickerel plug. If the angler would derive the maximum in sport from bait casting for pickerel, he should use a very light rod five and a half or six feet long and small weighted spinners with a strip of pork rind. As pickerel rarely weigh over five pounds and most of the fish taken weigh from a pound and a half to three pounds, a fine braided silk line testing ten or twelve pounds is plenty heavy enough. The reel should be a small, light, easy-running quadruple, holding eighty to one hundred yards of line.

A most pleasurable method of taking pickerel is by means of strip casting. A fairly heavy fly rod is used with single-action reel and about fifty yards of fine enameled line. Size H is about right. The best lure is probably a spoon of the Skinner's casting-spoon type with a single hook. Pork-rind minnows are also effective. A strip of perch or pickerel belly makes a fine bait to use in connection with the spoon. The line is stripped from the reel and coiled on the seat of the boat.

The lure is cast by a steady side sweep of the rod, the line stripping through the guides from the coils. Short casts are the rule, as pickerel will often strike a lure within a few feet of the boat or shore.

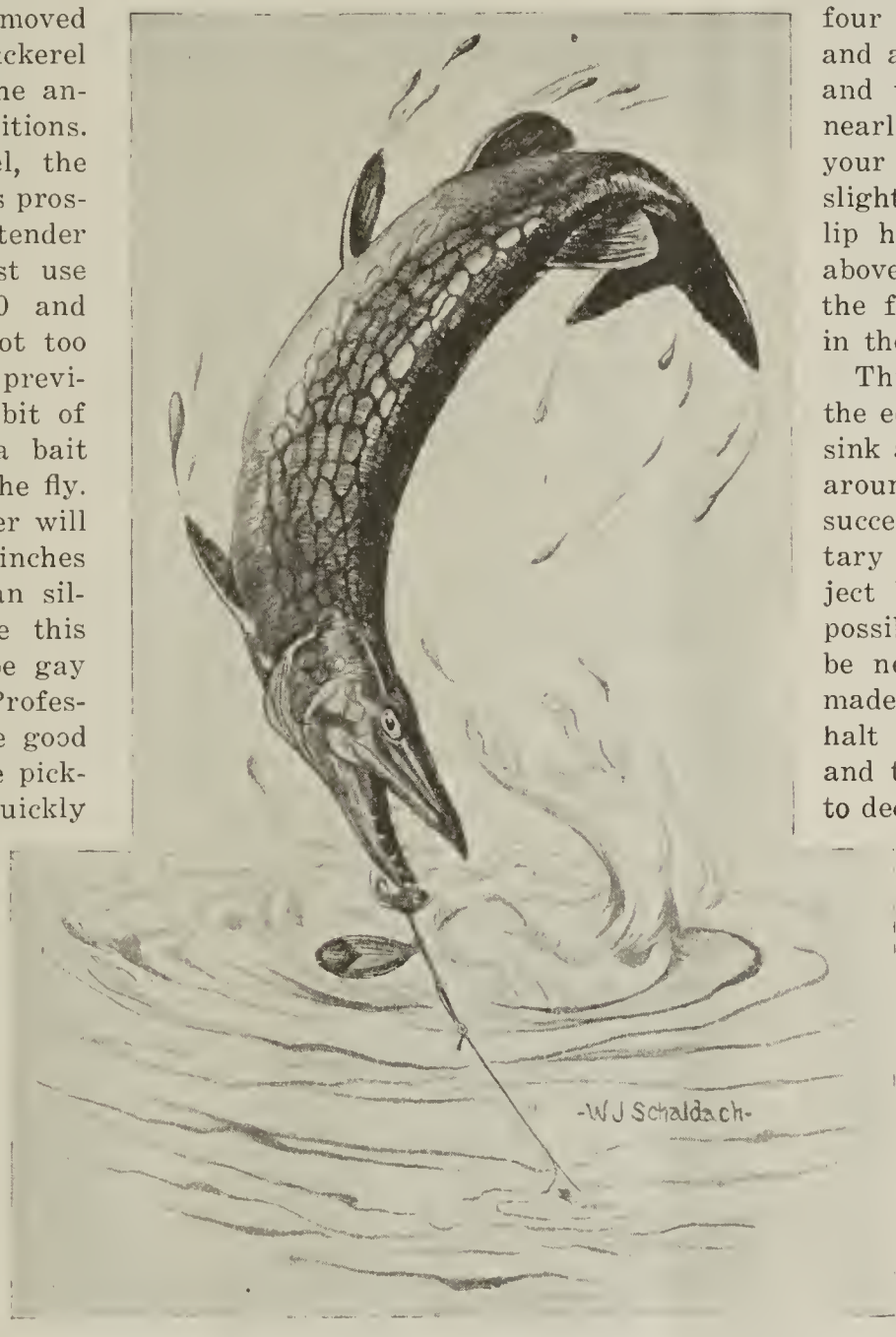
The fly rod is the ideal weapon for almost every kind of fresh-water fishing, for by reason of its resilient action it responds to the fishes' every move, and because of this, the angler derives more sport from its use than is possible with the stiffer bait and bait-casting rods. Fly-fishing, the highest form of angling, is therefore really only one step removed from strip-casting. And the pickerel will take the fly readily, if the angler supplies the proper conditions. When fly-fishing for pickerel, the angler must remember that his prospective quarry has a very tender mouth and therefore he must use *large* flies. Number 1/0-2/0 and even number 3/0 flies are not too large. What has been said previously about the pickerel's habit of severing a gut snell from a bait hook applies equally well to the fly. Therefore, the *provident* angler will use eyed flies with about six inches of phosphor bronze or German silver wire attached to obviate this difficulty. The flies should be gay in hue. Parmacheene Belle, Professor, Ibis and Jenny Lind are good ones. As a general thing, the pickerel will not eject the fly as quickly as trout or bass, and if the angler, upon feeling the strike, responds with an even pull instead of the usual quick jerk, he will find that he hooks and holds a larger percentage of his fish, as the hook is not so apt to pull through the thin membrane of the fish's mouth.

Using floating bugs and feathered minnows with the fly-rod is a sporty method of taking pickerel, as the fish strike on the surface and the attendant swirl and splash adds to the sport.

The foregoing methods of taking pickerel include about all the ways in which these fish are taken by fair and sportsmanlike methods. The old-timer has his favorite method, and whether it be fly-fishing, trolling or bait-casting, he enjoys it thoroughly. But the beginner who has never fished for pickerel has no traditions to break down, and he will find the greatest sport possible with the fly-rod, whether he use fly, floating bug or spinner.

As a rule, there are practically no months in the year when pickerel will not bite, but the best times in the whole season have been defined by old anglers as "in the spring when the apple blossoms are out" and "in the fall, when the red maples are coloring up." When the heat of summer is upon us, the best times to fish are during the early morning hours and during the last two or three hours of daylight in the evening.

Dear old Nessmuk, the master of woodcraft, was a pickerel fisherman and with considerable pride wrote "that he could catch them in their off seasons as well as at any time."



THE PICKEREL IS THE PERSONIFICATION OF ACTION

He had a pork bait and a home-made snell. He could see no virtue in "gangs" or "trains" or small hooks, and his snell was made by wrapping a strong hook to the end of a 15-inch brass wire snell; then a second hook was attached at right angles with the first, and one inch above it; and a third and smaller hook above that for a lip hook. This with a loop at the end made a snell about one foot in length, with the two lower hooks standing at right angles, one above the other, and a smaller hook in line with the second an inch and a half higher up.

Nessmuk also held that all hooks for pickerel had twice as much barb as was necessary, and he used to file his hooks down to the upper part of the barb and then hone them to a perfect point. He argued that the sharp bend of the barb prevented the entering of the hook in the hard, bony structure so that a little loosening of the line and a shake the hand sets them free; but no fish could shake out a hook well sunken in mouth or gills, though two-thirds of the barb be filed away.

The pork bait is made as follows: Slice off a clean, white pork rind, four or five inches long by an inch and a half wide; lay it on a board, and with a sharp knife cut it as nearly to the shape of a frog as your ingenuity permits. Prick a slight gash in the head to admit the lip hook, which should be an inch above the second one, and see that the fork of the bait rests securely in the barb of the middle hook.

This bait should be cast along the edge of the lily pads, allowed to sink a few inches and then brought around in a slight curve by a quick succession of draws, with a momentary pause between each. The object being to imitate as nearly as possible a swimming frog. If this be neatly done and if the bait be made as it should be at every short halt the legs will spread naturally and the imitation is perfect enough to deceive the most experienced bass or pickerel. When half a dozen casts to right and left have been made without success, it is best to move on, still keeping inside and casting outside the lily pads.

Finally, the man who insinuates that the pickerel is a bony creature not fit to eat, probably never has tasted one properly cooked. Few fish are more bony than the shad, yet this same man undoubtedly relishes the flesh of the latter fish because it is a shad and forgets all about the bones. The bones in a pickerel are large and forked and quite easily avoided, and these same bones are clothed with the firm white flesh of a keen, active fighting fish. It is not an exception to other fish inasmuch as it takes on more or less of the flavor of the waters it inhabitates, nevertheless a pickerel carefully fried to a brown "finish" or planked with strips of bacon before an open fire is real food, and a man doesn't have to have an appetite born of the fragrance of the woods or the wind-swept lake to be able to enjoy it.

SONNYBOY ENJOYED THE WILD FREEDOM OF THE OLD FARM, AND THE BIG RAMSHACKLE BARN PARTICULARLY LURED HIM. HE IS BARRELLED AND READY FOR MARKET

Adventures in Comradeship

Part V.

Sonnyboy and Dad Take a Hike Back to Nature, Lead the Simple Life on an Old Farm, High in the Pennsylvania Hills, and Go Fly-fishing Where the Footfalls of Man are Rare Indeed. Some Incidental Lessons in Forest Preservation, Good for Young Minds to Absorb.

By W. LIVINGSTON LARNED

IS there anything more mysterious than coincidence? Just a week before, I had been talking with Sonnyboy on the subject of trout fishing. Out came my precious tin of lures, to dazzle the dancing eye of him: a shimmering, glimmering jewel-box of color, its contents an odd mosaic of red, yellow, elusive greens, pastel shades, born of things that flit and flutter!

Up to this hour, he had never been privileged to handle them. To a trout fisherman, his flies are forbidden ground. His own fingers touch them with reverence and respect. Here is a Spider Lure, bedraggled from long companionship, its cunning form a shadow of the olden days, but fondled as a miser might gloat over doubloons: and here is my beloved Silver Doctor, the pretty bauble of a world, around which gay constellations of adventure have swirled!

That evening, I had lighted my pipe and unlocked the cabinet where the trout tackle was enshrined, when the thought occurred: trout fishermen, of the old school, complain bitterly, because, season after season, a pernicious misconception grips eighty per cent of those who blunder along our depleted streams and mountain lakes.

Who is to blame?

The fathers of the trout fishermen of tomorrow. If Fathers would only take the trouble to inculcate correct methods and high ideals in the youth of the land, what a difference it would make! Of all outdoor sport, I sometimes think there is more of the spiritual in trout fishing. The quarry is so fine, fair, heroic, game, beautiful. The trout is a champion in his class. He takes keen chances himself and lives in an atmosphere of tumultuous, frothy adventure. He is blessed of the Gods. A rainbow trout is immortal.

But the majority of those who make a scientific as well as a religious study of fly-fishing, are just a little selfish. Say "trout" to them, in season, and their souls shrivel. They become hermits. Either entirely alone or in company with a same-age chum, patterned exactly after them, they secretly steal away to their favorite deep pools.

I had always been that sort of a trout fisherman where my boy was concerned. "As soon take a circus elephant along," had been my observation.

"Take Sonny with you next time," Mother had suggested.

Fireworks! A vocabulary of violent expletives. As if a growing boy could or should be taken trout fishing!

Would one lead a donkey to sabbath meeting? Trout streams were sanctuaries.

"But you complain of the poor sportsmen who abuse their privileges," Mother would plead, "you insist there is only one true, honest-to-goodness trout fisherman in a thousand. Has it ever occurred to you that if Father's, who are good fishermen, brought their sons up to a proper appreciation of what is right and wrong, we might have better sportsmen in another generation?"

What an entirely simply and obvious truth it was!

And so, for one entire evening, I told Sonnyboy of the marvels of trout fishing, and echoed the adventures of many a singing reel. It was promised that some day soon, he might accompany me on a little expedition.

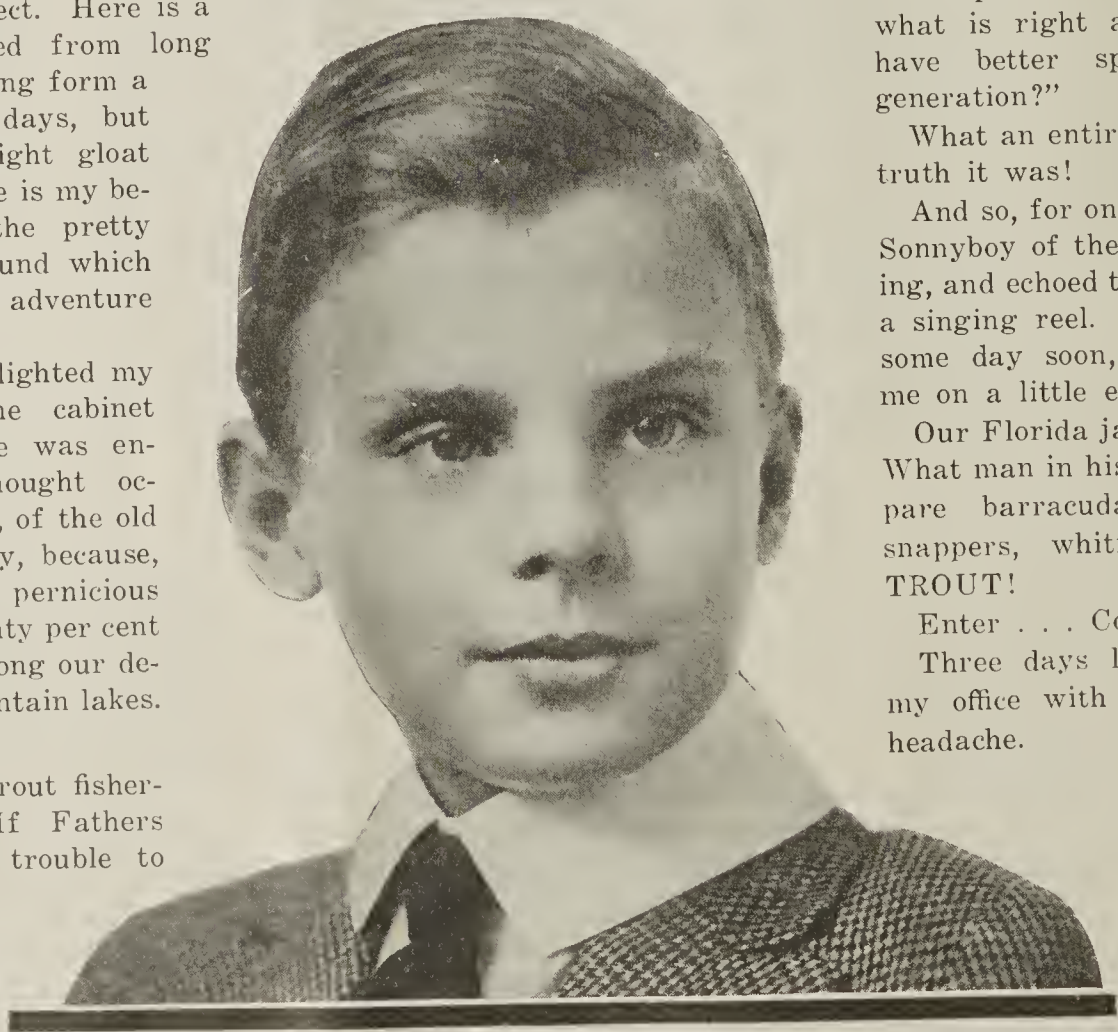
Our Florida jaunts were just a taste. What man in his right mind could compare barracuda, tarpon, mangrove snappers, whiting, sheepshead—with TROUT!

Enter . . . Coincidence!

Three days later, I returned from my office with a splitting, throbbing headache.

Friend Family Doctor looked me over.

"Remnants of that Flu' attack of a year ago," he said, "strange reactions. The disease often baffles us. Nothing that comes in a



FISHING, HUNTING, THE LIFE OUTDOORS, PUTS SOMETHING DIFFERENT IN A BOY'S FACE—SOMETHING BORN OF THE PEACE AND BEAUTY OF THOSE FAIR PLACES WHERE MAN DROPS HIS LINE, OR THE CHALLENGE OF TEMPERATE FIREARMS ECHOES THROUGH MOUNTAIN PATHS.

A VIEW FROM THE HILL-TOP, OUT ACROSS PLEASANT VALLEY WAYS AND TO THE MAJESTIC DELAWARE. WHY IS IT SO FEW SPORTSMEN KNOW OF THIS LAND OF GREAT PROMISE, WHERE SO MUCH GAME ABOUNDS?

"CHIP," OUR GENIAL PIKE COUNTY NEIGHBOR, WHO KNEW AND LOVED THE FORESTS AND WHO HAD MUCH TO SAY ON THE SUBJECT OF THE PRESERVATION OF TREES.

A VIVID PANORAMA OF TUMBLING WATER, NEAR THE GIFFORD PINCHOT ESTATE, AND LESS THAN A HALF MILE FROM OUR "TROUT RESERVE." THE SPECKLED BEAUTIES LURK IN DEEP POOLS AT THE FOOT OF SUCH PLACES AS THIS.

chemist's bottle will do any good. Take it easy. You like to be outdoors. Been thinking of yourself too much of the while and those Club luncheons of nine courses, every day, have not helped. Your best medicine is the very outdoors you love. But I would be opposed to strenuous exercise—even fishing. Learn to make a complete success of loafing and the simple life. The average American business man relaxes as cheerfully as a seaman's knot, salt-water soaked. It would be fine if there was a little farm somewhere—and, who knows—near it, deep in the woods, a place where brook trout hide. Don't go alone . . . and don't take anyone along who will keep you up late, or encourage your inveterate pipe . . . . that boy of yours would be just the very chum. Would you mind?"

A year ago I most assuredly would have minded.

Now it was different.

It would mean taking Sonnyboy out of his school in advance of vacation days. But he had accompanied me to Florida for three weeks and, on his return, soon made up all that had been lost. Sonnyboy was leading his class. And right here, a digression; outdoor life, vigorous exercise, a line overboard and a pulse tripping to the ecstasy of genuine sport, feeds the mind as well as the body. I have broken the back of Sonnyboy's school sessions occasionally—and, in the end, he seemed to profit by it. It is not my intention to suggest this as a regular diet, but a parenthetic observation should be made that lusty living makes for lusty thinking.

The two of us packed our kits and were off once more, comrades of adventure. A friend had purchased an old deserted farm high in the Pennsylvania hills. At present, it was unoccupied. But there was a delightful little rookery of a house, a ramshackle barn, orchards of gnarled and world-weary apple trees, and a view of the Delaware River, flowing on and on, into swimming seas of mist, miles across sunlit valley land. It was a farm placed there generations ago, at a time when habitations were often a half day's journey apart . . . and this section had not been changed by man. The nearest neighbor was miles distant.

"Go right on up . . . here are the keys . . . make yourself at home," urged the friend, "and rumor—rumor, mind you, handed down from somebody's great-great grandfather, has it that there are secret brook trout streams, practically untouched. It's as primitive up there as if there had never been such a thing as the Income Tax . . . or Endurance Dances or bobbed hair. A game warden? Down in the village, yes. Mounted constabulary . . . those sleek, heroic god-like Pennsylvania forest rangers . . . apt to stumble on you anywhere in the most unexpected places. I'd take out a license if I were you just to show you respect Law and Order. And Bill . . . some moonlit night, tip-toe to the win-

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"OUR FARM." SONNY BOY HAS A NEW EXPERIENCE. HIGH IN THE PENNSYLVANIA HILLS, AND HERE IS OUR TEMPORARY "CAMP." IN THE GRAY DAWN DEER CAME UP TO THE VERY DOOR.

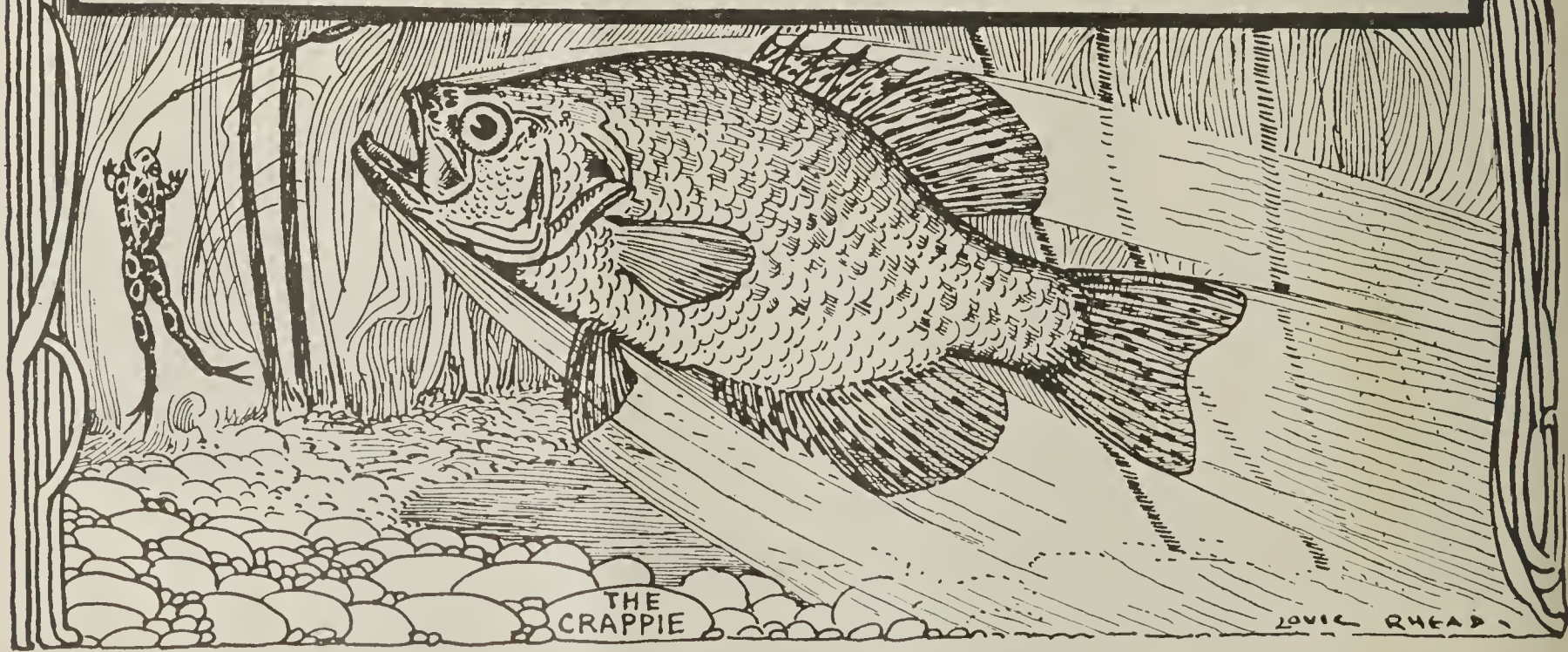
THE OLD BARN—KINGDOM OF ROMANCE, OF DIM SHADOWS, THE SCENT OF HAY, AND THE ABIDING PLACE OF CHIPMUNKS. WAS THERE EVER A BOY WHO DID NOT "LOVE A BARN"?

FISHING FOR THE MINOR BASSES

The Crappie, Calico Bass, Rock Bass, Warmouth and Bluegills

By LOUIS RHEAD

THE major basses, large and small-mouth, have received much the greater part of attention from angling writers both in magazine and book form, ignoring the fact these five species of minor basses are now of such wide distribution as to be caught in immense quantities by a host of anglers in every locality. North, West, Middle West, East, and perhaps most abundant in the South. They are bunched together because their food, and the baits by which they are captured, as well as the methods of capture, are identical to all. Furthermore, their gameness, their average weight of one pound, are the same, though at rare intervals, if the food is abundant, they will grow up to two, even three pounds in weight. In describing how to fish for these smaller members of the bass family, the angler must know that the two larger species, small and large-mouth bass, are most often found abiding in the same waters in close proximity to the less important species now being described. For that reason it is very wise to provide tackle of good qual-



ity, strong enough for a tussle with fish of three pounds that are fighters to the core.

First in popularity and abundance is the crappie, which is the southern form of what is known in the north as the calico bass. The latter, according to locality, goes under the following names: Grass bass, speckled bass, bank-lick bass, lamplighter, bitter-head, strawberry bass, paper-mouth, barfish, razor-back, fly-fish, chinguapin, lake shad, silver bass, big-fin bass and goggle-eye.

The Southern form, known generally as the crappie, is also called bachelor, newlight, campbellite, sac-a-lait, crapet, tin-mouth, brideperch, chub, John Demon, and shad. Nearly all these names are applied indiscriminately to both calico and crappie, because the two species are hard to distinguish at sight when both are taken from the same water, living upon the same food affects the coloration as to lead to a similarity in hues and tints. Neither of them grow much longer than twelve inches, but both are excellent panfish; in fact, the crappie and calico may be called two of the great food-fishes of the extensive area west of the Alleghanies. On many of the middle western rivers and lakes, whole families may be seen on flat boats busily engaged in catching the campbellite or lamplighter. The crappie is not so choice of habitat as the calico bass, for he is found in and seems to prefer the sluggish waters of ponds and bayous, while the calico is seldom caught in such localities, preferring cold and clear waters, in which, however, the crappie is often found. I have been told that not infrequently one of each species is caught on the same line and at the same moment. Both species are caught in great numbers, as they bite freely when they are feeding in shallow water, will fill the creel, even if the fisherman be crude to the core. It is on record that two anglers, fishing for pleasure, caught, in three days, on hook and line, over 1,000 crappies weighing from six to twenty ounces.

The crappie and calico are omnivorous feeders of almost everything in sight, as is the nature of all the bass family. No particular favorite lure can be given suited to every locality. The lure which stands first in popularity is the live and artificial minnow. Next most commonly used is the angleworm, crawfish, small crickets, grasshoppers, small hellgramites and artificial flies, on the surface, also underwater with tiny spoon attachment.

As an example, the following letter, sent me by an Illinois fisherman, will attest to the value of a tiny 1½-inch artificial darter minnow. In part it says: "During the past fall I caught on this little darter 14 small-mouth bass, up to three pounds; 6 pike, up to five pounds; 412 crappies, many over a pound; 11 silver bass, all two pounds, and lastly, one carp, weighing eighteen pounds. The minnow is now a bit disfigured, but would still get them." Use very light tackle in fishing for all these species. A light, springy rod, good oil-silk line and stout leader, both with live as with artificial baits.

If the fish run to a pound or more give them plenty of elbow room when they strike. Their first rush, which is quite strong, should not be checked. After a little wild play they will quickly succumb under the continued strain of a taut line. When using live bait for all these fish it will be found much more effective to use small hooks. The best size and bend is No. 6 eyed sproat. Tie the gut leader of four or more feet to the hook-eye with a neat, sound knot, without any loop.

Hook small frogs by the lip; crawfish, cricket and grasshoppers by the tails. Fairly good-size angleworms should be hooked twice lightly through the skin with the two ends free to actively kick around the hook. Live minnows are best hooked on the edge of body bone of back fins only when still fishing, but for trolling they should be hooked by the lips. All baits, whether live or artificial, should be quite small, and they should be kept moving to attract the larger fish. Almost all these species are gregarious, living and feeding together in schools, so that if you manage to get to the right place where they abide and fish quietly in a systematic manner, you can often fill the creel from one place, as all these fish are bold and active biters when once they take a notion to accept any certain kind of lure.

If one lure is not taken in situations you know contain fish, change it to another kind, and keep changing if you have them, till you get a response. Then stick to that particular lure till they cease biting altogether.

SONNY BOY

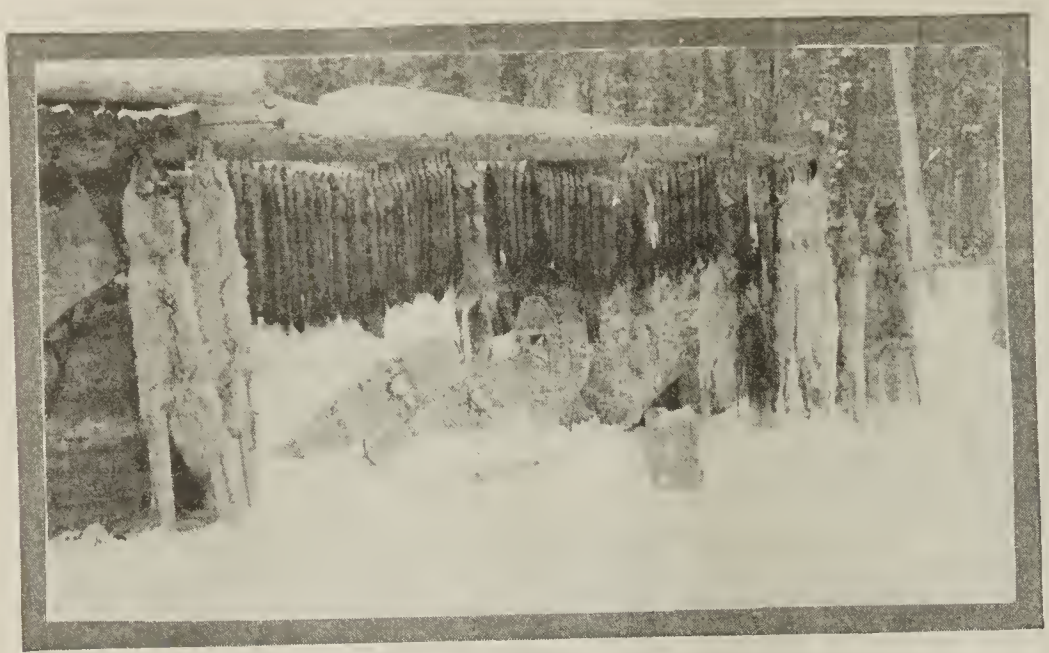
LAST month I read about Sonny Boy. . . . Mine was the great privilege to look into the heart of a boy and to see the clean, wholesome fibers of youth which were preparing to build the man. Mine was the privilege to feel the thrills which he felt, to share in the laughter of youth which is his . . . only his. . . . I looked into his soul and into the soul of the father who bared them both for me and then . . . I thought of my Sonny Boy. . . .

Yesterday, I went with him. Yesterday, I began to compensate for the years that have passed, for the golden moments which I had lost because he was left behind. Yesterday, my Sonny Boy and I went fishing and I, too, felt what the father of Sonny Boy feels . . . what the thousands of fathers of Sonny Boys who read FOREST AND STREAM have begun to feel since this story was told!

And today . . . those dreams are mine. Today . . . those memories live with me. Today . . . I, too, know the smile of youth, its outburst, its cry, its enthusiasm, its life, its vigor . . . the innocence and the beauty of it all!

What are all of the wonderful specimens in museums? What is the glittering handiwork of craftsman and taxidermist, or artist, and painter . . . what are all these compared to the look in the eyes of Sonny Boy as he sees you play your big fish and urges you on . . . as he shouts you encouragement, and laughs you his glee and gives you his astonishment . . . all of these that once upon a time were yours?

For Sonny Boy is bringing back to America the story of youth! He is bringing back the golden moments of clean, wholesome joy, untarnished by worry, unblemished by the strife for dollars. Clean from these and free from these, Sonny Boy takes you out where only you and he and the fish are, where your soul is bared to his with love and understanding.



TRIALS OF THE TRAPPING TRAIL

Continuation of "TRAPPING THE THREE RIVER ZONE"—Part Seven

By RAYMOND THOMPSON

BY the middle of December a great deal of snow had fallen and it became apparent that the trail between the Athabasca and Edson would soon be impassable for anything save a dog team. My trapping took me further south all the time, and as the best marten country was within a day's travel of Mile 27 on the Grande Prairie Trail, we decided it was better for the wife to go to town and that I would work my traplines from that end. It was with considerable regret that we made this move, but as there was so little to trap in the vicinity of that part of the Athabasca, it seemed foolish to waste so much time in traveling back and forth. There was absolutely no fur-bearing animal in the country save the martens and weasels; what few foxes and lynx were about in the earlier part of the season had disappeared and there wasn't a sizeable "catch" of these animals in the whole district.

The old cabin at the Mile 27 was in sad need of repair, but on looking it over I saw that with a little fixing it could be made to do for the remainder of the season. I hired a team in Edson to haul a good supply of grub and a camping outfit to Mile 27, and a couple of days after my arrival had things in good shape. As near as I could figure out my cabin on the head of Lynx Creek was about ten miles west and six miles north of Mile 27, and as I had run a trapline in the general direction of Mile 27 from this cabin, all I had to do to make the thing complete was to run a line from my new camp. Sounds easy! Yes, a great deal easier than it proved.

Between Mile 27 and the country I wanted to get into was a high, rugged spur of the Moose Mountains, whose spruce-clad slopes were covered with a tangle of down timber that I would never have been able to conquer except that the very great depth of snow enabled me to snowshoe over the majority of it. My main difficulty was that I didn't know exactly the location of either place in reference to the other; besides, I had to break trail every step of the way before I could drive the dogs over. It was a lonesome, heart-breaking task.

The first day I started from Mile 27 with nothing to hinder me but a lunch and an axe. I struck as near due west as I could and made good time the first mile or so, in spite of the fact that I sank a good foot in the snow each time I took a step with my snowshoes. Then the snow got soft, owing to a chinook wind (a rare thing in this country) blowing from the southwest, and I was obliged to turn back. To you who have never experienced such a thing as trying to snowshoe in wet, clinging snow, I will say that there is nothing romantic about it! Wearily you drag one shoe after the other, the webbed filling becomes wet and stretches abominably and several pounds of snow clings to the bottoms, sapping the very last ounce of energy from one's self. You feel that you would be better off without the snowshoes, but after trying the change and floundering a few yards you wearily slip your wet moccasined feet into the tie straps and doggedly plunge ahead.

For three days I was unable to make any further progress on account of the soft spell, but the fourth day it turned colder and I broke trail to what I figured as the head of Otter Creek, a small stream that crossed the Medicine Lodge Trail at a point some eight miles east of Lynx Creek. Granting that the two creeks flowed parallel, I was yet a good ten miles from my destination. I went back to Mile 27, loaded the toboggan with grub and blankets and drove the dogs to the end of my trail, where I erected a brush shelter. One of those sudden changes in temperature which are so characteristic of the North Country took place, and it sure was cold "si-washing" there on the head of Otter Creek. At such times it seems like it is impossible for a man to get enough blankets to keep him from freezing. I couldn't sleep more than an hour at a time, when, awakened by the stinging frost, I would jump out and replenish the fire. A great red moon hung in the tops of the spruce trees and stars as cold and brilliant as diamonds mocked me from the heavens. Now and then a report like the crack of a high-powered rifle shattered the silence; it was the frost in the trees, the only sound that broke the solitude of my lonely watch. At such times I have always felt myself detached from the ordinary world, in fact, so remote does civilization seem, one could readily imagine himself on another planet. Nature is a Great Teacher but remorseless in the enforcing of her laws.

This is the one supreme law of the wilderness, the man who sallies forth to conquer the wilds must have certain fighting qualities or he will early go down to defeat. I have seen dozens of men tackle the trapping game and give up in disgust after a few weeks of reverses. I do not mean to say that these men were cowards in any sense of the term: they simply did not understand the nature of the thing they were trying to do and consequently did not know HOW to meet and conquer

obstacles. Thus in the first place one must be fitted for this life, that is, he must be in sympathy with the big outdoors, otherwise he will be fighting in the dark with a foe that has conquered thousands. If a man cannot see the beauty in the cold, unrelenting grip of winter, then he is better to keep to a warm house and a soft job. There is little in the trapping game to tempt one, as far as the financial side is concerned, though I do know that, through ignorance, thousands of men go trapping each year, confident that they will make a lot of easy money.

Besides being physically fit for an outdoor life of extreme hardship, one must have a little moral support in order to withstand the solitude. There are days when one is forced to remain idle, and at such time the solitude is often maddening. To those who picture the life of a professional trapper as one continual round of pleasure lies the blame for luring so many unfit men into the woods. Understand, some of the very great moments of my life have been passed in the wilderness, often in the face of very great hardship. I have never been so near to my God as when alone in the wilds, yet had I not been an ardent lover of the outdoors it might have been vastly different.

At times I have experienced such bitter disappointments on the trapping trail that I vowed never to return, and while I may have actually suffered considerably at the time, Memory and Recollection have done much to make me see things in their true light, and I know now that I was merely playing the game with a foe worthy of the best mettle. Nature is playful at times, and again she is hard and unrelenting with her cruel, stinging winds and paralyzing frosts.

It was while camped on the headwaters of Otter Creek that I made the mistake of going too far west in breaking my trail, and for two or three days was lost in the fastness of Moose Mountains. Of course, I always had the choice of turning back to Mile 27, but I would not consider that, at least until my grub gave out and I was forced to. One day I stood on the very top of a high bare knob, and, in looking off to the northeast saw a range that seemed faintly familiar. In a flash the whole secret of my dilemma came to me—I was working too far to the south all the time! I was certain that I was even then within five or six miles of my cabin and not more than TWO miles from a trapline I had run up toward the very hill on which I stood!

I had left my dogs behind in the shelter at Otter Creek, feeding them well before I left early that morning, as I expected to either camp out that night or make some real progress in the locating of my elusive trapline. I decided to stake everything on the one chance that I was right. The way I came down off that mountain-side was thrilling enough for any daredevil. It was too steep to snowshoe, so I took off my webs, placed one on top of the other, tied them securely together, and, setting down on them, started "tobogganing down the hill" like a blue streak from Hades. About the only thing I could say in favor of this method of locomotion was that it got me there at a surprising rate of speed. Once I slammed up against a small tree and nearly broke a leg; I lay there half fainting in the snow for several minutes, and an awful fear flashed through me when I realized that this was the end IF my leg was broken. It pained me terribly when I tried to stand, but in a surprisingly short time I was able to go ahead. Luckily I was near the bottom of the steep slope and soon came to a more gradual incline.

I fastened the snowshoes to my feet and started haltingly forward; every step I took was a torture, but I thanked God that I was able to move at all. At such times as this one becomes very sober and realizes that after all he is a very insignificant creature. Had I have lain there in the snow and frozen there wasn't one chance in a thousand that I would ever have been removed from there—only the wild folk would have passed that way. Dame Fortune was with me, however, and I had gone but a few hundred yards when I came across the southern extremity of my trapline and knew immediately right where I was. How I managed to make that four miles to my cabin I cannot say; it was some time after darkness had fallen that I crawled through the low door of this log hut and lighted the fire.

For three days I was forced to keep very close to camp, but on the fourth my leg was so much better that I tackled the return trip. Instead of climbing the high hill which I had "tobogganed," down I went as far southeast on my main trapline as I could, as I knew fairly well by then how the land lay between there and Mile 27. It was during this day that I was repaid for all my trouble. I took five martens from my traps and deadfalls from which I later realized $260.00. Not a bad day's catch! Well, no, but of course such happenings are very rare indeed. I once traveled over a hundred miles of this same trapline and caught a single weasel.

I had been worrying a great deal about my dogs at the Otter Creek camp as I had been gone five days now, but though they were ravenously hungry and cold they were very much alive and raised a regular hulabaloo when they heard me coming. I didn't have a great deal of grub left, but laid over

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HUNTING WITH A CAMERA

By

A. BROOKER KLUGH

A Series of Practical Articles on Wild Life Photography

THE photography of birds in flight is a most exhilarating sport and one in which quickness of eye, correlation of eye and hand, and coolness count for a great deal. For this work a reflex with a semi-telephoto lens is essential, and a shutter speed of 1/1,000 second is required. This speed is not needed to stop the forward motion of the bird—1/300 second will usually do this—but to stop the motion of the extreme tips of the wings. It is needless to enumerate the various ways in which this work may be attempted, but there are two methods which are most likely to yield successful pictures. 1. To approach the bird very cautiously, with the camera at the ready, focusing as one advances, and when the bird flies to shoot as soon as it is nicely under way. 2. To choose some spot which the birds frequently pass and to take stand there.

Some very effective pictures may be made of birds just as they take flight, or just as they alight, and these pictures, as well as those of birds in actual flight, will show that a bird's wings assume many positions which are not caught by the eye.

Stalking birds with the reflex in many respects resembles similar work on mammals (q. v.), but because birds have no sense of smell one does not need to take the direction of the wind into account. It must be remembered, however, that a bird's vision is far more acute than that of a mammal.

Excellent pictures of water birds may be obtained in many localities by using the reflex from a blind placed in the feeding or resting resorts of the birds. The same precautions as to concealment, and care in entering the blind, which are necessary in wildfowl shooting, must be observed, and the technique must be even better than in shooting, because the birds must come, not within forty yards, but within a few feet, of the blind.

A blind may also be of service in photographing birds at their nests with the reflex.

In taking stand with the reflex and calling up the birds, the procedure is as follows: Some dead branch or some leafy branch which stands out well should be selected, stand taken about six feet from this, and the reflex focused on the branch. The back of the hand should be brought to the lips and a squeaking sound made by drawing in the breath. This sound is very effective in calling up most of the smaller birds, such as chicakadees, thrushes, vireos, warblers, sparrows and juncos. When any bird approaches, the hand should be gradually lowered to the release lever and the squeaking continued with the lips alone until a bird of the desired species comes into the chosen location. The bird is kept in sharp focus and when it assumes the desired attitude the exposure is made.

The success of this method depends very largely upon the skill with which the point at which the birds should perch is chosen, as this point must be a natural place for them to perch while seeking the origin of the sound. Much also depends upon the absolute immobility of the photographer. With some species this method is never successful, as some birds cannot be called in this way and others refuse to come out from among the concealing leaves.

Photographing incubating birds is largely a matter of finding nests in accessible situations and knowing something of the psychology of the different species. Some birds come back to their

nests very soon after being flushed and resume incubation even while the camera is in plain view three feet away, while others will not return for some time and not at all unless the camera is perfectly camouflaged. In this method the camera is focused upon the near rim of the nest, a small enough stop is used to insure the bird's head and tail being in focus no matter what position she takes up on the nest, and the shutter is released by a thread when the bird has been settled on her nest for some minutes. In this work longer exposures can be given than in most phases of bird photography, because a sitting bird usually remains motionless for considerable periods.

In all work about a nest it should be a rule to do nothing which will endanger either the eggs of the young, and for this reason the female should not be repeatedly flushed by changing plates in quick succession, as this may result in the chilling of the eggs. It is best to leave at least twenty minutes between exposures, and not to make more than three in a day unless the bird is so tame as to be but little disturbed by the operations.

Photographs of birds at their nests —building, or feeding the young—are among the most satisfactory of bird pictures. Here again the temperament of the species, and of the individual, comes into play, some birds being so shy that successful pictures are to be obtained only at the price of much patience and perseverance, while others are so confiding that they will return and feed the young while one stands beside the nest. The main points which make for success in this phase of bird photography are:

Set up the camera so that the bird will be in the field of view and in focus in any position it assumes at the nest.

Have a clear view of the nest from the place from which you operate the shutter.

Use the fastest shutter speed which the lighting conditions will allow. Anything slower than 1/15 seconds is likely to show movement.

Study the light conditions at different times of the day between 9 and 4 o'clock and choose the most favorable time for operations. The worst time of all is when part of the field of view is in bright sunlight and part in dense shade, as under these conditions the contrasts are so great that one part of the negative is bound to be either over or under exposed.

Secure as good a series of poses of both parents (if both feed the young) as possible.

In this method twigs or small branches may be held back out of the way by means of a black thread, but should be released as soon as operations for the day are over. No branches or leaves should be removed as this not only impairs the concealment of the nest but may expose the young to the heat of the sun.

Frequently when photographing birds about their nest good pictures may be obtained by noticing the usual route which the parents take to the nest and the particular twig, stick or stub on which they perch as they approach the nest, and focusing on such a point.

Birds which nest in holes, such as the House Wren, Chicadee, Bluebird and Tree Swallow, may frequently be induced to nest in places where they may be readily photographed by providing suitable nesting places in the garden or orchard.

Young birds in their nests are not very satisfactory subjects, as when resting they are usually huddled closely together, and when their necks are stretched up their heads shake so much that the movement can only be stopped by quick shutter speeds, frequently resulting in under-exposure. Except as part of a life-history series they are rarely worth photographing.

Young birds immediately after they leave the nest are fairly easy subjects to handle as they can usually be placed where one wishes and will remain in position for some length of time. To induce the entire brood to remain together long enough to make an exposure is quite a different matter, but is worth a trial as it makes a far more effective picture. By following up one of the young a picture of the parent feeding it can often be obtained with the reflex.

The baiting of birds with seeds, suet, etc., is a method which yields excellent pictures. Here the photographer has a large measure of control over the location, the background, the time of appearance of the bird and the pose which it shall assume. The chief point to be observed in this method is to

(*Continued on page* 400)

MADE IN AMERICA

By W. J. SCHALDACH

The Modern Sport of Bait-Casting is Purely an American Development

BAIT casting, commonly spoken of as "plug casting" or "plugging," is that form of angling in which the short rod and free running quadruple reel are employed. It is distinctly an American sport, and its development has centered around the Mid-West, although it is now practised extensively throughout most parts of the United States and Canada, or, in short, wherever black bass, pickerel and pike are to be found. The only other kind of angling that is at all similar to bait casting is the English method of "spinning" with Devon minnows and the (to us) peculiar form of reels of the Illingworth and Malloch patterns.

Many anglers assert that the art of bait casting owes its existence to the theory that game fish strike a moving object such as a plug, in sport, or because of a pugnacious disposition rather than because they are hungry, and mistake the lure for food. Certainly any angler who has seen a plug knocked three feet into the air by the rush of a black bass, as often happens, will be inclined to give credence to this theory. At any rate, the great majority of plugs and artificial baits found on the market to-day, and generally the most successful ones, bear resemblance to no living thing that ever inhabited the waters of a bass lake or stream.

In the early days of bait casting, when the famous "Expert" minnow and "Decker Top-water" bait were popular, a long rod was used for casting. Anglers soon found, however, that the use of a rod seven and a half or eight feet in length involved them in complications, such as difficulty in thumbing the reel, and numerous back lashes. Gradually the rod was cut down in length, until the other extreme was reached—that of shortness. Rods were continually made shorter and stubbier until four and four and a half feet came to be the accepted lengths. Such rods (a few of them are still being made) are unsatisfactory propositions to fish with on account of their club-like proportions and absence of action. They become merely "plug slingers," are tiresome to fish with, and take away much from the joy of playing a hooked fish, because of their lack of life and springiness.

The modern bait-casting rod, used strictly for plug-fishing, is a happy combination of medium length and lively snappy action. It is a comfort to cast a plug with and as satisfactory as a short rod can be for playing a fish, on account of the increased action and reduced weight.

Probably the most satisfactory rod that can be obtained for casting the heavier wooden plugs and wobblers is one five and a half or six feet in length weighing from five to six ounces. It should be strong and powerful and yet possess a quick, snappy action; in other words, it should be "full of life." A stiff bait-casting rod is an abomination, and it is easily possible for an angler to avoid such a rod nowadays by making a careful selection in almost any modern tackle shop. The spring of the rod should do the casting, rather than an almost wrist-dislocating effort on the part of the angler, such as is made necessary by the use of rod lacking life and a reasonable amount of whip.

As is true with any other kind of rod, the best bait-casting rod is one made of split bamboo. This material is light and strong and has a fine even action not found in solid wood or steel. Greenhart and bethabara rods average about an ounce more than split bamboo rods, and good ones are exceedingly rare, and becoming more so every day.

The most satisfactory rod for the man who does not care to invest in a first-class split bamboo, is undoubtedly the steel rod. While they are heavier

and somewhat more tiring to fish with, nevertheless they will stand lots of hard knocks and are exceedingly compact—so much so, in fact, that they may be slipped into the pocket of a fishing-coat. A steel rod, as a bait-casting proposition, is far ahead of the average solid wood rod, offered on the market to-day.

The best type of bait-casting rod is one having the short butt and long tip construction. This places the ferrule (the weak point) below the center of the rod, so that practically all the strain is placed on the long tip section. This eliminates the stiff, unyielding section present in rods having joints of equal length.

The ideal rod for a person living near his fishing, is one having a one-piece tip and detachable butt, but the virtues of such a rod quickly fade away when the angler stops to think of the inconvenience of carrying such an affair, especially if he must rely upon trains to reach his fishing grounds.

Agate guides should be part of the equipment of all bait-casting rods. Agates throughout the length of the rod are highly desirable, but an agate first guide and tip are almost a necessity, as it is at these points where most of the wear on the line comes.

A locking reel band on a rod is a "joy forever," as it is certain insurance against throwing the reel into the lake.

The finger hook formerly placed on all bait-casting rods is now being left off most of them, and this is a good thing, for no one but the rankest amateur would ever throw a rod into the water, and the beginner had better cast on the lawn until he becomes at least slightly skilled, before attempting to fish, anyway.

Recently there has been a tendency among anglers who use bait-casting methods, to adopt lighter rods and lures. This is certainly a more pleasurable method of taking game fish, because it is an approach to fly casting, which is the highest form of angling.

The rod used in the light bait casting class should be six feet, six feet three inches or even six feet six inches. The shorter lengths may weigh four or four and a half ounces and the longer need not weigh over five and a half ounces at the most. These weights are based on split bamboo as the material used, of course. The rod while light and well balanced is strong and at the same time possesses a lively whippy action not unlike a stiff fly rod. A light braided silk line testing eight, ten or twelve pounds is used, in combination with a light quadruple reel. The lures used with this outfit are pork rind minnows, weighted bucktail flies and an endless array of small feathered lures and spinners, weighing a quarter or half ounce.

Delicacy and accuracy are the keynotes to success with this method, and the angler who is a plug caster, cannot help but getting results and incidentally a lot more fun from the use of lighter tackle.

It is claimed by many anglers that fish in certain waters become so accustomed to seeing the same plugs offered them daily throughout the season, that they will no longer strike at a great many of the wooden baits in common use. Whether or not this be true is a thing that no one can say with certainty, but judging from the number of plugs, similar in character, that rival manufacturers are turning out today (in an effort to keep plug fishing alive) it almost seems that there must be some substance to the statement. At any rate spinner fishing with light tackle should be a refreshing diversion for the angler who likes bait casting and has never used anything but plugs.

Bait-casting reels are of the quadruple for four multiple type. Reels having a lower multiplication are inefficient, because the handle must revolve too rapidly, thereby upsetting the balance of the bait as it passes through the air, and causing back lashes. The best reels are made of German silver and may or may not have jeweled bearings; some of the most costly and best have plain bearings and will wear a lifetime. A comparatively recent improvement in reels of this type is their equipment with spiral gears. This feature causes the reels to run freely, with little vibration and insures long life through lessened wear. Some reels are equipped with double handles on the crank shaft and others have one handle and a balance weight. The double handle causes the reel to spin a little more freely because the air resistance is the same, but this is a matterter of minor importance.

Free spool reels of the best type are the one having a spool that revolves when the cast is made, and gears that engage automatically when the line is reeled in. Free spool reels are difficult to thumb for any but those having a light firm touch and the average angler who fishes rather infrequently will find the plain reel much the better for his work.

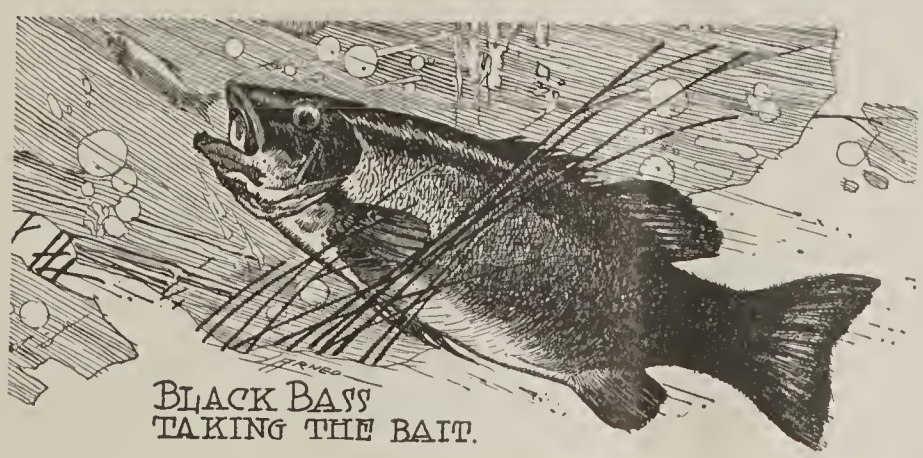
There are many reels on the market embodying anti-backlash and lever-winding features, but these are not for the moderately skillful caster. He can get more fun out of doing the work himself. There are some anglers, however, who never seem to master thumbing the reel and spooling the line to the extent where constant annoyance ceases and pleasure begins, and for these, a level-wind, anti-backlash reel should be a boon.

A light quadruple reel, carrying 80 or 100 yards of line, of good quality and workmanship, made by any one of a dozen American manufacturers is a good reel for almost any kind of bait casting.

Lines used in bait casting are successful lines only when made of braided silk. These are of two kinds—soft and hard braid. The former is the easiest and most satisfactory to cast with, if it be fine, as it should be. The only thing that recommends the latter kind to the angler's consideration is its wearing qualities. Some of the hard braided lines (these lines are braided over a core of silk) are treated with a parafin dressing which renders them pliable and they cast very smoothly.

A casting line should test from eight to twenty pounds, according to the kind of fishing to be done. Lighter lines always cast better on account of less resistance to the guides. Fifty yards of line is generally enough, although the spool of the reel should always be full. To accomplish this, an old line should be used for backing, being put directly on the spool and the casting line attached to this. The reason for this is that in casting, due to the full spool, the drum of the reel will not have to make so many revolutions, will run steadier and will thereby decrease the occasion for backlashes by about 50 per cent. A casting line should be thoroughly dried at the end of a day's fishing. If this is done, it will last at least twice as long as it will if allowed to remain on the reel wet.

A selection of plugs is governed largely by the locality in which one fishes. It is a well-known fact that some plugs are more successful on certain waters (*Continued on page* 399)



BLACK BASS TAKING THE BAIT.

WOODCHUCKS, CAMERAS, RIFLES

By C. S. LANDIS

UNLESS you have shot the woodchuck with both rifle and camera you have missed a lot of fun and experience, and also the knowledge of how easy it is for a colony of educated ground-hogs to make a person feel foolish. Nevertheless, the sport is well worth the time and trouble, and once you try you will be sure to go again.

There will be plenty of instances, particularly while using the camera, when you will end an hours' careful stalking by seeing a red flag suddenly dive down a hole. But this is a part of the game—that is easily forgotten after you have made a couple of unusually successful long-range shots or have taken a couple of photographs, the like of which you may get only once or twice in a lifetime.

And then there will be funny incidents; these you will remember best because they will usually be entirely at your own expense, but you will seldom appreciate them fully until you have had plenty of opportunity to consider all of the details.

The most laughable experience I ever had in "chuck" shooting occurred one evening while carrying a twelve-pound Graflex camera, and a very heavy dead "hog" in one hand and a sporting Springfield in the other. I had just climbed to the top of a bank and while standing in knee-high weeds looking out over a clover-covered meadow—a favorite feeding ground—I saw a very wild-looking chuck poised on top of a den about 100 yards away. He was apparently taking a last frightened look at the odd-looking object that was puffing up the bank. I knew that if I straightened up for a steady off-hand shot the chuck would dive in before I could fire, and if I dropped the camera and "hog" and sat down to shoot I would land on my neck in the gutter at the foot of the bank. And so I tried it kneeling, or partly so, and as that is the most unsteady of all the shooting positions for me, the 170-grain bullet struck just far enough beneath Mr. Chuck to knock him about six feet in the air and ten feet farther down the bank where he landed head first exactly in the mouth of another den. He stuck his head out of the hole, gave one shrill, angry whistle and dove in—as much as to say, "Ya'ah, that for you!" I would have traded my rifle for a movie film of that little tableau.

Chuck shooting is fine or poor for exactly the same reasons that trout fishing is either good or no good. In the first place, there must be enough "chucks" about to make it worth while; and second, they must be hungry or else have some other good reason for making their presence visible. And then they must be reasonably wild to be worth hunting, but usually this is the last of the chuck hunter's troubles.

If there is such a thing as a "foolish" chuck in a locality where they have been shot at pretty steadily for several years, it is usually a silly little flapper whose mamma didn't know she was out. And generally this type doesn't live long enough to transmit such foolishness to the rest of the woodchuck race. Those that survive do so by using their wits and by learning the exact range at which they are safe. Woodchuck hunting, therefore, seldom lacks the thrills that come with spectacular, long-range rifle shooting.

The resounding "thwack" of a high-power bullet and the wild waving of the stubby tail as the chuck goes down one hundred or occasionally even two hundred yards away, are the details that bring delight to the seasoned riflemen.

The chuck is probably the hardest animal to kill, in proportion to its size, of any animal in North America. This makes it almost obligatory to use a bullet that will fully expand or explode as soon as it strikes. The hide of a chuck is extremely tough and hard to penetrate with either bullet or knife blade, and as the body is soft and

flabby rather than muscular, an expanding bullet that actually will expand on a body no larger than that of a large house cat or a beagle will do splendid execution.

Great energy, high velocity, or enormous momentum are both useless, and dangerous if the bullet will not expand *as soon as it strikes.* If it does not do so the projectile will cut only a small and almost invisible hole through the animal that results in another cripple which dives in a burrow — while the bullet is still raising dust off the hillside.

Even the 170 or 180-grain Springfield bullets, at 2,600 or 2,725 foot-seconds velocity will sometimes be a failure on woodchucks if they do not expand as soon as they strike. I have used 170-grain metal-cased bullets sawed or split at the point so that they will expand so promptly that they will be converted into copper and lead fragments in less than three inches of penetration in clay or sand, and yet these bullets will occasionally penetrate a chuck without leaving much evidence of penetration that is visible on the outside.

I remember one instance in particular where I got an offhand shot at a rather small "hog" standing motionless in a clover patch. The range was 110 paces and the chuck collapsed at the shot—the only evidences of a hit being the feeble waving of its stubby tail and the sharp "spack" of the striking ball.

When I ran up the chuck tried to drag itself into the burrow which was less than four feet away. A shot sideways through the brain at 10 paces left practically no mark at all on either side of the head—even though I used a 170-grain bullet at 2,650 foot-seconds striking velocity — and the previous shot was also quite difficult to locate on the hide, even though it had gone through high up in the rear part of the shoulders and had broken the back. Except for the fact that the chuck was dead, there was no particular evidence to show that it had even been hit.

The very next shot with the same load was at 25 yards at a medium-sized animal that was running for his den. It struck back of the right shoulder just as the "hog" reached the mouth of the burrow and killed it so instantly that it fell half in and half out of the hole—and hung there.

AT HOME—BUT NOT TO VISITORS

The fact that chucks are so extremely hard to kill instantly, so prone to dive in as soon as fired at—or as soon as they see, hear or smell the shooters, and because so many of them must be shot in settled localities—at comparatively long range, considering the size of the vital areas of the animal, is the reason why the high-velocity, very accurate, easily-disintegrated bullet is most popular and satisfactory. The 86 and 101-grain .25-caliber bullets, and 110 and 150-grain .30-caliber bullets that expand the easiest are the safest to shoot because there is less chance of flying lead glancing off a stone and striking where it will do the shooter and the farmer's hired help the least good.

Cartridges like the .25-20

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TOURING WITH RAYMOND SPEARS

Choosing the Car with Reference to Adaptability to Varied Road Conditions

By RAYMOND S. SPEARS

PEOPLE ask what is the best kind or make of car for touring? The answer might generally be, The one the driver knows most about. That is, any kind of a car is good for touring. Each car has its own particular excellencies and its drawbacks. A high-geared machine, built for fine concrete highways, and weighing three tons or so, would serve over thousands of miles of fine eastern roads with hard, smooth surfaces, but projecting grease cups, exceedingly low shock-absorbers, and other things are apt to be torn clear off in deeply rutted roadways of the back country. On the other hand, the little flivver hardly serves as well on the especially good going of the greater and more advanced states.

A good deal of nonsense has been written about the flivvers running all around the big cars. The small crank-'em cars are less expensive to run. They make the transcontinental tour with relative ease, and two or three people in one have driven across in a month, from coast to coast, at a total cost for expenses of $100 to $150, not counting depreciation of car — which isn't much, except tire wear is considerable, and putting the car back into shape costs a good deal. A larger car costs more, in money.

The fact of the matter is, I think a tourist will find cars of light-medium and medium weight giving more satisfaction on all kinds of highways than either the very light or very heavy passenger cars. The reason is found in the better riding qualities of cars from 2,500 to 3,500 pounds' weight, compared to the light-weight machines.

Many people have sold their medium-weight machines to buy for touring, light-weight ones, supposing that the light-weights are more serviceable. The medium-weight cars go faster, they go farther, they climb better, and they perform so much more satisfactorily under the difficulties of hill climbing, rough road going, and in mud-larking, sand-wallowing and all the other difficulties that there is no comparison of their performances.

The light cars have no advantage in control, or in any of the fields of performance. They are cheap. But driving more than a hundred miles a day even on relatively good highways, day after day, become unbearable for many people in the jumpy, rocking and jerking light cars. Inquiry among tourists elicits information indicating that a long, 3,000-pound car enables one to travel a third faster than in the short, light-weight cars, without strain. I know of instances in which women have been obliged to leave light cars to go home on the railroad.

The reason is easily recognized. The heavier cars are more stable. They vibrate less. They hold the road far better. They make turns smoothly and ride the rough with longer rocking. Their seats are larger and more comfortable. They have engines of greater power, and the cars carry more weight and more bulk.

There is only one thing that ever makes a driver of a large car envious of the small car. The flivver turns around in sharp curves in less space, and the large car must be manœuvred with greater care. That is, I think, the only advantage of operation possessed by the flivvers or small cars.

I have discussed the subject with a good many different drivers. The agreement is all in favor of medium-weight cars. Four people can ride most comfortably in a seven-passenger car, and five people in a five-passenger car, with an outfit, are apt to be uncomfortably crowded. I have seen, however, nine people come into a camp ground in a five-seated Ford car. They had, too, a good many pounds of luggage. This was in Omaha. They went down-town and bought a roadster, however, to relieve the burden. This gave them nine people for eight seats, large children and adults. I wondered why they didn't buy another five-passenger flivver, while they were about it.

Certain high-speed cars perform excellently on the moderate grades of eastern coast and California highways. They hang low, they gain speed quickly, they are flexible in traffic, and they have a rakish appearance that is often fascinating. But they perform poorly on rough highways and over the long, steep grades of great mountain ranges.

The machines that perform in mud, in sand, on steep grades, over the pitted dust of alkali, over the obsidian and lava, over the worn granite and water-washes—they are not speedsters, but they have great pulling power. The heavy flywheel, turning on a heavy shaft, with six cylinders giving lots of pulling power, is what takes one through the anxious miles that one meets in clay country, after hard rains, or in drifting sands, or over the alkali flour. Great power in medium-weight cars is worth thinking about. Forty to sixty horse-power handles 3,000 pounds of car and 1,000 pounds of carload nicely.

One meets countless people who claim to be making 200 to 300 miles a day. They may do that on concrete and asphalt or oiled stone roads. Only one or two types of cars can do it on the hard, heavy going of the west. There is a special stage automobile, expensive and heavy, which trots all over the Rocky Mountains, and there is a heavy-make of car that is rather above medium weight—and high-priced —that does go twenty or thirty miles an hour over highways that most folk prefer to take at less than twelve miles an hour. Burning gas at the rate of six or seven miles per gallon, and costing above $3,000, this light-heavy car does make lesser folk envious.

But when drivers of little cars, and medium-weight cars, loaded down with camp outfit, talk about going 250 miles a day west of the Mississippi, except in California, let them go it. They do make great distances when nothing breaks—but broken springs, broken anxles, wheels knocked out of alignment, and other troubles are inevitable. They even brag about breaking springs. Well, I drove from New York to San Francisco, and south to Los Angeles, and didn't break a spring. But going over a surface drain gutter with the car not loaded, I broke a spring the first week—car bounded away up on the lift. And I returned from Los Angeles without breaking a spring. I simply eased my car over ever obstruction, rut, thankyemarm and stone. And cars seldom passed me on up grades, or on the long, rough stretches. I went fast enough, in my 3,000-pound car.

What counts in a car is performance over rough road, or on long grades, or through difficult going. This is touring-car performance. If the car climbs long grades without heating, as on second gear; if it will drive all day in high gear over roads that compel one to throttle down to three miles an hour, and rarely permit a speed greater than ten miles — has ample pull on high, in other words—that is touring performance; and if, when a bridge is found washed out and one must go down a cut-bank, cross cobble stones and then climb a cut-bank with an ascent of more than thirty degrees—with, perhaps, a perpendicular lift of a foot-high step—then enormous power must be had at low speed or in low gear.

Second gear serves for most road climbing in ordinary highway hills, even in the Rockies or transcontinental routes. But low must be resorted to at times on steep ascents — and descents.

Brakes wear out if one tries to come down slopes of five or ten miles on them. The motor must be used to hold back the car, and brakes used as little as possible. If one becomes used to using the motor to hold a car, his brakes will last twice or three times as long on a car of any weight. The emergency ought not to be used at all, except in an emergency. But if an axle breaks on a slope, then the brakes must be good enough to hold the car going ahead or backing up. If they don't hold the car, what chance have the people in it on a mountain side?

The car one selects must have good brakes; these brakes must be kept in order.

The steering gear of a car is of utmost importance. It should be heavy enough to stand the strain. It should be easy to use. Some cars are hard to steer, others easy to steer. Application of oil at the connections should be easy, and a man ought to be able to turn the car, steer the car, with one hand on the wheel—but steering with one hand isn't advised, of course. One ought not to have to use all his strength, or any great exertion, to steer his machine. If he has to, he will find his arms tired, his shoulders aching, and his head throbbing on long drives, especially day after day.

Automobiles have grown more and more simple in construction. The war developed many improvements. The would-be tourist may well watch the work of repairing in a garage. Familiarity with the working parts of various automobiles would enable one to select a car for any particular purpose. Where one must oil, grease and tighten up his own car, the oiling and greasing chart of a car must be familiar. Tourists cannot depend on garages to look after these details. Besides, when a car goes squeaky in a desert, who else can locate the nerve-racking sounds?

Oil is more satisfactory than grease, I think most drivers agree. I know I go over a car with an oil can, and by going often enough, sometimes every day or two, I can get along without too frequent filling of grease cups. A car that has its oil cups easily accessible is therefore an important car to consider. And those cars which have a gallon oil tank, which one fills, and a system distributes the oil throughout the car—they look attractive to a driver! Such a system saves time.

The most exasperating thing I know is on my own car. The gasoline is let from the filling pump into the tank through a bent pipe. Full speed filling is impossible. The car takes three times as long to take five gallons as it takes any other car to fill with ten gallons, I think. The oil fed into the crankcase also goes through a bent tube, and only a small stream can be taken. A small matter like this in a good car means hours of time, in the course of years of use.

Convenience in all the details of the car saves undreamed of time. The garage workers cleaning a car, or adjusting it, or repairing it, are able to work two or three times as fast on a well-arranged car as on an awkward one. The saving in labor charges at $1.25 an hour is an important item. In buying a car, the things to be demonstrated are not miles a minute, or the beauty of the finish, or the surfaces of things. Let the salesman, for a change, show how easy it is to get into the carburetor, to clean it; into the motor, to grind the valves; into the valves, to adjust them; into the gear, into the cylinders.

There are weak points in every car, things that do not work just right. Find out what the weak points are in any model. The service stations of automobiles of various makes can, if they will, tell automobile buyers the story of their makes of cars. A general repair garage will also tell of the troubles of cars that come to it. I know of no more profitable acquaintance for the tourist than a garage worker. If one goes into a garage himself for a time, and works doing anything available, the experience will pay well. Messing into cars will get one's hands into repairing his own car, well enough to bring it into a service station, in case of trouble on the road.

A three-thousand-pound car should have 1½-inch tires. On the rough roads, this "oversize"—generally standard now — makes the machine ride

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FOUNDERS OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY

Dr. WILLIAM BRUETTE, Editor

Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation

THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL WILL BE TO studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and a refined taste for natural objects. August 14, 1873.

RICHER than all the glorious traditions with which America is resplendent is its love for the great outdoors.

This month—America answers the call and from office, workshop and home, men, women and children begin the long journey. On foot, in automobile, in sailing vessel, in motor-boat or canoe, on mountain top and beside the roaring surf, millions rush out to live with nature once more.

Once again laughter and sunshine comes into the human breast and a nation goes to play.

For this is America . . . this is its common touch. It is this that makes it a child among the nations, ever youthful . . . ever vigorous . . . ever strong. . . .

For here . . . in the great open expanse of plain and prairie . . . here beside the stream . . . here under tall tree . . . America finds itself and its purpose. . . . Here . . . America learns patience, understanding, tolerance and strength.

There are those who are going out whose souls are sick, whose hearts ache, who are weary from the struggle and untiring strife of life and all its problems. . . . Here in the great open . . . they will find the answer . . . here they will find the peace that will heal once more and help them go back and take their place in line.

Here . . . in the outdoors, anger and envy and all of the millions of little hates that infest our fiber . . . here they disappear . . . here they vanish under the golden glow of a sunset . . . here they are gone and in their place comes peace and joy.

For this is America. . . . It is this which the world has come to accept as distinctly our own, and just so long as America continues to go outdoors just so long will this strength and peace be hers. . . .

Let us cherish it! Let us keep it and live it and then . . . pass it on to those who come after us so that they, too, may know what we have known and share in the splendor which is ours, to-day!

To keep these open spaces, to preserve the beautiful song of the birds in the trees, to keep this laughter, this youth for America, so that it may know it always . . . that is your responsibility and my responsibility and the responsibility of all Americans. For it is these golden moments in the outdoors that help us to go on.

All science, all poetry, all art . . . everything that makes us what we are and helps us climb a little closer to the goal of perfection . . . all of these are born in the great outdoors, and it is here that they find their rich inspiration.

When all the world is filled with industry and enterprise, and when every inch is crowded with towering structures of steel, let there be room here in America for the world to play! Let there be trees and grass and birds and flowers and scurrying animals! Let these all live and keep it so for ever and ever after.

INCREASE IN WATERFOWL

THE Spring migration of ducks and geese northward this year is one of the greatest which has taken place in the memory of the present generation, at least so far as the Eastern part of the country is concerned. Along with the waterfowl, the wild swans have increased in numbers. These swans, which winter chiefly in the neighborhood of Currituck Sound, North Carolina, are very apt to pass into Canada between Lakes Erie and Ontario in the neighborhood of Niagara Falls.

In the central states J. W. Stuben, Asst. Chief of the Ohio Fish & Game Department, writes:

"The increase in waterfowl is so large that we can hardly believe our own eyes. Our game refuge territories cover both land and water, and it is a pleasure to see these birds remaining on the refuge territory, where they are never disturbed. Last Fall we had excellent duck hunting in Central Ohio, and I think more geese were killed here on farm lands and at the smaller lakes than at any time in my memory. I know ten years ago it was quite unusual for hunters to attempt goose shooting in the Fall of the year in Ohio, but last Fall geese were killed in many parts of the State. This goes to show without question that if these birds are protected in the Spring the average hunter will benefit from the increase by having better hunting in the Fall.

"It is now possible in Ohio for the average man to have good duck shooting and goose shooting in the Fall of the year, whereas a few years ago he had only a few passing shots, and there is every reason to belive that the shooting this Fall will be much better than last year, the results due to the Migratory Bird Treaty act and our game refuge system.

Our correspondents in the Mississippi Valley and experienced observers along the Platt report the flight as the largest in a quarter of a century.

PUBLIC SHOOTING GROUNDS

THE present is the time to begin to line up Senators and Congressmen for voting favorably upon the public shooting ground-game refuge bill, which will be introduced at the next session of Congress, which meets in December. At that session there will not be a Representative Mondell to introduce politics and sectionalism against a bill that has no politics and no sectionalism. If those who voted against the bill in the House (the Senate voted for it more than two to one), can find anything sinister in the bill, they are uncovering something that no fair-minded man has discovered. The bill is intended to benefit the rank and file.

Mondell, a "lame duck" for the present, is out of

making laws. In the words of Theodore Roosevelt, who wrote conservation big in the statutes of the nation, he was "a Congressman who took the lead in every measure to prevent the conservation of our natural resources." To the end of the last session of Congress Mondell lived up to that reputation. He fought the migratory bird law and the treaty enabling act. In the last session of Congress he was instrumental in defeating temporarily the public shooting ground-game refuge bill. But such defeats are mere setbacks.

Meanwhile Congressmen from the following states opposed the bill, the vote being 154 to 135: Indiana, New York, Wisconsin, Ohio, Kansas, California, Missouri, Michigan, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Idaho, Maine, Nebraska, New Jersey, Iowa, South Dakota, Massachusetts, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Kentucky, North Carolina, Utah, Vermont, Wyoming, Oregon, Maryland, Florida, Arkansas, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Virginia, Louisiana, Georgia and Texas. How does your Congressman stand?

NATIONAL RIFLE MATCHES

IF you want an interesting vacation at the minimum of expense, begin making your plans now for attending the National Rifle and Pistol Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, September 1st to 27th, inclusive.

This year the matches will include the NRA military rifle and pistol and free rifle matches, the National Individual and Team rifle and pistol matches, the NRA Small Bore Matches, the International Small Bore Dewar Team Match, and the International Free Rifle Team and Individual Matches. The historic Palma, International Long Range Team Championship, will probably be reviewed. It will be the greatest shoot-fest, embracing the greatest variety of matches, and including the greatest marksmen of two continents.

The School of Instruction is obviously conducted for the benefit of the amateur. The rifle-shooting game is probably unique among sports in this, that the expert, as soon as he reaches that stage, is put to work teaching beginners. If he is not the sort of an expert who is willing to impart his knowledge to beginners, even at the expense of frequently giving up shooting himself, the game doesn't want him. Camp Perry is conducted not for the experts, but to produce experts. No matter how rank a beginner, if a sportsman is an American citizen, he "fits in."

This year, more than any preceding year, will be a meeting of newcomers at the matches, and they will be newcomers who attended the game because they wanted to learn, because they have a "lot of enthusiasm and love for the game as a clean, manly sport," and those familiar with Perry know that these amateurs, amateurs no longer when they leave the Camp, will leave with a more firmly-rooted enthusiasm and a greater respect for the game and the men in it.

For particulars—Write to the Secretary of the National Rifle Association, 1108 Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.

HARDING AND YELLOWSTONE

IF President Harding visits Yellowstone National Park, as his present summer plans contemplate, he will be the third President to visit this national monument which contains more geysers than there are in all the rest of the world together, and has in addition mud volcanoes, petrified forests and a grand canyon remarkable for gorgeous coloring. Yellowstone is the greatest wild bird and animal preserve in the world, having 150 species of birds, in addition to such big game animals as elk, deer, moose, antelope, bear, buffalo and mountain sheep.

President Harding likes history as a study and the early work of John Colter, frontiersman, a member of the Lewis and Clark expedition that explored the great northwest after President Thomas Jefferson's purchase of Louisiana for $15,000,000, should interest him. In 1807, Colter, after being wounded in a battle between Crow and Blackfeet Indians, journeyed across the park from Jackson Hole to Tower Fall and carried the first account of its wonders to civilization.

In 1829, Jim Bridger, famous guide, was there and so was J. L. Meek, trapper and pioneer. W. A. Ferris wrote a story of the geysers in 1834 and in 1863; Captain De Lacy, searching for gold, explored part of the park, which came into existence as such in 1872, forty years after the creation of the first one—Hot Springs. The explorations of Folsom, Cook and Peterson in 1869 added to our knowledge; the Washburn-Doane expedition of 1870 increased its fame and led to its establishment as the second national park.

When President Arthur, who was a fisherman of note, having held up to within three years of his death the record of having killed the largest salmon in the Restigouche, visited the Yellowstone in 1883, all his guests were on horseback and they were accompanied by a full troop of cavalry. The President kept in touch by having couriers stationed every twenty miles with relays.

Twenty years later, President Roosevelt, another fisherman, as well as a mighty hunter, went into the Yellowstone (not to kill game, of course), but to observe it in its natural state, as well as to see the Park's wonders, accompanied by the naturalist John Burroughs.

Most of the streams of the Yellowstone National Park contain trout and the Madison river has in its waters grayling. Pack the fishing rod, Mr. President, along with the golf clubs, and may you have better luck with the fish of Yellowstone than you had with those of Florida!

JOHN BRIGHT'S CONSCIENCE

APROPOS of the ease great men have found in stilling conscience when pleasure has run counter to public professions, the following story is told of John Bright, who strongly denounced shooting game for sport, and particularly the hunting of foxes, although himself fond of salmon fishing. One day when fishing in Scot waters, being reproached with the cruelty of his sport, he defended himself, saying:

"Fox hunting is cruel because you rout out the fox and hunt him willy-nilly, but the salmon fisher merely lays his fly before the fish, which always has the option of not taking it."

RIGGING A SAILBOAT

WHEN the old launch, which had seen many and better days was finally unfit for an engine on account of rotted parts, she was stripped of her machinery and consigned to the scrap heap. A ferryman who had bought her for her machinery considered her nothing but a nuisance. He rolled her near a fence to slowly rot away. But she was not to stay there long. Two enterprising lads bought her from the ferryman for three dollars and a little help occasionally, for which they received a rudder and the use of a truck for launching her. They plugged all the holes, supplied a few new boards, installed a rudder, centerboard and sails, painted her and were then ready to spend the most exciting summer of their lives. In the fall they were offered more than it cost them. Of course, many were interested and this article is written for their benefit.

Boats similar to the one mentioned above may be seen along most any waterfront, some only rotted where the metal parts touched the wood. They are only in the way and can be had for almost nothing. Usually a little work can make them fit for use as a sailboat. Such a boat about twenty feet long is best. The heavier she is the better she will sail. The boat should not be waterlogged nor dried too much by the sun. The exercise of a little judgment will procure the desidered result. The small seams are well caulked and both caulking and wooden strips are used for the large ones. The propeller shaft hole is plugged tight and a tin patch nailed over it. Galvanized or brass nails should be used for this. The other holes are plugged the same way. A strong rudder of large size, well braced, is fitted in strong brackets and equipped with a tiller.

A piece of galvanized sheeting similar to that used on garages, about two by four feet will do as a centerboard. It can be fastened either on hinges or permanently to the keel. In both cases it is braced on both sides from the gunwale with a galvanized wire. Where hinges are used they will enable the centerboard to be raised to go in shallow water. A permanent centerboard or standing keel is best where there is enough water. Do not be induced to bolt a piece of boiler plate or other heavy metal onto the keel. Should it strike something it

Showing manner of fitting prongs on boom.

might tear out the keel, while sheeting will bend and can be easily straightened.

IF the boat is under twenty feet, one sail in the bow will do, but if a twenty-footer or larger boat is used, it should be fitted with a jibboom extending some three feet from the bow. Any strong wood will do. It should be braced with a wire from near the waterline and one from each side of the weather guard. Ordinary galvanized clothes wire will answer the purpose. A mast at least the length of the boat and measuring four inches at the large end and tapering to at least one inch at the small end is procured. Cedar, being strong and light, will do. A hole is bored near the bow at the usual place for the gas tank cap. It should be large enough to fit the mast at this point. A square hole that would fit in the round one is cut in a piece of 2 by 10 inches and the end of the mast fitted into it. The mast is then shaved to pass through the hole in the deck. A brace of rope or galvanized wire long enough to reach to the jibboom when the mast is raised is securely fastened to the top of the mast.

Two strong pulleys, galvanized preferably, one double and the other single, to take three-eighth-inch rope, are fastened with the small pulley about six inches lower than the other. Two pieces of strong manila or sash cord at least three-eights-inch and each fully three lengths of the mast are rove through the double pulley. A piece of rope three lengths of the mast is also rove through the single pulley. Two strong cleets are fastened a little aft of the mast to hold the ends. The mast is then raised and its end fastened in the piece of two by ten, which should be well fastened to the ribs and keel. The brace wire is then fastened taut onto the end of the jibboom. The forward end of the rope from the single pulley is tied a little aft of the brace. The ropes are then tied down to their cleets to get them out of the way.

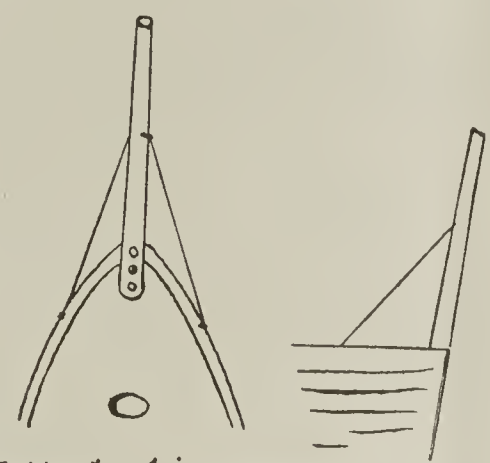
A jib to almost fill the triangle formed by the jib rope tied on the jibboom, deck and mast, slanting upward toward the stern, is cut from canvas or drill and firmly sewed. Brass or sewed eyelets braced with rope are set at its three corners and every eight inches along its long side. A mainsail with about ten feet of hoist with a high peak and slanting upward toward the stern along its lower boom is about right for a twenty-foot boat. The lower boom should be three-quarter and the upper or small boom should be one-half the length of the mast. Eyelets eight inches apart are made in the sail along the booms and also twelve inches apart along the masts. Both sails are braced with a rope sewed to its edge all around. Eyelets and rope braces are sewed with sein twine well tarred and waxed. The booms are fitted with prongs made from flattened pieces of one-inch pipe bolted to the large ends of the booms with two bolts to each boom.

THE sail is fastened to the booms by crossing the rope over the boom and at the eyelets and tying the ends to the boom. The jib is placed alongside its halliard and the rope poked through the eyelets, forming loops through which another rope is passed and tied at both ends with a single carick bend. The jib is then

fitted with a sheet rope tied to its eyelet on its free corner long enough to reach its cleet aft of the mast with about a yard to spare after it is tied up. Tighten the sheet rope and fold the jib down flat while slacking on the halliard and tie it up with reef points made from rope cut in one-foot lengths. Ordinary clothes line or quarter-inch sash cord will do for fastening sails, reef points and sail edging, but three-eights-inch or more must be used for halliards and sheet ropes.

ROPE of both sizes in different lengths should be carried, as it will be handy should a rope break. Knots should be studied and as many as possible learned. If you intend to sail in rough weather a second row of eyelets will have to be made about three feet above the lower ones in the mainsail. These are tied down to the boom with reef points when the wind gets too strong to carry the whole spread of sail. The booms with the sail are then placed with the prongs against the mast and the astern ends of the ropes rove through the double pulley are tied to either end of the lower boom. The ends of the upper boom are tied where they will be when the sail is hoisted. Rings large enough to slide easily on the mast are made from wood or strong wire. Each eyelet is fastened to a ring which holds it to the mast. The rings slide up and down the mast and prevent bagging of the sail. The sail is now folded between the booms, which are tied together with reef points. The boom is fitted with a strong sheet rope and cleet astern. A coat or two of paint on the boat and varnish or paint on the jibboom, mast and booms, with suitable seats well painted, a strong cleat fore and aft for tying up fenders on the sides with oarlocks and a pair of oars will complete the outfit.

Now launch the boat and leave her there until morning. Next morning haul her out and if she doesn't leak too much and the weather is fair she is ready for a tryout. Don't try to sail her alone, but rather take someone with you. If you can't swim be sure to put on a life preserver before you leave the dock. Kegs filled with water will do very well for ballast and should the boat fill with water she will not sink. Better take on a third partner to act as ballast. He will also be of service in rowing if necessary and bailing water. More than three,



Method of installing and bracing the jibboom.

however, will not do any good. Every boat should have a captain. This will save confusion. The captain steers the boat and the others man the sails. This enables everything to be done both quickly and well.

THE boat should be docked with the stern to windward so that she will start out with the wind. Wait until you can sail her before going on a trip with her. There is more to it than usually supposed. Two lads went nearly three miles further than expected by going too far from the dock instead of rowing back. They broke the rudder, rudder braces, jibboom and braces in trying to land in an unfamiliar place, while a few strokes of the oars would have brought them back to their dock. Tacking should be the first thing learned, for if you can beat into the wind it will be easy to get anywhere.

When ready to start haul up the sails but let them rustle by slacking the sheet ropes. The jib's sheet rope is tightened a little as the boat is shoved off. Hang on to the end of the mainsail's sheet rope as she leaves the dock slowly. As soon as she has steerage way turn her suddenly at right angles to the wind and haul in the mainsail until it fills. Keep the helm steady until she gathers considerable speed. She may then be hauled a little into the wind and the mainsail hauled closer to the boat. Ease her off a little if she slows up. Even if you must keep her abeam in order to have steerage way, do so and turn her suddenly into the wind when she gathers enough speed, easing her again before she loses way. Never hold the boom close to the boat as this will cause careening and prevent headway. If she careens with the sail a little away turn her suddenly into the wind and then ease her again as she straightens up. Never keep the rudder at an angle with the keel, as it will cause leeway. Turn it only when there is good steerage way and straighten it as soon as the desired position is obtained. The helm should never be put all the way down as it will act as a drag and will not turn the boat. Go as far as you like and then ease her to gather a little speed, then turn her suddenly into the wind. After you have become expert the boat will turn around and as the booms swing over, the sails will fill and she will fall off on the other tack without losing headway. She should be eased off until she gathers speed and the process of beating into the wind may continue. The novice, however, cannot always expect this result. She may require a stroke or two of an oar to make her fall off.

Some do a good job of tacking with a little practice and a poor boat, while others, even with a good boat, it takes years. The class you will be in is up to you. Even if you can only keep her from losing way on one tack, don't give up, you may do better on the next. Take advantage of every puff and every inch gained. Keep her going fast enough to give steerage way. The novice should try to perfect his tacking for then he will have indeed mastered an art. Sailing before the wind is very easy, as one has only to keep the sails at right angles to the wind and steer the course. The rule of keeping the helm steady and the sails full as much as possible while under way holds good in every case.

ELMER PIQUETTE.

NATIONAL RIFLE MATCHES

A Great Opportunity for All Americans to Witness the Work of the World's Best Marksmen

By SENECA

THE opportunity of a life-time" are the words which best describe the shoot-fest which will take place at Camp Perry, Ohio, between September 1st and 27th, under the auspices of the National Rifle Association, and under the direction of Lt. Col. Morton C. Mumma, Executive Officer.

Added to the School of Instruction, the National Rifle Association .22 calibre, .30 calibre, free rifle, shotgun and pistol matches, and the National Individual and Team Matches, will be the international Free Rifle Matches, to decide the right of Americans to hold the title of "World's Team and Individual Champions," which they retained after a hard fought battle at Milan, Italy, last year, after having won it from the Swiss for the first time in seventeen years, at Lyons, France, the year before.

The Swiss will come to America this year with the benefit of the two years' experience in competition with the Americans. The Americans will go into the match with better equipment and better ammunition than they have ever had before, and with no false notion regarding the very real ability of their closest rivals. The American victory last year was by the narrow margin of twelve points, and while there are none who lack confidence that the "Stars and Stripes" will come out on top, neither are there any but who admit that it will only be after a match which will be contested shot for shot, and point for point.

Civilians will again be given the privilege of entering the School of Instruction from September 3 to 8, without any cost to themselves other than for subsistence. The government will supply instructors, match grade rifles, ammunition, and quarters. Immediately following the school, the N.R.A. matches will take place. These will include the standard military rifle and pistol events, a very comprehensive program of .22 calibre matches and free rifle matches, and the time-honored Wimbledon, Leech, and other similar events. It will probably be at about the time of the close of these matches that the International .22 calibre match will be fired. This match, the Dewar, differs from the International Free Rifle Championship in that the .22 calibre riflemen shoot

their scores, and the results are then cabled to the other competing teams in England, Canada and Australia. The International Free Rifle Matches are shoulder-to-shoulder competitions, one or two targets being assigned to each competing team, and a splendid opportunity being given the gallery of spectators to watch the results and the standing of the teams, shot by shot.

In addition to the Swiss team, which will attract the most attention, there will in all probabiliy be teams from France, Italy, Great Britain, Sweden, and possibly from the other nations represented in the International Shooting Union, Belgium, Norway, Denmark, Roumania, Monaco, Czecho-Slovakia, etc.

A MILE OF MARKSMEN

While it has not definitely been announced, it is probable that the historic Palma Match will also be made a part of the International match program. This match represents the long range rifle team championship of the world, and if added to the program, will probably result in a battle royal between Canada, England, and the United States.

Culminating the program will be the National Individual and National Team Matches. It is anticipated that approximately sixty teams, representing practically every state in the Union, as well as the various branches of the service, and each corps area Civilian Military Training Camp organization, as well as representative teams from the Corps Area Reserve Officers Training Camps, will compete, while about twelve hundred individuals will fire in the National Individual Match. In this match, every civilian competitor qualifying as marksman, sharpshooter, or expert rifleman, is awarded the official War Department decoration. During this National Match period, the program of shotgun training and matches will also reach its climax in the Camp Perry registered shotgun tournament.

The International Rifle Matches will not be awarded to the United States again for some years. The last time that they were here was in 1913. Never before has such an opportunity been presented American sportsmen to witness the best that the world has produced in the way of marksmen. A man who has once "been to Perry" always goes back if there is any way for him to get there, and this year, of all years, is the time to go.

Advance details in regard to the matches, together with the program a little later on, may be obtained by writing to the Secretary of the National Rifle Association, 1108 Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.

A NEW SHOOTING TROPHY

A NEW rifle shooting trophy, known as the "Hercules Trophy," has been presented by the Hercules Powder Co., for perpetual competition in small-bore, or .22-caliber rifle shooting at the National Matches.

The figure, which is from Tiffany's of New York, is of a dark-green phosphor bronze, and is an accurate replica of Michael Angelo's statue of Hercules, the mythical hero of ancient Greece, and the accredited founder of the Olympic Games.

The N. R. A. small-bore committee has decided that it will be shot for annually by teams of two men, both of whom shall be from the same rifle club. The course of fire will consist of two sighting shots and twenty shots for record at 100 yards, on the standard N. R. A. small-bore target; and two sighting shots and twenty shots for record on the C 5 target at 200 yards.

The names and score of the winning team will be inscribed on a medallion placed in the base of the trophy each year, and the winners will suitable gold medals presented by the Hercules Powder Company.

SEATED (Left to Right): C. S. NEARY, W. ARCHMABO, H. J. WOOD, TEAM CAPTAIN
STANDING: T. BESTICK, JUDGE; E. S. HALL, JR., COACH; C. J. VAN AMBURGH, H. J. ALBRIGHT, S. L. SIMARD

REMINGTON RIFLE CLUB TEAM

WINNERS OF THE INTER-CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA has officially announced the results of the civilian inter-club team championship matches held during the past indoor gallery season under its auspices, in which seventy rifle club teams took part.

From this field of the strongest rifle teams in the country, the Remington Rifle Club team of Bridgeport, Conn., won the championship with the total score of 3,913 out of a possible 4,000. The team was composed of H. J. Wood, team captain, and five other members, as follows: C. S. Neary, S. L. Simard, Captain C. J. Van Amburgh, W. Archambo and Henry J. Albright.

Three of the team members used Remington rifles, one used the B. S. A., one a Stevens and the other a Winchester. All used a Stevens telescope and the entire team shot Remington .22 Long Rifle PALMA cartridges.

The team is now preparing for the Eastern Rifle Championship matches to be held at Sea Girt, N. J., from June 30 to July 4, where it will defend its newly won honors from a field of the best rifle teams in the east.

THE NEW NATIONAL MATCH AMMUNITION

THE rifle and pistol ammunition for the National Matches of this year was tested and selected at the Marine Corps Rifle Range at Quantico, Virginia, April 9-10. The Assistant Secretary of War, members of the Ammunition Testing Board, and various ammunition experts were present at the tryout to see the latest developments for rifle and pistol shooting.

The rifle cartridges for this year's competitions, which should incidentally be the largest on record, will be loaded by Frankford Arsenal with their celebrated 170-grain, boat-tail, gilding metal bullet and Hercules HiVel powder. This combination shot 17 4-10 per cent. better at 600 yards and 18 5-10 per cent. better at 1,000 yards than the second sample. It also excelled the winning lot of rifle ammunition at last year's tryout by 10 per cent. at 600 yards and 8 per cent. at 1,000 yards. At 1,000 yards the mean of the extreme vertical deviation of the 1923 ammunition was 19.3 inches, which is less than the diameter of the 20-inch V ring or inner scoring circle in the 36-inch bullseye of the 1,000-yard target.

New and improved .45 Colt automatic pistol ammunition has also been provided for this year's matches. It will be loaded by Frankfort Arsenal with a 230-grain bullet and 5 grains of a new Hercules pyro pistol powder. At 50 yards, in the test, it shot fifteen 10-shot groups that averaged only 3.22 inches in diameter.

Rifle and pistol shooters who attend the matches will be interested in these, the latest developments in National Match ammunition.

SURF FISHING TIME

In the Tumbling Foam Between Bar and Shore Lies High Adventure for Anglers of the Surf

By ALEXANDER STODDART

JULY is surf-fishing time. Channel and striped bass, weakfish, bluefish, kingfish, plaice, snappers and croakers work their way into the tumbling foam, and between bar and shore line men and women find high adventure.

In his "Compleat Angler," Izaak Walton omits all mention of sea fishing. It was probably not one of the sports of his day. In one branch of salt-water angling, the surf, a code has been been building up during the past fifty or sixty years. Robert H. Corson, who writes entertainingly on matters pertaining to fishing under the nom de plume of "Switch Reel," has summed up the code thus briefly:

"One man, one hook, one fish.

"No gaff for game-fish on the sandy beaches. Use the good right forefinger.

"Let the line be as light as one dare use and the rod as powerful.

"Each man his own guide and doing his own 'hunting.'

"Learn to read the language of cuts, bars, flats and sloughs at low water and the quality of the feeding grounds from what the seas lay at one's feet.

"Know that a small bait well placed is better than a dozen large ones placed where no fish can reach them."

TWO-FISTED MAN'S GAME

Surf fishing is a two-fisted man's game. The fisherman can never tell when there is lurking in the surf the mate of that record-breaker on rod, reel and line taken by Charles H. Smith on September 24, 1919, at New Inlet, New Jersey, a fish of 65 pounds, 49 inches in length and 35 inches in girth. This fish captured the record from Joe Cawthorn, whose fish, taken a few years previously, weighed 63¼ pounds.

As you stand on the beach, your rod supported by the rod belt, you tell your fellow angler of a strike that you once got from a channel bass which you estimated must have been heavier than Smith's or Cawthorn's—a story believed by the regular, received incredulously, perhaps, by a tyro angler; but you are sure that this year, or perhaps next year, it will be your luck to set the notch up higher and with that fish win all the medals and prize-cups of the year.

The battles of the surf give opportunity for telling and retelling yarns of fish over and over again to your family, to every friend, to each acquaintance. The surf angler is not affected by the weather. Loss of sleep a thing not to be considered, and meals of no consequence. Men go out to fish all day and will get up at any hour of the night or morning when the fishing is good. Ask Dr. Joseph W. Droogan, who writes authoritatively on piscatorial topics under the pseudonym of "Tamarack," or Bob Corson as to night and day fishing and getting up in the middle of the night in order to fish a favorable tide. I have seen both of them do it on the New Jersey sand and on the Long Island rock-strewn shore, fishing sometimes twenty hours out of the twenty-four and getting merely a nap of a couple of hours, and on awakening, telling you that they felt "fine."

SURF FISHING FASCINATING

Bobbie Inch has hit it exactly right when he writes:

But give me, oh, give me,
Oh, how I wish you would,
A channel bass hanging on the line!

There is one joy, however, that the surf fisherman has; he may fish the tide until dawn, or he may fish from sun up to sun down, praying all the time for a channel bass hanging on the line, and if then he doesn't get his wish, he'll pack his fishing tackle in his old kit-bag and smile, smile, smile.

There's something about surf fishing that makes it fascinating. Perhaps many things combine to make it different. The ocean conditions change with every stage of the tide. The tide rips where you may be fishing, if the tide is coming in, hollows out the sand, the incoming waves may make a slight bar and the big fish of the sea will chase the little fellows close in shore, cutting and slashing the little fellows. As the big fish chop up the little fishes, dozens or hundreds of screaming gulls are attracted to the spot. The sun may be shining from a clear sky, but soon those little, tiny clouds grow bigger and bigger until the sky is changed.

The sea may be as clear and clean and calm as may be when the wind will kick up and tidal changes will stir up the sea cabbage and lettuce and you will spend your time cleaning off the line. You are prepared for all sorts of weather, and if it storms all you have to do is to add your fishing coat, likely oil skins, and you weather out the storm in dry clothes and merely take caution when casting that the sea does not suddenly rush over your boot-tops.

But sunshine or shade, rain or overhanging clouds, you are having a good time casting out your squid or mossbunker bait, tied with cotton thread to your hook, and you wait, wait, wait for a "pick-up" of a bass. And if the "pick-up" comes and you have the opportunity of enjoying a channel bass hanging on your line, you have a thrill that memory will recall years afterward.

In surf fishing you have mental as well as physical recreation. Every fisherman will tell you that, though not every one expresses it so clearly as does former Secretary Lansing:

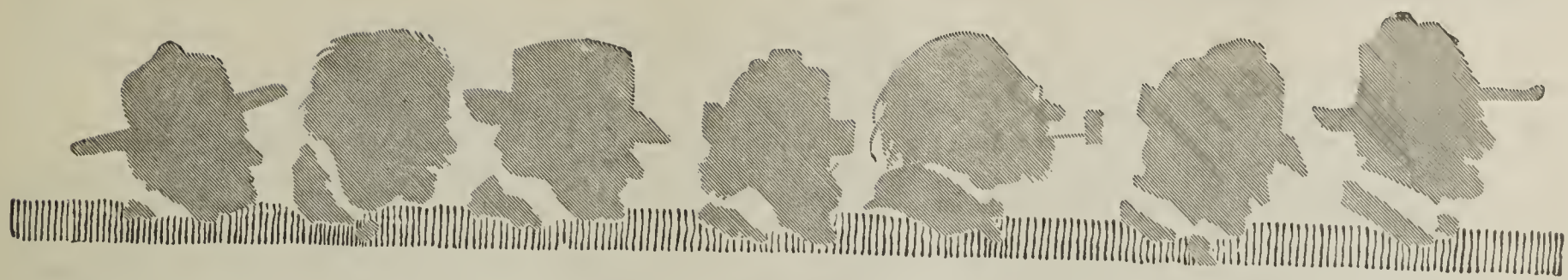
"The real angler," he says, "absorbed in his occupation, finds that relaxation from the vexatious questions of life which is so necessary for the renewal of mind and body. And then, when he returns at the end of the day pleasantly tired, hungry and invigorated by hours in the open air, there is a content of spirit which frees the mind of cares and bring refreshing sleep."

GOOD JERSEY PLACES

Channel bass, in season, are taken from the Florida peninsula to Montauk Point, the easternmost point on Long Island, certain shores being better than others.

New Jersey has a dozen places along its coast where channel bass can be found throughout July and then again in September and October, depending upon weather conditions, that is, when the bass scamper south in their migratory journey. These places are New Inlet (just below Beach Haven, which Hartie I. Phillips made known to the angling world); Little Beach (where Claude E. Holgate and Bill Smith hooked into twenty channel bass in three hours); Chadwick Beach (where William Ashley Leavitt, Jr., took his 38-pound 2 ounce fish); Barnegat Inlet (north side, favorite spot of Joe Cawthorn); Ocean City (where Churchill Channel Bass Hungerford makes it pleasant for anglers); Corson's Inlet (the gathering place for the Gus Wittkamp clan); and Avalon (well known but not so famous as its namesake on the Pacific).

(*Continued on page* 394)



FOREST AND STREAM LETTERS

A SCRIMMAGE WITH A MOUNTAIN LION

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

ON Nov. 21st we were running cattle on the Uncompahgre National Forest and having most of the cattle gathered in we decided to make our final Fall ride to gather up the remnants of our herd which were hanging up on the high points the rims of the Unaweep Canyon in Lake Country, which is about 50 miles southwest of Grand Junction in southwestern Colorado.

Jerome Craig and myself gathered our pack outfit and guns and started out. There had been a fresh fall of snow about six inches deep so that tracking was good. We ran up through a very heavy timbered pine mesa which was literally trailed and tracked up by deer. I took one side and Jerome the other. We had not been separated long when I discovered the tracks of a huge mountain lion trailing some deer down across the point. As I was sizing up the tracks, a little undecided whether or not to follow them, I suddenly heard a shot, followed in close succession by two more. Knowing my partner had started something, I ran in the direction from which I thought the shots came, but had some little trouble in finding him.

My horse started up with a jerk and began to prick up his ears. I looked up and saw Jerome coming towards me on the trail so I stopped and waited for him to come up.

He first discovered the lion crouching over the freshly killed carcass of a big six-point buck, probably some six hundred yards distant, down the hill across the canyon. Sizing up the situation and carefully estimating the distance he took a shot with his .250-300 Savage rifle but this missed its mark. The lion crouched low, refusing to desert his meal. The second shot reached him and he went up in the air, as though he was reaching for something in the top of the trees. Then, deciding he was in a unhealthy spot, he crawled down the hill and hid in a big, thick bunch of mountain willows. Jerome kept a sharp lookout until he was satisfied the lion would stay until driven out.

Down the mountain we went, the ground being frozen and just enough dry, loose snow to make it slick. This added an element of thrill as our horses, bracing their feet, would slide sometimes for a distance of 25 or 30 feet before we could stop them. Finally we worked our way down the hillside through the scrub oak brush and scattered aspens until within 200 yards of the thicket where the wounded lion had disappeared. I took my stand on the opposite hillside where I could watch the thicket. Mr. Craig went around on the other side and went into the thicket, walking towards me. I watched eagerly for the old lion to come out, but soon found that he had scented more trouble and had pulled out down a brushy, rough canyon. We tried to get our shepherd dog to follow the lion but old "Bounce" said, dog-fashion: "No, not me; I have lost no lions, I am looking only for sheep." So finally the traveling came so rough we had to abandon our horses and take up the chase on foot. The old dog, however, decided to take his chances with the horses, evidently thinking they needed company.

With all the vim and pep that the excitement of such a chase could thrill us, we trailed the old lion down the brushy canyon tributary to Gill Creek, into the beautiful Unaweep Canyon. We slid down cliff after cliff following the bloody trail, for the lion was evidently suffering from a broken hind leg and was otherwise injured, as he left a bloody trail over the snow and rocks. We came to the brink of the canyon and after losing sight of the trail we broke down into the canyon and could discover no more blood. We passed a dense pine thicket and circling it decided the old lion had determined to make his last stand and either fight it out with his pursuers or camp for the night, if unmolested. We held a consultation and decided on a plan of action. I got below and took my stand while Jerome climbed up above the thicket and pitched a rock into it with the hope that his lionship would come tearing out. He was in there, all right, and on hearing the noise made by the rock the old fellow raised, whirled and was gone before either of us could get a shot.

"Look out below; he is coming!" Jerome yelled. It was only a second's warning for the infuriated, wounded lion was coming directly at me, snarling and showing his teeth. He made a swipe at me with his big paw as he passed. It was one time in my hunting experiences that I had no use for rifle sights. I had no time to use them. As the animal dashed by me his eyes looked like two glass balls, his paws as large as a frying pan—or maybe a fellow's eyes magnify a little on such an unusual occasion. Anyhow, I managed to cut a gash through his front leg about four inches long, which only helped to terrify him, and he leaped over a bluff about 20 feet high and fell sprawling into the bottom of the canyon but was soon up again dragging himself down toward the creek.

Jerome, upon hearing the report of my 30-30, yelled out: "Did you get him?" "No, he is going down the creek!" With this information Jerome took a short cut across the point to head the lion off. Presently I heard some rapid shooting and down the hill I tumbled in the hopes of being present at the last episode of our drama. When I reached my partner he had put a 25 high-power bullet through the old fellow's shoulders, which ended our long lion chase.

Just as darkness began to creep over us we finished skinning out his hide, which measured 8 feet 6 inches from tip of nose to tip of tail. The hide is now at Jones Bros. taxidermist shop in Denver, where it has been sent for mounting.

This ended the career of a great game and livestock destroyer.

Matt Casto

PROPERTY RIGHTS ON INLAND LAKES

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

TO the person buying or leasing propery which fronts upon an inland lake the question of his or her riparian rights may be of considerable importance. In particular is this true of riparian owners upon the thousands of lakes in the northern states, dotted with summer cottages, so located for the express purpose of enjoying the fishing, boating and bathing.

In situations of this kind the property owner may have but a small lake frontage, perhaps only fifty or one hundred feet. It follows that such an owner or his lessee might have but a small strip of the land under the lake. But, as a general rule, such a buy or lease, regardless of the lake frontage, is made in contemplation of having the use of the entire surface of the lake fronted. This then raises the interesting question of the rights of each property owner, or lessee, in the use of the entire lake, by virtue of his ownership or rental of perhaps but a small portion of the lake bed.

This point was passed upon in Beach vs. Hayner, 207 Mich., 93, in an interesting manner. And when it is considered that the holding in this decision defines the rights of thousands of vacationists, summer resorters and sportsmen, in situations of this kind, it appears to be a case of wide general interest. The facts and circumstances which culminated in the action were, as gathered from the report, substantially as follows:

Title to Lake Bed in Several Owners

The plaintiff owned certain land bordering Silver Lake, an inland lake covering about one hundred acres of land. This holding of the plaintiff also included the land under the lake, within the plaintiff's portion of the land. There were, it appears, a number of other land owners who owned tracts of land of varying sizes which fronted upon the lake, and these owners owned the land within their respective subdivisions under the lake. All right.

The owners of these various tracts of land built cottages upon them which they either occupied themselves, or rented to others, as suited their desires. These cottages were then occupied by either their owners or the latters' tenants during the summer months, and the occupants made use of the lake for boating and fishing.

The plaintiff, it appears, objected to this use of the entire surface of the lake by the tenants, families, guests, etc., of the other riparian owners, and filed the instant bill to enjoin the defendants. The contention of the plaintiff being, it seems, that each owner of property fronting the lake was only entitled to use that portion of the lake to which he had the title to the land under the lake.

Upon the trial of the cause in the lower court a decree was entered dismissing the plaintiff's bill. In giving his reasons for this action, and in replying to the plaintiff's contentions, the circuit judge said:

"The court, however, is of the opinion that where there are several riparian proprietors of an inland lake, that all such proprietors and their lessees may use the surface of the whole lake for boating, fishing and fowling purposes, if access is gained to the lake from their own or leased land; and that no one riparian proprietor can exclude another riparian proprietor from the exercise of these rights; and that neither can one riparian proprietor exclude the lessess of another riparian proprietor from the exercise of these rights."

Cause Appealed to Michigan Supreme Court

The plaintiff prosecuted an appeal from this decree of the lower court to the Michigan Supreme Court. Here the court, in stating the question before it, quoted from the brief of counsel for the plaintiff as follows:

"The important legal question involved in this case is whether or not, where more than one person owns the bed of an inland pond with neither outlet nor inlet, can one owner exclusively use and control his property against the trespass of the public who claim to have a license from the other owners of land in the lake, to go thereon?"

After the foregoing statement of the question before it the court noted that the exact situation had not been passed upon by it before. Then after a review of a number of cases involving somewhat analogous situations, it quoted from the dissenting opinion of Mr. Justice Campell in Sterling vs. Jackson, 69 Mich. 488, in part, as follows:

" 'Small and entirely private lakes are sometimes divided up for such purposes as require separate use; but for uses like boating, and similar surface privileges, the enjoyment is almost universally held to be in common. This was held by the House of Lords in Menzies v. Macdonald, 36 Eng. L. & Eq. Rep. 20. It was there held that for all purposes of boating and fishing, the whole lake was open to every riparian owner; while for such fishing as required the use of the shore, each was confined to his own land for drawing seines ashore, and the like uses.' "

The court then in approving the foregoing statement of the law upon the point discussed, and in summing up its conclusions upon the record before it, in part, said:

What the Court Decided

"This reasoning seems to be appealing. To hold with the plaintiff and appellant in this case would cause the establishment of a rule very difficult in its application. All riparian owners and their licensees would have a clear right to enter upon certain portions of the surface of the lake, and it certainly would be very difficult to establish definite lines of demarcation along the property lines of the various owners. As the question of fowling upon the waters is not presented by the bill and is not an issue here, it will be unnecessary to determine that question, but we are of the opinion that the judge was right in holding that, where there are several riparian owners to an inland lake, such proprietors and their lessees and licensees may use the surface of the whole lake for boating and fishing, so far as they do not interfere with the reasonable use of the waters by the other riparian owners. . . ."

In conclusion the Michigan Court affirmed the decree of the lower court in favor of the defendants. Holding, as outlined in the opinion, that each property owner owning a portion of the lake bed had the right, with his lessees, to the reasonable use of the whole lake surface. LESLIE CHILDS.

A DAY IN THE MIX RUN VALLEY

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

THREE of us traversed the Mix Run Valley late in January, 1923, and explored the mountains of Cameron and Elk Counties in Pennsylvania. We wished to see scenes viewed only by a few and we were willing to endure hardships to gain a glimpse of nature's store of treasure.

Our party left the early morning train at Grant Station, named after the great general, whose special train steamed out of Washington one May morning early in the '70's that he might forget his presidential duties and enjoy a few days' fishing in the wilderness with his friend, Donald Cameron, Secretary of State. Several other members of his cabinet accompanied President Grant on this trip. It was along a railroad that was being constructed through one of the primitive forests of western Pennsylvania. Today it is the Low Grade Branch of the Pennsylvania System.

We slowly climbed the mountain side, which was covered with a heavy

(*Continued on page* 386)

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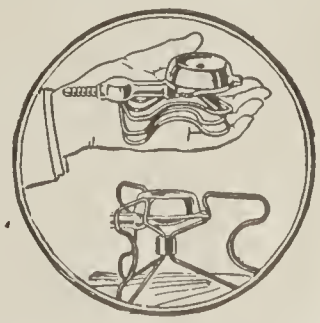

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CONDITIONS:

1. This contest is open to boys not over eighteen years of age.

2. The fish submitted for competition must have been caught by *casting* with rod, reel and artificial lure. Fish caught by trolling or on line bait are not eligible.

3. Fish caught on Private Preserve or those taken from ponds, pools or streams of State or Federal Hatcheries are not eligible to competition.

4. An affidavit witnessed by two reputable citizens must be filled in and in our hands within two weeks after fish is caught; stating the weight, the length—(measured from end of lower jaw with mouth closed, to the tip of the tail) girth—(measured just behind fins). Photographs should if possible accompany affidavit; also a drawing made by laying fish on piece of paper and tracing its outline. The affidavit besides being signed by the person catching the fish must be accompanied by the signatures of two witnesses who examined the fish and verified its weight and measurements. In case the contestant catches a fish unaccompanied by more than a single guide, in that instance an affidavit sworn to with the guide as the sole witness will be entered and given consideration.

5. The length, girth and weight of fish entered in contest must be included in the affidavit and statement must be made regarding the lure and tackle used.

6. The affidavit must be sent to the Editor of the Sonny Boy Fishing Contest, FOREST AND STREAM, 221 West 57th Street, New York. The affidavits must be mailed within one week from the date the fish was caught.

7. In the event of two or more fish weighing and measuring exactly the same, awards identical in character with those offered will be given to each of the vying contestants.

PRIZES TO BE AWARDED:

1st Prize in each class will be $25.00 worth of tackle to be selected by the winner.
2nd Prize in each class will be $15.00 worth of tackle also to be chosen by himself.
3rd Prize in each class will be $10.00 worth of tackle to be selected by the winner.
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(Intermediate Division)

Caught in the States of West Virginia, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Delaware, Arkansas, Oklahoma, between the legal opening and closing of the season (artificial lure).

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Caught in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and Louisiana, between the legal opening and closing of the season (artificial lure).

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The judges of the contest will be the members of the Editorial Board of

FOREST AND STREAM,
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A copy of the affidavit required to be signed can be had by writing to Editor of the

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The contest ends with the close of the season in the respective states.

Summer Reading for Sportsmen

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CANOE, ITS SELECTION, CARE AND USE. By R. E. Pinkerton. With proper use the canoe is one of the safest of all craft. Here you may learn how to make it safe, what canoe to select for your particular needs, and how to get the greatest comfort, safety and usefulness from it.
162 pages. Illustrated. Flexible Cloth, $1.00

CANOEING, SAILING AND MOTOR BOATING. By W. H. Miller. Divided into three parts, it discusses sailing and boat building, canoeing and cruising and motor boat management and construction. The building, rigging and sailing directions are clear and adequate and the many illustrations help the direction.
351 pages. Illustrated. Cloth, $2.50

SMALL BOAT BUILDING. By H. W. Patterson. Build your own boat this summer! Here are detail descriptions and drawings showing the various stages in the building. There are chapters on proper materials for boat building.
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CAMPING AND WOODCRAFT

CAMP LIFE AND THE TRICKS OF TRAPPING. By W. H. Gibson. Comprehensive hints on camp shelter, log huts, bark shanties, woodland beds and bedding, boat and canoe building, and valuable suggestions on trappers' food, etc.
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Vol. I, 405 pages. Illustrated. Cloth, $2.00
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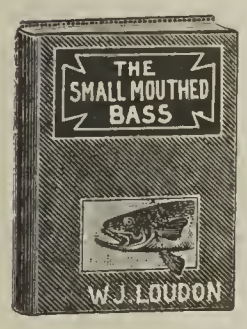
SMALL-MOUTHED BASS

By PROF. W. J. LOUDON



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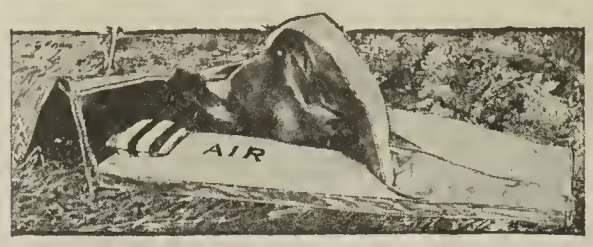

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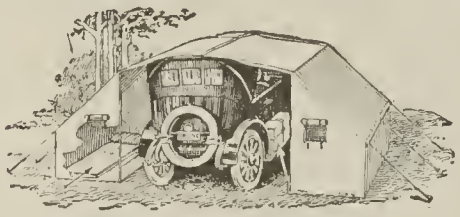

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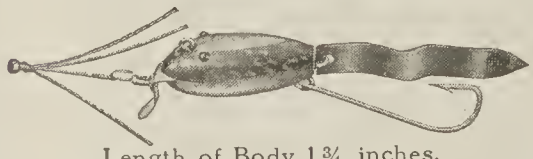

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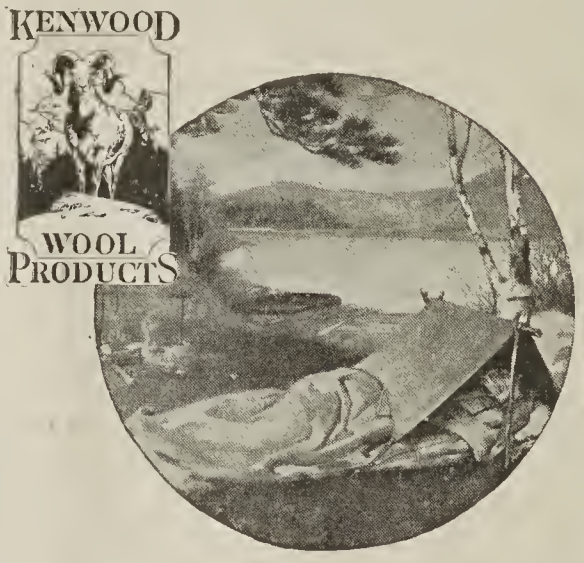

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LETTERS TO FOREST AND STREAM

(*Continued from page* 382)

blanket of snow. The crust supported our weight without snowshoes. Occasionally our progress was halted by one who had struck a weak spot and had sunk deep into the bosom of the fleecy white.

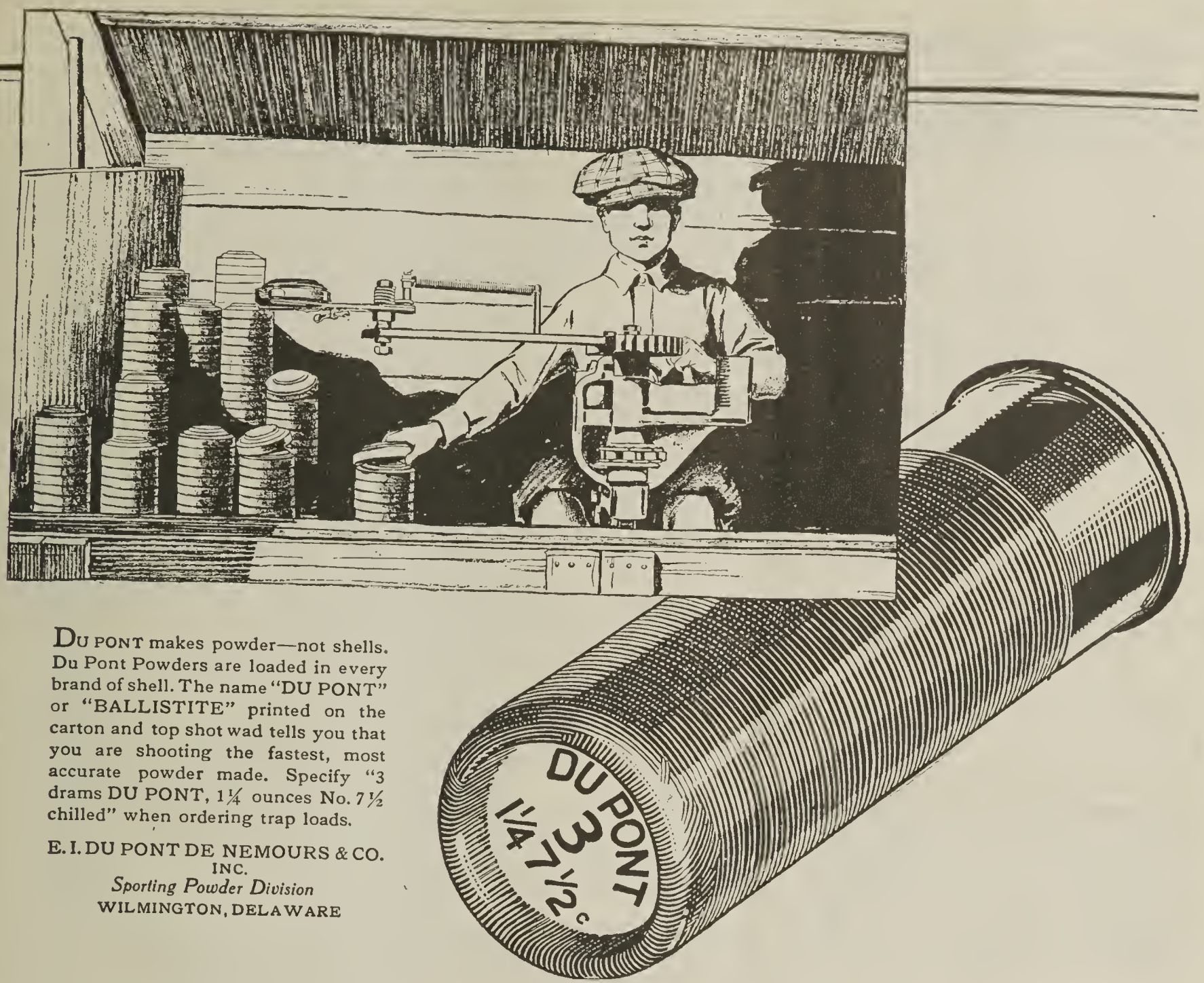
Numberless grouse were sighted. Seeming to know they were protected, they saved their "whirr" until we were very close, thus multiplying the force which affects all five senses and adds a few extra beats to an already thumping heart. Once in a while a few feathers and drops of blood revealed another tragedy to be placed at the door of the fox or wildcat. We passed close by a large rock with a small opening at the base. No tracks to or from it indicated that it was the home of a denizen of the woods, but a faint trace of vapor coming from the hole told us Bruin was spending the winter there.

Not a deer in sight! That seemed very queer. The last day of the hunting season we saw many of them. Could the report that they are dying for the want of food be true? We crossed the ridge and looked into the once beautiful valley of Mix Run, from the very rock where Grant, half a century ago, first viewed the mountain sides, then clothed with lofty trees of virgin pine.

Our eyes followed the outline of two seemingly endless rocky ridges twelve hundred feet above the tiny stream from which the valley derived its name. The brook, restlessly winding on through the twelve-mile valley, nervously guarding its living speckled treasures. As we gazed on the scarred mountainsides a woe-begone feeling passed through my very soul. If we could only see it as Grant did. The biting stroke of the woodsman's axe seemed to echo among the naked hills. The great medium of Time is unable to hush it—only restoration of the forests can gradually remove the scar.

We slowly began our descent to the stream below through a mass of rocks, logs, underbrush and red brush, the latter growing to cover the evil of an industry. Thousands of great trees were felled, only to be stripped of their coat of bark and left to rot in days when man's last thoughts turned to possibility of a lumber shortage. Those men failed to foresee the progress of a great nation.

We trudged through the labyrinth. I wondered if we were treading in the steps of Grant and if his party had hurried down the hillside to drop their line in that beautiful little trout stream. A quick movement in the brush and



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HOW often does the trap fool you with a quartering bird or a low one? It takes *confidence* to break the hard ones—confidence in gun, eye and *load.* No worry about the load when you see "DU PONT" on the carton and top shot wad.

SHOOT DU PONT POWDERS

DU PONT

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

"LANDS THE REAL BIG BOYS"

Your Vacation Outfit!

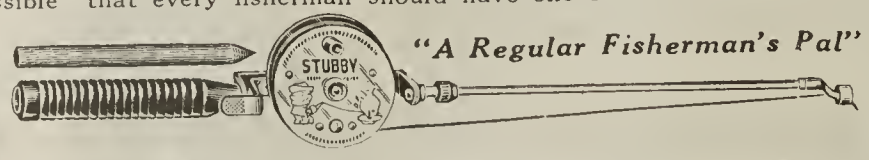
By All Means Requires One or More

Stubby Rods and Reels

So It Will Be Compact and Complete

"Stubby" fits your Pocket, Tackle Box and Traveling Bag and He's sure there when it comes to "Hookin' Up" with the Real Big Boys! He fills in so many places where a larger rod is "Impossible" that every fisherman should have one or more Stubbies for every fishing trip.

Biggest and Best Three Dollars Worth of Tackle Offered Anglers



"A Regular Fisherman's Pal"

Easy to Carry—Easy to Get Into Action—Easy to Buy

$3.00

Special Features: Single Action Aluminum Reel, Rubberoid Finished Corrugated Handle, Imitation Agate Tip, Spring Drag with Bakelite Brake Button.
Comes packed complete in carton with Wood-Setting Pin all ready for action.

Ask-Your-Dealer-for-"Stubby"

Send for Very Interesting 1923 Booklet—"Stubby Gets 'em"—It's Free of Course—So Send at Once.

A Complete Fishing Outfit

THE AMERICAN DISPLAY COMPANY Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A

FORECAST

YOUR OWN MARKET

Amazing new book, the MASTER MARKET FORECASTER, tells you how. Contains the Master Key of the market. Learn swing trading and quick profit trading. Write for circular to-day. Market Forecaster Co., Dept. S, Topeka, Ks

Delivered to you Free for 30 days trial on approval. Your choice of **44 Styles**, colors and sizes of the famous **Ranger** Bicycles. Express prepaid. Low Factory-to-Rider Prices.

12 Months to Pay if desired. Many boys and girls easily save the small monthly payments.

Tires wheels, lamps, and equipment at half usual prices. Write for remarkable factory prices and marvelous offers.

Mead Cycle Company Dept. B-130 Chicago Write us today for free catalog

WING SHOOTING MADE EASY

PAT. APPLIED FOR.

WILBUR SHOTGUN PEEP SIGHT,

deadly addition to the modern shotgun. Makes good shots of poor ones. Fast enough for snap shooting, ducks, or at traps. Automatically shows how to lead correctly—**No more guess work.** Made of blued steel, clamps rigidly on breech of gun barrels. 12, 16, 20 28 gauges. Double guns only. Postpaid, $2.50 including booklet. "Wing Shooting Made Easy." Booklet alone sent on receipt of ten cents. Teaches the art of wing shooting.

WILBUR GUN SIGHT

116 West 39th St., P.O. Box 185, Times Square, New York

COPPER CANS

SCREW TOP

COPPER TUBING
⅜-inch.....10c Ft.
½-inch.....15c Ft.

UNIONS
⅜-inch..... 15c
½-inch..... 25c
Larger sizes on request; postage and ins., 50c.
Send deposit on C.O.D. Orders.

FREE
Write for our latest R-138 issue of Hagen's Specials; also catalog.

HAGEN IMPORT CO. OF PENNA.
42 N. 8th St., Dept. K, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sell coal to your trade in carload lots.
Earn week's pay in an hour Sideline salesmen wanted.
Washington Coal Co., Stock Yards Sta., Dept. A. A. Chicago

THE PRESCOTT SPINNER

"GETS-EM"

WHEN ALL OTHERS FAIL

9 IN. OVERALL

ASK | WEEDLESS 30¢ | PLAIN 25¢

YOUR DEALER—SEND FOR CIRCULAR

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PRESCOTT SPINNER MFG. CO.
BY CHAS. H. STAPF, PRESCOTT, WIS.

TENTS

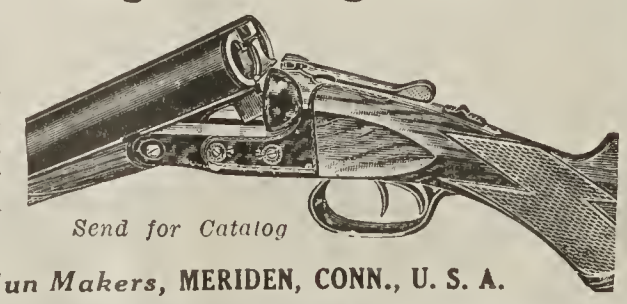
Get Our Catalogue

American Awning & Tent Co.
236 State Steret
Boston, Mass.

The "Old Reliable" **PARKER GUN**

Super-Strong Cocking Hook

The Parker Cocking Hook, of chrome vanadium steel, is strong enough to lift a dead-weight of 1,200 lbs. Can you imagine its ever breaking under the most strenuous use?



Send for Catalog

PARKER BROS., *Master Gun Makers*, MERIDEN, CONN., U. S. A.

my thoughts were diverted to things of the day. We routed a deer—then two, three and four—and by the hurrying commotion in the brush we knew there were many more in the herd that we had not seen. Climbing on a large rock we counted thirty-two of the fleet-footed animals racing gracefully down the mountainside. What a sight! In all the years we had hunted none of us had ever seen its equal. We little realized we were to behold a far more impressive and unusual sight.

We reached the valley below and took the old railroad bed to the mouth of the run, eight miles away. The corduroy road was anything but smooth walking. The log road had been abandoned some twenty years ago, the rails taken up, and the ties left to rot and disappear in their muddy bed. We quietly moved along and our hopes of getting a glimpse of a deer were rewarded far beyond our greatest expectation.

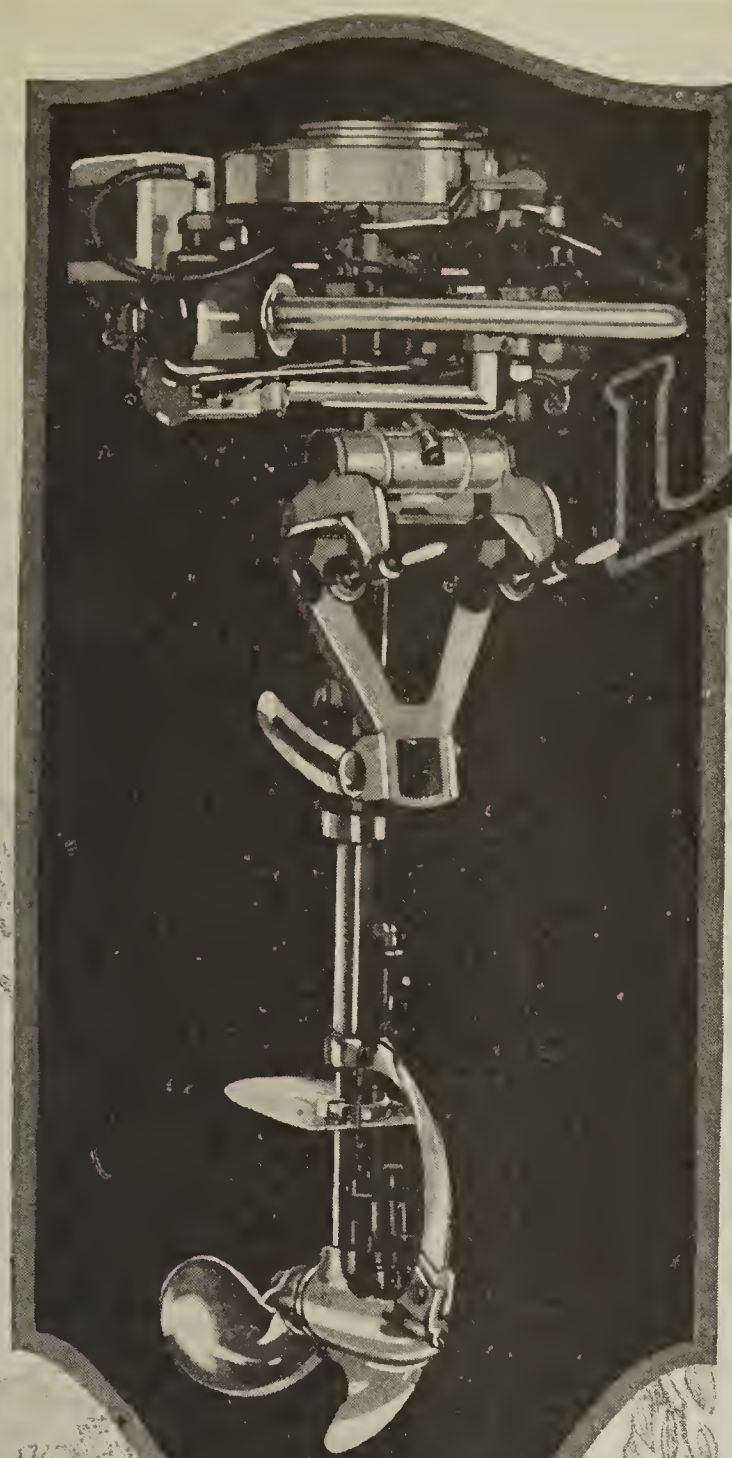
The long slope facing the east, bathed in sunlight, was alive with deer—bucks, does and fawns.

In less than eight miles we counted more than three hundred monarchs and queens of the forest gathered on that hillside as if to celebrate some winter festival. In every ravine from six to twenty were seen. They were drawn apart in groups, as though discussing some important action. The silence made the scene more impressive. They moved around slowly, some feeding on twigs, others were carefully selecting the laurel leaves, while occasionally one would put its head deep down into the snow and get a mouthful of moss. Those that were not feeding were continually surveying their surroundings, now and then throwing their heads in the air to take deep breaths.

At last they "winded" us and the alarm was spread. But how? We did not know. They moved around nervously until we were sighted. Then they stood and looked at us without moving a hair. Soon one moved and in a moment all were gone while we were left standing in wonderment of it all.

Soon we arrived at the mouth of the run, at Mix Run Station, nine miles west of Grant. We walked through the little graveyard that is almost a century old, explored the ruins of the old log house where Tom Mix was born, and the ground where he learned to ride and shoot. The house was erected by his grandfather near the close of the eighteenth century, many years before a road was hewn and a bed graded through the mighty forest.

The shrill whistle of an engine brought us once more to our senses, and the train carried us back to civilization. JOHN C. SHINGLEDEKER.



Leadership!

Quickly Won *and* Securely held by these 16 outstanding features

Wherever sportsmen gather, you hear them talking enthusiastically about the 16 outstanding features of the Lightweight Johnson Twin. Proof of unmatched performance piles up, with the report of each new user.

All, of course, enthuse over its wonderful portability—only 35 pounds complete, balanced to carry naturally and easily without the propeller dragging. Then, too, it is the only outboard motor that takes apart quickly for carrying in a handy case that slides under a Pullman seat like a suitcase. But its power, speed, responsive control and dependability are just as astonishing and satisfying. And remember the Johnson is the original tried and proven Lightweight Twin Motor. Its many features are protected by patents issued and pending.

Why Take Less Than Johnson Gives?

Universal steering and reversing—a patented Johnson feature. One-Pull, Easy-Spinning cord starter, Free Automatic Tilting and self-righting propeller. Drop forged steel, case hardened crank shaft, drive shaft and propeller shaft. Hard phosphor bronze bearings. Bevel gears cut from heat-treated nickel steel. No mussy oil holes and grease cups. A beautiful finish, in polished "Lynite" and nickel. No paint or enamel used. No valves to grind, no valve springs, no tappets and timing gears to wear.

(31) All these features combined have quickly won Johnson *leadership*. They have made the Outboard Motor a delightful convenience for every member of the family. You don't need to own a boat to enjoy a Johnson. It goes with you on any trip, by auto or train, almost unnoticed in your luggage and attaches quickly and easily to *any* boat or canoe. Write for Free Catalog Folder today.

JOHNSON MOTOR CO.
852 Sample Street South Bend, Ind.
Eastern Office, Dept. C. 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

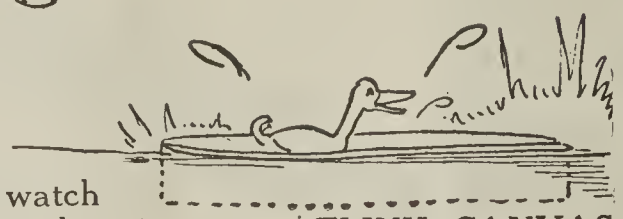
Takes apart quickly to pack in this handy case which slides under a Pullman seat.

Johnson "WATER-BUG"

THE LIGHTEST, LIVELIEST BOAT MOTOR ON THE WATER

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

"Just Like a Duck to Water"



is an old saying—**BUT**— Just watch the ducks come down to water when it is in a **FLINK CANVAS TANK.**

Set up in cornfields or marshes—these tanks are wonderfully inviting to all kinds of water-fowl.

Chemically treated and absolutely waterproof. Built to any desired diameter.
Easily handled—set up by one man.

"Flink Users Are Flink Boosters"

Ask any man who has ever used a **FLINK TANK** and his answer is: "The best ever"—because they **are** the best idea ever invented for the furtherance of Dry Land Duck Shooting.

FLINK SMITH & CO., Inc., La Salle, Ill.

LINEN FISHING LINES

12 THREAD SPECIAL CASTING

Also 15, 18 and 21 Thread — Samples and prices on request

C. MOORE & COMPANY

Twines, Threads and Yarns - - 500 Market Street, Phila., Pa.

THE SHOOTING TIMES AND BRITISH SPORTSMAN

The Sportsman's Ideal Paper

deals with

SHOOTING, FISHING, SPORTING DOGS, Etc.

SUBSCRIPTION: 21/8 PER ANNUM

International money orders obtainable at all Post Offices

Specimen Copy forwarded Post Free on application.

74-77 Temple Chambers, London, E. C. 4

South Bend Bait $2000.00 FISH-PHOTO Contest

Anyone may enter. To compete, catch one or several fish — photograph them, send photo to us. There's no entrance fee. Contest now on—closes October 31st. 273 prizes in all, totaling $2,000.00.

Get further particulars from any South Bend Bait dealer by asking for our Contest Book. Tells about prizes, rules, etc. If there is not a dealer near you, *write us.*

South Bend Bait Company 46
10237 High St., South Bend, Ind.

BECOME A LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT

Dignified, Exclusive Profession not overrun with competitors. Crowded with opportunity for money-making and big fees. $5000 to $10,000 incomes attained by experts. Easy to master under our correspondence methods. Diploma awarded. We assist students and graduates in getting started and developing their businesses. Established 1916. Write for information; it will open your eyes. Do it today.

American Landscape School, 71-F Newark, New York

Orvis Rods and Flies

ARE BEST
SEND FOR CATALOGUE

C. F. ORVIS CO.
MANCHESTER VERMONT

WHY NOT spend Spring, Summer and Fall gathering butterflies, insects? I buy hundreds of kinds for collections. Some worth $1 to $7 each. Simple outdoor work with my instructions, pictures, price-list. Send 10c (not stamps) for my Illustrated prospectus before sending butterflies.

Mr. Sinclair, Dealer in Insects, Dept. 9, Ocean Park, Calif.

Raise Silver Foxes

Easy to raise. Larger profits than any other live stock raising. Stands strictest investigation. Recommended by Government. 4 different plans. One will suit you. Complete description free. Send today.

C. T. DRYZ, Box 1033, EAGLE RIVER, WIS.

"BAKER" Single-Barrel Trap Guns

The "BAKER" was the first **Single-Barrel Trap Gun** made in America, and has stood the test of time. We have a few of these on hand on which we are **making special prices.**

Write for particulars.

BAKER GUN CO., 253 Church St., New York City.

NATIONAL FOREST LAWS

Dear Forest and Stream:

IT has come to my notice during my 35 years' residence in the West that cattle may be and are run on the same range year after year, but if sheep are pastured over range lands one year they leave the land a permanent desert where little vegetable life survives and as a result animal life thereafter is unable to live. There is no cure for people who own lands leasing them to flockmasters and if the governments—State and National—don't object there is no way to prevent sheep from pasturing on any open lands till such time as it is left barren to a degree that it no longer pays sheepmen to exploit it.

The object of the National forest laws were to prevent the total destruction of the forest and make them a permanent asset to the whole American people. The lumber alone does not constitute the whole value of the forests to the people, though no doubt it is the major consideration, but if the forests are to yield their maximum value to their owners (the public) then their values as pleasure grounds for summer campers, fishers and hunters of game fish, fowls and beasts should be taken into consideration and conserved along with the other values that may be more readily apparent.

I have seen antelope, deer and elk grazing with cattle and horses, but never saw any kind of a game bird or beast near a band of sheep, as their myriad hoofs make other life near them impossible as it destroys nesting birds with their eggs and young and larger game must emigrate to find food.

J. R. Patterson,
Newport, Washington.

DECKED SAILING CANOE ASSOCIATION

Dear Forest and Stream:

EARLY in April a fire which destroyed the boat building plant of the Gilbert Boat Works, Canada, destroyed "Mermaid," owned by Leo Friede, International racing champion. Friede had loaned his boat to the Canadian company to give the firm an opportunity to copy its lines as they were to build 12 duplicates. These duplicates were all completed and ready for shipment when the plant was destroyed and they were also destroyed.

The loss of the Canadian boats brings out the fact that in January there was a fire in the George I. Gilbert Boat Works at Clason Point, which caused much damage. Ed. Ahrens of the New York Canoe Club and Wm. Lux of the Sheepshead Bay Yacht Club had their boats in the

company's yards but they were untouched.

On April 24th the Decked Sailing Canoe Association was formed. The purpose being to promote the sport of decked sailing and assist canoeists in obtaining inexpensive plans, fittings, and other equipment.

A LOST ANTELOPE

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

THE leader of the band was Gideon. His father was a Mormon who had left Salt Lake and gone into the Teton Mountains years ago to trap bear and beaver in the Jackson Hole Country. He had lived there a good many years, and had never seen a brick house, buggy, Sunday school or a minister. Gid was a good man with horses or a rifle and well acquainted with the mountains and so as guide he had been with me for several weeks. One cold September morning, when he asked, "Who will join Gideon's band?" I started out with him to see if I could get a buck antelope. We left the Buffalo fork of the Snake River early in the morning, and rode over the "benches" all the forenoon without seeing game of any kind. Finally deciding that by taking to the "river bottom" we might come across either deer or antelope going down to water, Gid lead the way down a small "draw." We had been riding for some time, when, on glancing back over my shoulder, I saw two or three antelope going away from us through the scrub brush, crouching and stealing away, showing that they had already seen us. I called to Gid, and we immediately spurred our horses some two hundred yards to the river. We rode out on a sandbar, connected with the bank by a narrow strip, to see where the antelope were. We readily noticed a small bunch of 13 or 14 swimming diagonally across the river with the current towards the further shore. After looking the band over carefully, and seeing no bucks, we dismounted and commenced to fire stone ahead of them with the purpose of cutting them off, if possible; it is a hard thing to turn a bunch of antelope when once set in any direction. The leading doe gained the opposite bank in safety, but the others, disturbed by the splashing of stones, turned at right angles and commenced to swim towards our bank. Immediately we mounted the horses and rode down the gravel bar to head them off.

Gid was mounted on a speedier horse and reached the leading doe first. As he rode up alongside of her while she was swimming he stooped to grasp her by the neck, but his horse stopped short, which gave me time to spur ahead of him. Our horses by this time were well up to their bellies in water, and the

Do Fish Sleep?

ON his recent American trip, M. Clemenceau, noted consumer of Terrapin, learned that fish do sleep. The piscatorialist of the New York Aquarium told him so.

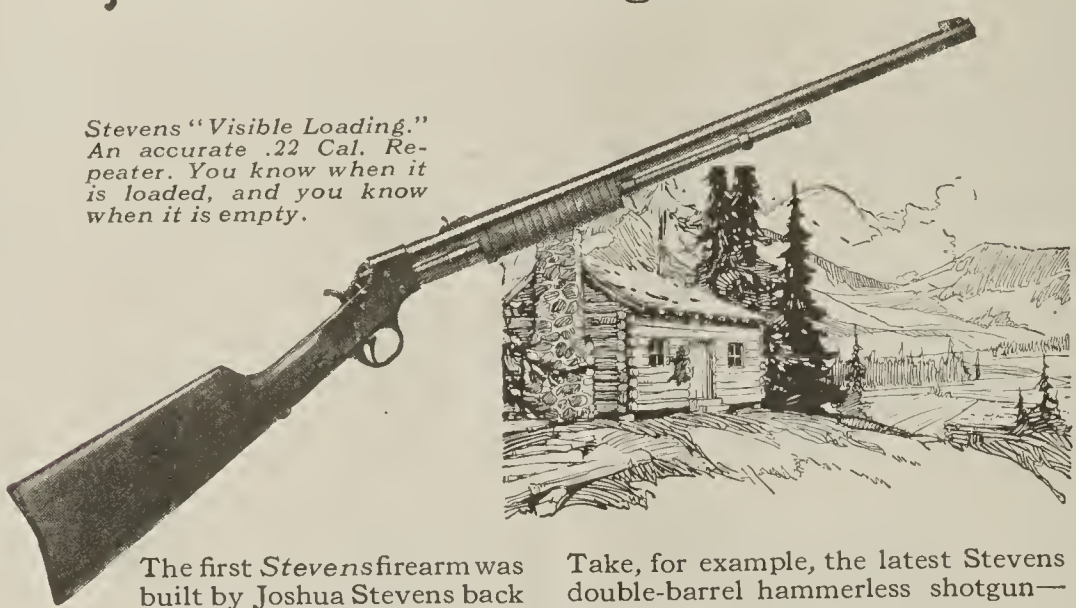
More appetizing news, however, would have been: "Mazola is the perfect oil for frying fish." Any American Housewife could have told him that.

Camping, fishing, hunting or at home, remember Mazola—for salads and cooking.

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

An unbroken record

for hard and straight shooting



Stevens "Visible Loading." An accurate .22 Cal. Repeater. You know when it is loaded, and you know when it is empty.

The first *Stevens* firearm was built by Joshua Stevens back in 1864. Its success was immediate—from the very beginning *Stevens* rifles and shotguns have held first place in their field.

For a *Stevens* firearm—shotgun or rifle—shoots true. You can't beat a *Stevens* for enduring accuracy.

It's the *Stevens* special process of boring or drilling. When a *Stevens* barrel is bored or drilled, the final cutting removes less than *one-half of a thousandth of an inch.* It's slow work—but it gives a barrel of *lasting* accuracy.

The finish put on *Stevens* rifles and shotguns is exceptionally fine. From butt-plate to muzzle nothing has been left undone to make every *Stevens* firearm thoroughly good looking and durable.

Take, for example, the latest Stevens double-barrel hammerless shotgun—Model 330.

The barrel, high-pressure compressed steel—blued—a beauty. Case-hardened frame with splendid lasting polish. And stock, selected black walnut—finely checkered—with pistol grip. A knockout—and the same fine finish throughout the Stevens line.

Finally—the price. Little short of amazing are the Stevens prices. This 330, for instance, costs you only $27.50. And all down the *Stevens* line the same low prices.

Ask at your dealer's or write for the interesting catalog describing in detail the *Stevens* complete line of rifles and shotguns.

J. STEVENS ARMS COMPANY
Dept. 547 Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Owned and operated by the Savage Arms Corporation

Retail price—including tax, $27.50

Model 330 Stevens, latest 1923 double-barrel hammerless shotgun, accurate and durable—with all the Stevens 59 years behind it,

Stevens

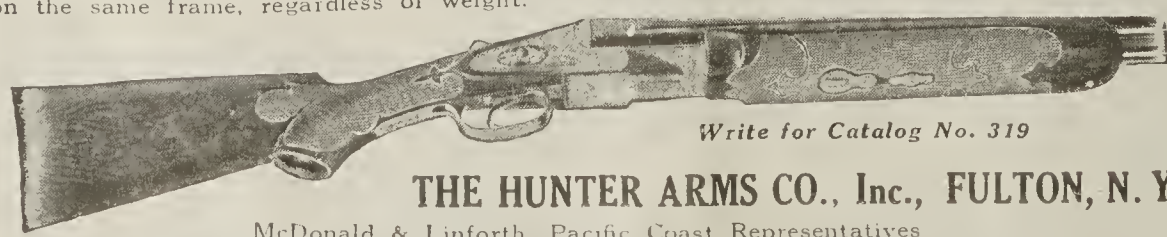
Regular and Featherweight Models

All grades of SMITH double barrel, 12 gauge guns are made in both Regular and Featherweight models. This makes it possible to furnish a perfectly balanced gun in weights ranging from 6¼ to 8¼ lbs.

The frame of the Featherweight model is shorter than the Regular frame and the lug is narrower, thus eliminating weight, and giving the same perfect proportions in the light-weight guns, which the Regular frame gives in the heavier weights.

The Regular and Featherweight models are of equal strength.

This all-important feature is unique with the SMITH as all other makes are furnished on the same frame, regardless of weight.



Write for Catalog No. 319

THE HUNTER ARMS CO., Inc., FULTON, N. Y.

McDonald & Linforth, Pacific Coast Representatives
Call Building, San Francisco, Calif.
Export Office: 50 Church St., New York City.

guide, catching up simultaneously, we made a dive to capture the antelope. I intended to secure it by the scruff of the neck and he by the tail. We had ridden to the end of the bar unobserved by us, and the instant we stooped to catch her, horses and riders went out of sight in the deep current of the Snake.

I threw myself off the horse's back, still keeping hold of the bridle, and swam alongside, directing her head to the river bank, which was here undermined and cut out by the rapid current of the river. The bank was composed of hard, slippery clay, and as the mare's hoofs would strike it in attempting to get a footing, they would slip off again, and down she would go under water to come up puffing and pawing the air like the fool Indian pony she was. After being carried some distance down the river and being unable to effect a landing, the horse getting weaker and going out of sight more frequently, I felt as if it was time to look after myself. It was late September, and I was warmly dressed; hobnailed shoes, thick woolen clothing, cartridges, etc., made me quite heavily weighted, so I cut loose from my cayuse and swam slowly and clumsily to the bank where I managed to grasp some roots of trees that had been uncovered by the water. I hung on some time, resting and to catch my breath; then I managed to climb to the top, with strength barely left to stand. Taking a few minutes to recover, I went through the brush, following the bank of the river to see what had become of Gid. An eighth of a mile up the stream I saw him standing on a gravel bar, the water above his waist and with the nose of his horse just appearing above the water. He managed to throw the end of his long lariat to the bank, and soon horse and rider were safely pulled ashore. Our next problem was to recover my saddle, bridle and rifle, if indeed that were possible. We followed the bank of the stream down the river for quite a distance, where we found the body of the horse stranded on a gravel bar among some driftwood. Recovering the articles from the body of the mare, we packed them on Gideon's horse and started for Dead Man's Gulch, where the rest of the party were encamped. After a brisk walk of five miles, a hot toddy, with a warm welcome and a warmer campfire, we were soon in good shape. My most vivid impression of this little incident came when I received my first ducking and was looking backward over my shoulder and saw that old doe scrambling up ten feet of perpendicular, slippery bank as though that was an every-day occurrence with her.

"TOTEM POLE."

TOURING WITH RAYMOND SPEARS

(*Continued from page* 373)

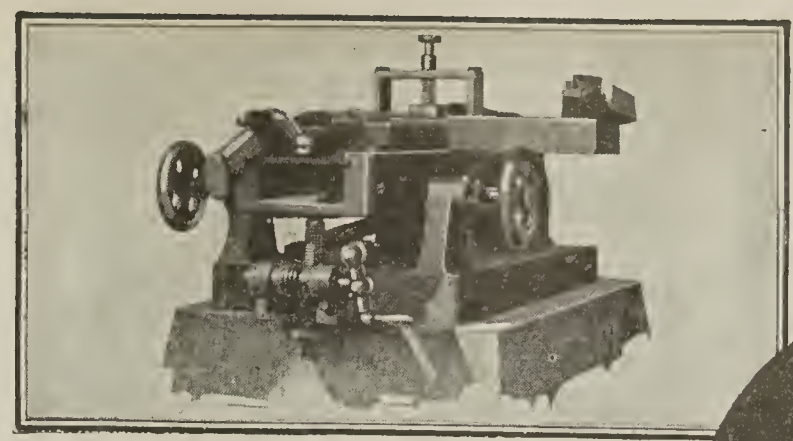
easier; they last a good deal longer; as a matter of driving, the oversize tire will carry one over soft ground much better than a four-inch tire. The half inch extra size makes an astonishing difference in mud, sand and over rough going. By deflating the tire to spread it out even greater "snowshoe" traction can be obtained in sand—but running on a deflated tire, of course, ruins it rapidly.

Speed is almost never a desirable thing in a car. The country would be far better off if no car was driven with more than 45 miles an hour in it. Talk of seventy miles an hour on the highway is a shameful thing. No one in his senses would drive on a tour even forty miles an hour. The touring gait is thirty miles an hour, or less, in any car. The car performance that counts is in practically all makes, what it will do on country roads day after day. Country highway driving at 23 to 25 miles an hour is ample. Most cars, except the heaviest, are at their best at these gaits. My own touring gait, even on good shell, concrete, asphalt and brick roads is less than 24 miles an hour, with rare spurts close to thirty for a short distance. The moment a medium-weight car goes above thirty miles an hour its depreciation is fast, gasoline and oil consumption out of proportion, and jeopardy comes close.

More and more manufacturers see that the talking points, the sales points, are found in performance on all roads, rather than speedway climaxes. A car that will go all day in mud, sand, over corduroy and over cobbles, climbing out of washes, rushing waterholes, going up steep, rough hills, easing down slick clay mountain roads is worth to the tourist ten times what a racing car would be. Look out for a car that tries to be a racer and a rough-road traveler both. It's likely to be a mere compromise, neither one nor the other.

Also, in purchasing a touring car, it is worth remembering that one must depend on service stations and repair parts in general garages. Cars that don't have service stations throughout the regions to be visited may well be questioned. A small part, coming a thousand or two thousand miles from the factory may be weeks in arriving. The flivver has all over innumerable supply stations. But the best, or at least the most popular, of the medium-weight cars have service stations in all the cities and many of the smaller communities of the country. The popularity of a car is usually a good indication of the service it gives, in general work.

Prejudice and experience have much



Standard form of machine rest—Mann barrel and rest of "V" type—used in the Government tests at Quantico, Va., April 10 and 11, 1923.

One o. the Remington groups, the smallest made, superimposed on an International Bull's-eye. Group made at 300 meters (326 yds.) reduced one-half size.

Remington

Wins the Government Test

AT the official competition to select International Match Ammunition, the Remington .30 cartridge with 180 grain bullet led the field *and set a new standard of accuracy.* Remington's other entry—with 200 grain bullet—was second.

The Ordnance Department writes: "The Ordnance Department wishes to extend its congratulations to the Remington Arms Co., Inc., on the excellent showing made by the winning ammunition."—bearing out the high regard of sportsmen, hunters and trappers the world over for Remington Metallics.

Remington

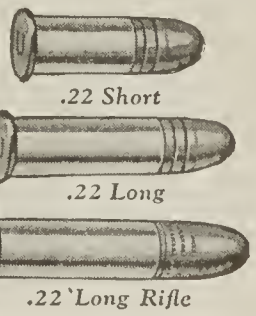
Hi-Speed Cartridges

The new Remington Bronze Point and Hollow Point bullets—giving maximum mushrooming, flatter trajectory, greater accuracy, and killing power never before approached. Made in .25, .30, .32 and .35 calibres for nearly all standard rifles.

Remington .22 Cartridges

The most dependable .22's ever made have been still further improved by the *new Remington priming.*

The Remington .22 Long Rifle "Palma" has already established its reputation as the most *accurate and uniform* small bore cartridge in the world.



Remington Oil-Proof Pistol Cartridges

Oil-proof Pistol Cartridges are exclusively Remington. It is no longer possible for oil to reach the powder; Oil-proofing removes 85% of the trouble in automatic pistols.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, INC., New York City

Established 1816

Remington

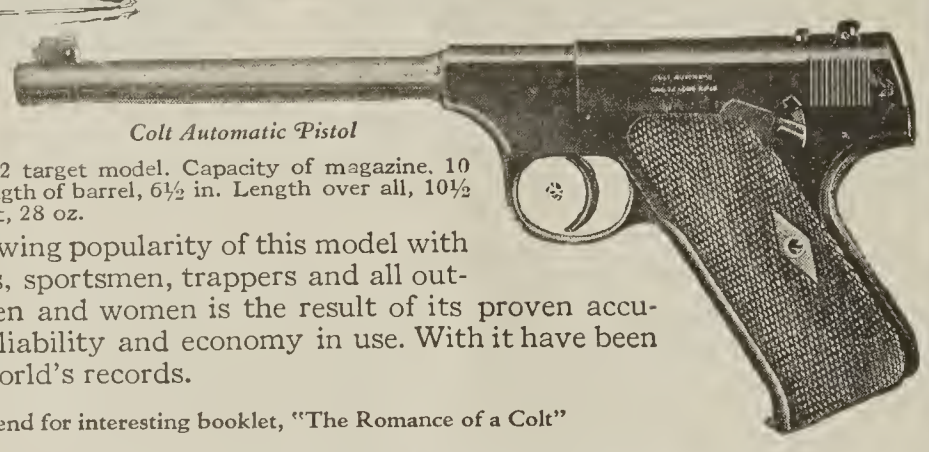
THE AUTHORITY IN FIRE ARMS, AMMUNITION AND CUTLERY

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

When a chance shot presents itself

THEN is the time that you desire a Colt. And whether your choice is for a Colt Revolver or Automatic Pistol, you will be rewarded by that thrill which comes from shooting a masterpiece, as near perfection as can possibly be obtained.

COLT'S FIRE ARMS



Colt Automatic Pistol

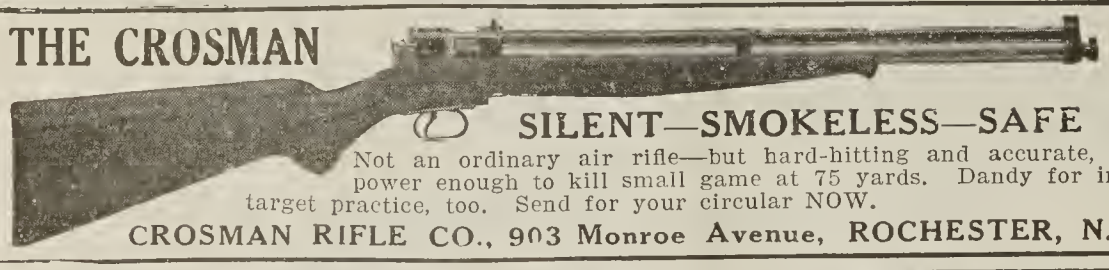
Caliber .22 target model. Capacity of magazine, 10 shots. Length of barrel, 6½ in. Length over all, 10½ in. Weight, 28 oz.

The growing popularity of this model with shooters, sportsmen, trappers and all outdoor men and women is the result of its proven accuracy, reliability and economy in use. With it have been made world's records.

Send for interesting booklet, "The Romance of a Colt"

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
Hartford, Connecticut, U. S. A.
Pacific Coast Representative: Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

THE CROSMAN



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Not an ordinary air rifle—but hard-hitting and accurate, with power enough to kill small game at 75 yards. Dandy for inside target practice, too. Send for your circular NOW.

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Many a kodak picture has the making of a beautiful large picture for home or office. Now is the time to have enlargements made from those snap-shots you like so well.

Special Offer: Send $1.00 and a good, clear film, any size, and we will make you a beautiful 10x12 in. Sepia enlargement. We guarantee our work to please, or money back.

Films Developed and printed on high gloss paper, 6 exposures, any size 25c. in stamps.

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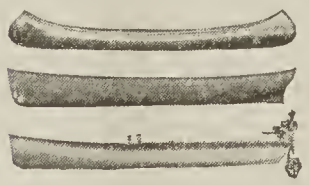

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Assemble sections yourself—ready for water in two hours.
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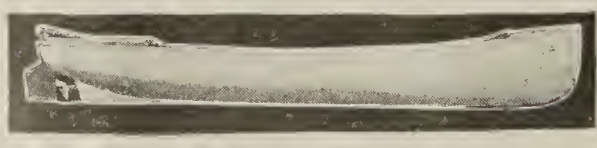
Thompson Bros. Boat Mfg. Co.
93 ELLIS AVE., PESHTIGO, WIS.



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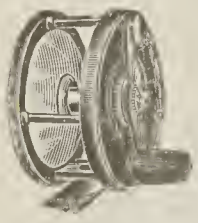


Our RODS and REELS symbolize the highest achievement of the highly developed art of making TACKLE. We maintain our reputation by building honest goods and not permitting any defect to get by our rigid inspection. If you find our name on a piece of Tackle you may bank on it—it's perfect. Since 1867 this has been our policy.

Catalog of 160 Pages Sent on Request

Edward vom Hofe & Company
91 Fulton Street New York City

to do in determining one's choice. A man is reluctant to turn from a car that has given him good service. The tourist does not remember the days when he made twenty-five miles an hour, or faster. What he recalls is the time when he climbed through mud all day long at five or six miles an hour. Any car performs well when conditions are right. The car that endears itself is the one which, in muck and water, in high wind and driving storm, over mountains and valleys, held to its performance beyond all guarantees.

When one has pulled all day long through alkali as fine as flour, the weather hot, skin cracking open, wheels never on the same level, in and out of deep pits and over hummocks—and the car never skips, rolls steadily, swings to each touch of the steering gear, keeps cool and does not knock—that is touring performance that one never forgets. Even high upkeep is forgiven if the machine does the business under most adverse circumstances.

The true demonstration of a car is found in its performance on low when in a slippery ditch, with chains on the wheels, and over log camp tote roads, not on concrete or brick pavement.

SURF FISHING TIME

(*Continued from page* 380)

At the beginning of August the channel bass go to sea and none are taken surf fishing, but they strike in again about the first week in September and remain for a month or more, depending upon weather conditions, before they start on their southern migration. In addition to the places mentioned, fall fishing is good at Seaside Park, Holgate, Ship Bottom, Beach Haven, Barnegat City and Harvey Cedars.

When night comes, the fishermen gather in front of the big tent and a beach fire is started where the men meet after they leave the surf and tell their experiences of the day, one might say, almost the best hours of the day as the smoke curls in ringlets and the yarns begin.

TANTALIZING TUNA

Tantalizing tuna are off the Jersey coast during the latter part of July, August and September, and if anyone desires the most thrilling sport that can be found in salt waters near New York, this is it.

It is the ambition of many salt-water anglers to try their tactics with a tuna, for the tuna possesses a force, strength, courage and, above all, that quality so much desired in men and fish—gameness. The tuna has gameness in its every fin.

Among all the fishing clubs on the New Jersey coast, the Tuna Club of New Jersey is unique. It has a small,

restricted membership of men who have achieved success in angling by taking fish under the most sportsmanlike conditions. The presidency goes to the member of the club catching the largest tuna during the season, who serves as president the following year. The member catching the second largest tuna serves as vice-president.

For a long time there was a question in the minds of many if the tuna taken off the Atlantic coast were of the same species that anglers travel across the continent to catch at Avalon, Cal., in the Santa Catalina waters. Ichthyologists, however, have compared the species taken both in the Atlantic and Pacific waters and declared them identical.

The way to catch tuna is to make an arrangement with the Seabright (N. J.) fishermen, who go out daily for bluefish, to hoist an oar when they find tuna are feeding in the 'slick."

Thus the angler for tuna makes an additional payment to the Seabright fishermen to keep grinding out chum, so that if after he brings his boat over he hooks a tuna and loses it he may come back and try his luck on another tuna feeding in the "slick" off the Seabright men's boat.

The other method is the Squan Ridge way of trolling with block-tin squids, using the largest squids possible.

WORLD'S-RECORD TUNA

The world's-record tuna was taken by Captain Laurie D. Mitchell on September 5, 1914, at Port Medway, Nova Scotia. The fish weighed 710 pounds, its length 10 feet 4 inches and its girth 84 inches. Just before Mr. Mitchell started for the World War, I wrote a note to him about this tuna and its capture and this is his reply, which tells the story quite too briefly:

"Rod—A split cane two-piece rod made by A. Carter & Co., 11 South Moulton Street, Bond Street, London, W. This rod is not quite as heavy as the Conroy rod, but stood the terrific strain wonderfully.

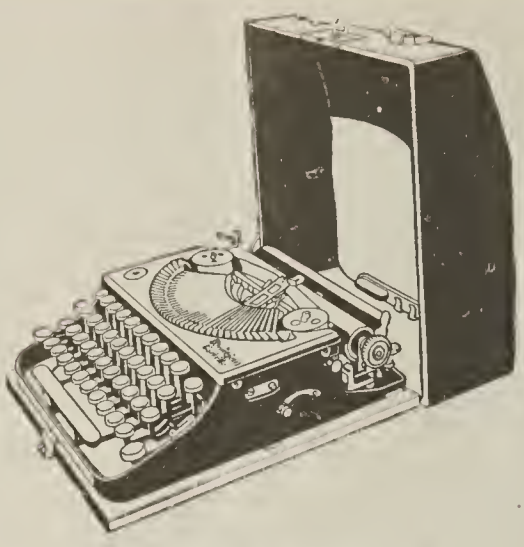
"Reel—A No. 9-10 Universal Special, made by Ed. vom Hofe.

"Line—Bought from Thomas J. Conroy, 150 yards of No. 39 thread spliced to 75 yards of No. 36.

"I had just before lost a fish that took 300 yards of No. 39 thread right off the reel at one rush, and having an old line with me I put it on my reel and was very fortunate in landing my fish.

"One remarkable fact in the capture of this fish was that after its first mad rush, in which it took out nearly all my line, I reeled in until I reached the 75-yard mark and held the fish on that length of line, and for the last three hours I had less than 20 yards out and had the fish in view all that time."

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.



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Has the *Standard Keyboard* and fits in a case only four inches high.

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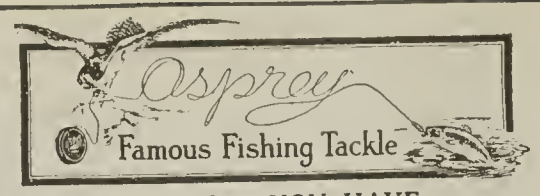
MAKE A RIFLE OUT OF YOUR LUGER

Mail us your Luger, Catalogue I for equipping it with Ten Cents any of the above INTERCHANGEABLE LONG BARRELS with 880 yard sight. Free labor. Shoot 200 accurate shots per minute with our 32-shot magazines and holster-stocks, equalling 8 riflemen. World famous V. Chr. Schilling super-accurate Mausers; Mannlicher sporters; LUGER, MAUSER, etc., pistols. **PACIFIC ARMS CORPORATION, Liberty Bank Building, San Francisco, Calif.**



BE SURE YOU HAVE

Osprey "Nostealum" Insect Hooks
IN YOUR KIT

They Save Lots of Bait. Sizes to Hold Everything from a Housefly to a Shiner

HERE are the hooks you have always wished for. Most practical live bait hooks ever devised. Patented construction holds the bait firmly and absolutely prevents Mr. Fish from stealing the bait. When Mr. Fish grabs a grub or minnow on a "Nostealum" Hook —you get the fish— or he doesn't get the bait.

They do not crush or damage the fly, grub or minnow in any way — but they certainly do hold. Made in a full range of sizes. Two illustrated here — sizes and prices as follows:

Sizes		
10, 9, 8, 7	15	cents each
6, 5, 4	20	" "
3	25	" "
2	30	" "
1	35	" "
1/0	40	" "
2/0	45	" "
3/0	50	" "
4/0	55	" "
12, 13, 14 and 15 with hooks reversed	20	" "

Buy Osprey "Nostealum" Insect Hooks from your Dealer—or if he can not supply you order from us direct. Give us your dealer's name and we will prepay all shipping charges.

Osprey Waterproofed Silk Line
Lasts for Years. Send for Free Samples

Many fishermen have used Osprey Waterproofed Silk Line for three and four years consecutively. They last so long—not because these men gave their Osprey lines an special care—but because of real quality in the line itself.

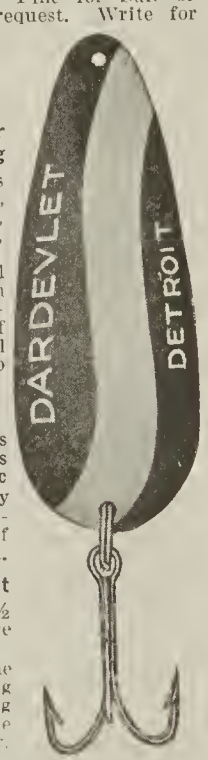
A man wrote us just recently that he landed a 6-pound Bass on a 12-pound test Osprey Line one year old—and he was fishing from shore, in shallow water, without a landing net. Says he would never use any line except Osprey.

That kind of service and quality in a line is what you want without a doubt. Get an Osprey line and you will have it—not for one season only, but for more than you think possible. Easily handled, strong, absolutely even in texture and quality and extraordinarily durable. Full range of weights. Fine for Salt or Fresh Water. Samples free on request. Write for them now.

Dardevle
The Best Fish-Getter Ever Made—a Lure—Not a Plug

Here is a lure that gets all kinds of game fish—Bass, Trout, Pike, Pickerel, Jack Salmon, Crappie, Muskalonge—in fact, any game fish, anywhere.

It ought to be in your kit by all means—if for nothing more than an emergency bait—to use when everything else fails you. Hundreds of enthusiastic Dardevle Users started just that way—and now stick to Dardevle all the time.



Three Sizes

Dardevle, 3½ inches long, 85 cents
Dardevlet, 2⅞ inches long, 85 cents
Dardevle's Imp, 2⅛ inches long, 65c

The regular sizes are all equally effective—but made in these different weights to fit all weights of rods. You really need one of each.

Special for Muskies and Lake Trout

Huskie Devle, the big fellow, 5½ inches long, a killer if ever there was one, $1.50 each.

Osprey Catalogue free—shows the full line of Osprey Famous Fishing Tackle in four colors. Interesting and worth having. Please give dealer's name when writing for copy.

LOU J. EPPINGER
310-12 CONGRESS ST. EAST, DEPT. "O"
DETROIT, MICH.

WOODCHUCKS—CAMERAS—RIFLES

(*Continued from page* 371)

high-velocity and high-speed, .25-35 high-speed, .250-3000, .25 Neidner H. P., .30-30 high-speed, .30-1906-115-grain or .30-1906-150-2700 to 3000, are all very popular.

The .22 long-rifle hollow point is also a splendid killer at short range if you will fire only at the butt of the ear or the shoulders and can depend upon hitting what you shoot at. But it is not by any means satisfactory for long-range hunting of any kind nor for promiscuous shooting at any old part of the animal. The hollow-point .22 bullet is soft, and, therefore, sometimes it expands more promtply and effectively than the heavier bullets of twenty-five times its energy.

Woodchuck shooting varies greatly in character in different localities. This is not unusual when we consider that one type, the eastern woodchuck, ranges from central Ontario to South Carolina and from Maine to Nebraska. It is most numerous in New York, southern Ontaria, Connecticut and Massachusetts, and may be found in vast numbers on the open hillsides of New York and New England—where it provides splendid sport; or it can be hunted along the brushy fence rows, creek-side hills, or back lots of other localities where it is much scarcer, wilder and harder to see. Under the latter circumstances you will often find plenty of woodchucks,, but on account of the density of briars, weeds and brush it is very difficult to get close enough to the chuck to see him and still not be so close to the hole that he will either see, smell or hear you, and, therefore, will absolutely refuse to come out.

On account of the diversified character of the shooting, the woodchuck rifle ought to be somewhat of an all-around weapon. It should be heavy and it should fit well for off-hand snap shooting—for there will be plenty of snap shooting — especially if it is brushy. A telescopic sight should be fitted on the rifle to enable the hunter to aim exactly at the spot he wishes to hit.

The woodchuck has a habit of lying, sometimes for hours at a time, in the mouth of its den, and with only the head or part of it visible outside the hole. Unless a telescope or a pair of binoculars are available, it is seldom indeed that it is possible to see the "hog," and if it is seen it will be almost impossible to take an accurate aim at such an object without the aid of a telescopic sight.

Cut number 1 well illustrates very clearly what a chuck looks like *from above and behind* while taking one of

these quiet little naps. When viewed from in front—and usually also from below—it is seldom possible to see anything at all but the end of his nose. And you can't kill a chuck instantly unless you hit it *back* of the eye.

This will also help to show why extreme accuracy is absolutely essential to success and why the bullet must kill on the spot—a roll of a foot will usually put the chuck down the hole and out of sight and reach. And, unlike the squirrel, a crippled chuck will almost invariably *stay in.*

The flatness of the trajectory described by the bullet is very important to prevent under and over shooting on long-range shots on open hillsides or across ravines. But I believe the woodchuck cartridge should be chosen, first for its accuracy at 100 to 200 yards (the less it does at 1,000 yards the better); second, for its killing power on woodchucks (not for its theoretical energy or its killing power on deer, moose or other heavy game); third, for flatness of trajectory; fourth, for lack of recoil and report; fifth, for minor details like ease of loading, cleaning, cheapness, etc.

The question of report is rather important in some places, because a certain percentage of people are always disturbed when they hear loud rifle fire. This is especially so if they imagine that it may be made by one of those awful army rifles that they are convinced always shoot a steel-jacketed bullet at least five miles and will kill every calf or horse in the township. What actually happens is that a stray bullet shot into earth—except across a practically level field—will tear a hole that is smaller than the face of an Ingersoll and will usually penetrate less than six inches of ground. In fact, it is usually very difficult to find your bullet print in grass or sod, if you miss and want to check up on the elevation of your telescope.

In some places, therefore, it is more expedient to use a .22 or a .25-20, than a .250-3000, a .25 Neidner or a .30 Springfield, because the use of the heavy rifle makes the shooter entirely too "audible."

With clover hay selling about $30.00 a ton, the woodchuck shooter is usually a welcome visitor on the farm, far more welcome than the same individual may be as a quail or rabbit hunter the following fall, but it is entirely possible to "shoot out" a welcome.

The camera has its place on a woodchuck hunt, if you are not too particular about killing the maximum number of chucks on that particular day and would like to have something to remember the hunt by in the years that come afterward. But shooting chucks with a camera is a different proposition from shooting them with a rifle.

Tough As Leather-Soft As Flannel

You never wore a more husky, comfortable outdoor shirt than the SIGNAL WINDBREAKER. Won't tear or rip, plenty of room for action–and wears like iron.

The close woven fabric stops wind and drizzle, keeps out the chill, dampness and cold—roomy built—tailored to stand hard usage—ample length for comfort.

You have always wanted a shirt like this, a running mate for your gun and rod. Get one for your next trip. If your dealer can't supply you, send $5.00 and neck size. You take no risk. Return it if it isn't the greatest shirt value you were ever offered. Choice of forest green or khaki.

HILKER-WIECHERS MFG. CO., 1272 Mound Ave., Racine, Wis.

Makers of the famous Signal Flannel Outing Shirts

Signal Windbreaker Shirt

SIGNAL SHIRT

THE TAIFUN SECTIONAL STEEL BOAT

Length 12 ft. Nested 68 in. Weight 115 lbs. Also built for outboard motor use. The only guaranteed Non-Sinkable boat. Will fit on running-board of car.

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THE ALFRED C. GOETHEL COMPANY
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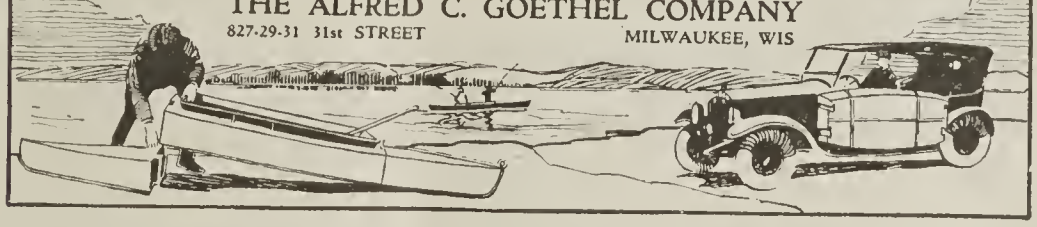

Mannlicher-Schoenauer Sporting Rifles $45.00

Genuine Steyr Make—the World's Best

This world-famous, high-power, light-weight magazine rifle (6 shots) of finest quality and workmanship is offered at a greatly reduced price—$45. Regular retail price, $92.50.

Specifications: Weighs 6¾ lbs., length 39 inches, double set triggers, stock and fore-end of one piece fine selected French Walnut, extending to the muzzle and protecting the whole length of the barrel. Finely checked pistol grip and foreend. The revolving magazine, which works as carrier and feeder is a feature making, for safety and ease of operation, and eliminating all danger of jamming. Calibre is 6.5, 8, 9 and 9.5 MM., using American-made ammunition.

SPECIAL OFFER

I will ship rifle C.O.D. subject to examination on receipt of $5 M. O., or will send prepaid in U. S. if full amount accompanies order.

These rifles are dependable, accurate and high-grade, made by an old established firm which has a reputation to sustain—and are not inferior imitations.

Automatic Pistols—Latest Models—Prepaid at Following Price

Genuine Luger, Calibre .30.....$16.50
Genuine Sauer, Calibre .32.....$13.50
Genuine Mauser, Calibre .25.....$11.50
Genuine Mauser, Calibre .32.....$12.50

All Other Makes at Attractive Prices.

STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER Established 1902 **873 Madison Ave., New York City**

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

ADIRONDACK

Fisherman, hunter, or pleasure-seeker, we are ready for you at Sunset Inn, on the largest lake in the mountains. Here game abounds and nature reigns supreme. Small camps; fireplace; lounging room, dancing, and all improvements. Write for particulars.

BEEBE & ASHTON
Cranberry Lake New York

CANADA'S WILDS
NORTHERN ONTARIO
TIMAGAMI Wabi-Kon Camp Lake Timagami Ontario, Canada

The unspoiled country—A real North Woods Camp with every comfort in the heart of **four million acres virgin forest—1502 lakes. Wonderful fishing.** Guides, Boats, Canoes and Launches. Bathing, Tramping. One night from Toronto. Excellent table. **Write for booklets.**
MISS E. ORR, Timagami P. O., Ont.

Original English Brand

MERMAID
DRY FLIES
London Made England's Best

Superfine quality only. World's largest and oldest makers. Trout insist on Mermaids, so must you. Good tackle dealers stock them.

FOR INVESTIGATION

1,400-acre Adirondack property. Woodlands and farm. Handsome buildings. Fine water supply. Electric lights. Trout stream and abutting rivers. Very suitable for boys' or girls' school or camp—for club or sanitarium. Address Box 503, Forest and Stream Pub. Co., 221 W. 57th St., N. Y. City.

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We will have a few pair of our Pedigreed and Registered **ALASKAN STRAIN** 1923 Puppies For Sale this Spring. These beautiful animals are direct descendants of a strain of foxes that have proven their prolificness and ability to breed true to color for over **FIFTEEN YEARS!!!**
MR. PROSPECTIVE FOX-RANCHER, you cannot afford to start with any other than **THE VERY BEST STOCK OBTAINABLE.** You should therefore send for our various sales plans **TO-DAY.**

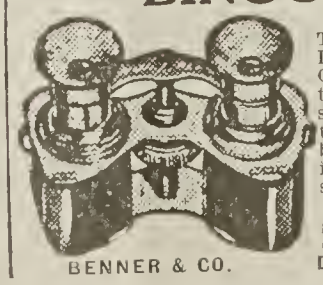
MILWAUKEE SILVER BLACK FOX CO.
208 Wells Bldg. Milwaukee, Wis.

"BIASCOPE"
SIX—POWER
A few used Biascopes taken in trade. Like new. Complete with case..... $4.45 prepaid
Used 4½x Pockescopes $1.60.
Du MAURIER CO. Dept. F 7A, Elmira, N. Y.

BIG MONEY IN RAISING SILVER FOX

We buy all you raise. Profits up to 300% have been made in a single year. Write for free information about this wonderful money making business.
Duffus Silver Fox Co.
21F W 30th St., New York

BINOCULARS



Achromatic Adjustable Prisma Type Clear White Crystal 8X Lenses. Ideal for Hunting, Camping, Fishing, etc. Guaranteed perfect. Well made and serviceable; will last a lifetime. Black morocco covered body. Case and Shoulder Straps included. Value $20.00. Our special price, C.O.D., $8.75.
Order to-day. This instrument guaranteed to please or money cheerfully refunded.
BENNER & CO. D-5 Trenton, N. J.

A 4 x 5 or 3¼ x 4½ Graflex is probably the best selection unless you can afford a Naturalist's Graflex, and can extend your range of life studies of ten to fifty feet to ordinary rifle range by using a telephoto lens. Density of vegetation will prevent practically all short-range photos except on open hillsides. You will find it necessary to cut down briars and even weeds, to protograph dead game that you have shot along fence rows or briar patches, and the only way to get clear photos like the ones shown with this article is to get everything out in the open, do your fast work under an even but rather dull light, and to hold the camera steady. Set the shutter at 8 to 16 and give about one-tenth of a second exposure. Yes, the Graflex is well worth taking along.

Woodchuck shooting is sometimes sneered at a bit—by a few who have never done any of it. It is a fact, however, that it provides the maximum amount of legal rifle shooting—at living game—of any form of hunting that can be carried on East of the Mississippi River.

For those who hunt because they like to shoot a rifle, in contrast to those who hunt merely because they like to hunt—the amount of actual shooting at game per day is extremely important—and to this class, woodchuck shooting will and does appeal most strongly.

In upper and central New York, upper Connecticut, Southern Ontario and some parts of Massachusetts, fifteen to thirty or even more shots or chances per day is a common average. In other localities three to ten shots per day is fair enough. Where else—except on the target range—can you get anything else to compare with this when using a high-power rifle?

It's the daily average that makes woodchuck hunting most interesting because you actually are shooting at something nearly every hour in early morning or late afternoon when the woodchucks are out feeding. Where they are really plentiful it is nothing unusual to have half a dozen in sight at once. This feature is extremely important to the man who has no particular constitutional objection to sitting down occasionally where he can watch several holes at once.

Another feature of chuck shooting is that it provides a particularly effective and practical means of testing the killing power of high-power ammunition. A load that will kill chucks will kill deer and a bullet that will not show proper expansion on an end-to-end shot on a large chuck will almost certainly not expand properly on a side shot or a paunch shot on the smaller American big game.

Any one who has tried to bleed or

skin a chuck with anything but the very sharpest pocket or hunting knife has developed a respect for woodchuck hide as an expanding medium that will make him extremely skeptical of the expansive qualities of any bullet that has driven through two thicknesses of this hide, and a foot of flesh without even letting out a drop of blood.

The chuck makes a first-class proving ground for trying out a lot of theories. It will show you the trajectory of your favorite load as you may see it in no other way, and it will provide several months of interesting field shooting at a time when most other game shooting is absolutely taboo.

MADE IN AMERICA

(*Continued from page* 369)

than on others. Some are successful early in the season and others later and so on. Local anglers and tackle clerks often have more information on this subject than is contained in the pages of books written by learned angling authorities. In general, however, most bait casters are using plugs of the wobbling diving type, instead of the older under-water baits. Scale finished plugs and a combination of brilliant red and white plugs have taken a lot of fish during the past two or three seasons.

Some anglers contend that plug fishing is unsportsmanlike on account of the gang hooks used. Any bait caster who has used plugs containing three or five treble hooks knows that a bass or pickerel has an even chance of tearing loose, and escapes quite more frequently than is the case with a single hook. This is due to the fact that with hooks in both the upper and lower paw, the fish has a chance to work its jaws back and forth until the hooks pull loose, whereas in the case of a single hook in either the upper or lower jaw, there is no pressure to work against and the hook holds, unless the angler gives the fish slack line.

There is much to be said, too, in favor of bait casting with artificial lures, from an humanitarian standpoint. Hooking live frogs through the lips and minnows through the back is dispensed with. The minnow bucket can be relegated to the compost heap along with its memories of dying minnows swimming feebly on their backs, insipid looking crawfish and anemic meadow frogs, half dead from confinement in their hot cramped quarters.

During the course of a day's fishing the angler must make cast after cast, hundreds upon hundreds without reward in order that he may get a few strikes and perhaps fewer fish. But this is a large part of the enthusiast's sport; each cast is like its predecessor, yet no man knows just which one will

A&F Co

The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World

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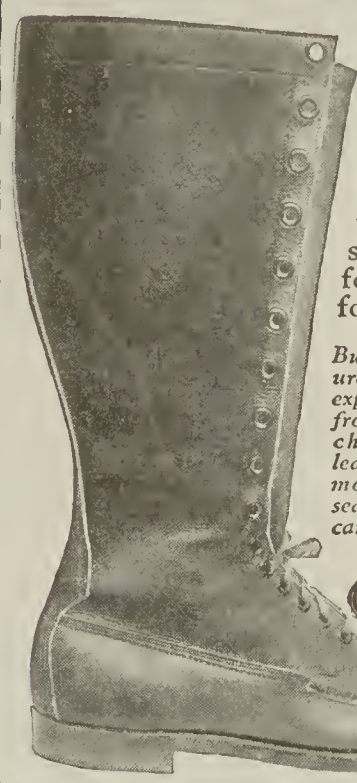

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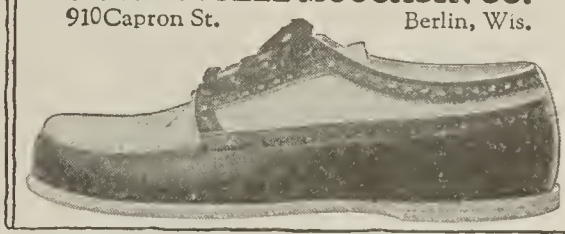

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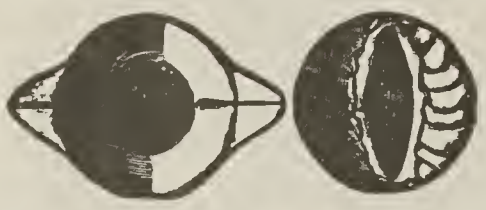

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The most successful bait caster is the one who (to use the tool of the punster) keeps "plugging" away at it; for was it not Walton himself who said: "The best angler is he who keeps his line in the water most"?

HUNTING WITH A CAMERA

(*Continued from page* 367)

keep the surroundings as natural as possible, avoiding all artificial objects (dishes, boxes, etc.) and piles of food which will show in the picture. All accessories which show in the picture should be natural ones — twigs, logs, cones and so on. A picture, for example, of a Chicadee pecking at a suspended lump of suet is not nearly as good a nature photograph as one of the same bird hanging on a pine cone, and the latter may be obtained by placing small pieces of suet under the scales of the cone. Care in the choice and placing of such natural accessories will be repaid by the increased effectiveness of the pictures. The pose of the subject can be controlled by placing the food in such a situation that it can be reached by the bird only when it assumes the desired position.

It is naturally easier to bait birds in winter when food is scarce than in summer, but in dry weather a shallow pan of water will attract many birds to drink and bathe, and they may be photographed on a twig conveniently placed for them to alight upon when approaching the water.

Either the stand camera, set up and operated by a thread, or the reflex can be employed in this method.

The photography of nests containing eggs presents no great difficulty in the case of accessibly-placed nests. Nests should never be photographed from directly above (which is the view-point usually chosen by the tyro under the impression that all the eggs should show in the picture), but from an angle of about forty-five degrees. A small stop should be used to bring the nest and its surroundings into sharp focus, and panchromatic plates or films with a K3 filter should be employed to render correctly the color values of the eggs.

The most valuable line of work in bird photography which can be undertaken is the securing of a complete photographic record of the home life of a pair of birds—the building of the

nest, the nest and eggs, incubating, feeding the young, brooding, the growth of the young from day to day, and feeding the young after they have left the nest. Such a series of photographs entails the expenditure of a large amount of time and patience, but when a favorable opportunity presents itself no effort should be spared to secure a pictorial record of this nature.

In general, it may be said of bird photography that the more one knows of birds the better bird photographer he is and the more one photographs birds the better ornithologist he becomes.

TRIALS OF THE TRAPPING TRAILS

(*Continued from page* 365)

that night and was lucky enough to shoot a big buck deer within a half mile of camp and right on the trail. I gave the dogs a big feed of the meat and the next morning started for Mile 27. Nearly two weeks had elapsed since I left the wife at Edson, and as she would be expecting me I took my catch and drove into town the next day. In making this trip the dogs generally covered the twenty-seven miles in about four hours.

After staying in Edson for a few days I again took reluctant leave of my little pal and hit the long, long trail to the northwest. This trip was the longest one of that winter. I went straight through to the lower cabin, at the mouth of Lynx Creek on the Athabasca, from there west to a chain of lakes, and prospected some for fox signs. Here I was disappointed, so I went on east, via the Medicine Lodge Trail, to Rapeljes. Instead of coming back over my traplines on the south side of the Athabasca, I decided to go north to Kimberly Lake, where it will be remembered the wife and I had set out traps earlier in the season.

It was along in October that we had set these traps and now it was February—surely a bad example for one of my sort to set. The truth of the matter was that I had made a single trip up there since setting the traps, and as I had seen no favorable signs I had not taken the trouble to visit a few traps that were a little off the main trail. The only reason I made the trip this time was because La Rocque, the breed from Mile Ninety House, had been down to trade at Edson and had left a good toboggan trail behind. Accompanying me on this trip north was Parnall, a white trapper who plied his trade further up the Baptiste.

The day we left Parnall's camp on the Baptiste it turned real warm, and after the chinook wind had played havoc with La Rocque's toboggan trail

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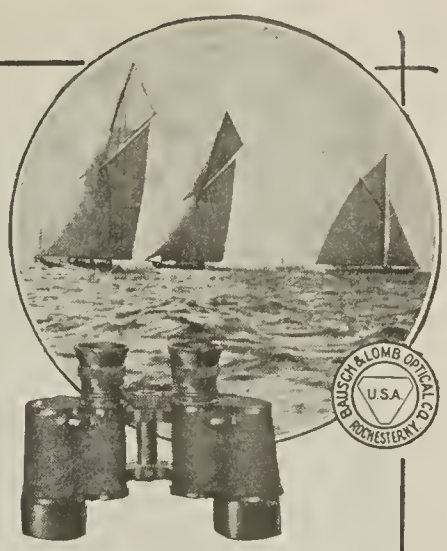

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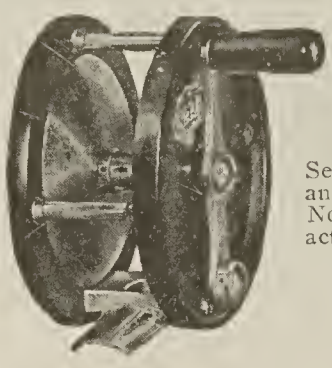

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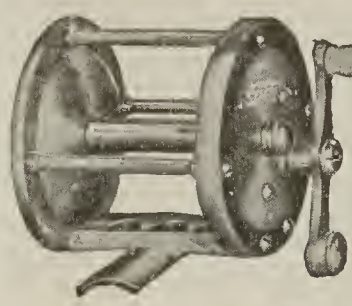

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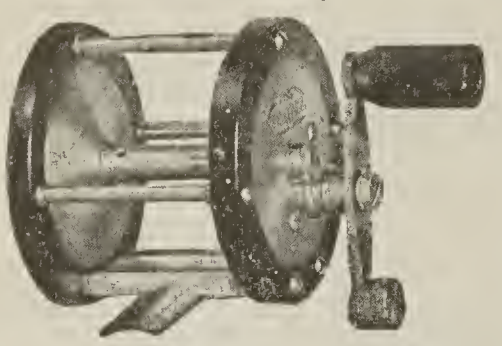

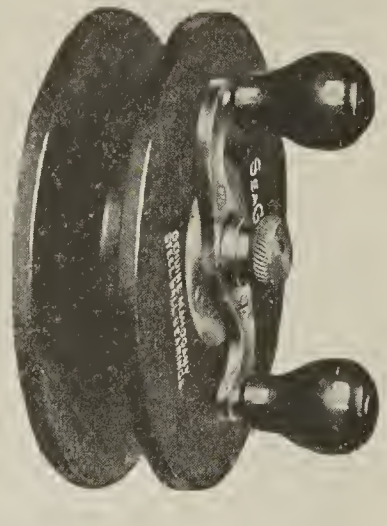

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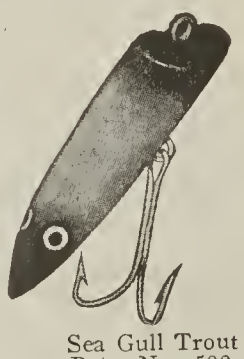
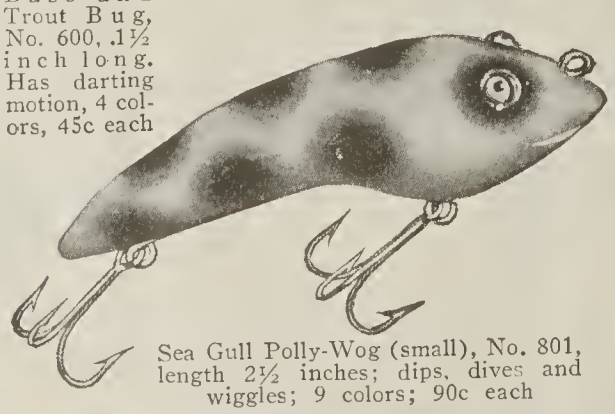
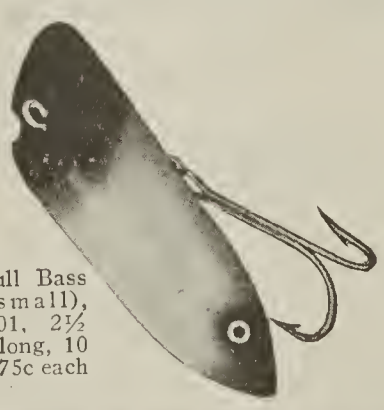


Sea Gull Trout Bait, No. 508, 1¾ inch long, 10 colors, 65c each



Sea Gull Polly-Wog (small), No. 801, length 2½ inches; dips, dives and wiggles; 9 colors; 90c each



Sea Gull Bass Bait (small), No. 401, 2½ inches long, 10 colors, 75c each

it was of no use to us. We broke a new trail to the top of Fraser mountain and were there obliged to turn back. For three days we waited and at last it turned colder. In a forced march we managed to make through to Kimberly Lake in one day. About half way up I had gone off the trail and uncovered a trap and found the remains of a lovely red fox skin, in good condition, except that the mice and weasels had burrowed through a hole in the shoulder and eaten all the meat from the carcass. Despite its bedraggled appearance I salvaged what I could of the skin.

About two miles south of Kimberly Lake was a small lake that had once been in the neighborhood of a good lynx trapping territory. In the fall, when the wife and I had prospected this part of the country, we had noticed a few lynx tracks in the mud on an outlet where the beavers had made a dam. We had set a trap near the shore, opposite a beaver house, and I had never been there since. While Parnell prospected around Kimberly I went over to this smaller lake and found a half-rotten lynx in the trap. Here was another forty-four dollars shot—lynx were worth quite a bit of money that year. The ruined fox and lynx were all the furs I got on that part of my trip. Here I, something of a veteran in the trapping game, had lost through downright carelessness nearly a hundred dollars at one crack! Which goes to prove that careless methods are just as fraught with failure in the wilderness game as in any other line of business.

By the time I had made the deturn trip to Edson I had covered something in the neighborhood of three hundred miles, and the dogs were going just as strong when I pulled into town as the day I left. Only the professional trapper who has made use of these faithful animals can really appreciate what a genuine help they are.

In an earlier chapter I mentioned how the Indians were in the habit of hunting martens with dogs. I will try and tell how we trap them with deadfalls and steel traps. The marten is a small animal about the size of an average cat, belonging to the family of flesh eaters, and is equally at home in the tree tops or on the ground. He depends largely for his food on squirrels, birds of a great variety and their eggs, rabbits and mice. The marten will thrive in a country that seems absolutely void of life, by virtue of his ability to conquer most any of the smaller creatures of the forest. When the snow is very deep he will even burrow under it in search of mice or other rodents.

For all his cunning the marten is a veritable fool when it comes to poking his nose into trouble. He will walk

unhesitatingly into the naked jaws of a steel trap or stick his head under the "dead" log of a deadfall without the slightest compunction. All this would lead one to naturally assume that the marten is very easily trapped. This is true IF there are any martens around where the traps are set. In fact, the marten is so erratic that one is never certain that he will return to the same spot twice. Much time must therefore be spent in locating the places where the little animals have a habit of traveling regularly, and even then one is often just a little too late. For instance, a family of from four to a dozen martens may haunt a given locality for a whole week, but if the trapper doesn't locate this place until they are ready to move it will surely do him very little good indeed!

Deadfalls are generally set against the trunk of a tree or an old log and are merely small pens about four inches wide and a foot or so deep. The contrivance is so arranged that when the marten reaches in under the "dead" log and pulls at the bait on the trigger, the heavy weight falls on his back and instantly crushes the life from his body. As I intimated before, this kind of a trap is especially to be recommended because of its humane features. The small steel trap is used a great deal for the capture of the marten and there is no denying that it is very effective. A small pen, much the same as that used for the deadfall, is constructed of dead sticks and the top covered with green boughs so as to ward off the snow. The trap is set in the entrance.

Partridge makes a very enticing bait for use in connection with these sets, and I have known the marten to investigate one of my pens when but a feather or two remained. There was a small lake near my trapline that winter where one could dip a bucket to a spring that fed it and catch barrels of small fish. These I found to be one of the best all-around baits ever used and were particularly good for martens and weasels. In connection with these baits I had a scent composed of anise oil, fish oil and a little alcohol, the latter to prevent the stuff from freezing.

There is always something happening to upset the most carefully laid plans of the trapper. The law of the elements, for one thing, generally interferes about the time things are going nicely, either in the shape of a foot of snow or a thaw. Besides there are a number of animals that belong to the renegade class and can raise the very Ned with the trapper. Sometimes lynxes get very cunning and will steal bits from the trappers' sets time after time. The worst of the lot, however, is the Indian Devil, Carcajou or Wolve-

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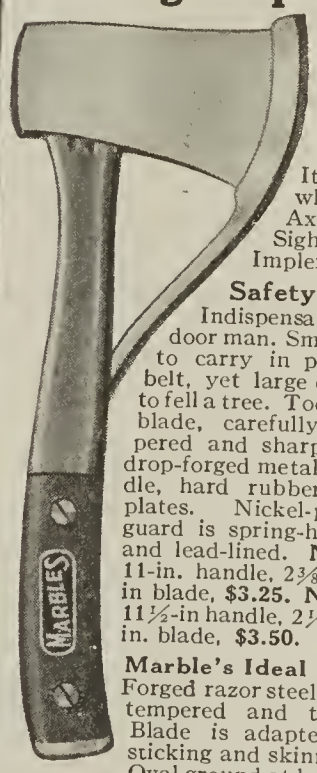

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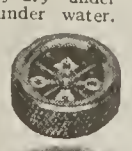

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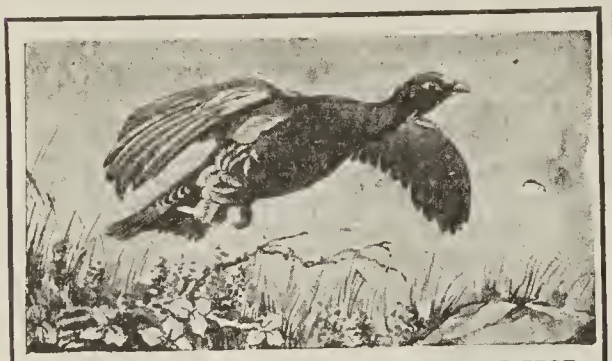

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rine. This animal seems to be a cross between a wolf, a bear, a snake and the devil, and all the mean characteristics of the lot are in his make-up. He is cunning beyond description and bold enough to do his dirty work right under your nose.

At the height of my marten trapping I was honored (?) by a visit from Mr. Wolverine. I had had some experience with one of these brutes before and knew what I was up against. He would travel back and forth across my trail, robbing traps and deadfalls of bait and fur alike. In one instance he picked up a number two trap, fastened to a sizeable pole, and carried the whole works at least a hundred yards distant from the pen where it had been set. I hunted around for an hour or more, thinking that I might have a marten or fisher in the trap, and when I finally discovered it the thing wasn't even set off. Now it would seem that an animal capable of doing such a trick as that hardly deserves being painted in any blacker terms, but listen to some of the tales I have heard in connection with this gentleman's exploits and you will think mine very tame indeed!

One account tells of how an old Indian was harassed by a wolverine until he was well nigh driven to despair. He tried every means known to native lore, poison, traps, and finally set his precious rifle so as to shoot the beast when he grabbed hold of the bait. The wolverine, enraged by this bit of crudeness on the part of his avowed enemy took the rifle, CHEWED the hammer off and TWISTED the barrel out of shape. Ye gods and little fishes! who ever said that the day of miracles was past! Another yarn credits one of these Indian Devils with swiping all of one's traps and hanging them in a tree (perhaps in preparation for a Christmas surprise). This last one is not quite so improbable as the first.

It is a fact that any animal at all apt to cause man trouble is generally blamed with a host of evils "that he knows not of," yet there is no gainsaying that the wolverine is most annoying to the trapper. I was about to give up when the brute disappeared.

The snow was unusually deep that year and spring very slow in making its appearance. I quit marten trapping along toward the latter part of March, and when I left the trapline there was hardly any of the snow gone and as fast as a warm spell would take a little of it a fresh fall would cover the old crust. I had made arrangements to trap bear and muskrat with another man (on my own trapline) and this was partly the reason why I was anxious to get back to town before the snow got too soft.

(To be Continued)

ADVENTURES IN COMRADESHIP

(*Continued from page* 361)

ow and look out of a front window . . as like as not you'll see a deer anding there on the old road. It's HAT kind of a place."

Yes, it was exactly the tonic the doctor ordered."

During the hours preceeding our get-way, Sonnyboy was as restless as a thered wildcat. Quite by accident, I ppened to overhear a conversation the library. Mother was speaking, r voice lowered:

"Write and tell me how your Father , I shall be anxious, son."

"Oh, I'll take care of him," was the nphatic and reassuring reply, "and he forgets to use that spray on his roat, I'll . . . I'll remind him. I'm g now, Mother, and strong . . . feel at muscle, Mother! If there's any-ing heavy to lift, I'll do it. You just ave it to ME, Mother."

I did not intrude on those confi-nces: I did not even smile. Sonny-y *had* grown to the estate of pro-ctor. He was growing as a weed ows, almost beneath the watching e. There was a sturdy manliness his figure, his poise, the rig of his ad, that secretly delighted me. I as proud of him after a new fashion. hy had I never noticed these things . . during the yesteryears?

And the strange part of it was that just as secretly found myself enjoy-g his company more than the com-nionship of the "old crowd." There as "Doc" Henderson. Well, "Doc" re could trout-fish, and he could anufacture his own flies as he went ong, to suit weather and water. But Doc" had his moods. He was extraor-narily sensative. Occasionally we arreled.

And Lem Morris. Lem was the best l-round trap-shooter in seven states d we belonged to the same clubs. t Lem always sneaked a quart bottle to his grip, and there was pathos in e sporadic realization that a very e mind was being gradually ruined th drink.

Yes . . . Sonnyboy was ALL RIGHT! I grew less and less inclined to ac-pt the boy's company on the grounds moral suasion and the prod of duty d of conscience. I was taking him ng because he was welcome, because made the best sort of a clean and able chum. I WANTED him.

Our first port of entry into Romance nd was Port Jervis. From there we tored across to Milford, Pa. The lage, on no railroad, was golden omise of the adventures which were follow. It was a tiny, little place, stling at the foot of majestic hills,

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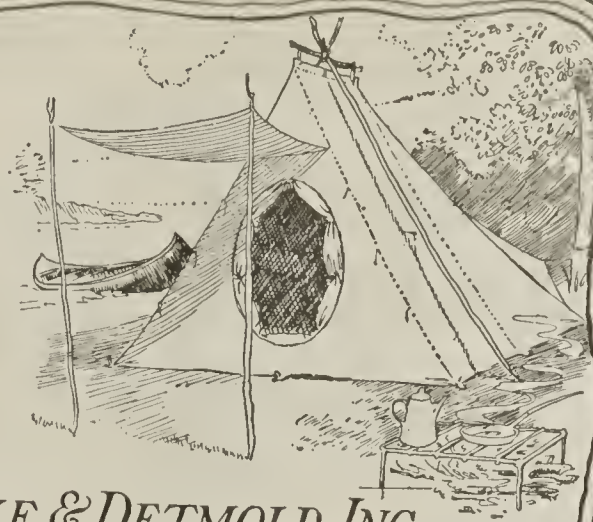

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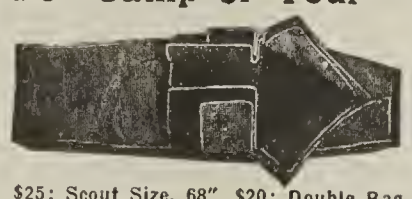

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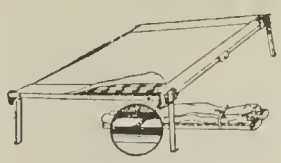
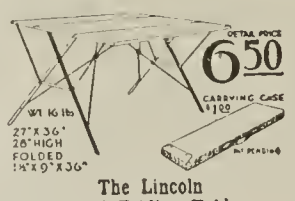


The Lincoln Folding Bed
Strong, rigid, durable steel frame, reinforced canvas top, with heavy springs. It really folds, no detachable parts. Can be set up or folded in 30 seconds.
PRICE $19.75



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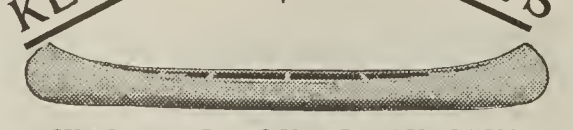

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SUPREME AS A CANOE

KENNEBEC BOAT & CANOE CO.
31 R. R. SQUARE, WATERVILLE, MAINE

and peopled by the sort of folks one expects to find in a story by Dickens.

We reached there in the calm of the most beautiful of late afternoons, and immediately made application for our Fishing licenses. Sonnyboy was a study, as he looked about him, on a tiny rustic town, with traditions dating back hundreds of years. This was a frontier of Adventure.

"Tomorrer is a-sunday," volunteered one of the old characters, witnesses to our collaboration with the Law, "an' there be two ways an' more ov lookin' at puttin' a worm on a hook in this here country. This is Pinchot land an' we're all with him. If folks 'ud only listen t' HIM, we wouldn't have half ov every timber section burnt up each year. HE'S fer forest conservation an' takin' care ov game, he is."

All of which sounded interesting. We led the old chap over to a bench, on which we had piled our luggage after alighting from the Port Jervis-Milford automobile.

Tomorrow WAS the sabbath!

We had quite forgotten.

"There's a law against Sunday fishing in this territory?" I inquired.

"Frum county Berks comes a man what writes t' th' administration at Harrisburg, askin' what might be done in th' way ov legalizin' Sunday fishin'. An' jes' think . . . there's an answer come frum th' Grand Lady herself, jes' as if th' Governor was talkin'. Whut does it say? It says th' Administration is favorable t' Sunday fishin', when done in reason. An' why? 'Cause th rich gent has his Sunday golf an almost anythin' else he wants. Why not th' pore man an' a little Sunday fishin'?"

Our chance friend shifted his quid.

"As fur as I'm consarned," resumed the old man, "I'll talk agin' it t' any Senator er Congressman' er member ov th' Legislature. Good game is scarce enuff, an' it's tarnal hard t' keep track ov them as is ALWAYS doin' wrong at it, anyhow. Take trout! Scarce. If Sunday fishin' gates was thrown wide open, what with so many visitors in town at this season anyhow, there'd be more fish yanked out than fisheries gents could put back, no matter how hard they worked.

"Sunday fishin' means anybody an everybody. It jest wouldn't give trout no chanct at all. It's holdin' th' crowd back one day a week, when they ar mos' likely t' go fishin', that keeps a few in th' streams. But, of cours if you-all want t' try yer hand ter morrer, why—"

We assured him we did not an Sonnyboy excitedely explained tha "Father never fished on the Sabbath anyway." The little talk had verifie his personal beliefs and opinions. had taught him this much.

But mention of Gifford Pinchot brought memories of this very Pennsylvania section. I remembered having read the stories. Always, between the lines, there was indellibly stencilled the bravery of Pinchot in his efforts to protect nature and to conserve trees. Yes, that was it—the trees, the forests. His heart had gone out to them. Every terrible forest fire was a flaming red affront to his intelligence. Communities must be taught to LOVE trees; then they would be more CAREFUL of them.

And it was just outside of this very village of Milford that Gifford Pinchot had his large country estate where he put into practice all that be believed and preached. Pasted on the wall of the little mountain farmhouse, that same night, I read a clipping from the Milford Dispatch:

"The 1922 reports of District Forester R. W. Stadden shows that a total of forty-four fires razed the woods and areas of Pike county last year. The 44 fires burnt over a total of 20,233.5 acres. It cost the state $6,548.76 to extinguish these fires. The estimated damage to property as a result of these fires was placed at $24,400. The 166 fires in the Delaware district in 1922 burned over a total of 51,440.35 acres. It took a total of $16,324.90 out of the coffers of the state to extinguish the fires in this one district. Woodland and forest owners sustained property damage to the extent of $97,079.30, made to seem all the more huge when it is considered practically every one of the 166 fires started because of HUMAN FAILINGS."

And beneath this humble clipping, some angry, incensed hand had scrawled, in pencil, the following:

"D———n the Hunters—the fishermen . . . the sportsmen from the city."

I recalled, with a sudden feeling of revulsion, how Lem Morris, after a too-frequent nibble at his hip pocket, was prone to throw lighted matches behind him, as he picked his way through the woodlands. How often I had gone back and stamped out the first, tiny spark of a great conflagration that might have consumed trees which had been a lifetime in the rearing!

This was "Pinchot country" and I had not thought of it before. The Sunday fishin' was incidental. The very soil was consecrated to love of Nature. It was soil which Sonnyboy might well tread with respect and profit. There were sound lessons for him in these crude hills.

For a part of my plan was to see that Sonnyboy did more than learn to be a sportsman. He must look upon the Outdoors as a playground, borrowed from Nature, for the hour, and

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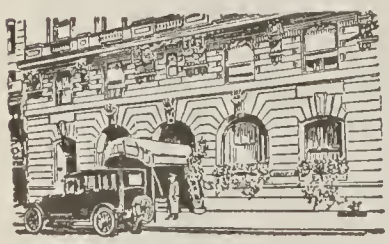

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to be given back again, just as he had found it, fresh, and clean and unspoiled. That had always been *my* code.

Inquiry brought the information that it was no easy undertaking to reach the farm on the hill. It lay miles distant, up, up, up, along a little frequented, uncertain path through dense woods. And this path led ever upward. Few automobiles attempted to negotiate it. Save in mid-summer, it was a desolate and remote place. The road we must follow was one that had been left behind by ancestral exploration and pioneering. The men who had originally built it were no more. In places it was quite overgrown. Back in the deep forest, beyond the farm we sought, lived a man and his sister, as much cut off from civilization, as if left on an island in the sea. Sometimes they drove or walked down that long trail, to town. In Winter it was well night impassable. We were headed in the direction of a sort of No-man's-land, primeval and—wonderfully picturesque.

And there were whispered words of wonder that anyone should want to go there.

I persisted. A livery stable boy of nineteen, who hunted those same regions in winter, agreed to take us up the trail in his wagon, for a fat fee. And so we put in a stock of provisions and, just as twilight was coming on, jogged out of Milford, across a fussy little stream (which I later learned came from a larger mountain stream and waterfalls of the Pinchot Estate) and up the twisting, writhing, always attractive "road"—to Romance.

The season of the year was propitious, as you may well imagine. Now we were flanked on one side by pines and firs, so close knit that the shadows beneath them were jet. Again we came out into open places, where wild apple trees blossomed, and the fields were sweet with blends of fragrant perfume. And now, beneath the protecting trees, billowy areas of full-blossom mountain laurel, teased out of season by altitude or shade, glowed purple and lavender and mellow white, in the evening's benediction of color.

Rabbits darted across our path at frequent intervals and once there was a whirr and hum and melodic song of pheasant wings, as a golden and metallic flash momentarily reached our vision.

Our gasolinic charger put us off, atop a towering mountain peak, after much changing of gears and many anxious moments, and there, in the dusk and quiet and lowering night shadows, we more fully appreciated the meaning of "comradeship."

For ten minutes afterward, we could

hear the echoes of the descending machine; the screeching of the brakes and the complaints of the motor, and then —sublime, exalted, welcome silence. I began to appreciate what Friend Family Doctor had meant. The hour was one of great peace. It was as if a balm had been poured over my tired body.

"Let ME take the things in, Father."

It was Sonnyboy, asserting his first claims to young manhood. He was my guardian. He was keeping faith with Mother and felt the urge of a sudden responsibility.

But the two of us stood for many minutes on the tiny front porch of the old farmhouse, literally absorbing and assimilating the charm of this new environment. It was a cubby-hole of a place, weather-stained and quaint . . . just the very farmhouse one might have expected at such a spot . . . There was the suggestion of a garden, where some perennials were even now thrusting bravely upward through grass and weeds, and all that remained of a road disappeared down the steep hill, on one side and into ancestral halls of oak and white birch on the other, stopping a moment, in the latter direction, to say "Howdy" to a barn which was many sizes larger than the house and sadly in want of repair. Everywhere the apple trees smiled with their fresh foliage, whilst down one slope I spied a cherry tree or two, and feathery clumps of hazelnuts, and a fern-covered rock fence, winding lazily off to nowhere in particular, garnished with what I knew intuitively were blackberries and currants and raspberry bushes, long since run irresponsively wild. There was a well, too, dug deep into solid rock, and a crumbled toolhouse, and lastly, beyond the house, an impenetrable wall of forest.

"Nice, isn't it, Father," Sonnyboy whispered.

Dusk was whittling off into an early moonglow, helped along by countless stars. And we seemed strangely, spiritually near them from this great, breeze-purged altitude.

I reached over and held his hand. He returned that impulsive grip, edging quickly up to me, until we stood, side by side, close, one to the other, on the rickety porch, looking out across a valley of silver and mystery and mist.

* * * * *

Sleep was almost a drug to me that night. It was with difficulty I awoke when Sonnyboy knocked at my door. Instantly I caught a whiff of cooking bacon . . . the aroma of coffee.

"I've been up an hour, Dad!" he challenged, proudly, "and I have breakfast all ready for you. It's wonderful up here. Woodchucks out along the stone wall . . . plenty of them

JUST lift the lid—that's all—and enjoy all the delicacies of the home kitchen, anything you like, kept fresh and tasty —your favorite drink ready for you and cool too—for 24 hours.

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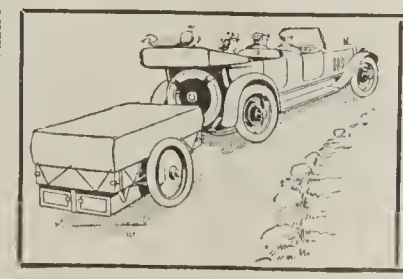

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Write for Literature and prices of 4 models. Also parts price list.

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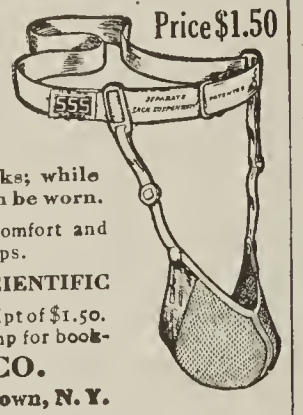

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Our Products:

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2. Grid with sides and back.
3. Woven wire grids.
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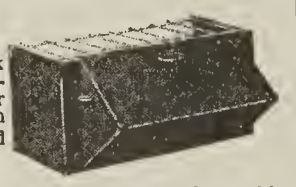

Stove when used as grid size 10x12x20 or 9x10x18

The Kompact Kamp Stove *Size set up 10x12x20 or 9x10x18. Folded size 3x12x20 or 3x9x18. 3 joint telescope pipe included.*

We specialize in the needs of the tourist and outdoors man and will be pleased to quote you on any special equipment for your outfit.

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. . . and the wild strawberries are ripe. I saw them in the field back of the house."

Once in every boy's life there comes a hankering for farm life . . . for barns and the scent of hay in a loft, and apple trees and hornet nests in dark crannies, and a humming bird's rendezvous, near enough to the bloom of the tiger lily berries, to have a well-filled larder. Your boy may never have lived on a farm; known the full, joyous meaning of it, but this in no wise breaks the spell. Perhaps it is something handed down to us, from our forefathers. Perhaps it is a blood inheritance, pre-natal, overwhelming. Mother Earth herself gives us the yearning.

There was an ancient stove in an ancient kitchen, and Sonnyboy had cooked quite a respectable breakfast. It was the first real meal he had ever prepared and it needed little more than my ravenous appetite to pay him tribute.

Later on, as the fog lifted, and as the valley glittered before us, brought into relief by the slow recessional of the departing cloud-shadows, church spires thrust white arms above the maze that was little Milford, and bells, sounding much nearer than they were, on the tranquil air, reminded us of our promise and of the sabbath.

That newspaper clipping, pasted on the dining-room wall, with it's scribbled reprimand, was not lost upon Sonnyboy.

"Why did someone say THAT, Father?" he demanded.

"Because it's true, son," I replied, "people are very careless . . . just as they are, always, where the bounty of Nature is concerned. Nobody ever thinks of tomorrow."

"It takes a long, long while for a tree to grow, doesn't it?" he mused, partly to himself.

Our nearest neighbor, "Chip" Narst, of whom rumors had come to us, answered Sonnyboy's query the same evening. We were seated on the porch when he came trudging down around the big barn, from the deep woods of the country we had not explored. News travels fast of arrivals in this country. They seem to sense it . . . catch it from the very air, when the wind is right.

But "Chip" was a study in what the mountain country and pure air and more or less complete seclusion can breed when it takes a notion. He was tall, angular, sharp of eye and mentally alert. To take him for a "hick" was to make a very great mistake indeed. "Chip" was the direct descendent of aristocratic blood. The only thing common about him was his clothes and his scraggly, unkept beard. It was amusing to watch Sonnyboy's moods as

he grew better acquainted with Mister Chip. These Pennsylvania mountain people are proud. It is born in their veins. Gratuities are not welcome. However poor they may be, they ask no favors, look for none, expect none. Chip was a giant when it came to an aggregate of all the characteristic Pike County attributes.

"Howdy," he drawled, stroking his beard with a none too delicate hand, "stayin' up a while?"

"Yes, Sir," I admitted, "the owner of the place has kindly allowed us to make camp here. Mighty pretty spot —and wild."

"Oh, you'all wont be worried by callers,," Chip grinned, "but I might pass a word of warnin'; be careful ov fire . . . won't yu? Please. Ef yu go out in th' woods . . . don't leave no camp fires burning. Don't throw no matches this way an' that, without bein' sure they's out. I've seen a d—n cigarette cost us ten thousand dollars worthov trees up in this district."

Now I knew it would pay to continue the conversation. Sonnyboy would surely profit by what was to follow.

"Forest fires?" I coaxed.

"There aint no bigger sin that man does," Chip continued, his eyes blazing under those shaggy, reddish brows, "an' I always have to wonder why it is that we are so short-sighted . . . we as go to school and are supposed to learn SOME sense. A little tree takes root . . . it grows an' grows . . . a forest ov them . . . two or three generations ov families come an' go, jest to see that forest come to full growth. Then . . . somebody thinks they'd like to fish fer trout . . . er take a shot at deer . . . a camp fire, not quite out . . . a cigarette stump, pitched inter pine-needles and dry leaves! Then, fer days and nights, us folks as live here an' love what's here, fight as if we was fightin' in a great War, jest to stop that fire before it sweeps an entire mountain range. Twenty-five years uv tree, burned to a crisp in ten minutes er so, because a man can't be careful. Don't make sense . . . does it?"

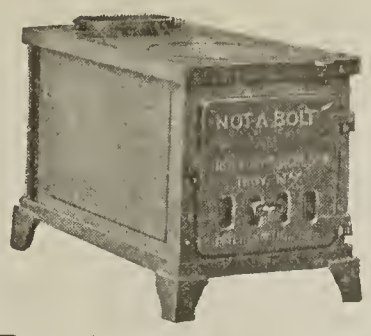
And I was proud of Sonnyboy as he exclaimed, spontaneously:

"It certainly doesn't, Sir. No . . . No!"

"Aside from jes' burnin' TREES," said Chip, warming up to an admittedly hot subject, "look at what else happens. Them fires destroys th' litter an' humus. It's stuff as covers forest floors"—he turned to Sonnyboy, although I was much in need of the things he was about to say . . . "when fires is heavy, they burn right down to rock er mineral. I've seen fires up here as follered roots on down through th' very ground. Th' fire as consumes only material ABOVE th' general level

(*Continued on page* 414)

fits in the Car



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Think what that means. A folding miniature kitchen range that is built to stand rough treatment. One that eliminates sooty pots, flying sparks and smoke filled eyes. That is the camp stove experts use—the

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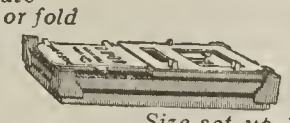

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Send for catalogue illustrated in colors.

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Jefferson City, Mo.
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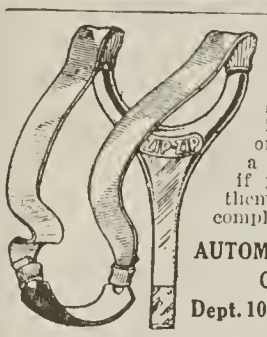

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Dept. 102, Columbia, S. C.

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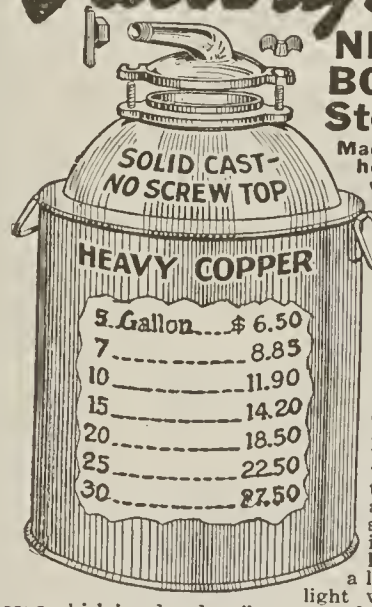

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CHOICE BEAGLE HOUND PUPPIES, 3 months. One, 1 year; well broken; cheap. Frank Kraut, Curtiss, Wisc.

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FOR SALE—GERMAN POLICE PUPS AND dogs, registerable, $40.00 up, on approval; imported dogs at stud. Dr. H. O. Helmer, Cooperstown, No. Dak.

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A FREE COPY DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET of world's largest dog kennels will be mailed on request listing for sale the famous Oorang Airedales, specially trained as watch-dogs, farm dogs, stock drivers, automobile guards, companions, and hunters on all kinds of game. Also choice breeding stock, puppy stock, kennel supplies, dog foods, dog medicines, etc. Satisfaction and safe delivery guaranteed. Oorang Kennels, Box 24, La Rue, Ohio.

AIREDALES THAT ARE AIREDALES. They are here. Name your choice. The Imperial Kennels satisfy. Dr. Knox, Box 50, Danbury, Conn.

LIONHEART AIREDALES—USE JUDGment in the purchase of your Airedale. Registered hunting and show dogs raised in the heart of the Big Horn Mountains. None better. Lionheart Airedale Kennels, Station "C," Sheridan, Wyoming.

AIREDALES — BENCH SHOW TYPE. Champion parentage at actual worth. Also an Airedale hound trained hunter, fox, wolf, coon, squirrel. Wm. Macaulay, Coggon, Iowa.

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GORDON SETTER PUPPIES FOR SALE, from my private shooting bitch and the great Kelly N; eligible to registry; dogs $100; bitches $50; black with tan points and beauties. K. Layne, Cuba, Ill.

FOR SALE—ENGLISH LLEWELLYN, Irish setter pups, trained dogs, pointers, Irish water spaniels and Chesapeake Bay retrievers, both pups, trained dogs; enclose 6 cents stamps for lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Ia.

SPANIELS

ENGLISH SPRINGER SPANIELS; THREE champion-bred dog pups, born March 14th; price $125 each, express paid; also handsome pedigree English, curly-coated retriever dog about 19 months old, price $60. Stannard, 458 Martin Ave., Elmwood, Winnipeg, Canada.

(Continued on page 413)

THE MARKET PLACE

In the Big Cities, Along Blazed Trails and in the Small Villages Your Classified Advertisement if Printed Here Will Reach Thousands of Sportsmen

Among these thousands are a great many that can use and that will pay money for the sporting equipment that you no longer need. Guns, rifles, canoes, boats, dogs, reels, fishing rods—all kinds of old hunting and fishing equipment—can be sold or exchanged here. Write a brief description of your possession—send it with a remittance of ten cents per word (Initials and numbers count as a word). We accept stamps, coin, money orders or checks. Remittance must be enclosed with order. August classified columns close July 5th.

The Market Place, Forest & Stream Magazine, 221 W. 57th St., New York, N. Y.

ANTIQUES AND CURIOS

CALIFORNIA GOLD, ¼ DOLLAR SIZE, 27c; ½ dollar size, 53c; Eagle cent and catalog, 10c. Norman Shultz, Colorado Springs, Colo.

ALL YOUR LIFE SEASHELLS WILL BE interesting. Long after other collections are dropped. Twenty Specimens for one dollar. Any Florida shell supplied. Miss Gable, Atlantic Beach, Florida.

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REAL ESTATE

$5.00 DOWN, $5.00 MONTH, FIVE-ACRE fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front; Ozarks; $100.00. Hunting, fishing, trapping. 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kan.

63 ACRES, MILE SHORE, BEAUTIFUL lake; Cass Co., Minnesota. Splendid planting proposition, $1,400, half cash. Many other snaps. Farmer, Lake Shore Specialist, 523 Met. Life, Minneapolis, Minn.

FOR SALE—A SPORTSMAN'S PROPERTY, consisting of one large 18-room frame house (new), two large log camps, caretakers lodge, guides camp, garage, stable, ice house, electric light plant. About two hundred acres land with large lake frontage; twelve miles private telephone line; trout fishing. Moose, deer, partridge and woodcock shooting in season. Great opportunity for Gentlemen's Club. For full particulars and price, address Henry E. Matheson, Manager W. G. Brokaw Property, Bonny River, New Brunswick, Canada.

DELIGHTFUL SUMMER AND HUNTING Lodge for sale. Are you desirous of owning a Hunting Lodge of eleven rooms completely furnished. Electric Lights. Boathouse. Two motor boats. One acre ground located on beautiful lake in small, exclusive summer colony. Best fishing and hunting in Adirondacks. If so, write W. A. Terwilliger, 969 Lancaster Avenue, Syracuse, New York.

HUNTING PRESERVE FOR SALE—7,445 acres, of which 550 acres is abandoned rice field. Located on Seaboard Air Line Railway from Charleston to Savannah, with a spur track running from flag station on property into a trucking district called Fenwick Island. Abundance of quail, ducks, deer, snipe, etc. River on Asheppo side, brackish, in which abound salt water fish. Price $50,000. For particulars consult or write G. B. Robinson, 493 East Gravers Lane, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

RESORTS

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPEND your whole vacation hooking the fattest, firmest and liveliest mountain trout you have ever seen jump, and then glow with sportsman's pride as you eat them, prepared so that they melt in your mouth, as they know how to do, at "THE WHITE BEAR," in picturesque Montana, on the Boulder River, near Big Timber, on the Yellowstone Trail en route to Yellowstone Park. We offer detached cabins, electric-lighted, with toilet and bath for your accommodation, and our excellent cuisine is our boast. Rates $40.00 per week, American plan, for superfine service. Write for descriptive booklet and information to Mrs. C. M. LORING, Business Manager, Billings, Montana.

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DUCK ATTRACTIONS

BRING DUCKS IN SWARMS BY PLANTing Wild Rice, Wild Celery, Sago Pond Plant. Order now. Terrell's Aquatic Farm, Dept. 11-249, Oshkosh, Wis.

DUCK ATTRACTIONS (Continued)

DUCK FOODS AND HUNTING PRESERVE. White's Game Preserve, Waterlily, Currituck Sound, N. C. Celery, Sago, Pond Weed, and other kinds. Best duck shooting in America.

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CHINESE—RING NECK AND FANCY—Pheasants, wild turkeys, ducks and geese, bobwhite and blue valley quail, ruffed, sharp-tailed, pinnated and blue grouse and deer. Eggs for spring delivery. Silver-Black-Fox news, mailed free upon request. E. Jaser's Pheasantry, Walhalla, Mich.

WILD MALLARD EGGS $10.00 100; $1.35, 12 eggs; Birds, $5.00 pair, $8.50 trio; Black Mallard eggs, $3.00 12; Birds $10.00 pair. English Caller eggs $20.00 100; $3.85 12 eggs; birds $10.00 pair, $17.50 trio. Duck Book 25c. Wild Canada Geese. Goose Booklet 25c. Breman Co., Danville, Ill.

FOR SALE—ONE 2-YEAR-OLD BEAR CUB, quite tame, boxes and wrestles. C. P. Forge, Portage LaPravin, Manitoba.

RAISE SILVER FOXES. I PAY YOU $200 to $400 for each pup raised. Easy terms. Stamp for particulars. Gerald F. Todd., St. Stephen, N. B.

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GUARANTEED FORMULAS FOR REBLUing, rebrowning and blacking firearms, etc. $1.00 postpaid. M. Mogensen, 414 North 14th St., Omaha, Nebraska.

FOR SALE—TWO DOUBLE AND ONE single barrel 12-gauge shotguns. For further particulars, telephone Shore Road 0812 after 7 P. M.

30-30 WINCHESTER CARBINE $16. TRIAL. Everett Moore, Denton, Ark.

BIRDS

IF YOU MAIL ME $10.00 I WILL send you by express a beautiful Roller canary bird, excellent singer. Choice yellow or mottled. Mrs. Catherine Lo Giudice Bird House, 905 Vine St., Youngstown, Ohio.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

AGENTS WANTED. BIG MONEY AND fast sales. Every owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free sample. American Monogram Co., Dept. 34, East Orange, N. J.

WANTED: MIDDLE-AGED OR ELDERLY gentleman to book orders near own home, for high-grade fruit and ornamental trees, plants, vines, roses, etc. Good pay, permanent. Write for offer. The Pequod Nursery Co., Yalesville, Conn.

INSYDE TYRES IN YOUR OLD CASINGS give from 3 to 5 thousand miles more service. Positively prevent punctures and blowouts. Used over and over again. Low priced. Big money saver. Agents wanted. Write for terms. American Accessories Co., B-734, Cincinnati, Ohio.

STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, ETC., ARE wanted for publication. Submit manuscript or write Literary Bureau, 518 Hannibal, Mo.

EARN $25 WEEKLY, SPARE TIME, WRITing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 529, St. Louis, Mo.

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EARN $110 TO $250 MONTHLY, EXpenses paid, as Railway Traffic Inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare time study or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for Free Booklet G-53. Standard Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

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SPORTS, HUNTING AND FISHING books. Send 4c in stamps for large catalogue of Rare and Out-of-Print Books, Pamphlets and Engravings relating to out-door life and pastimes, nature-study and kindred subjects. Franklin Bookshop, 920 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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SEND ONE DOLLAR AND PAY $4.00 to postman and you will receive beautiful SOLID GOLD ladies ring or SOLID GOLD ladies lavalliere. State size. Vincent Lo Giudice, 905 Vine St., Youngstown, Ohio.

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POCKET, 9 IN 1 FIELD GLASS, COMPASS, etc., 50c postpaid; money back guarantee. G. Walker, Box 633, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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ROWBOATS—EASILY MADE. PARTICUlars free. Wee-Show-U Co., Western Market, Detroit, Mich.

WATERWEEDS REMOVED EASILY AND effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

DOGS

(Continued from page 462)

COLLIES

WHITE COLLIE PUPS FOR SALE. THE most beautiful specimens the dog world can offer. Home guards, loyal companions, useful and intelligent. Comrade Kennels, Galion, Ohio.

THE LARGEST AND THE BEST COLLIE pups in this country. Dundee Collie Kennels, Dundee, Mich.

COLUMBIA WHITE COLLIES, REGISTered, pedigreed. On registering my last lot of puppies, Mr. Bennett, Secy. of United States Club, wrote, "You have some of the finest bred stock in North America." Safe delivery guaranteed. Prices reasonable. Bourke Farm Kennels, Lew Beach, Sullivan Co., New York.

BIRD DOGS

WANTED—BIRD DOGS FOR TRAINING; thirty-three years' experience in developing high-class grouse and quail dogs. Excellent references; terms reasonable. A. E. Seidel, Danville, Pa.

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

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By F. E. BRIMMER

An invaluable little handbook of all that its name implies. It has many illustrations from photographs—just the kind to make you want to drop everything and start and do likewise.—*Boston Herald.* $1.75

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Personal experiences in the higher mountain trails, with complete directions for the outfitting of inexpensive expeditions. $1.50

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Into this series we have gathered together the most complete, authoritative, useful and interesting books for the sportsman, gardener, or lover of the out-of-doors. Written by enthusiasts in their line, these volumes form up-to-date, concise handbooks flavored with amusing anecdotes and personal experiences. $1.00 a volume

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THE "MILAM" "The Frankfort Kentucky Reel"

Since 1839, 84 years, the Milams have been making the celebrated Kentucky Reel in the same location, and all the knowledge gained by these years of experience is put into their reels to-day. Write for free booklet.

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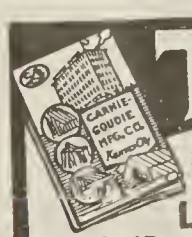

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Distemper Medicine

The product of years of experience with Distemper cases. This is no patent medicine but the greatest Distemper killer the world has ever seen.

GUARANTEED to cure 99% of Distemper cases if taken in time and according to instructions.

Put up in tablet or powder form. Packages, enough for four dogs, price $7.50.

Leaves no after-effects such as Chorea, etc.

The best life insurance you can put on your dogs.

BOB ARMSTRONG
ROBA, ALA.

English Setters, Pointers

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Wire Haired Fox Terriers

Puppies and grown dogs of the best of breeding
FOR SALE
Good dogs at stud

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Stop your dog breaking shot and wing. Teach him what whoa! means. No long trailing rope or spike collar. Our field dog control is not cruel. Can be carried in pocket and attached instantly to dog's collar. Dog can't bolt. Fast dogs can be worked in close and young ones field broken in a week. Works automatically—principal South American Bolas. *Sent postpaid with full directions for* $2. Testimonials and booklet, *Making a Meat Dog* sent on request.

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$4 MAKES PERFECT BIRD DOG $4

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NEW AND IMPORTED TRAINO COLLAR

Train Your Dog at Home!

The Book Teaches The Traino Trains
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Postpaid Delivery—Prompt Service
Goods sold subject to your approval

It's Easy to Order From **J. A. Willmarth, Roosevelt, N.Y.**

ADVENTURES IN COMRADESHIP

(*Continued from page* 411)

ov th' soil is known as surface fires. But them fires as digs deeper, like in swamps an' where there's lots ov roots . . . huckleberry regions . . . like here . . . that's underground fire, an' bad . . . powerful bad!

"Our state forest fire warden puts it right, when he says some nice things about forest floor-coverin'. This here litter an' humus is a me-chanical hindrance t' th' run off of pre-cipitation, allowin' water t' reach streams an' creeks slow-like. Humus absorbs an' holds rains an' melted snow, givin' it t' th' soil for undergroun' supply which feeds springs.

"Humus keeps th' soil open, summer an' winter an' that's what makes it take moisture quick an' easy-like. Litter an' humus are a sort o' mulch, ef yu know whut that means . . . preventin' quick e-vaporation ov soil moisture. It keeps th' surface soil fertile . . . an' that makes fine tree growth, my son. It pro-tects th' soil from e-rosoin."

Sonnyboy was not in the least frightened by the technical terms. Chip's talk held him breathless.

"An' so, when fire changes humus t' ashes . . . cold, grey ashes . . ." the old man went on, "these here natural benefits go thunderin'. Impurity ov waters in springs an' wells is ONE thing not t' fergit. Look here . . . I may be makin' life miserable fer you'all, but . . . would you mind readin' this aloud. I'd like t' hear it agin', myself, an' I aint got my spec-tacles along. Fire warden writ it and it was published in th' Milferd paper." He handed me a rather withered fragment of paper. I read:

"From the standpoint of forest growth and continued forest production, humus is invaluable. In silviculture (the production of a forest crop) the efforts of the forester must always be directed toward a most careful preservation of the productive powews of any given locality, so as to render possible the production of the same effect, or even an increased one, regularly and indefinitely.

"Experience has shown that in forestry the safest method of preserving the productive powers of a locality consists in maintaining uninterruptedly a crop of forest vegetation on the area. The more frequently and the longer the ground is uncovered and exposed to the full effects of sun and air currents, the more, in the majority of cases, is the productive power liable to be reduced.

"The active agencies of the locality

lepend upon the nature of the soil and he climate. Man can do little toward egulating the local climate, but he can ontrol to a great extent the soil factor f his locality. Water is the most imortant component part of the soil, nd next to this are its physical properies, and then its available chemical onstituents. Almost any soil can urnish a sufficient quantity of mineral ubstances for the production of a crop f trees, provided the leaf mould humus) is not removed. To insure a avorable condition of the physical roperties should be the forester's hief aim, and this he can do best by reserving the humus, especially on iddling and poor soils. The poorer he soil the more important is the presrvation of the humus, provided it is ot acid. Indeed, humus forms the ost important factor relative to tree rowth, and is a priceless treasure as egards the production of woodland rops."

This last paragraph appealed to me ost of all:

"The opening of the forests and the emoval of humus by fire bring about onditions which make it easier for res to rage. Each successive fire akes conditions more favorable for he next, until, in time, everything of alue is destroyed and complete desoation results."

We were silent . . . all of us . . . fter the reading of this humble reatise.

I saw Sonnyboy's gaze turn from the urrounding area, to the distant valley ays, the mountains, the vast empires f forest, now gradually enveloping in urple mist. The trees were humanzed in his thoughts of them. They ere human. They could suffer . . . ERE suffering.

"How about trout?" I inquired, by ay of changing the subject. And I as thinking of tomorrow.

Chip flung his grand old head to one de.

"If you knows where to look fer 'em, ere's aplenty," he responded, enigatically, "no better trout stream untry in th' world, I'd say."

"We have our licenses," I continued, nd I'm anxious to give this youngster ere a real lesson in how to catch out in the true-blue way . . . as a an ought to fish when he goes for y game."

No more was needed for Chip.

"Does he smoke cig-arettes?" he inired.

"Never!"

"Then I'm all for him and if he don't et a handsome string of brook trout the mornin' I'll move off th' mounin. Why say . . . there's a little, ishing, galavantin' creek a half mile um here that—"

(To Be Continued)

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The Pocket Dog Biscuit

A wholesome and healthful "Meat Fibrine" biscuit for every size and breed.

Write for sample and send 2c stamp for new catalog.

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If so — to keep him well and happy you must have our 40 Page Kennel Manual. Full and complete information on the care and treatment of your dog in health and sickness.

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32 page book—how to keep your dog well — how to care for him when sick. Result of 35 years' experience with every known dog disease. Mailed FREE. Write today. Dept.
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by noted specialist. Tells how to
FEED AND TRAIN
your dog
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CURE DOG DISEASES.

How to put dog in condition, kill fleas, cure scratching, mange, distemper. Gives twenty-five famous

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and 150 illustrations of dog leads, training collars, harness, stripping combs, dog houses, etc. Mailed free.

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AT STUD
Imported Champion Inglehurst Joker.
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"Strong Heart" Police Dogs

"Character plus Appearance." You can pay more but you can't get a better dog.

SUN BEAM FARM
STRONG HEART KENNELS
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If Your Dog Is Sick,

all run down, thin and unthrifty with materated eyes, high-colored urine and harsh staring coat, "eating grass" won't help him. Dent's Condition Pills will. They are a marvelous tonic for mange, distemper, indigestion and out of sorts. Price 50c., druggists, or mail.

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Newburgh, N. Y.

SHOOTING DOGS WANTED

I have owned and developed the greatest Field Trial Dogs that this world has ever seen and I am satisfied to rest on my laurels and in the future devote my energies exclusively to training shooting dogs. My training preserves comprise 20,000 acres with abundance of game. Kennels built after a lifetime experience. My assistants, the best men I could find in Scotland, and the dogs I break remain broken. I have more unbroken records than any trainer living or any trainer who ever did live. If you want your shooting dogs properly developed, send them to me.

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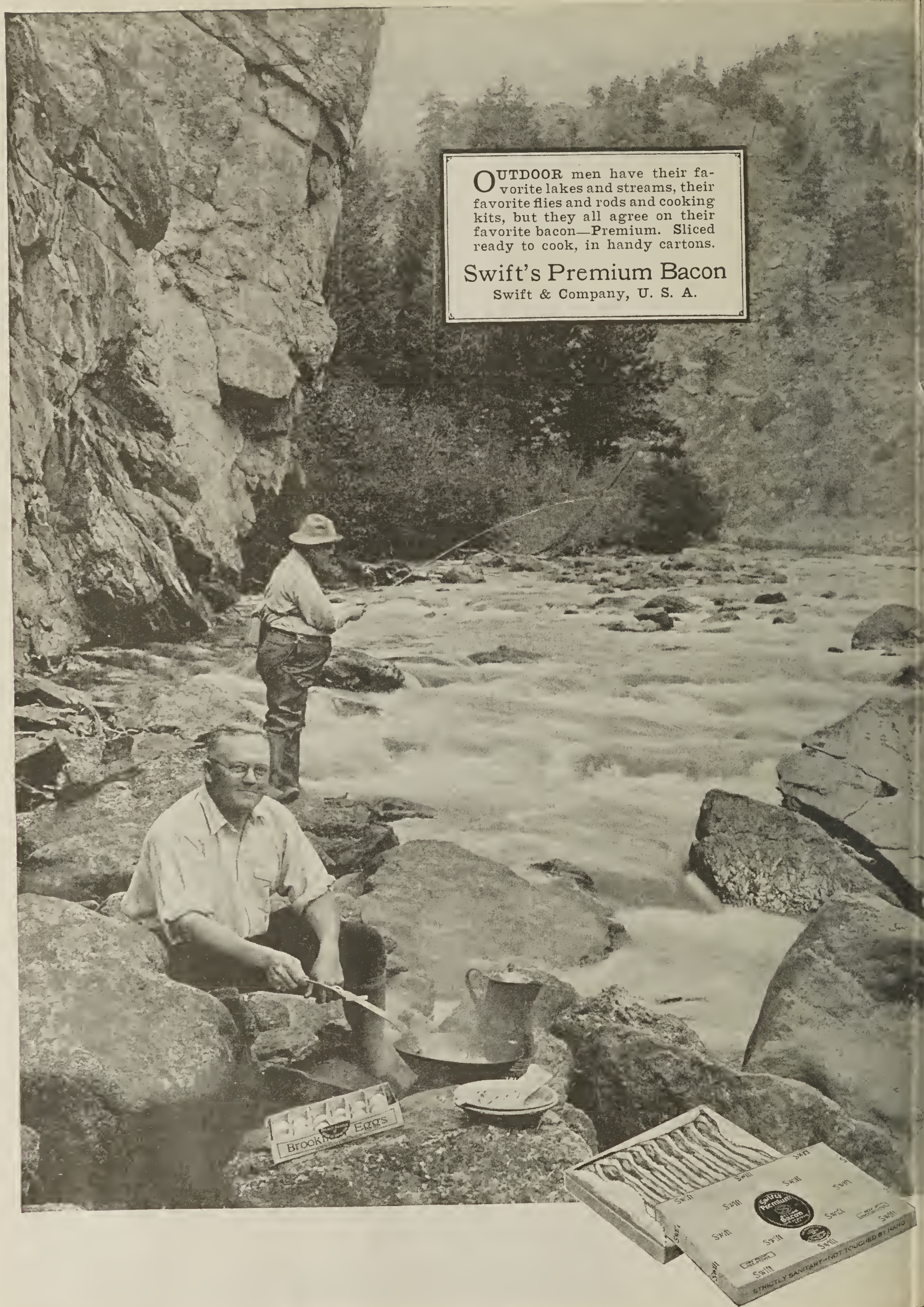
OUTDOOR men have their favorite lakes and streams, their favorite flies and rods and cooking kits, but they all agree on their favorite bacon—Premium. Sliced ready to cook, in handy cartons.
Swift's Premium Bacon
Swift & Company, U. S. A.
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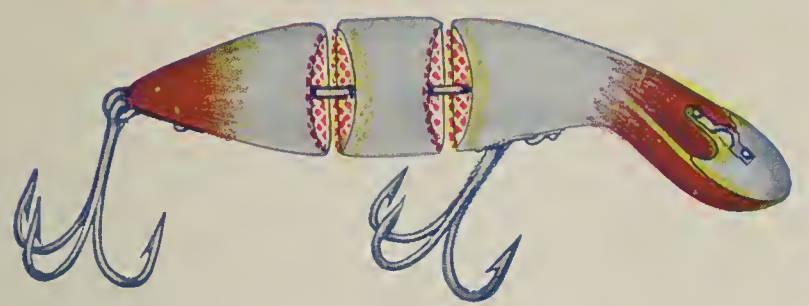
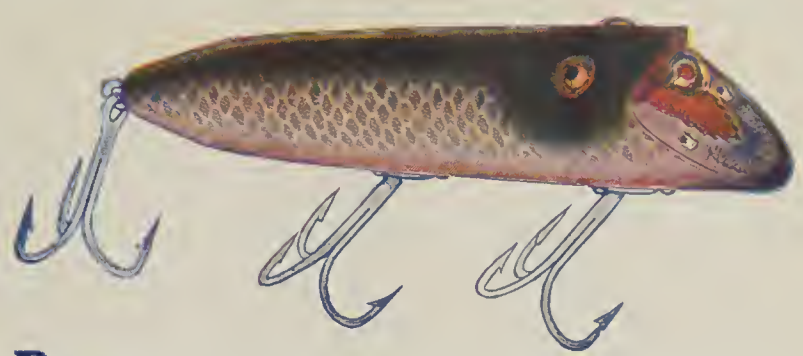
STRICTLY SANITARY—NOT TOUCHED BY HAND

The "First Choice" Bait Group

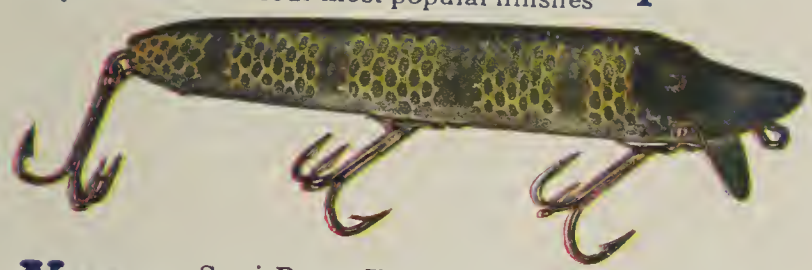
O.K.'d by 30,000 Anglers and Heddon's Quarter Century of Scientific Experiment



Game Fisher Semi-Deep. Flexible, triple compound movement gives this the greatest range, most sensitive response and truest swimming motion ever imparted to an action bait. At your dealer's in four most popular finishes **$1.25** each.



Basser Near-surface. Erratic side-darting, and sudden swerving action. Wonderful luring and hooking qualities for all fish. 9 finishes **85c** each.



Vamp Semi-Deep. The swimming image of a baby pike. Attractive diving, swimming movements. Six finishes including pike scale **$1.00** each.

Baby Crab

Semi-Deep. Imitates the backward scurry of a live crab—the natural food of the bass. Fourteen finishes. Imitation pork strip **$1.00** each.

Uses genuine Pork Strip

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Deadly single hook, fully open to every strike but 100% weedless. Spinner, and Heddon-decorated casting body, now combined for the first time with pork strip luring quality. 3 Plain and 3 scale finishes, **$1.25** each

THIS group of First Choice baits, we believe has been picked by the soundest and most scientific process ever applied to bait selection.

All five gained their approved place as the composite result of the records of the Heddon Experimental Department's own research of more than twenty years, plus the carefully compared and tabulated reports of more than 30,000 anglers who have written us with results and constructive suggestions in that long period.

All lures were put on an equal footing, the reports for each type being mathematically rated against the total number of that particular bait sold. It is an interesting tribute to Heddon science in bait development that on this system of choice, some of the newest lures quickly asserted their right to first place consideration.

As the mainstays of your bait equipment for all 'round game fish results, you may safely rely on the "first choices" here made, confident that they have earned their position solely by their proved attractiveness, superior casting qualities and water-action and scientific hooking and holding qualities in the supreme test of getting the fish!

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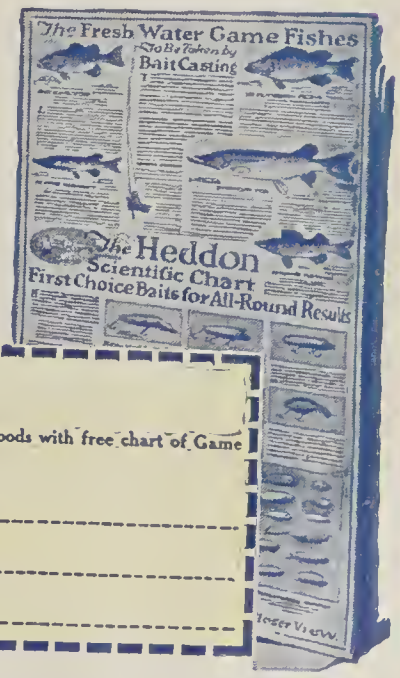

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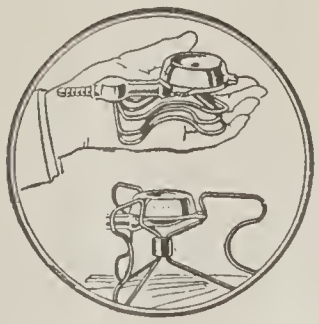

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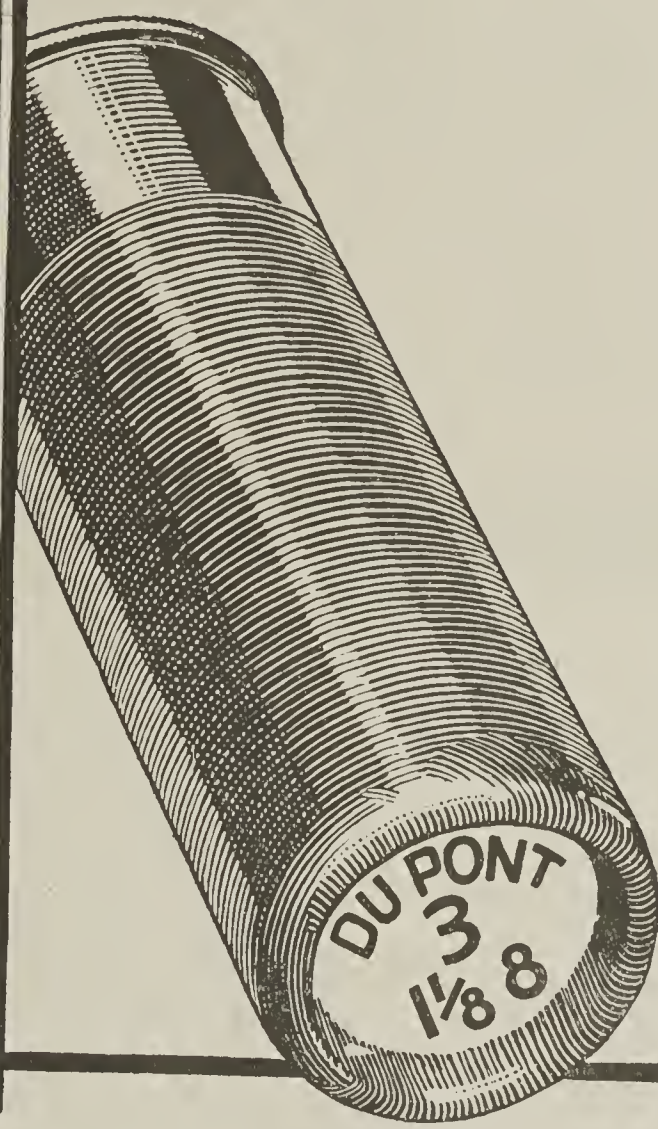

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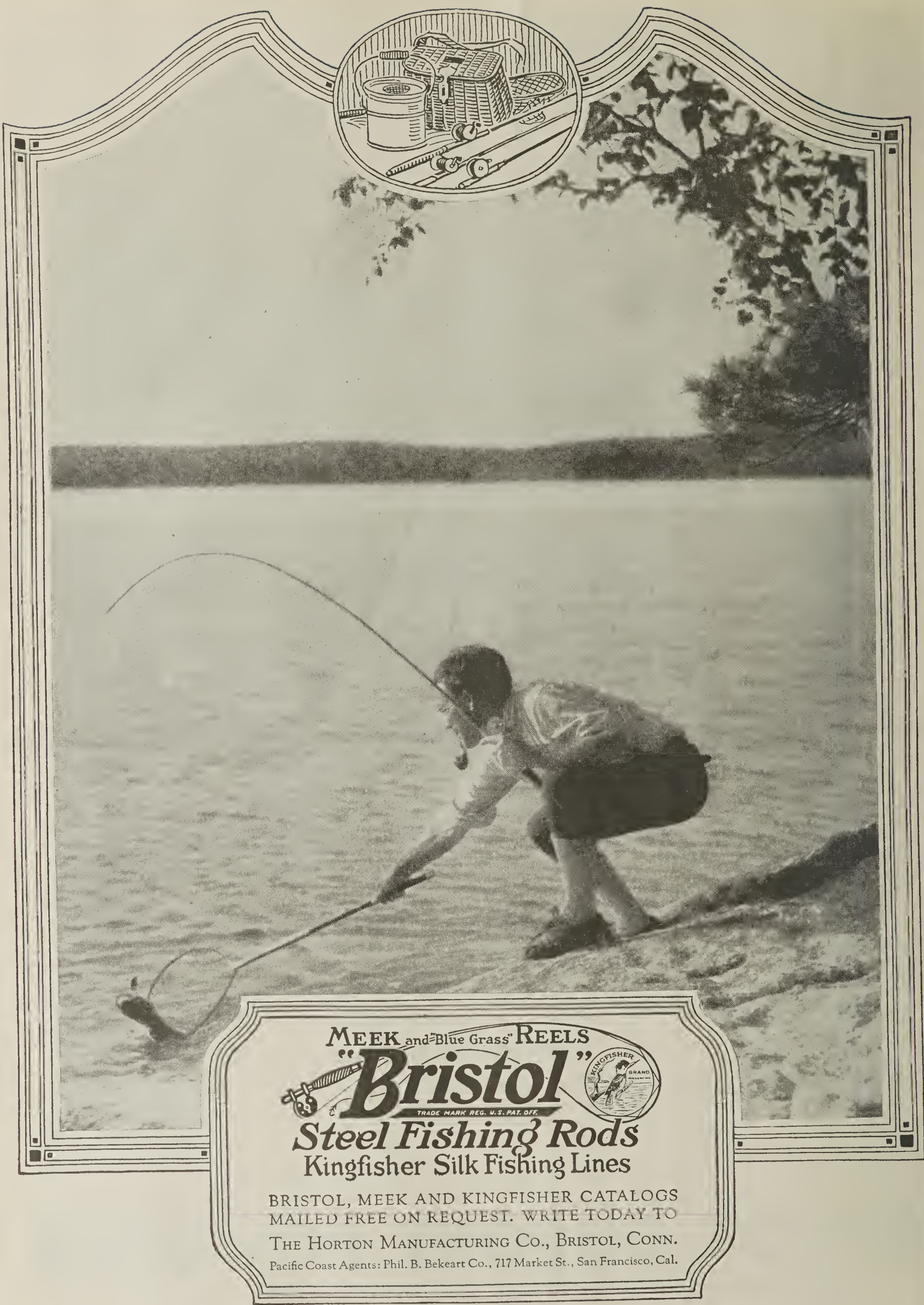
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CANOEING DOWN MOOSE RIVER

A Trip in Western Maine

By PALMER H. LANGDON

HAVING made half a dozen canoe trips on the waters of the Maine woods, I began to look around for something new, and upon studying Hubbard's Guide and map to Moosehead Lake and northern Maine, I determined that Moose River, which flows into the western shore of the lake, should give anyone a short paddle of interest. The usual canoe trips, such as the Allagast, Penobscot, St. John, lead to the north, east and south, but here was a chance to go into western Maine.

The guides to whom I spoke about the jaunt were not over-enthusiastic, remarking that to come down Moose River was a hard trip with a shift at Somerset Junction. As I was wondering whether or not to press the matter further, who should appear at our summer camp at Waring Point, Kineo, Moosehead Lake, but Simon Capino, the veteran guide. Simon is always ready for adventure, and when a paddle down Moose River from its headwaters was mentioned, he lost no time in saying he was ready to go on what he termed a sight-seeing tour, especially as he had never been up or down the river any further than Jackman's, and then many years ago. And now was the time for action, as there was a good pitch of water.

On August 2, 1922, we started, duly equipped with the usual camp dunnage, and paddled across Moosehead Lake to Rockwood, where we took the railroad to Somerset Junction, made the short shift to the connecting railway and thence were on our way to a station which would start us well up the river and which we determined would be Holeb.

Arriving at our destination in a drizzling rain, we lost no time in finding a camp site on the banks of the stream, a quarter of a mile from the railway station. Fred Dion, a town storekeeper on whose land we camped, gave us a friendly greeting, brought us ice-water and warned us of the abundant crop of mosquitoes that the summer rains had produced. Likewise the railroad pump engineer was kind enough to bring us a mosquito sprayer—and we found the advice correct and the sprayer useful in fighting this unusual early August pest in the Maine woods. Fortunately, we had a sheet of cheese-cloth with us which we tucked under the ridge-pole and fastened with safety-pins at each end of the tent or the mosquitoes would have stopped any possible sleep the first night in camp.

The evening was radiant with moonlight . . . the shore fringes and distant mountains could be plainly seen. It was so quiet that the cry of the loon, the quack of the duck and the hoot of the owl could be heard distinctly during the twilight nocturnal hours.

No extra urging was needed in the morning to make a hasty exit from this mosquitoville, and we paddled furiously down the tiny stream to outrun the stingy pests. With the aid of the friendly current we were making such good time and encountering such slight obstructions that we thought we had struck a picnic canoe stream and that all the talk about Moose River's being a hard trip was drawn from lazy imagination—when about noon there suddenly hove in sight ahead of us a mass of rocks and boulders that were squarely set in our way, determined to dispute our passage.

The country was new to Simon and the trails around the obstructions were overgrown—so after a brief survey of the situation he determined that he could drag the empty canoe over stones with here and there a bit of water to help, while I busied myself with backing over the campage.

Jumping boulders with a pack of some sort on your back is not the easiest thoroughfare in the world, for a misstep might mean broken bones, but anyone who goes to the woods must be ready for any emergency and bear his burdens lightly, and after two hours of lugging in the hottest time of a hot day, we succeeded in getting over our eleven pieces of impedimenta and were ready to eat and go on, when three young campers, who were carrying their canoe up-stream, appeared on the scene.

"No use loading your craft," they shouted to us. "Another worse carry right ahead of you, and there are five carries before you reach Attean Lake."

The news fairly wilted us for a moment, as the only information we had gathered from those who were supposed to know was that we would have to carry around Holeb Falls, and we had jumped an inoffensive ledge of the early morning, supposed to have been the Falls, and here were five portages to oppose us—a regular obstacle race.

Sure enough, we had not paddled more than 200 feet when we met another roar of water and a mass of ugly-looking boulders as far as we could see down the curve of the stream.

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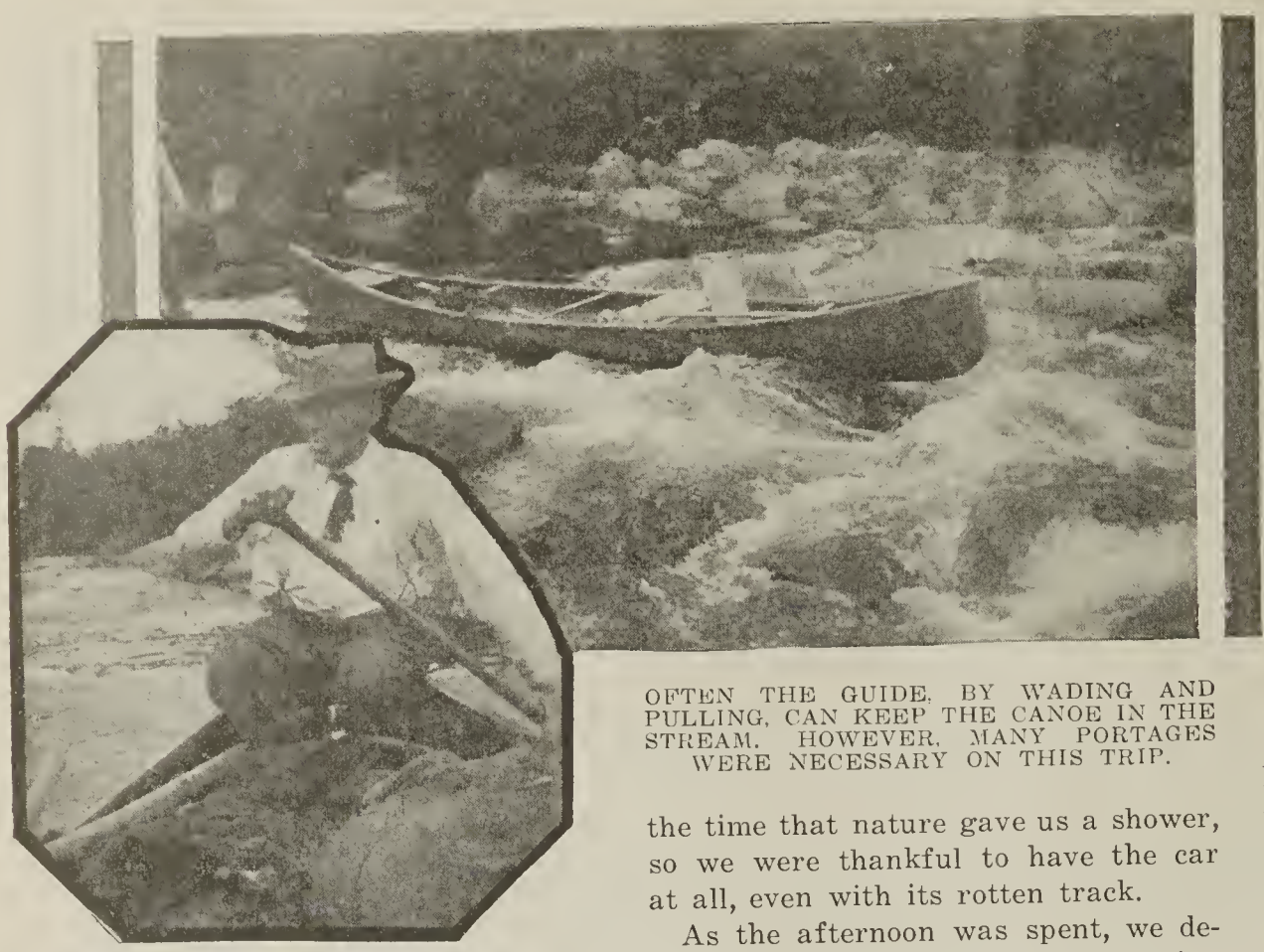


THE GUIDE HAD TO DECIDE QUICKLY UPON THE COURSE TO BE TAKEN.

OFTEN THE GUIDE, BY WADING AND PULLING, CAN KEEP THE CANOE IN THE STREAM. HOWEVER, MANY PORTAGES WERE NECESSARY ON THIS TRIP.

Again Simon reconnoitered, and this time came back with the news that he had struck a trail around the rips, but it would have to be swamped (cut) out, and when that was done he believed we could get around in "jig time," though it was about a half mile long. In the meantime, we had better camp where we were. A good camp site was located among pines on high ground—with towering mountains surrounding us, and we turned in with the hope that on the morrow we could conquer the carries, no matter how formidable, especially as the guide had, with strenuous effort, again dragged the canoe over the rocky, bumpy waterway.

In the morning the luggage was put over the trail with speed, only delaying us about an hour, and we were on our way rejoicing that those two hard carries were behind us, but three more were to come before reaching the lake region. Carries are a feature of the river, and when considered as a change from the constant paddling, they are not bad at all, but in reality give the canoe travelers a chance to exercise their legs.

Another interesting feature is to watch the guide rope down the empty canoe over the rough places, which he does wherever possible to save the dragging and wading.

At the last of the carries there was a wooden track and a hand-car that was used for carrying the mail, but Uncle Sam's track was in very bad repair and three times the car ran off the track—one time so badly as to spill the load. This last shift was made at the time that nature gave us a shower, so we were thankful to have the car at all, even with its rotten track.

As the afternoon was spent, we decided to camp at the last rips—knowing that we were through with our carries for a while. It had taken us two days to get down the Upper Moose, and though we were told that by taking a branch stream we would have avoided one or two of the five carries, we felt that, after all, for real strenuosity and rugged scenery, it was best to have come down the main stream.

A short paddle in the morning brought us to Attean Lake, and a pretty body of water it is—a veritable miniature Moosehead, with its surrounding mountaings and wooded isles. A brisk northwester was sweeping across the water and we had to push our way through it, and as usual this effort proved to be great sport—tussling with a head wind and trying to keep the canoe from turning upside down. Strong arms will not permit such a turnover, however, and in the course of the morning we had mastered Attean; had gone through the connecting stream to McKinney's place (now the Cook Farm); then through Wood Pond and on to Jackman's by noon. It was then merely a matter of a pleasant paddle down stream to Long Pond, which point reached, we bore to the north, past the first point of land, where a fine camp site was found, with a splendid spring of water and high ground commanding a fine view of the lake. Henry Hughey, of Jackman, has established a log-cabin camp there, but also welcomes campers.

The evening was radiant with moonlight, and the shore fringes and distant mountains could be plainly seen; now and then the lights of an automobile would flicker by on the southern shore, speeding along the Kennebec-Quebec roadway. The night was so still that the cry of the loon, the quack of the duck and the hoot of the owl could be heard distinctly during the twilight nocturnal hours.

Nature smiled on us in the morning with a clear day and a fair wind which meant a fine sail down Long Pond, so by noon we left the lake and were looking for the dam which is a trifle down the outlet stream. After a quick lunch on the shore and a short journey, we did not have to look long, for there loomed up ahead of us like a great breakwater—Long Pond Dam.

Heretofore the guide had been able by wading and dragging to keep the canoe in the stream, but this time not only must all of the eleven packages be lugged around the dam, but the

IT IS SUCH SCENES AS THESE THAT MAKE MAINE A POPULAR STATE WITH CANOEISTS.

canoe itself must be lifted up on the high banks and then shouldered along the bramble-bushed carry until we could get past the dam, where the artful Simon lowered it into the roaring waters.

As I stood on the top of the dam and noticed the strong head of water that was pouring through the gates, and the rush of water down-stream through a mass of rocks, I wondered if we could ever get through this part of the trip and have left our canoe, our luggage, or our senses. But there was not much time to think of the dangers, and after the canoe was carried around the dam the campage must be lugged still farther down-stream to a point where it could be safely put aboard, and the guide was to take the canoe down to that point of landing while the "sport" worked on the packs. A short distance below the dam I had noted quite a pitch of water and had reported the fact to the guide when, as I stepped out of the trail to the shore, I saw Simon standing up in his canoe and drifting apparently straight to the brink of the falls. I scrambled over the boulder rocks as quickly as possible until I was within hearing distance, then raised my arms and shouted above the roar of the water, "Simon, the Falls!"

Simon never paid any more attention to me than if I had been a wooden Indian, and here was a live "Injun" seemingly going to shoot over these miniature falls—like the fabled Indian maiden at Niagara, who is pictured as making the leap standing upright in a canoe.

I thought I might never see Simon again, at least alive, but just before he reached the brink he deftly worked the canoe shoreward, stepped out, and then calmly roped down the canoe. Then he informed me that he never took any man's word about the pitch of water, but had concluded beforehand that an empty boat on a rope was the proper caper for a falls of that depth.

CALM, PEACEFUL WATERS—THE RESTFUL AFTERMATH OF A DIFFICULT PORTAGE.

We were now past the falls at the dam and had the canoe again loaded for the passage down, but the rapids were ahead of us, and the subject of swift water brings to mind a paragraph of Hubbard's fine book—"Woods and Lakes of Maine." Says Hubbard:

"The act of running rapids in a canoe is always exhilarating. To a person of good nerves who tries it for the first time, it is apt to be nothing but pleasurable; but one who knows its dangers never enters upon it without some slight fear or trepidation. And yet the danger passed, one is ever ready to face it again with a skilful steersman."

Skilful steersman Simon was now standing in the stern of the canoe, setting-pole in hand, and surveying the situation before we took the quick water that was tumbling, rushing, roaring, seething, surging, among the rocks—water enough to float the canoe, but could she get through with a whole skin?

Of course, the way it is done is by the guide putting on the brakes or, as he expresses it, "Snubbing her down." Before the canoe is allowed to budge, he has cast a searching glance on the immediate water in the foreground and determined what flow of water or "channel" he will allow her to shoot for a short distance before he again puts on the brakes, viz: jams down his pole and holds her just before she strikes the rocky eternity for which she is bound. Then he finds another streak of safe water before he gives her another shoot. Sometimes the guide has to work the canoe across the whole stream before he will let her go again, holding the boat with all of the strength he can command against the avalanche of water that would send her down-stream onto the rock that juts up right in the path.

It takes a skilful steersman, for shooting rapids is a real bit of guiding and is in striking contrast to a lot of so-called "guiding" which is indulged in by many city folk on Moosehead Lake, viz: motor-boat picnicing.

But with shooting white water comes the labor and the hardships of camping—the backing of dunnage and sleeping on balsam boughs under a tent. However, the experience is worth the hardships many times over, and it is doubtful if even flying can give an adventurer a greater thrill than several hours in raging, rocky water.

After shooting and snubbing for an hour or so, we came to another falls near Stony Brook which required another haul of luggage and another wade by the guide—this time in one plunge,

(*Continued on page* 468)

THE MAINE GUIDES ARE A STURDY, RUGGED TYPE OF MANHOOD AND HAVE WON THE ADMIRATION OF MANY TRAVELERS AND CELEBRITIES, AMONG THEM THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Adventures in Comradeship—

A Brief Essay on Man's Finer Appreciation of the Real Wildwood, With Occasional Reference to Boyhood's Reactions to It. Sonnyboy Learns More Concerning Forest Fires, Human Nature and the Lure of the Mountain Trout. We Come to Know That an Abandoned Farm Can Bring Greater Happiness Than a Mansion.

By W. LIVINGSTON LARNED

JUST wondering. Just trying to figure out if modern man has a proper appreciation of, a wise valuation of, the sublime restfulness of, Mother Nature, at her primitive best. Has an editorial hint, eh? Well, we just can't help it.

There are so many "Isms" in the world today. It might not be amiss to throw out a love-of-the-outdoors-wave. It is barely possible that the suggestion may be caught up by some who really need the basic idea. If Radio could broadcast the true story of rod-and-reel, of gun and of the perfume of bacon, frying just outside a mountain tent, we believe the morals of the world might be benefited.

There has not been enough of it.

Take such publications as this—FOREST AND STREAM—the circulation figures show that the men who buy it are confirmed sportsmen for the most part, with a sprinkling of those who are just beginning to see the light.

Those men and women who have never hunted, fished, gone to remote places, and lived outside their own high civilization, so called, should be the REAL readers of journals of this kind. They need it most. Some of the best medicines are not in bottles at all. Such as, the scent of the pine and the natural hunger which results from a long day's hike. America is awakening, we grant you that. There are more eager campers than ever and the highways are throbbing with people who, while sincere, do not quite know what to do or how to do it.

We are almost prepared to say that the biggest piece of news in America today, is the gradual consciousness of Nature and what she has to bestow. The Government is aware of the trend. More and more documents are ready for public study. The man who grows stale half way along in life has only himself to blame.

These thoughts are inspired by a recent experience. The man who has been an outdoor enthusiast all his life loses sight, very often, of the great, great other half." But there comes an hour when his conscience hurts him. He wants all men to know.

"Father," said Sonnyboy, "Mister Chip said he would take us to a trout stream this morning, didn't he?"

It was our third dawn on the old farm. Sickness now seemed strangely foreign to me. My physician had been right. "Quiet," he had said, "complete rest, and elbow-touch with green things. You have been devoured by the big city viewpoint."

I was enamored of an abandoned farm. I found all of Sonnyboy's youthful enthusiasms reawakening within me. I was his age again, in thoughts, at least. And that is one of the grestest possible arguments in favor of this story. Oh, you fathers . . . you middle-aged men, who have lost illusions . . . what a wonderful thing it is to brush in close contact with Youth!

THE SHERIFF, WHO IS A FAMOUS TROUT FISHERMAN IN HIS OWN RIGHT AND WHO MAKES PEOPLE RESPECT GAME BY RESPECTING IT HIMSELF.

COOL, TUMBLING WATERS, FLECKED WITH SUN AND SHADOW AND THE HOME OF EQUALLY RESTLESS TROUT. ON AND ON, OVER GLISTENING BOULDERS, FROM A SOURCE DEEP IN THE UPPER HILLS.

DOWN DIZZY ALTITUDES OF ROCK, GREY-GREEN WITH MOSS AND FILLED WITH MYSTIC GROTTOES, THE BEAUTIFUL WATERS FLOW. WHO WOULD NOT BE A TROUT WITH THESE PLACES FOR HOME?

OCCASIONALLY THERE IS A MILL RACE OR A SHIMMERING FLOW DOWN A HALF-DISMANTLED DAM, WHILE ALL ABOUT THE OAKS AND SILVER BIRCHES GLEAM WELCOME.

If you have no sons of your own, then borrow a son. Take some OTHER indolent, sluggish man's boy out for a good time in the game country.

That third morning found me oddly and paternally linked with my environment. The little farmhouse, and the barn and the outer boundaries of woods and berry bushes and fruit trees and sky so near that we could all but touch it, were wholesomely intimate things. I think I realized, with greater significance than ever, how far more wholesome and lovable and sincere were the places away from cities.

And there were just the two of us.

We had breakfast in the tiny kitchen and then, with buckets over our arms, set forth on a berrying expedition. Mister Chip's promise of trout was secondary. Not one hundred feet from the farm, we came upon wild black caps and the plumpest of tempting, lustrous red raspberries, pioneers of the age that had planted them, long, long ago. They hid from us beneath clumps of wide leaves, and peeped out at us from caverns of shadow. Thirty years ago—or more—sturdy hands had set out the first plants. And time had covered them up, and set them to pioneering on their own. Often we found a wind-blown harvest beneath a canopy of white birch, segregated and alone, but proudly bearing, as if they dared the isolation.

And so, every little while, over a barrier of green, I would hear his exultant voice cry: "Oh, come over HERE, Father! This is a fine patch. More'n you can ever, ever pick! If Mother could be here . . . wouldn't she like it? These are BIG ones."

Youth has such an advantage with its natural enthusiasms.

I never envied them more than when I heard them shout across the top of a mountain berry bush in the early morning.

Indeed, the farm was a veritable treasure trove of more practical things than romance.

Although the nearest "civilization" was miles distant, enough of generations gone remained to give us constant pleasure. Bees hummed incessantly in the countless old apple trees and the last of the cherries had left birds noisy in the neighborhood.

While sitting on the rickety front porch, we could watch the insistent progress of chipmunks, as they played upon the dismantled stone wall, and there were indications that the deep wood, to the rear of the house, held everything from fox to wildcat.

When the hour was hushed, the roar of the falls was ever in our ears, like a blurr of sound, bringing with it a thousand voices of a thousand trails over which those wild waters had rushed in their final journey.

My thoughts turned, irresistably, to trout.

Sonnyboy was to know what it really means to whip a stream and to see the fighting heroes landed at last on the fern and grass.

It was across the berry bushes, in that sublime mountain hush, that a significant running fire of conversation took place. I could not see Sonnyboy nor could he see me. But we were within companionable talking range nevertheless.

"Father."

"Yes, Son."

"When YOU were a boy, did you pick berries like this? Did you go to a place where there was a barn, and chipmunks, and did you ever sleep in a place where you could see the rafters . . . where wasps had nests?"

"No, Son. I missed all that sort of thing."

"Live in the city?"

"For the most part."

A thoughtful pause and a little sigh, half lost in the tangle of raspberry bushes. Then—

"When you were a little boy . . . did YOUR father take you to places

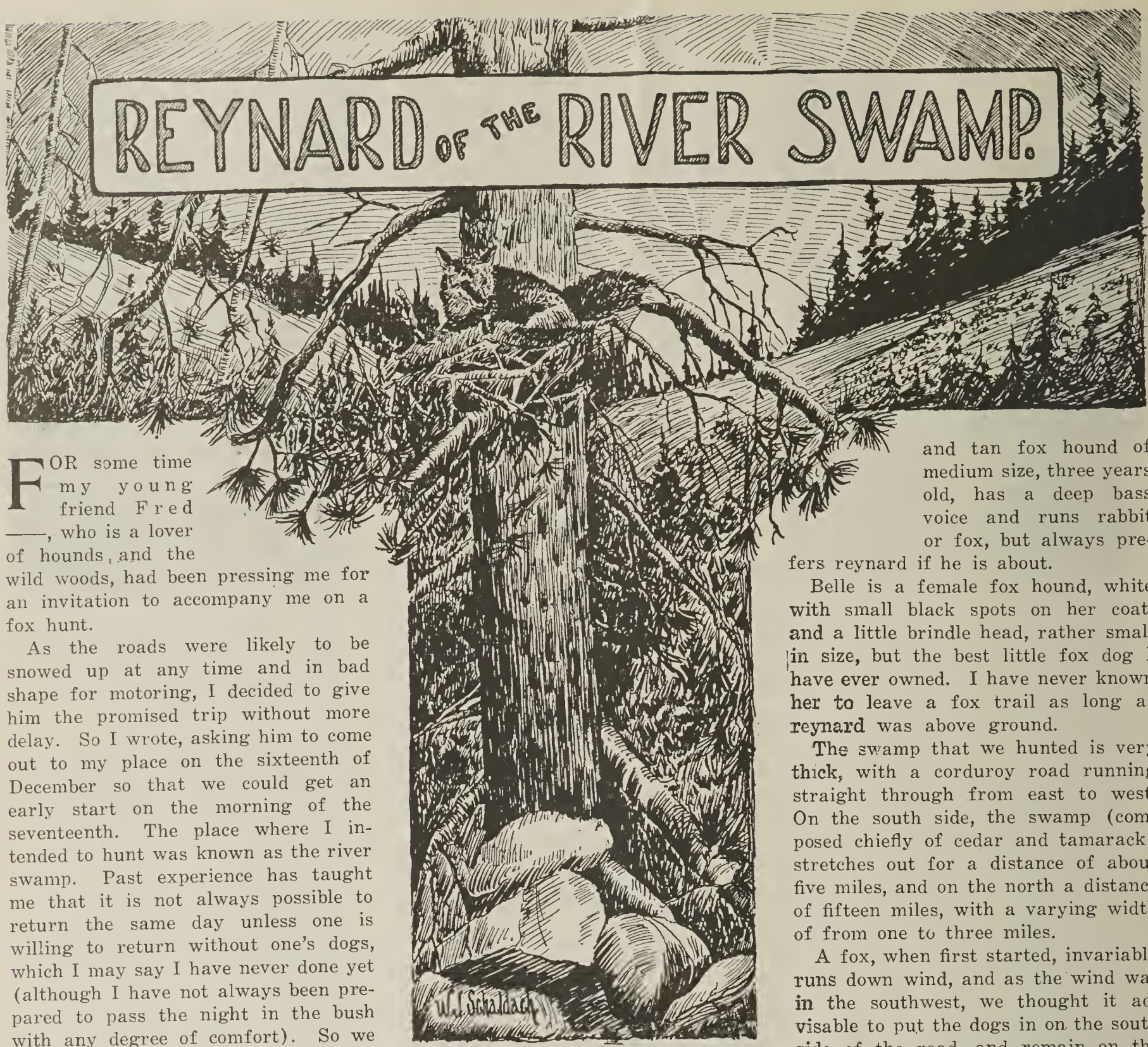
(*Continued on page* 446)

WE COULD STAND ON THE BRIDGE AND LOOK DOWN UPON THEM AS THEY DARTED IN THE SILENT, PURPLING WATER. WATER THAT WAS HALF MUSIC, RIPPLED AND EDDIED ITS UNTIRING COURSE.

THE OLD HAUNTED HOUSE—REMNANT OF THE LONG, LONG AGO. SONNYBOY INSISTED THAT HE COULD SEE GHOSTS OF THE DEPARTED PIONEERS TIP-TOEING THROUGH THE BROKEN DOORWAYS. AND JUST BACK OF THIS—THE TROUT STREAM.

POOR RUSTY! HE HAD EATEN MORE WOODCHUCK THAN WAS GOOD FOR HIM, HIDE, HAIR AND ALL, AND HIS DEJECTED FACE SHOWS THE PRICE HE PAID. DOG INDIGESTION IS SOMETHIN' TURRIBLE!

REYNARD OF THE RIVER SWAMP



By GEORGE HULL

FOR some time my young friend Fred ——, who is a lover of hounds and the wild woods, had been pressing me for an invitation to accompany me on a fox hunt.

As the roads were likely to be snowed up at any time and in bad shape for motoring, I decided to give him the promised trip without more delay. So I wrote, asking him to come out to my place on the sixteenth of December so that we could get an early start on the morning of the seventeenth. The place where I intended to hunt was known as the river swamp. Past experience has taught me that it is not always possible to return the same day unless one is willing to return without one's dogs, which I may say I have never done yet (although I have not always been prepared to pass the night in the bush with any degree of comfort). So we loaded on our car, our two-man tent, together with robes, oil heater, a supply of oil and plenty of bread, butter, bacon, coffee, sugar and buns, and got started on our thirty-five mile drive at six o'clock in the morning.

We arrived at the river swamp in good shape at eight-thirty, not very good time, I will admit, but part of our journey lay over mud roads that had frozen hard at a time when they were badly cut up. The result was that one could hardly stay on the seat at a speed of fifteen miles per hour.

As the weather was threatening, we decided to put up our tent and arrange things so that nothing would get wet before we started out to try our luck. All this time Mike, Belle and Pepper (my three dogs) were sitting by the fence, to which we had tied them, taking in the whole proceeding — impatient, to say the least—until we finished our task and picked up our guns. Then with one accord they leaped and tugged at their chains, as if each were anxious to be away first to claim the honor of jumping reynard from the nook he had chosen in which to spend the day.

Before going on with the story, I would like to give the reader a description of the dogs that we used in this hunt.

First, I will try to describe Pepper, a black-and-tan of small size. He is not at all particular what he runs, from a cotton tail rabbit to a deer. He has been a wonderful little fellow, but is now past his prime.

Mike is a deep-chested black, white and tan fox hound of medium size, three years old, has a deep bass voice and runs rabbit or fox, but always prefers reynard if he is about.

Belle is a female fox hound, white with small black spots on her coat, and a little brindle head, rather small in size, but the best little fox dog I have ever owned. I have never known her to leave a fox trail as long as reynard was above ground.

The swamp that we hunted is very thick, with a corduroy road running straight through from east to west. On the south side, the swamp (composed chiefly of cedar and tamarack) stretches out for a distance of about five miles, and on the north a distance of fifteen miles, with a varying width of from one to three miles.

A fox, when first started, invariably runs down wind, and as the wind was in the southwest, we thought it advisable to put the dogs in on the south side of the road, and remain on the road for a short time.

We released the dogs shortly after nine o'clock, and in less than five minutes had the satisfaction of hearing Belle give tongue, about one-quarter mile to the southwest. Pepper and Mike were soon heard from and the three voices combined could be distinctly heard as they traveled at great speed toward the southwest and away from the road on which we stood. They did not go out of hearing, however, before the game decided to turn, and as we heard the dogs draw nearer, we gripped our guns firmly and kept a keen eye, for it does not take a fox long to clear an opening of fifteen feet, this being the amount of space that was free from undergrowth on the corduroy road. We were standing about one-hundred and fifty yards apart, and so covered the most likely-looking spot for a crossing, as we figured that, armed as we were with double-barrel choke bored guns and BB shot, we

were good for seventy-five yards on either hand, making the distance covered a total of three hundred yards. We were not destined to put reynard's hide on the stretcher quite so quickly, however, for although we had the wind in our favor and we kept absolutely quiet, reynard was not taking any chances, and wheeled when within fifty yards of the road and was soon a full half-mile away again to the southwest. The scent appeared to be good as the dogs kept up great speed, but although they must have worried reynard quite a bit, he seemed inclined to stick to the swamp on that side of the road which is very thick. From my experience in hunting foxes, I have found that they will stay in a piece of thick swamp for quite a while if they do not get scent of man, but as soon as they do, they run straight away for a distance of from one to three miles, and then repeat the performance of circling around, running along trunks of trees that have been up-rooted by the wind and trying in numerous ways to throw the dogs off their trail.

The heavy clouds that had been overhead since daylight now began to drop their burden and bid fair to make a pair of wet hunters of us. Taking advantage of the fact that reynard was at a good distance from the road, I went down to Fred and proposed that I go in and trust to luck to get a shot in the thick of the swamp. If not successful in this, I explained, reynard would in all probability get my scent and immediately cross the road. Fred thought the plan a good one, and as the rain steadily became heavier, we felt more inclined to force reynard's hand than if the weather had been more reasonable. So I left the road and made my way into the swamp; I may say here that I made no mistake when I said it was thick. It was chiefly composed of cedar and tamarack with fallen trees and limbs laying in every fashion. It took me twenty minutes to cover a distance of about seventy-five yards. All this time the dogs could be heard, only faintly, away to the southwest. But the continuous baying told plainly, in dog language, that they were hurrying their prey. I traveled around looking for a slight opening in the dense growth that would be in the vicinity of where reynard had been in the habit of turning when at this end of the swamp. Having selected a spot, I sat down on a log quietly to await reynard's return. He did not appear to be in any great hurry, however, and the rain was beginning to find its way in around the collar of my coat. However, he who hunts fox must sally forth with a goodly amount of patience in his makeup. Finally, I heard the dogs a little plainer and it was not long before my heart was making about double time as the dogs were not more than one hundred yards away, but handicapped, as I was, by the dense growth, I could see nothing. Another moment and they sheared off to the northeast and passed me in a direct lead to where I supposed Fred to be waiting on the road.

All who love the voice of a hound and the stern struggle of a Northern Red dog fox race will appreciate this simply told tale.

Momentarily, I expected to hear a shot that would spell downfall for Mr. Fox. But no shot was heard; something evidently had gone wrong, for the dogs were well over the road judging by their receding voices. I began to make my way toward the road when I heard two long blasts from Fred's whistle. I may say here that it is my custom to carry a whistle, and I have arranged a code of signals so we can communicate much farther and easier than by shouting; whistles are not as alarming to the game as the sound of voices. Two longs which I heard meant in our code, "come together." I answered, "all right," with two short blasts and proceeded toward the road. Arriving at the road I learned that the fox had crossed the road not ten yards from where Fred had been waiting. But while the dogs were at the other end of the swamp, Fred had caught sight of a white object moving about, just in from the road, which turned out to be a large weasel, or as they are called, ermine.

He immediately left the road, intending to go just a few yards into the swamp and get a shot at it, but although he caught sight of it again several times, he could not act quickly enough to get a shot. While he was

(*Continued on page* 470)

SO ENDED THE HUNT—AND ONCE MORE REYNARD'S WITS WERE OUTDONE BY THE KEEN NOSE OF A GOOD DOG.

BIRDS SHOWN ON THIS PLATE ARE THE ONLY SPECIES THAT MAY BE LEGALLY HUNTED.

SENTINELS OF THE SURF

Shorebird shooting offers a combination of the delightful elements that appeal to both the wild fowler and the man who follows the dogs

By RAYMOND SCHRENKEISEN

Photos by A. Brooker Klugh

LOVERS of the outdoors may roughly be divided into two groups — those who favor the beauties of woodland haunts, rolling fields and inland waterways, and those who prefer the great open places with the tang of salt air and the ever restive and boundless sea. There is something, however, about the wild beauty and primeval grandeur of a lonely stretch of a marsh meadow that seems to appeal equally to both classes. Its utter desolation in the cold gray light of dawn, its elusive charm in the warmth of a September sunset when the sage grass takes on a hue of burnished gold or the mystic fascination in the dank, languorous and brackish night air suffused with the spectral light of a new moon, all lend a note of appeal that is totally irresistible to the admirers of nature's wildest moods. Added to this is the attraction of being able to study at close hand the multifarious forms of wild life generally to be found along these stretches of sea beach and marsh land.

By no means among the least interesting of these creatures of our tidal waters are the shore birds, and it shall be the purpose of this article to describe briefly the characteristics, life histories and methods of hunting the four species that may be legally killed under the provisions of the Federal Migratory Bird Law, viz., the greater and lesser yellow-legs, black-breasted plover and golden plover, together with information concerning the habits of shore birds in general.

The shore birds belong to the great order of Limicolae, comprising the diverse varieties of phalaropes, snipe, dowitchers, sandpipers, godwits, curlews, willets, plovers, turnstones and oyster catchers, of which more than seventy-five species occur in North America. They are among the most widely distributed of all birds, but the great majority of them are merely visitants in the United States during the migrations to and from their breeding grounds, and at which times, true to their name, they may be found in the vicinity of all bodies of water, large and small, though many of them are equally at home on the uplands.

The migration of our shore birds forms one of the most fascinating subjects in the science of ornithology. This fact is readily appreciated when it is considered that the large number of species winter as far south as Argentina, Patagonia, Peru, Chile, Brazil and the Falkland Islands in South America and breed during the summer in the Arctic Circle. It is said that the knot holds the record for the long-

est migration route, traveling 9,000 miles from its winter home in Patagonia to its breeding grounds on the bit of land nearest the North Pole. While this is, of course, an exceptional instance, there are practically no species that migrate less than a distance of a thousand miles, and a great many more traverse from two to six thousand miles.

It is an interesting but notorious fact that few species of shore birds follow the same migration route in the spring that they do in the fall. The two principal routes are by way of the Mississippi River valley and along the Atlantic seaboard. The former route, for example, is followed by the lesser yellow-legs and the golden plover on their northward journey, and the latter route on their return trip to the winter home. The reason for this alternation in migration routes is difficult to determine in certain instances, but as a rule feeding conditions can be decisively determined as the controlling factor. Those that follow the Mississippi Valley in the spring feed on the surface grubs and worms and the various insects found in the fields and on the prairies of that region, while those following our Atlantic seaboard regale themselves on the numerous forms of small marine life, such as crustaceans, mollusks and marine worms. The comparatively recent cultivation of the Mississippi Valley prairies has been a factor in causing some species to abandon this route and to turn to the vicinity of the Atlantic seaboard.

Note carefully the species before you shoot. These little fellows are but one variety of a great group of shore birds protected by INTERNATIONAL LAW.

The problem of the protection of our shore birds has proven a very difficult and more or less discouraging affair, and is deservant of the earliest attention of all sportsmen worthy of the name the country over as well as of the professional conservationists. These difficulties arise from several well-defined causes, the sum total of which produce a complicated condition of affairs. The extremely wide-ranging propensities of these birds in many cases carries them out of the jurisdiction of the United States. This condition can, of course, be controlled only by a wise international policy the solution of which would be further complicated by the great variety of South American countries visited during the winter. Then again, both the breeding grounds and the winter ranges of these birds have been greatly restricted within recent years due to the rapid inroads of civilization and of agricultural developments. Shore birds also lay fewer eggs than any other species of game birds, two or three being about an average in most cases. When this fact is taken into consideration, together with the frequency with which the eggs and young are preyed upon by crows and various species of gulls and the smaller land animals, it is estimated that the average female shore bird does not rear more than two young in a season. Unfortunately, the extremely short summer season in the barren grounds of the Arctic Circle does not permit of an opportunity to hatch a second brood as do many of our insectivorous birds. It also happens occasionally that those species which breed farthest north find the nesting sites covered with ice and snow, and as a consequence turn south again before the end of June or early in July. This fact is evidenced by the scattered early arrivals in the vicinity of New England and the Middle Atlantic States—sometimes as early as the middle of July. Shore birds as a rule also decoy very easily and show little of the sagacity of grouse and quail in eluding an ever-increasing band of gunners.

All of the above factors tend to prevent our shore birds from increasing in a normal ratio even with the enactment of stringent game laws, although much can be accomplished in this direction by the wise and rigid enforcement of such laws, and our Federal government has proven itself extremely wise and most gratifyingly foresighted in creating a closed season on all species of the true shore birds with the exception of the greater and lesser yellow-legs, golden plover and black-breasted plover.

The United States Department of Agriculture, through the efforts of the Biological Survey as well as numerous state departments of agriculture, have conclusively shown that the majority of species of shore birds are very valuable to our agricultural interests from an economic standpoint in that they annually destroy great quantities of grasshoppers army worms, cutworms, cottonworms, wire worms, and various

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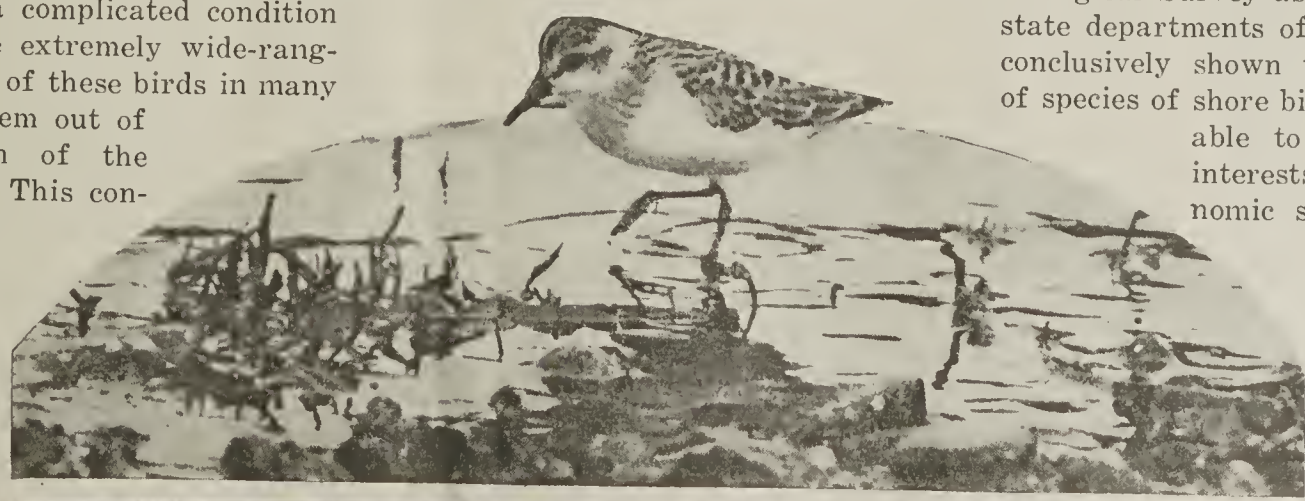
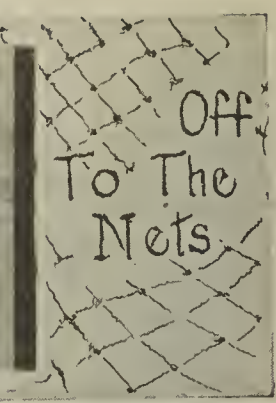


SEARCHING FOR FOOD. FULLY 90% OF THE FOOD OF MOST SHORE BIRDS IS INSECTS. THIS FACT MAKES THEM INVALUABLE TO THOSE WHO DWELL NEAR THE WATERWAYS AS WELL AS TO THE AGRICULTURISTS.



THEM DURN "SHIRKS"

By A. F. WESTERVELT

I WAS sitting, in breathless and pop-eyed amazement, on a rail fence listening to Jed, my uncle's field-hand, to me the most wonderful person in the world. I must have been about ten years old at the time, and he, if we add up the years covered by his various and tremendous experiences, must have been at least a hundred. He was really, I suppose, about twenty-five, a Yankee and a gorgeous liar.

"Yas," drawled he, as my finger-nails dug deeper into the top rail of the fence, "you may well say thet I knows about 'shirks' considerable plenty. The one thet I'm tellin' you about had been a'follerin' the boat fer about a week; my pal Cy wuz near dead from thirst.

"Thet durn ol' shirk knowed thet he wuz on the track o' meat. Wal, say, when Cy died o' course I had to heave him overboard, and thet ol' shirk just took him at one gulp."

I shivered in horrified delight—this was no mere farmhand. Robinson Crusoe, Swiss Family Robinson and all the rest never even approached him. He was Superman! Unable to control myself further, I gasped: "Oh, Jed, did he get you, too?"

I remember the quizzical grin that overspread his face as he replied: "Wal, seein' as how I'm a-settin' here a-tellin' you 'bout it, I reckon as how I *must* have got away. Y'see, I hadn't nothin' on board 'cept a ol' shovel thet had been throwed in by someone, and every time thet ol' shirk would make a dash at me I'd jab at him with it to keep him off. Fin'ally he grabbed it, and I could feel and hear him a-craunchin' on it. T'wuz terrible. I thought he'd sure drag me outen the boat, but I held on and sudden it seems to me thet the shirk wuz jus' a-swimmin' along easy like and not thrashin' and shakin' so much. Pretty soon, I seen a sail. What would I do? I dassn't let go of the shovel, and the ol' shirk just *wouldn't*. Wal, at last I just nailed the shovel handle to the seat and got up and waved my shirt, and so thet's how I cum to be saved."

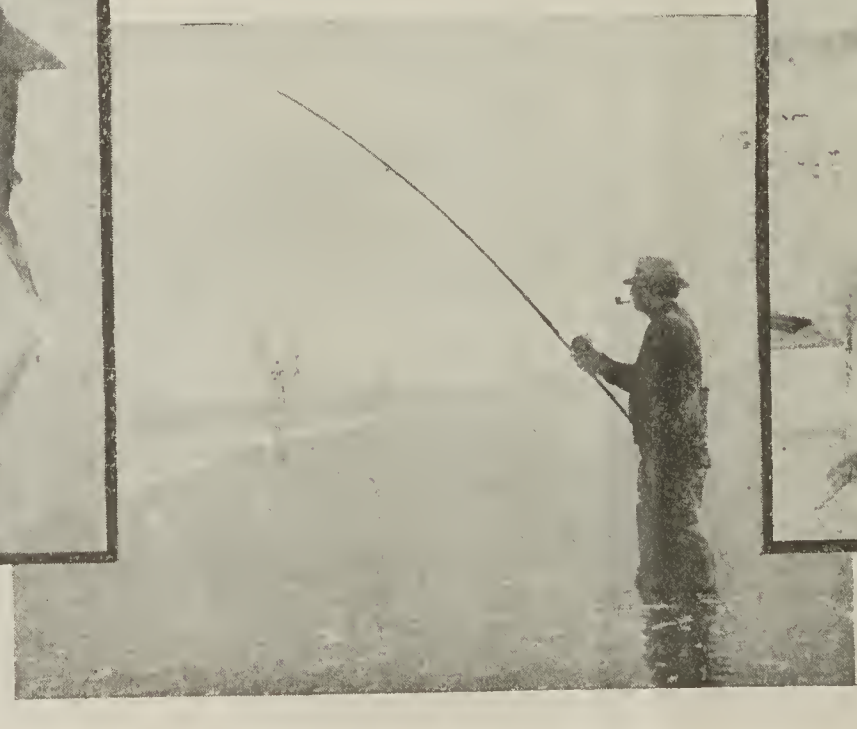
"Oh, yes; but, Jed, how about the shark?" I exploded.

"Wal," replied my hero, "y'see, thet ol' shirk bit so hard on thet shovel thet his teeth went thru and clinched on the other side an' he couldn't git off. When we got to the ship they rove a rope through the shovel handle and histed him on deck, and if you don't believe it, there's the proof on it."

He proudly displayed a charm on his hair watch-cord; no matter what it was, I believed it was just what he claimed it to be—the tooth of the terrible fish that had taken in "Cy."

From that time to the time of the Spanish War I do not think I was much interested in sharks, but in 1898 we had a string of 'em following our ship through the warm waters of the Car-

DON'T DESPISE A TWENTY-POUND "DOGGIE."

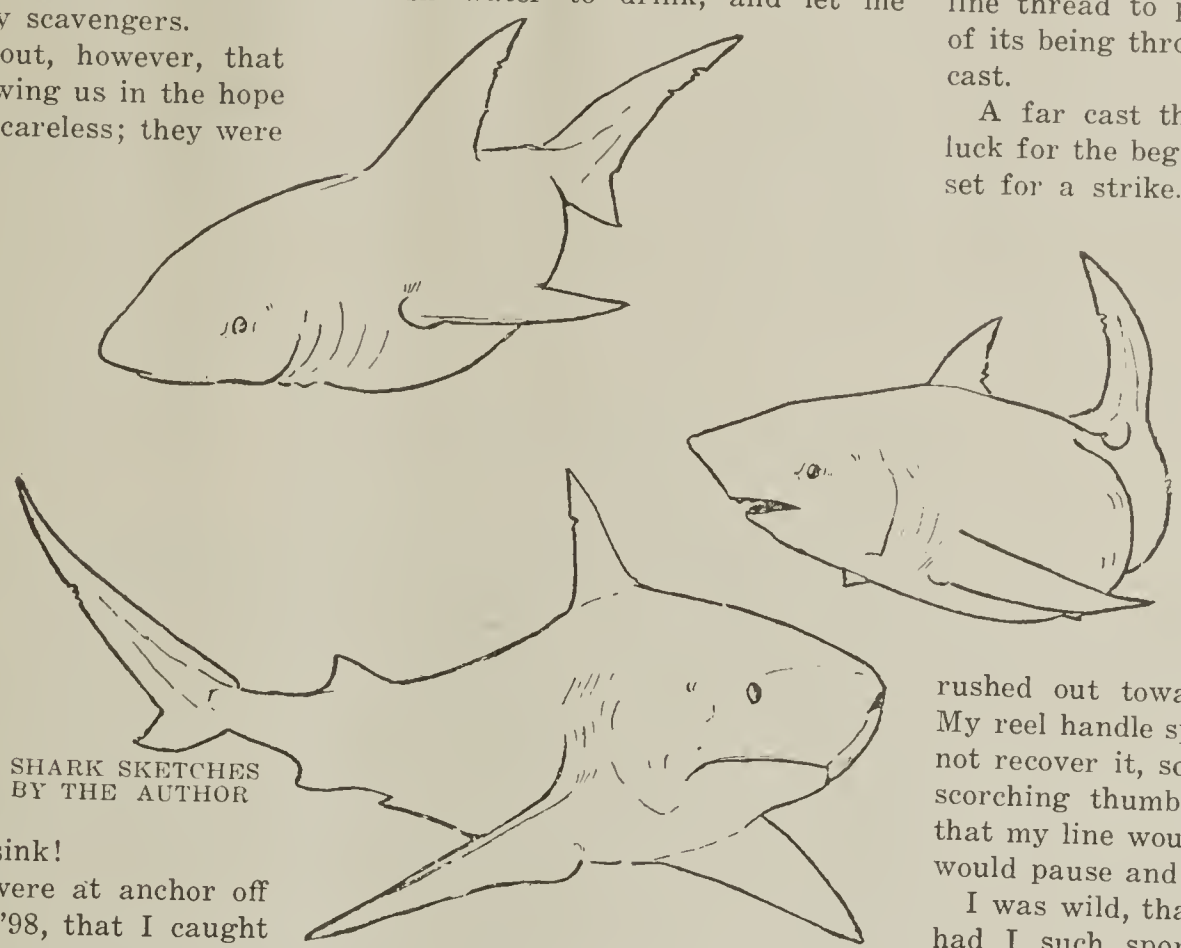


WE CAUGHT AN OCCASIONAL RAY.

ribean and naturally I was interested *then*, as were we all.

Some of the old salts said it meant bad luck with all those sharks following us, and I expect they were right. I imagine that it would have been rotten luck for anyone had he fallen overboard among those hungry scavengers.

We soon found out, however, that they were not following us in the hope of gathering in the careless; they were simply on watch for the cans of spoiled "embalmed beef" that were being heaved over. We *all* heaved it over, without the cans, after the first meal. Holy Mackerel, ye Gobs of '98, do you remember it? Phew! Cans bobbing along merrily in our wake, the bursted ones toothsome morsels for the sharks—the whole cans so full of gas that they couldn't sink!



SHARK SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR

It was while we were at anchor off Havana, on July 4, '98, that I caught my first shark, not in a very sportsmanlike manner, I'll allow, but, as I say, I caught my shark and I caught the shark-fishing bug right then and there.

I had wheedled the ship's smith into making me a shark hook out of a steel rod that he had; it was a good one, too, and he equipped it with six feet of chain and a big swivel. I remember that we baited it with an old sock filled with that awful embalmed beef and heaved the whiffy lure over, attached to a coil of half-inch rope that lay on deck. It was not very long before one of the huge sharks, that swarmed about our vessel, began to nose it; he finally gulped the horrid morsel, and with a hard jerk we firmly hooked him.

A dozen or so of us then tailed onto the rope and hauled the immense, thrashing monster in over the ship's side; I have the jaws, pleasantly agape still; they are grinning at me from the wall of my den as I write, as if to deride my first attempts at salt-water angling

My next experience was when I, a perfectly good fresh-water basser and sometime troutest, was lured from my beloved lakes and streams by a dear friend of salt-water tendencies. A mighty hunter, angler and camper before the Lord was he, and he took me under the shelter of his wing (smoky tent), fed me sanded grub, gave me brakish water to drink, and let me wash all the dishes, pots and pans.

He loaned me his pet surf-rod and reel, and taught me to stand in the swirling waters and cast, and then, brother angler, amid the spume and wildly scudding sea wrack, amid the roar of the pounding breakers and the scream of the gulls, a new soul was born. Generations of seafaring Dutch ancestors lent their aid and a fresh-water angler died and was no more.

I stood with wildly beating heart; how could I tell what sea monster might even then be investigating my bait? Thigh-deep I stood, with the undertow pulling at my legs. I landed an occasional skate and once and again a savage blue-fish.

"Put on a bigger bait," advised my friend; "use a whole bunker." I selected a nice firm one and carefully baited up and heaved it out.

A scream from my reel, a smoking run-off of line; a hundred yards, two hundred yards were torn off my whirring reel, my thumb was blistered from trying to break; then—nothing! My trembling fingers could hardly reel in the line; I was sick with disappointment.

The end of the leader was bitten clean off, so friend Warren advised a shark rig. Six feet of piano wire replaced the gut leader, and another sniffy side of mossbunker was impaled upon the big hook and securely tied with line thread to preclude the possibility of its being thrown off during the next cast.

A far cast this time, by mere good luck for the beginner, and I waited, all set for a strike. I waited not in vain—again a smashing strike from that ravager of my previous rig; again that rush straight out, a hundred yards gone, fifty more, another hundred disappeared into the ocean as, with ever-increasing speed, this "tiger of the sea" rushed out toward the deeper water. My reel handle spun in a blur. I could not recover it, so I simply braked with scorching thumbs and dumbly prayed that my line would last until the shark would pause and I could turn him.

I was wild, that's sure; never before had I such sport—up and down the beach I went. I gave and took in line; again and again I thought I had him beaten, but each time the shark would be off, apparently as fresh as ever. Finally he sulked about one hundred yards off the beach and I despaired of ever landing him.

"Pump him a bit," advised Warren, and pump him I did. This started him at full speed seaward again, and for half an hour more, with aching arms, I fought this powerful fish; time and again he would leap clear of the waves, and I thrilled with delight when my pal yelled: "Good boy, you've certainly hit into a big one. I see him!"

About another half hour of stiff work brought the shark into the undertow, and there my troubles began again—most beginners *do* lose their fish at *this* point, I might add. Finally a monster curler rolled up and, on top of it, I triumphantly rode in my game fish. We got a gaff in him finally and dragged him up the beach.

I was too tired to do much but to wonder how I had done it! Well, that was another shark experience, and now I want big fellows that will run over

(*Continued on page* 474)

EMERSON HOUGH'S WILD WATERS

The Water That Inspired His Greatest Angling Epic

By BEN C. ROBINSON

WHEN I picked up the FOREST AND STREAM of June (that delightful number with its story of basses and its song of sweet waters and whispering woodlands) and turned to the editorial page, my mind flashed back over an old, old trail to the everlasting mutter of the greatest rapids in all the world.

Emerson Hough had passed on over the timber line. And with that sadness that comes only when we lose one of the circle of the trail and campfire, I traveled back to the place where this great soul had laughed, gossiped, lived and loved with his favorite sport of the rod and reel. Back to the muttering rapids of the far famed Sault St. Marie rapids, the home of the greatest battling fish in the world—the rainbow trout.

The news of Emerson Hough's death tore from my brain a veil that had grown there with the passing of time, and I was swept back to the tumbling, tossing, wild waters where Hough's masterpiece of angling literature, "The Wildest Fishing In the World," was born one August night.

It would be well worth the time and the space in the columns of this dear old magazine, wherein Emerson Hough smiled, chatted and buddied with we old rangers of wood and water, to tell of the birth of his great stories—and incidentally of many other things that are strange, thrilling and full of the romance of arching bamboo and screaming reel.

For the benefit of those who have not traveled the trails that lead to the great rapids I shall deviate a bit to lay before them a rough sketch of the wild waters that surge through the narrows of the rugged neck of land that separates Superior —mighty autocrat of the northern border—from Huron, a seething stretch of white-crested waters as unmanageable to-day as it was centuries ago when rugged, half-wild explorers carried their canoes of bark about its devilish maelstrom and leering pitfalls.

I have sat at night in the soft, delicious shadow of maples, where but a few years agone the lodges of Jack Cadreau's people stood. Lodges of hides and long, light birch poles, greasy and worn, to be sure, but the home of men who really loved the shouting, brawling waters. I have sat there when the evenings sport was over and watched the great, iron and steel-sided monsters of Commerce glide down, with many a wild bellow, through the immense locks. The locks of the Soo that carry millions of our dollars and an equal number of millions of the golden hoard of the great wheat districts of the Saskatchewan and the Dakotas through to the far horizon that lays to the east—aye! even beyond that sky line, to the elusive blur of European headlands. This is the gateway of the wheat lands of the Northwest. The throat of the great iron ore ranges that cling to the bleak shores of wild Superior. It is the land of Romance even to-day.

THIS TROUT IS REPPORTED IN THE STORY AS HAVING BEEN TAKEN ON A FLY ROD WITH A SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED BUCKTAIL FLY. WE NOTE, HOWEVER, THAT IT HAS BEEN PHOTOGRAPHED WITH A WELL-KNOWN MAKE OF BAIT-CASTING ROD AND AN EQUALLY WELL-KNOWN TYPE OF LEVEL-WINDING REEL.

We have harnessed the Great Lakes. Superior, even, has been broken to trace and trail, so to speak, and yet she is wild, dancing full of sunlight on dimpling waters, cold and unrevealing. Not a boisterous autumn that goes by, but what the terrible toll of Whitfish Bay, of the mouth of the Sault St. Marie, takes its awful harvest of lives and ships. It is noted and feared among those who float through the great locks on the wings of the night. I would not attempt to say the tonnage of ore, grain and lumber that passes through the American Locks of the Soo Canal. It is tremendous. And yet the rapids below roar and gnash their teeth and turn the wheels of the great light and storage plants that feed upon their ferocity. They cannot be conquered—they are the greatest rapids in the world—and they are the home of the greatest game fish in the world, the rainbow trout.

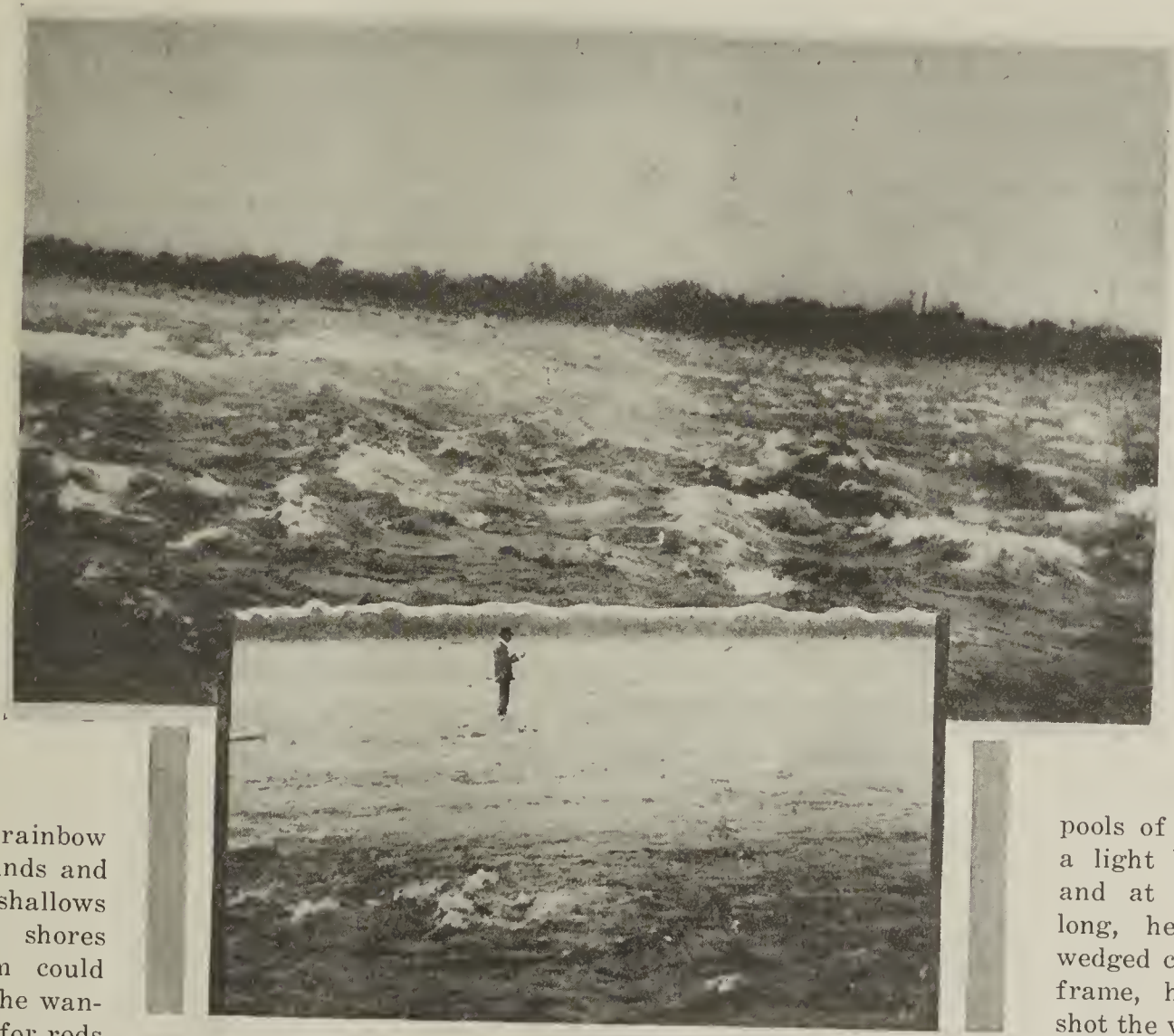
From one end of the country to the other the name of this brawling piece of water has come to be known among those who fish for the trouts. Rainbow, speckled brook trouts and the greatest muskellunge and pike fishing in the world are to be had in the eddying, placid currents below the swift, tumbling waters. The trouts live directly in the current of the rapids themselves, in water that swirls, leaps, yeasts and sucks about the great boulder ledges that clutter the millrace in a strength that the novice trout student would imagine impossible for a fish to live in at all. Yet, in this swirl of green and white water, that actually tears the line from a well set reel, the large rainbow trout of the entire fishing ranges stay.

To fish the wild waters of the Soo is to experience a phase of angling that comes but rarely to the wielder of rod and reel. There are two different methods of casting the fly over

the haunts of the great fish; both are exciting and equally effective. One is what is known among the guides as "rock fishing," that is, wading out with the shore currents into the shallow, but eddying pools that lay for some distance out toward the center of the rapids. A long-handled landing net is used as a guiding staff to make sure that one does not step into a treacherous and deadly pool among the rocks. The fly rod is the usual tool of the "rock fisherman," and the rather large size bass fly the most efficient lure.

The rock fisherman usually fishes down the current or rather works down with the current in the rapids. The fly is cast across the current or even up stream and then drawn back at an angle over the swift flow, touching the curling, white fangs of a swirl at the lower base of a black boulder that stands guard over a little pool, at the head of a rocky barrier to a long, wide pool, or floated down over a smoothly flowing stretch with a sharp, twitching retrieve. It is the daintiest sport in the world; this luring the cunning and powerful rainbows of the Soo from their rock bound haunts.

I have seen rainbow trout of eight pounds and over taken from shallows along the rocky shores where the bottom could easily be seen in the waning afternoon sun for rods about, and yet under a hidden ledge of rock, from some haunt that had escaped the eye, the lightning-like flash of the vicious gamesters would cut the sun-honey of the rock bottomed pools as the light bucktail fly struck the water. It is a bit of fishing that one never knows what it will result in. Perhaps a four-pound speckled trout will come to the first cast, perhaps it will be a full mornings casting of the fly into a regular fury of feeding, surface fish without a single rise, and then again as one is not looking the mighty smashing blow of the pugnacious and bulldog-like rainbow.



THE FAR-FAMED SOO RAPIDS FROM THE CENTRE OF THE CURRENT. LOOKING TOWARD THE CANADIAN SHORE. GREAT RAINBOW TROUT ARE TAKEN FROM THIS PART OF THE WATER.

The other phases of rapids fly fishing and bait fishing (both of which are practiced in this strip of water) are worked from a large canoe, which places the fisherman in the very fury of the wild waters themselves. This last phase of the sport is far from the general ideas of the "gentle pastime." Instead of being a gentle recreation the trout angler who invades the sacred precincts of the Gods of the Rapids will find himself immersed, immediately after entering the canoe and being shoved off into the current by the Indian guide, in a pandemonium or roaring, leaping and intimidating waters, a welter of sound, a world of fury and of haunting menaces that leap toward the very soul of the angler.

Jack Cadreau, one of the Soo guides, was the first that initiated me into the fury of the rapids. I hurried down one summer morning, and as the sun was coming up over the far, flat reaches of the St. Mary's River to the east, in a crimson, hot ball of fire, speaking vividly of the weltering day that was to come, and found the Indian waiting. The long, wide, old canoe that has born this intrepid wanderer of the roaring white water over many a foot of the place for year upon year, and season on season, was drawn up on the rocks at the center of the noisy neck of river.

"You expect to really go out into that welter over there?" I wanted to know of the big fellow.

"All over that, my friend," he laughingly and kindly informed me.

Of all the guides I have followed in the North and other places I have never found one yet that gave more tiresome and consistent service than Jack Cadreau of the great Soo Rapids. He has grown up with these brawling whirlpools, and the song of the wild waters are as much a part of his every-day life as the clatter of the trolley to the city dweller or the lilting, flutelike caroling of the mocking birds to we of country lanes. He was brought first to the light of day in a hide lodge on the very banks of the rapids with the flashing Soo, perhaps his first recollection of the life he was to lead on its boisterous bosom.

Taking his place at the stern of the canoe he motioned me to my place in the after part. Then placing fly rod, fly book and landing net in the canoe at my side he hunched his shoulders to the great canoe and shoved it off the rocks into the dimpling, golden and amber-lined pools of the shore. With a light bound he was in and at the bow with a long, heavy cedar pole, wedged close into the bow frame, he crouched and shot the vessel out into the first glassy raps of the place. I had a vague moment's impression of being clutched in merciless phantom fingers, the senseless unimportance of being born against an irresistible flow, and then the terrible creep of icy fear, closing on the heart.

We were in the rapids of the Soo! I crouched, my rod forgotten, and looked ahead to the great shoulders of the Indian heaving with might and main against a terrific flood of smothering waters. The senselessness of the entire thing, the futile struggle of a mere man against this the glory of the Rapids Gods, the scream of torn

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HUNTING WITH A CAMERA

By

A. BROOKER KLUGH

A Series of Practical Articles on Wild Life Photography

THE photography of reptiles is most successfully accomplished with the reflex, as with this type of camera the focus can be instantly changed as the animal changes its position.

From the standpoint of photography, reptiles may be divided into two classes: those which can be handled, as the majority of snakes and turtles, and those which cannot, as the rattlesnakes and the Snapping Turtle. In the case of those which can be handled, it usually pays to devote some little time to inducing them to take up a situation and assume a position which shows them to the best advantage. Specific and individual temperament shows itself as markedly in reptiles as in other animals, but with the majority of individuals the more they are handled the more tractable they become. It must, however, be borne in mind that a picture of a reptile engaged in some natural activity, such as feeding or egg-laying, is worth a dozen of one doing nothing in particular.

Amphibians are, as a rule, very easy subjects, as they may be freely handled and are much given to remaining in one position for a considerable length of time, so that quick exposures are not necessary. The faults to avoid in protographing frogs and toads are: (1) Too high a view-point, which makes the animal look even more "squat" than it really is; (2) making an exposure when the subject is in an unnatural attitude, due to fear; (3) photographing the animal in some situation, such as on a flat stone or on a road, which does not show its natural environment.

Panchromatic plates and suitable filters are of considerable value in giving a correct rendition of the colors and markings of many reptiles and amphibians.

Fish can rarely be photographed satisfactorily in their natural environment, and for successful work an aquarium must be brought into use.

Aquaria of various sizes can be obtained from dealers in scientific apparatus, and the requisites of an aquarium for this work are:

1. It must be rectanguar and all four sides made of glass.

2. The glass, of one of the longer sides at least, must be perfectly clear.

3. The frame of the aquarium should be made of metal, and be strong enough to allow the aquarium to be carried about without being strained and springing a leak.

Another piece of equipment, which is necessary for fish photography, is a rectangular, flaring box, open at both ends, one end being the size of one of the long sides of the aquarium, and the other end large enough to admit the front of the camera. The object of this box is to provide a dark tunnel between the side of the aquarium and the lens and thus to avoid the reflections which would otherwise be formed on the surface of the glass, and which would mar the clearness of the objects within the aquarium. The length of the box will depend upon the focal length of the lens, the size of the aquarium and the scale of reduction of the object to be photographed, and must be found by trial. The inside of the box should be painted a dead black.

It is desirable to keep the fish for some time in an quarium before photographing them, as recently captured fish are usually very wild and are given to making sudden rushes and leaps. After a few days in an aquarium most fish become much quieter and more tractable.

The aquarium should be set up on supports out in the direct sunlight on a clear day. The glass should be carefully cleaned inside and out, especial

attention being paid to the sheet of glass facing the camera.

The bottom of the aquarium should also be thoroughly cleaned, and all accessories, such as stones, shells, water-plants, etc., which are to be used should be washed and rewashed until all mud, silt and loose particles have been removed. These operations are most important, because if there is any dirt in the apparatus, or on the accessories, it will be stirred up by the movements of the fish and the water will be rendered so cloudy that clear photographs will be an impossibility.

The box connecting the aquarium is arranged on supports and the camera is set up. The aquarium is then filled with clear water, the accessories are placed in position, and the fish is introduced into the aquarium.

A clean sheet of glass, as long as the aquarium, is useful for dividing it into two sections, the front one containing the fish and the rear one the water-plants, as by this means the fish's movements towards and away from the lens are restricted, and the fish cannot get behind or among the plants.

The lighting must be carefully studied, and the aquarium must be moved as the sun's position changes, so that the fish is illuminated in the most effective manner.

Different species of fish differ a great deal in their requirements as to the temperature and oxygen content of the water, some demanding cool, well-aerated water, while others are able to withstand relatively high temperatures and deficiency of oxygen without inconvenience, and these differences must be taken into account in determining how long the fish is to remain in the aquarium and how frequently the water shall be changed.

The reflex is the most efficient type of camera for this work, as the movements of the fish can be watched on the focussing-screen and the shutter released the moment the desired position is assumed.

Because of the activity of most fish, of the constant movement of the pectoral fins of nearly all species, exposures must be brief—1/25 to 1/50 second. It is highly desirable to use panchromatic plates on many species of fish in order to record their coloration and markings, and if the lens is used at a wide aperture (f:5.5 to f:6) a special rapid panchromatic plate (300 H & D) and a light filter, such as the K_1 orthe Ilford Alpha, can be employed and still bring the exposures within the limit.

Successful insect photography depends chiefly upon two factors — the securing of a large-scale image and correct color rendition, the former calling for a long bellows-extension and the latter for use of panchromatic plates and suitable filters.

Insects less than half an inch in length are too small to make successful pictures unless magnified, which involves the use of a microscopic attachment and prolonged exposures; but species between half an inch and an inch in length make effective pictures when photographed life-size. Still larger species, which category includes many moths, locusts, grasshoppers, beetles, bugs, wasps, bees and flies, and the majority of butterflies and dragonflies, may either be photographed life-size or taken on a somewhat reduced scale and subsequently enlarged to life-size.

There are two main methods of insect photography — uncontrolled and controlled. In the former method a search is made for an insect of the desired species in a favorable location, and it is photographed with the reflex used at full extension. In the latter method the insect is captured, anaesthetized with ether and placed in any desired pose in a suitable location. The former provides the best sport; the latter the best pictures. In both methods it is equally important to show the insect in its natural surroundings, though in the latter method a plain neutral background may often be used very effectively.

The first method is of application only to insects of considerable size, especially butterflies, large moths and dragonflies. In using the reflex in this work, rapid panchromatic plates, such as the Ilford Special Rapid Panchromatic, and a light filter, such as the Ilford Alpha or the Wratten K_1, and the smallest stop which the lighting conditions allow, should be used.

If the posing method is to be used successfully, it calls for very close observation of the food plants, or the natural resting-places, of the insects to be photographed, and of the characteristic positions of the various species.

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Erratic Trouting Conditions

By LOUIS RHEAD

BELOW — THE WATER IS NORMAL; THERE IS A HEAVY CURRENT, AND THE INSECT HATCH IS AT ITS HEIGHT. TROUT RISE THROUGHOUT THE DAY. CONDITIONS ARE IDEAL.

ABOVE—IN A WEEK'S TIME THE STREAM HAS FALLEN SO LOW THAT ROCKS SHOW. THERE ARE NO INSECTS, AND ONLY AN OCCASIONAL CHUB WILL TAKE THE ANGLER'S FLY. CONDITIONS ARE IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE FLY CASTER. THE TROUT FEEDING IRREGULARLY THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, DEPENDENT UPON INFREQUENT AND SMALL HATCHES OF INSECTS. THESE PHOTOS WERE TAKEN ON THE LITTLE BEAVER KILL DURING THE TRIP DESCRIBED IN THIS ARTICLE.

EXTREMELY forunate indeed is angler who gets on a good trout stream when "conditions" are *just right.* Absolutely *perfect* conditions are utterly beyond our wildest dreams only to be enjoyed in our next —more perfect life. The auto car has made a wonderful change to the angler, for better or worse. The advantages we now have is we start just when we like, and get to trout regions in quick time. Then from the hotel we cover and fish properly a far greater number of pools with reserved strength of foot for wading. Our car provides better facilities in packing and transporting tackle and fish captured. I know many ardent anglers who run up to the heart of the Catskill trout region every week end of the entire season, starting after business on Fridays, fish all day Saturday and Sunday, then return to town early on Monday. These are not the men who suffer. The greatest sufferer who needs our fullest sympathy is the ardent angler with only a week or so to spare each fishing season and then finds conditions unfavorable.

A friend writes to you who lives near the rivers. "Come *now*, for big catches are on, trout are rising to beat the band." Well, then, how hurriedly we prepare, pack up, and get off. How anxiously we notice the streams in passing on our uphill journey, for by them we tell exactly what are present conditions—that may be dry or swollen to a torrent. The higher we climb towards our destination the lower our spirits sink, and Mr. Harding's "normalcy" is a sort of tantalizing, visionary myth. Past memories of innumerable "bad" conditions stir up a most uncomfortable feeling, especially if our non-angling wifey seated on the back seat archly asks (with a twinkle in her eyes) that hoary old question, "do the conditions suit?" Of course they don't suit—they never do—well hardly ever. Dear brother angler, I'm not cranky enough to ask for the round globe, or even the full moon, nevertheless, I would *like*, and I believe most anglers will agree likewise, that good, or even fair conditions might be kind enough to greet us once in fifty or a hundred trips.

AN hour after our friend has notified us, up comes a roaring flood from a torrential downpour with fly fishing out of gear and two days spent in impatient idleness. Perchance we may find the streams low and glassy, with hot winds, and no insects, of course, no rising or feeding trout. Even though we should find the streams at normal height, it's either too cold, or hot, or windy, or rainy. The uniniated will exclaim, "What the devil *do* you want." Brother, I've no answer to that. Suppose we do get fairly favorable conditions the hotel is sure to be chock full of good anglers burning with a desire to do wonders — which they surely do, for don't we find them scattered all along the river at every one of our favorite pools beating them unmercifully from the very spots we would like to beat ourselves. Is it any wonder our anger rises, nay our very spleen is discolored. Wifey says with some truth, "Anglers are for everlasting in a pack of trouble." The inspiration for this article came from the experience now closing of a ten-day trip, June 18 to 28, of the worst conditions I have known in this region for thirty years, on the Premier Stream of New York State, the lower Beaver Kill after its junction with the Willowemoc.

On arrival we found the hotel crowded, some were famous anglers who tied their own flies remarkably well. The ice cooler contained a splendid lot of trout, many of them quite large in size — but, caught when the water was low and the weather cool, with trout feeding on the fatness of June flies.

Then came a sudden hot spell, night as well as day, which put a complete stop to insect hatches, as well as rising and feeding trout. Conditions grew worse from day to day, till fish were only seen a short spell before dark. After the fifth day fish refused flies both evening and night. A few were taken just before and after dawn. At that time I tried to coax a large fish of five pounds lying in a chosen lair well-known to everybody, and to whose honor the native anglers has erected a sort of riverside platform from which they could sit to easily fling big night walkers, minnows and other dainties to his chosen lair which had been occupied for the last four years—so I was told. This trout had been hounded by

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TOURING WITH RAYMOND SPEARS

By RAYMOND SPEARS

Those who have been auto camping and the thousands who are looking forward to the day when they can explore this wonderful country cannot fail to profit by reading these instructive articles which are replete with the experiences and suggestions of one of the most experienced auto campers of the day.

FROM end to end of the country in all directions there are places which invite automobile tourists to municipal, private, public and other prepared camp grounds. Many, perhaps most tourists, arrange their journeys to bring them at evening, or camping time, to these places where camping is authorized. One expects to find here water, firewood, and various conveniences.

On the main trails the use made of these specified grounds is astonishing. Hundreds of cars roll into Denver's Rocky Mountain Lake Park daily. The authorities were obliged to survey it, and allot the tourists to certain lots, there to park their cars, pitch their tent and confine themselves. Also, in order to prevent long stays, the park had a limit on the length of time one might occupy a lot in the park.

There are places and regions where the municipal parks are well outside of the communities; in others they are on a main street, and just over the fence from the passing side-walk throngs. To cross the United States in an automobile, and come to these free, or rented, camping ground privileges is to meet every kind of condition, from foul, uncared-for places to such delightful memories as the great timbered forest and open that is the joy of the outdoor wanderer.

The West has always had camp grounds for the tourists. On the great highways that lead into the El Dorado lands, into the homestead regions, into the countries where the real estate agents and the boomers have their beckoning hands ever in the air, the old prairie schooner travelers, the horseback wanderers, the very walkers, and then the bicyclers found themselves allotted definitely to certain generally excellent camping places by some spring or other source of water. Water for horses, men and cooking—and we found these old camp grounds available in the many forms from the Missouri westward.

East of the Missouri the sudden rush of travelers in gasolene vehicles found the country almost wholly unprepared for them. There are to this day thousands of communities where tourists are utterly unwelcome, where storekeepers receive their trade with surly disdain, and where the camper in an automobile is regarded as a species of Gypsy, a potential chicken thief, and it must be said that many an automobile camper is a thief, stealing fruit, vegetables and other unprotected produce, and also a vandal, breaking into schoolhouses, maltreating all kinds of public property, and private property with shameless disregard of his own reception, when he returns (this type never expects to return that way) with the result that No Trespass signs greet every passer-by at some of the finest and pleasantest camp sites anywhere in the country.

In self-defence from these raiding petty scoundrels, laws have been passed to protect public and private property in a number of states. When a tourist is treated as though he was unfit for local habitation, he goes on—and when he comes to a community that has a camp ground in the corn or wheat belt, he stops right there. He goes to the local stores and buys provisions for a week. He may even go to the local garages and spend $50 or so having his car shaped up for the miles ahead. The average tourist, on a two weeks' or month's tour, will spend $10 or more per day per car. The transcontinental, done in thirty days, means $300 to $500—all spent somewhere along the way. It is done for much less—$100 for a car of two or three people—and I don't know how much it can be made to cost, with chauffeur and guide, truck with an outfit, and a car giving four or five miles for a gallon of gas.

New England is awakening rapidly to touring camp demands, and there are beauties operated by communities, and fine places on farms and in private woodlands. Inquiry at garages reveal these. Care must be taken in the forest regions not to transgress the forest laws, and I understand that a fire built along the road in Massachusetts anywhere means a fine, no matter with what care it is attended to. But everywhere I went there, on a ramble of fifteen hundred miles, we found delightful grounds in New England.

In Maine the highways lead to lakes and streams, and beside the road one may swing his hammocks, park his car, and pitch his tent. In New Hampshire, the Western method of camping between the road and the fence is perfectly feasible under beautiful trees. The White Mountains, the Berkshires, the Green Mountains—the casual tourist need never camp with another party, and yet never lack for side-road "accommodations." Thousands of

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FOREST AND STREAM

FOUNDERS OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY

Dr. WILLIAM BRUETTE, Editor

Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation

THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL WILL BE TO studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and a refined taste for natural objects.
August 14, 1873.

A NATION-WIDE DEMAND

ABOUT the only argument advanced in favor of the ever present Anti-firearm menace—except utterly purile and easily controverted statements such as that the abolition of weapons will abolish crime—is the claim that there is "a nation-wide demand for such legislation."

The citizens who are supposed to be making this demand however, always remain unidentified. Here and there, crops up some reformer or some politician who is fathering such a law, but these cannot by any stretch of a febrile imagination constitute "a nation-wide demand." And so for the most part, the proponents of anti-firearm legislation remain nameless.

It is well for the chances of such legislation that this is so. Few voters, unless they chance to be politicians or reformers, would persist in so absurd a stand if they were fully informed as to the great potentialities for evil which follow in the wake of anti-firearm laws.

Publicity is the card on which the reformer and the politician depends to convince the average sane citizen that the "nation-wide demand" about which they prate, exists. Publicity is the one way by which it can be proven that no such demand does exist.

Every man who believes that "the right to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed," who believes that this is one of the essentials keeping our nation free from the domination of criminals and Bolsheviks, must let the newspapers of his locality know how he feels. If this is done it will soon be apparent that there is "a nation-wide demand" that such proposed laws never disgrace our statutes, or place the law-abiding citizen at the mercy of the lawless.

A NATIONAL MATCH FOR BOYS

NATIONAL Match training, which has proven in the past so effecacious in developing proficient marksmen among adult citizens may confidently be counted upon to work quite as well—if not better—when applied to boys. There is, therefore, little doubt as to what the result will be when the principles of intensive instruction in marksmanship, accompanied by a series of carefully thought out matches, are applied to a group of youngsters this year at Camp Perry.

During the first ten days of the National Match period, a score or more members of the W. J. R. C. will be under canvas on the Lake Erie Range. There will be provided an attractive daily athletic program in connection with the real object of the camp—intensive instruction in the use of the small-bore rifle, including a series of lectures, and a schedule of matches in which the boys can apply the technical information which they have acquired. The matches have been so arranged that the shooters automatically classify themselves by their scores, and having qualified in the simpler events, are entered in others which progressively call for greater skill from the shooters. The match series will decide several class championships. The boys will attend the matches under the same conditions as adult citizens, their only expense being for transportation and for subsistence while on the range.

From time to time, here and there, boys have attended the National Matches. In the past, however, they have come with their parents, and have only entered one or two of the small bore events. It is impossible under existing conditions for the government to pay the expenses of a camp for boys in connection with the National Matches. Yet the attendance of boys interested in marksmanship should be encouraged, and the idea of a boy's unit at Camp Perry is a good one, and one which within a very short time should bear fruit, in an increased number of rifle clubs, as soon as the boys grow old enough to form them. One of the surest ways to clinch a boy's interest in any sport is to take him out where men are indulging in it as a recreation. Instantly—whatever the sport may be—it becomes a desirable past-time.

NEW EDITION BOOK OF THE BLACK BASS

DURING the past three years Dr. Henshall, whose name has become synonymous with black bass, has been revising and re-writing his famous angling classic, the "Book of the Black Bass." In its renewed and amplified form it will consist of a hundred pages more than the last edition. Many new features have been added, and the chapters relating to tools, tackle and practical fishing have been brought up to date. Some charming accounts and episodes or personal experience in angling have been introduced, and are in Dr. Henshall's well-known pleasing and entertaining style. Many new illustrations and colored plates have replaced some of the old ones, while those showing the methods of fly-casting and bait-casting are reproduced from photographs of the author. Original and characteristic drawings depicting the angler in action have been especially prepared.

The book has many new and interesting features. The chapters on practical angling are enriched with dependable hints and instructions to the angler, whether the old hand or new beginner. Dr. Henshall has been known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM from its foundation as the Apostle of the Black Bass, and in later years as the Father of the Grayling, and now, in his eighty-seventh year, he is regarded affectionately as the Dean of American Anglers. As he is the author of several widely read books on angling, it is only necessary to say that anything from his pen is authorative, instructive and wholly American in spirit, original and to the manner born.

The new book is bound in silk cloth, 550 pages, and is published by the Stewart-Kidd Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FIFTY YEARS

WITH the present issue FOREST AND STREAM completes its first half century of publication. This period covers the most remarkable era in the development of healthful out-door sports, in keeping with the great advance in science and art. During the first twenty-five years of this period destruction of game reached the point of extinction of a few species. The last quarter century has witnessed great progress in the work of restoration in various lines. In this practical conservation the sportsmen's press must be credited with having taken an important part.

There is a wealth of interesting and instructive matter in the complete files of FOREST AND STREAM. Charles Hallock, editor and founder, who a few years later was succeeded by Dr. George Bird Grinnell, with the co-operation of a coterie of excellent contributors, aided in the advancement of the periodical literature of American field sports to a higher plane. The primary object, "to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and a refined taste for natural objects"—consistently and persistently pursued—has been attained to a gratifying degree.

In the near future we intend to publish, within modest limits, a symposium in which the surviving members of the Old Guard of contributors and readers will doubtless be pleased to take part, presenting a chapter of noteworthy reminiscences. The invitation is cordial, and the fraternal spirit so long shown by the veterans well justifies belief that there will be ready response to our invitation.

A FITTING MEMORIAL

THE act of a pioneer family of Humboldt County, California, in deeding to the State a valuable tract of primeval Redwood forest to stand as a memorial to Humboldt County's pioneers, is indeed appropriate. Mrs. Zipporah Russ, who herself crossed the plains in 1853, has given 166 acres of wonderful land on the State Highway near Orick, California, in memory of her husband, Joseph Russ, a pioneer of 1852, and also as a memorial to all the pioneers of Humboldt County. The grove will be known as the Humboldt County Pioneer Memorial and will be dedicated to use as a public park.

These giant trees, the Sequoia sempervirens or Redwoods, were ages old when California's first pioneers arrived. They had for centuries been objects of reverence and wonder among the Indians who inhabited these shores. Some of the very trees now standing in the Russ Pioneer Memorial Grove were practically as they are today in size and girth when Columbus discovered America, and when Sir Francis Drake sighted the shores of California. Some of these trees were saplings at the time of the birth of Christ.

The gift of this grove comes as the result of the work of the Save the Redwoods League, which for several years past has been active in securing through state, county, and private aid the preservation of an adequate tract of our primeval Redwood forest, one of the unique and priceless possessions of California. It is to be hoped that the example set by this pioneer memorial will be followed in the establishment of many such public Redwood groves.

CATS OR SONG-BIRDS—WHICH?

WE cannot have both. Let the lovers of birds rise up and assert their rights to the enjoyment of one of the greatest privileges of suburban life.

With the abundance of trees, hedges and shrubbery in our suburbs, together with the teaching which all school-children are now receiving of the economic and aesthetic value of song-birds, our suburbs would in a year or two become a veritable bird paradise except for one cause—the cats that are permitted to live, range and hunt everywhere.

"Over our front door," writes one of our readers, Dr. W. A. Flecker of Richmond, "we had a pair of robins nesting which we watched with eager anticipation of the flock of young robins we would have on our lawn. A cat caught first the male robin. His mate stopped laying but began to sit on two eggs which afterwards hatched, when the cat caught and was seen eating the mother bird.

"I heard a commotion in the rear of the adjoining lot a few days ago and saw another cat stalking some young thrushes in spite of the protests of the old birds. Before I could act, the cat sprang and caught one. The others have probably gone the same way. A gentleman told me this morning that he saw a cat recently with a beautiful red cardinal. A lady saw a cat catch two young mocking-birds before she could intervene."

Let all who love birds unite in declaring death to predatory cats, starting at home. One cat can destroy the bird life of a whole block. They do not compare in value to a five-cent mouse-trap, and not one cat in ten will attack a full-grown rat. Rats can be destroyed with traps and poison, and can be built out.

Kill every cat found wandering in the fields.

DR. G. LENOX CURTIS

DR. G. LENOX CURTIS, who was President of the Canadian Camp, died at Utica, New York, June 27th, 1923.

Dr. Curtis was born in 1854, graduate of the University of Pennsylvania Dental degree 1880, Medical degree 1887, post-graduate courses University of Berlin and Vienna.

He was the founder of the Canadian Camp and its President for twenty years, active supporter of the National Park movement, an extensive traveler throughout Southern Canada and the Western United States.

The organization of the Canadian Camp was rather extraordinary and very unique. It had but a purely social object and its purpose was to promote fellowship and the observance of the highest form of true sportsmanship. There was no constitution, no initiation fee, no dues and no liabilities and the membership included 6,000 men and women who had camped in Canada.

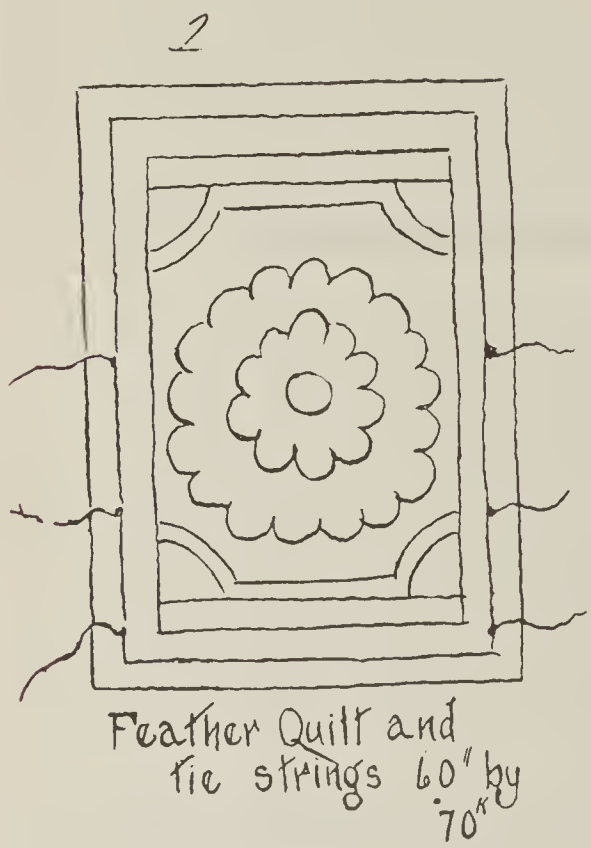
Theodore Roosevelt, Joseph Jefferson, Robert E. Peary, Lord Kitchener, Cy. Warman, Fred Brown, C. J. Jones and John Burroughs were all associates of Dr. Curtis in the Canadian Camp Society.

Thousands of friends of Dr. Curtis will, in his death, mourn the passing of a delightful gentleman, a true sportsman and an ardent enthusiast of the great outdoors.

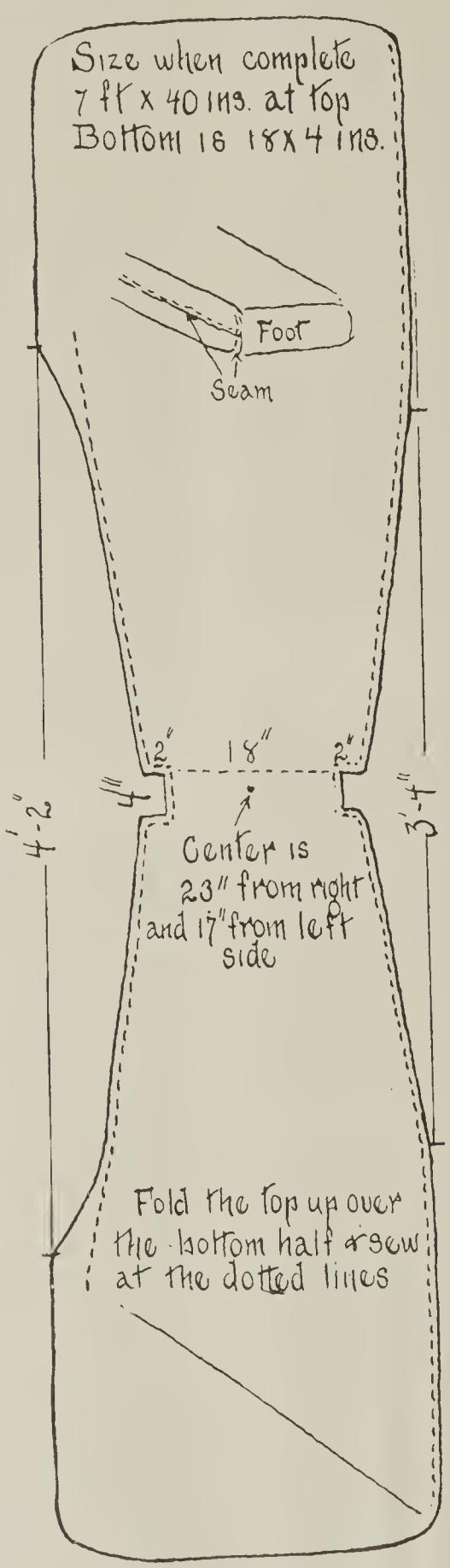
ONE-MAN SLEEPING-BAG

ON a two months' sojourn in the cattle country of western Nebraska, I used a one-man sleeping-bag described in the following. It is patterned on the model of the double sleeping-bag my wife and I have used on trips during the last four years, and expect to use on the many future trips we have in view, which I described in FOREST AND STREAM. March. 1917, issue.

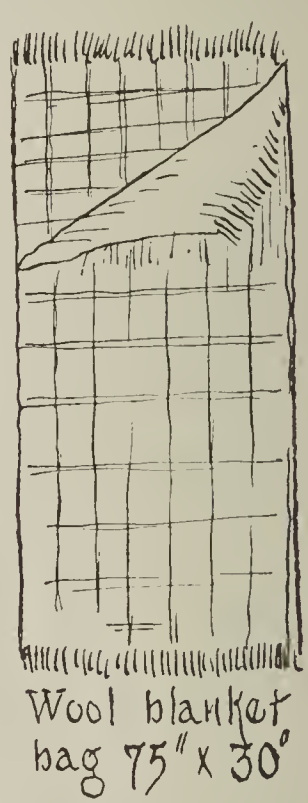
The idea is to do away with many contraptions, such as tie strings, snap buttons and lacing one finds so many bags adorned with. These are all good



if used in tents, gloves and shoes, respectively. This sleeping-bag can be made of light-weight material or medium-weight canvas, 12 ounces, as mine is, according to one's experience or use it is intended for. For bedding I use one eiderdown quilt, 60 by 78 inches, and two single wool blankets that are sewed together in this way. One is doubled lengthwise and the sides of the single are sewed to the sides of the doubled one. This forms an oblong bag open at both ends, so it can be used either way for head end, and is easily



aired. The double thickness is for underneath. On cold nights the feather quilt is to be placed on top the single wool blanket, and warm nights underneath the doubled blanket, on very hot nights the sleeper can top the pile of bedding with just the canvas cover above, which is very cooling, then when the cool of the early morn comes on just shift himself in between the prearranged blankets. To get the bedding in the case just run the hands in the two holes at the foot end of canvas cover—see drawings—and out through the head end. The cover forms itself around the arms. Next grasp the foot end of blankets formerly folded at the corners with both hands, then with a flit and a shake the bedding is telescoped inside the canvas cover. Button the tabs covering the holes at the foot end and tie the corners over with



the tie strings to the loop sewed on the underside of foot end. This will make it snug for the tootsies on a cold night, then roll up the bed, beginning at the head end, till wanted.

Material needed is close woven khaki 6 or 8 oz. 14 ft. long x 40 inches wide. Cut and sew as shown in the drawing. In connection I might as well describe my bedding. One eider-down quilt with three sets of tie strings. When this quilt is folded lengthwise, the sets of strings tied, it forms a feather bag. I formerly sewed the edges together but

found it hard to air. Inside the quilt I put my old steamer blanket, this same blanket I have owned almost eleven years. It is sewed bag shape open at the ends, like Nessmuk's.

I find the best way to get the bedding inside of canvas case is to start rolling the bedding up in a role from the foot end. Now turn the corner of case down at the line in diagam, lay the role on bottom half and unroll it down inside.

JIM FERGUSON.

A QUICK, EFFECTIVE PATCH FOR CANOES

WE have all felt more or less that the time necessary for patching up the canoe, where a sharp rock or snag had cut through, could be spent to better advantage in seeking those gamey fighters of the swift waters and the quiet pools or in doing any one of the many things we had come out to the quiet places to do.

The next time you make up your pack include a package of chewing gum. In case of a tear or a puncture, chew a stick or two while the sun dries the canvas for a few minutes, then pull the tear together and apply your gum.

You can then put your canoe in the water at once and be on your way, the entire operation taking only three or four minutes.

Your patch is absolutely water-proof and the action of the water polishes it to a glass-like smoothness.

Where the tear is not of gigantic proportions you will find your five-cent package of chewing gum a great time saver.

ROBERT G. BRACKETT.

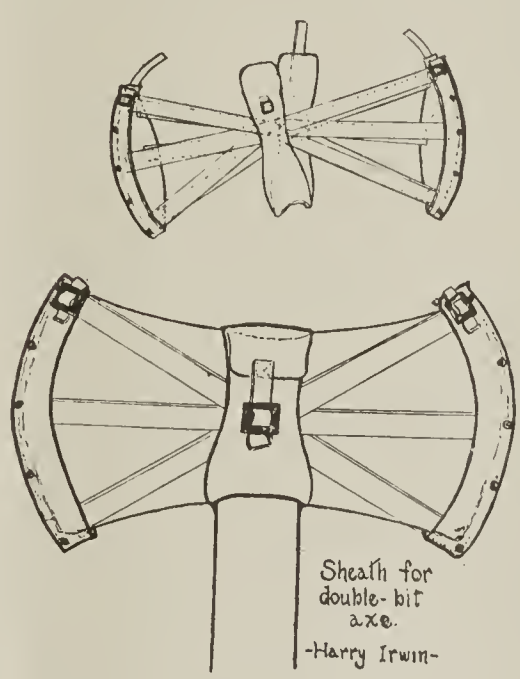
WATCH YOUR HOOK POINTS

SHARP hook points are essential to the angler's success. Carry a hook stone or small file with you. In lieu of this, a small flat pebble, picked up from the stream, makes a good substitute. A few seconds' work may enable you to hook the "big fish" of the season.

RUBE WOOD.

SKELETON AXE SHEATH

A DOUBLE Bit (Michigan) Axe, is an implement not only for a master workman, but also for an expert with "file and stone," as it is continually being knocked over, "nicked" or in some manner "nudged," upon one or the other of its edges unless well protected. A sheath for such an axe, which not only saves in added weight, but also in expensive leather, is easily constructed by refering to the accompanying diagrams. The center piece is of leather, folded in one piece to form the two sides, with an eye cut in the bottom thru which the helve of the axe passes. The strap is of ¾-inch web (army stock) and the buckle is of



the patent eyeless type. The guards for the blades are also of 1-inch leather, sewn and riveted, with web straps at tops and ½-inch buckles. The cross-webbing is of the ¾-inch stock. The top cross-webs are left just a trifle slack to allow free release of the axe. This slack is taken up by tightening the center strap. The ends of the strap webs are button-hole stitched to prevent unraveling.

HARRY IRWIN.

TRAPS FOR RATS

THE barrel-trap device possesses great advantages in its capabilities for securing an almost unlimted number of the vermin in quick succession. It also takes care of itself, requiring no rebating or setting after once put in working order, and is sure death to its prisoners. A water-tight barrel is the first thing required. Into this pour water to the depth of a foot. Next dampen a piece of very thick paper and stretch it over the top of the barrel (like a drum-head), tying it securely below the upper hoops. When the paper dries it will become thoroughly dry and tightened. Its surface should then be strewn with bits of cheese, etc., and the barrel so placed that the rats may jump upon it from neighboring surface. As soon as the bait is gone a fresh supply should be spread on the paper, and the same operation repeated for several days, until the rats get accustomed to visit the place for their regular rations, fearlessly and without suspicion. This is half the battle, and the capture of the greedy victims of misplaced confidence is now an easy matter. The bait should again be spread as before, and a few pieces of cheese should be attached to the paper with gum. It is a good plan to smear part of the paper with gum Arabic, sprinkling the bait upon it. When dry cut a cross in the middle of the paper, and leave the barrel to take care of itself and rats. The first one comes along, spies the tempting morsels, and with his accustomed confidence jumps upon the paper. He suddenly finds himself in the water at the bottom of the barrel, and the paper is closed and ready for the next comer. There is not long to wait. A second victim soon tumbles in to keep company with the first. A third and fourth soon follow, and a dozen or more are sometimes thus entrapped in a very short space of time.—*Gibson.*

WATERPROOFING CANVAS BOATS

Boil 6 ounces hard yellow soap in ½ pint of water. Add ½ pound patent dryer and 5 pounds boiled linseed oil, and apply with a brush.

OUTWITTED BY AN ELK

By E. A. BRININSTOOL

WE were a party of four on a hunt in the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming—Ed Hatch, three of his friends and myself. I was an attorney living at Sheridan, in that state; I was also an aspirant for the district-attorneyship of my county. I had been doing some hard work to get the campaign started and felt the need of a little recreation, so when the hunting season opened Ed insisted that I come up and spend a couple of weeks at his hunting lodge. I accepted.

"You'll see plenty of game and have a good time," Ed admonished me; "so bring your outfit and prepare to have some real fun."

Ed met me at the station with a saddle-horse. The cabin was on the shores of a little lake high up in the Big Horns. It was an ideal spot for a camp. "Lots of elk sign," Ed volunteered, as we were riding over the trail.

Arriving at the camp, I was made acquainted with Ed's friends, who were strangers to me. They were a jolly bunch, and as I was a pretty good "mixer" myself, we were soon on the best terms of comradeship.

Ed had a canoe moored in front of the cabin in which we explored the shores of the lake, finding plenty of elk sign, while deer were numerous. Venison was soon hanging around in the trees near the lodge, and we were enjoying ourselves to the utmost.

One afternoon, as we sat on the platform in front of the cabin, smoking and planning a hunt down at the lower end of the lake, we heard the baying of a hound far off on the eastern end of the little body of water. Ed frowned and exclaimed impatiently:

"There's some fellow out running deer. I've got mighty little use for any man who calls himself a real sportsman who will run a deer with dogs. Wonder who it can be?"

We sat there for some little time listening and speculating. Finally the baying of the dog drew nearer, and it was evident that the hound was running some sort of game in our direction.

"I'm going down the lake a little ways in the canoe," I finally remarked. "Maybe I can get a glimpse of what that dog is trailing."

I didn't take my rifle along. Leaving the boys on the porch, I climbed into the canoe and began paddling slowly and cautiously down the lake, keeping as close to the shore as possible. The underbrush along that side of the lake was quite dense, and I skirted along slowly, taking care to make no noise with my paddle.

I had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile from the cabin, which was in plain view all the time, when the louder baying of the dog told me that whatever animal was being pursued must be close at hand. I pulled in my paddle and allowed the canoe to drift noiselessly.

Suddenly a large bull elk broke from the underbrush and trotted to the water's edge. The animal was perhaps a hundred yards in advance of my position. Pausing but a moment, the louder baying of the hound warned the pursued creature that an enemy was close at hand, and it waded out into the water and struck out for a projecting point of land nearly half a mile distant.

I was such an interested spectator, and so delighted at seeing the elk give the dog the slip, that up to this moment it never occurred to me to interfere in any manner with the creature's escape. But after it had forged ahead a few hundred yards, a brilliant (?) idea came into my head. There was a bowline attached to the canoe. It was long and strong. Why not throw a noose over the elk's antlers and have a free ride, with animal power as the means of locomotion?

I teetered along to the bow of the canoe, picked up the bowline and hastily made a running noose. The line was fifteen or twenty feet long, the other end being fastened to a strong staple in the bow end. The staple was held in place by heavy screws.

Returning quickly to my seat, I coiled the line in front of my seat, ready for use. The elk by this time was some distance in the lead. Picking up the paddle, I plied it vigorously and soon began to gain on the swimming creature. I heard some loud shouts from the cabin, and noted that the boys had all run down to the edge of the lake to watch the fun. I paused long enough to wave my hat at them, then returned to my paddling with increased vigor.

I didn't stop to figure out what I was going to do with the elk in case I did succeed in roping him. Neither did it occur to me that there was the least bit of danger connected with the proposition. I was only thinking what a story it would make to be able to say that I had roped a big bull elk in a lake, and that the creature had towed me a mile or two in a frail canoe—something I was ready to warrant had never happened to any other sportsman, of my acquaintance, at least. Also, I wanted to "show off" before the boys. And then, it wasn't going to do any particular harm to the elk—and certainly there was nothing for me to worry about, so far as my own personal safety was concerned.

The elk was plowing through the water at a pretty rapid speed. Loud barking at the shore behind showed that the dog had tracked his quarry to the water's edge, and that the chase was over, so far as that particular creature was concerned.

The elk seemed to sense that another foe was on his trail, for he snorted and breasted the water faster than ever. But it took me only a few rapid strokes to overtake him.

I had the bowline all ready. It looked so easy to toss it over the animal's antlers. Plainly it was frightened, and I wondered if it might not turn on me and show fight. I grabbed the rope, and with a sweep of the paddle threw

the canoe up within six feet of the puffing, snorting creature. Then quickly rising, I swung the rope with a good momentum, and over the creature's antlers it dropped "as easy as pie."

When the noose tightened the big animal started up at a speed which made the little canoe fairly dance on the water. I crawled to the rear seat, while loud whoops and yells came from the direction of the cabin. What sport it would be if I could only turn my improvised "motor boat" back and ride past the cabin! Wouldn't it make the boys' eyes pop!

However, there was no way of bringing this about. There was nothing in the canoe with which to turn the animal. The line was long and the elk was probably fifteen to eighteen feet ahead of the canoe. However, I waved my hat around my head and yelled with delight at the novel sport. Certainly I was enjoying a thrilling experience.

In my excitement and enthusiasm I left my seat and perched myself high in the stern of the canoe, with both feet sprawled over the sides. This tipped the bow rather high in the air, but to this I paid no attention. I was being carried through the water at a pretty rapid rate of speed, and the elk, urged by the strange conveyance he was towing, fairly outdid himself in his efforts to get away from this new form of enemy.

Had I realized what was to happen I would have been paying some attention to my own safety, and especially to the depth of water thereabout, but I was unacquainted with it. I noted, however, that the elk was veering off to the right, toward a projecting point of land, and I then began to wonder what would happen when he reached it.

I wasn't long left in doubt. My "motive power" was increasing its speed, and as a wild whoop echoed across the water from the direction of the cabin I turned about to respond to it.

Alas! It was a fatal move. We were then about fifty feet from the shore. Suddenly there was a tremendous tug; the canoe slid out from under me as if it was greased, and over backward I went into the lake. The elk had "struck bottom" sooner than I had anticipated.

Of course, the depth of water was nothing alarming at that point, although it was over my head. The elk had struck solid bottom and he had lost no time in using his hoofs. I heard a great splashing and splattering as I went under out of sight, followed by loud yells from the boys. As I rose to the surface I had a faint vision of a gray streak making for the shore. Then came a loud crash and more yells from the boys.

It only required a stroke or two toward shore before I found my footing. But where was the elk? The animal was nowhere in sight. Neither was the canoe, but the reeds and rushes at the water's edge were bent and twisted where the creature had plunged through them. I wondered if the elk were yet at the other end of that bowline. If so, it behooved me to move with extreme caution, for a mad bull elk is a mighty dangerous antagonist. Neither elk nor canoe were in sight.

I waded cautiously ashore. There was a plain path through the brush where the elk had plunged. Following this, I presently discovered the canoe caught between two small trees, but the elk had not stopped. The whole front of the canoe was torn out, and Mr. Elk was probably a mile away and still running, with twenty feet of good manila rope attached to his antlers.

The canoe was entirely out of commission. There was nothing for me to do but walk around the lake to the cabin, and the reception I got was anything but a merry one. There was mighty little sleep in the cabin that night — for me. I thought the boys never would stop joshing me.

The next morning we all walked around to the spot where the remains of the canoe lay. The elk had left a plain path through the timber, and the boys all agreed that its first jumps were fully twenty-five feet apart. Then they would all stop to laugh and guy me again.

We heard nothing further from the elk—and I never heard the last of my adventure. It served to advertise me so well that at the forthcoming election I went into office by a big majority.

But I often wondered whether that big elk was ever killed, and what the hunter thought of the manila rope attached to its antlers.

FOREST AND STREAM LETTERS

Dear Forest and Stream:

I HAVE just returned from a trip into the hills and I thought that I would write you, as I know that you are interested in what game conditions are here.

We have not had a very hard winter, but it has been very long and drawn out. The season is just about a month later than usual, and consequently the bull elk shed their antlers a little later and have not picked up as fast as they would with an earlier season, but the game has not suffered on the Upper West Gallatin this winter.

The Forestry Department has placed a game patrol up here all winter. As a result there has been no tooth hunting in this locality, and I am glad to report that as far as the Gallatin herd of elk are concerned, they have everything in their favor for a good increase. We have seen a number of deer and elk right around the ranch. I will send you some photographs later on.

There are quite a lot of bear around this spring, but I have not gone after them. One of our neighbors killed one last Sunday, and the ranger of the next district killed one and captured the cubs. Bears are now on the game list in Montana and cannot be trapped nor run with dogs, but there is no closed season on them as there should be. However, it takes time to bring about all of these changes in the game laws, and I hope they will be in force while they can still be of use. The fishing is fine.

Ernest Miller,
Eklhorn Ranch, Salesville, Mont.

Dear Forest and Stream:

THE American Distemper Committee, of which I am the Secretary-Treasurer, would be very grateful to you if you would start a subscription in your paper for the Distemper Fund which we are raising, remittances received to be forwarded to us by you or sent direct to us by the givers, and we would be glad, if you are willing, to have you do this at once.

I have already communicated with over 100 clubs and have enlisted the sympathy and co-operation of their officers and most of them are actively engaged in collecting subscriptions. Some have already forwarded me their subscriptions as they have received them, though no one has as yet completed his work, for it is hard to reach all the individual members of a club in a short time and fully explain the situation.

To raise the money that we ought to raise in this country to accomplish the results which we all want requires a tremendous amount of hard work, and it will be, of course, impossible to accomplish anything without co-operation. What we want to bring about is co-operation on the part of all the papers, on the part of all the clubs, on the part of all their officers,

(*Continued on page* 446)

"WHERE YOU GOIN' TO GET YOUR MUSKY?"

By BEN C. ROBINSON (Robie)

IN scouting around over the fishing ranges of the country, hobnobbing with sportsmen-anglers here and there, I hear the above question asked oftener at this season than any other.

"Where are you going to get that big musky?"

Well, sir, I want to say to you old devotees of the rod and reel that the question where to go for the best musky fishing is a puzzling one indeed, and no one understands this better than the chap who has knocked around over the fishing territory of the big outdoors, trying to believe in the honesty of his brother man.

I've trailed many a weary, expensive mile in search of the old Tiger Fish of the north country, and I want to say here that this species is about the most difficult of any that I have ever tried to track to his lair. I've had resident fishermen pledge their word that such and such a lake was just "filled with muskies," and then, after rambling around for possibly a day and night, riding smoky, drafty day coaches, bucking curduroy roads on lumber wagons or traversing a three-day chain of lakes and rivers to get there, have found nothing that even resembled a musky coming up after the most consistently and persistently cast plugs, spoons, spinners, wobblers, divers, and goodness only knows what else that the big-game fisherman's tackle box always contains.

Yes! I've trailed this elusive savage for many a weary mile before I, at last, ran him to earth in some dandy surf or riffle-combed lake hidden back in the bush where the days of golden summer or autumn fishing from boat or canoe proved to be an ideal holiday and vacation spell that many weary months of work over desk, bench and counter could not erase.

But notwithstanding all these blind leads and bad "steers," I'll try to give you good fin-fans the results of many a weary league of travel after the fish of the fire-flamed and gold-washed hillsides of the countries that lie on the trail of this monarch of the cold rivers and lakes.

The Province of Ontario should not be overlooked in considering your big-game fishing trip this summer or autumn. There are sections up in Canada that yield some of the greatest muskies in the history of the sport.

The Bay of Quinte

The bay is one of the finest fishing grounds of Lake Ontario. Good fishing is obtained about two miles distant from Deseronto and in Hay Bay black bass are plentiful and at times large 'lunge are secured.

In the vicinity of Massassaga Park, near Belleville, black bass, pickerel and 'lunge fishing are good.

Between Trenton and Picton, a good point for the fisherman is Wellington. Reached from here are Consecorn Lake, Weller's Bay, Pleasant Bay and Huyck's Bay, all easily accessible.

North Bay

Situated on Lake Nipissing (227 miles from Toronto and 342 miles from Montreal) is the gateway to a famed sporting region, the French River. Lake Nipissing itself is a vista of panoramic beauty, and among its islands all manner of fishing is to be found. Skirting the edges of the shoals that lie submerged among the islands, one finds the small-mouthed black bass. In the bays and among the weed beds there are the pike and the pickerel. Many an exciting battle has been fought with the battling muscalonge—lord of the fresh-water finny tribe.

Among the 30,000 islands of the Georgian Bay, within easy distance from Parry Sound, excellent muscalonge fishing grounds are found, and each year anglers are rewarded with good catches weighing up to 30 and 35 pounds for individual specimens. The open season for 'lunge in Ontario is from June 16th to December 31st, and four fish are limited to each angler. Angling permits are issued to non-residents of the province for $2.00. The season is approaching for big-game fishing, and the thrill of the hard-fought battle is creeping into the thoughts and tensing up the nerves of the lads who delight in whamming the old plugs and spinners into the cold, deep lake and river pools for this mighty gamester of the inland waters.

SCHOOL FOR FLY CASTING

WE are aware that among our readers are a very considerable number who wish either to learn how to cast a fly or desire to improve their present form with a fly rod. It will therefore be of considerable interest for them to know that Mr. Fred G. Shaw, the author of *The Complete Science of Fly Fishing and Spinning*, has established himself in America, and is conducting a school in fly casting in Brooklyn, N. Y.

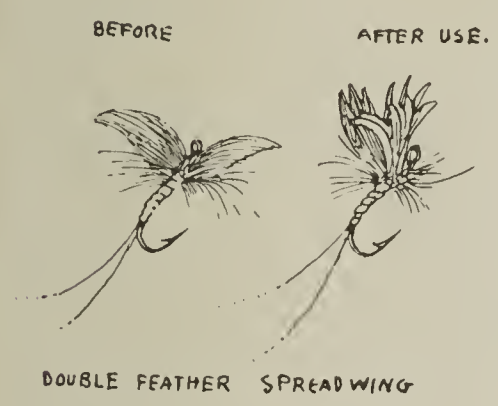
Mr. Shaw won the International Amateur Championship of the World in trout fly casting in 1904 and held it until 1908. His celebrated school in fly casting in London was founded in 1906. There upward of one thousand men and women from all parts of the world have been coached.

Mr. Shaw's books are conspicuous for the very careful analysis that his well-schooled mind has given every phase of the fly-casting subject. This coupled to remarkable powers of instruction enables him to instill as a habit the art of which he is a master.

THE LATEST IDEA OF BEST TROUT FLIES

By LOUIS RHEAD

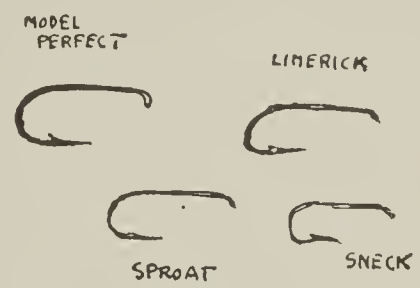
NOW that the season is more than half-way over — indeed, some states are closed (as all should be long before spawning time)—we may look over the opinions expressed by experts over a wide area in what is best to lure trout. Do we use better flies, a better method for more enjoyable sport, ignoring whether we now capture more, and larger fish than we did, say, thirty years ago? Personally, I think the advance has been very noticeable by improvements in many ways. At the present time he is a plucky writer who dilates on the "Worm as a trout bait," which is utterly *passè*. I am so situated as to know the expressed opinions of many experts located in different sections of the North, East and West trout regions, and my conclusions taken from them altogether is that the floating or dry fly is at the height of its success as a trout killer.



It is true there are some that still claim they do best with a cast of three sunk flies, no matter what conditions or time may be. Others, along with myself, had much pleasure and success with underwater lures early in the season, and perhaps it is possible to do even better with them in the remaining hot-weather fishing.

Concerning the latest idea, viz., to entirely discard stiff feather upwing or lapwing flies and replace them with hacklewing flies, which I think is a good idea in many ways, when tied at different angles from the shoulder, according to the species of insect. The outspread stiff feather-wing fly looks very nice and taking before being used. After it has been chewed once or twice by trout or chub, the feather wing (especially if double feathers are tied) gets to be a tangled, unshaped mass of feathers to entirely lose the curved form which was intended to make the fly float better. The curved duck wings, natural color or dyed, retains its shape much better if well tied and the wings are small. Bunched hackles, either tied upright, straight out or sloping backwards (see cuts), cannot help but keep in place with the roughest use. It is very noiceable when you see it in the water, the hackle wings look much better and are softer in touch when taken by trout. After trying several patterns, for the purpose, I find they float longer and are more attractive to the fish. The experiments now being made in this important change with my series of nature flies will make them doubly attractive to the angler and to the trout. It is also certain that they will be more durable, especially those nature flies which are tied so different from the regular commercial patterns. I am now fully convinced that our tackle dealers try their utmost to get commercial flies tied true to pattern, but for some reason beyond their control flies gradually drift in all sorts of nondescript shapes and colors. I was told by an expert it is now impossible to get Halford's true patterns either here or abroad, and that he would turn in his grave if he only saw a few of the vast quantity sold under his name. Personally, I know little of them, having all I can do to keep my own patterns true to insects.

A friend showed me several patterns tied by Mr. Louis Petry, of White Plains, N. Y., which inspired in me a profound respect for his work, for they are far superior to any I have seen tied by anglers themselves. What I see in the near future is that each expert fly-fisher, who really loves the game, will tie for himself and a few friends what he knows are best to kill trout. There is no profit in making flies for sale except commercial factory-made flies put out by the million on a machinelike basis similar to the present-day overhanging plugs and bugs.



To conclude with comments on the choice of hook, I find the vast majority are crazy over "Model Perfect" hooks. "I hae ma doots aboot it," and am inclined to agree with one of FOREST AND STREAM readers that the flat wire of M. P. causes it to break quite often, and I don't like its very wide bend, so much as the close-curved Limerick and the solid old-fashioned sproat, or even the sneck bend to my thinking will hold tight because there is less room for the flesh or bone to let the fish wriggle away from the hook. I should like to get the expressed opinions of some readers sent to the editor. Of course, there are well-made hooks and bad hooks, and a poor angler will break a good hook; but the chances are less on those hooks made with a close bend.

PATTERNS TIED WITH HACKLE WINGS.

FOREST AND STREAM LETTERS

(*Continued from page* 443)

and I want to get in touch with everyone who is willing to try to raise money for this work and to have someone, if possible, in every community in the United States who is interested in the welfare of dogs at work collecting money for our committee.

There are three or four fundamental things about this matter that I want to call to your attention, as I have had questions asked me by subscribers and I want to give the fullest publicity possible to the facts of the case.

First, the work is being done by the ablest technical talent obtainable with unusual facilities.

Second, a very large sum of money has already been subscribed in England and other countries for this work, a sum of money far in excess of anything that has yet been spent on this work.

Third, the results of this work are to be given out from time to time, and whatever results are obtained are to be freely and fully forwarded to everyone.

Fourth, periodical reports of progress will be made. I shall have in about two weeks a preliminary report from Sir Theodore Cook and that I shall take pleasure in forwarding to your paper for publication, if you will be good enough to so use it.

You can do a great deal for us by publishing this letter and by carrying out the suggestions which I have made as to opening a subscription, and all the members of my Committee will be immensely grateful to you if you will do this.

My address is: Ames Building, Boston, Mass. Very truly yours,

CHARLES W. TYLER.

A. C. A. AMENDMENT

RULE XIII add the following:

Section 2. In case of a tie in the number of points earned by any two or more contestants in the races for the Sailing Trophy, the Cruising Canoe Sailing Trophy, or for the Record, the Regatta Committee shall order an additional race by the contestants who are tied. For the Sailing Trophy and for the Cruising Canoe Sailing Trophy, the additional race in each case shall be over a windward and leeward course of the same length and under the same conditions as the second race for each Trophy, respectively. For the Record, the additional race shall be over the triangular course of the same length and under the same conditions as the Record Combined Race. The winner of each of these races shall be declared to be the winner of each of the respective Trophies and of the Record.

Rule VI. Class 3. Omit the last sentence beginning "the greatest beam at the water line, etc." and substitute the following, "the greatest beam 4 inches above the inside of the garboard, next to the keel, measured horizontally, shall be not less than 88% of the greatest beam wherever found."

Rule XI. Regular Races. Revise the list as follows: Nos. 1 to 10, inclusive, as at present.

No. 11. *Mermaid Sailing Cup.* Race for sailing canoes not more than 16 feet over all length. Sail area limited to greatest area allowed to 16 feet x 30 inch sailing canoes. On triangle distance 7½ miles, time limit 3 hours.

No. 12. *Wilderness Cruising Contest* for "FOREST AND STREAM Trophy."

No. 13. *"All-Outdoors" Trophy.* Sailing Race for cruising canoes.

No. 14. *Record Combined Race.*

No. 15. *Record Sailing Race.*

No. 16. *Record Paddling Race.*

No. 17. *Paddling Race,* one man, single blade, ½ mile.

No. 18. *Paddling Race,* two men, single blade, ½ mile.

No. 19. *Paddling Race,* four men, single blade, ½ mile.

No. 20. *Paddling Race,* one man, double blade, ½ mile.

No. 21. *Paddling Race,* four men, double blade, ½ mile.

MAURICE D. WILT,
Member of Racing Board and
Chairman, Regatta Committee, 1923.

CHANGES IN FEDERAL GAME LAWS

AMENDMENTS to the Migratory Bird Treaty Act Regulations adopted by the Secretary of Agriculture and approved by the President on June 11, include a change in the season for hunting migratory waterfowl in Pennsylvania from September 16—December 31 to October 1—January 15, and in Oklahoma and that part of Texas lying north and west of the International and Great Northern and the Texas and Pacific railroads from October 16—January 31 to October 1—January 15, while the season in southeastern Texas was changed from October 16—January 31 to November 1—January 31.

The open season for hunting doves in southeastern Texas was changed from September 1—December 15 to November 1—December 31, and in South Carolina from September 1—December 15 to November 1—January 31.

ADVENTURES IN COMRADESHIP

(*Continued from page* 425)

. . . was . . . was he as good to you and . . . as YOU are to ME?"

I found difficulty in answering. Once before, that same dry, choking sensation had snatched at my throat. But at last I was brave about it.

"No, Son, my father was a very, very busy man. He was too busy to bother much with me. We didn't get around much together . . . and then . . . then he died . . . very suddenly."

The sound of berries striking the bottom of a new bucket.

"I'm sorry, Father. But YOU . . . you'll keep right on living . . . oh, forever, maybe. And are you quite sure I'm not in your way? Boys are a bother . . . now, honest . . . aren't they?"

"I'd rather have you with me than anybody I know" . . . earnestly . . . and I was glad he could not see my face . . . "we would have started this sort of thing earlier if it had not been for . . . for . . ."

"Business," Sonnyboy anticipated.

"Business" . . . self consciously, guiltily.

"But you really DO have to WORK . . . to buy clothes and food and things for Mother and me. It isn't easy, is it?"

"There's time for BOTH," I said, in a rather feeble attempt at appearing casual . . . "time for play and time for business. It's wicked to allow one or the other to have the entire right of way."

The boy on the opposite side of the berry bush seemed to be thinking this over, digesting it.

"I know a boy, in our block at home," he continued, after some length, "and he never goes anywhere with his father. He says he's AFRAID of HIM . . . isn't that queer . . . afraid of his own Father. But he's not a very nice boy . . . smokes cigarettes and takes money from his mother's purse, when she doesn't know."

There was a greater moral lesson in all this than I cared to even meditate. Some of us escape retribution, dire punishment, disaster, by a hazardous margin.

Our genial neighbor from the deep wood drove down the lane just then, in his rickety wagon, appearing, I thought, whimsically enough, as might some grotesque apparition from the rubbing of a magic lamp.

"Want anything down t' th' village?" he inquired.

There were a few items which we jotted on a bit of paper. But Chip was again communicative. A good-natured

dog trotted beneath the phaeton, and, as the horse stopped, wandered disconsolately to the shade of an apple tree, where he sat on his haunches, the picture of sublime unhappiness.

"He's been out on a chipmunk an' woodchuck ex-pe-dition," Mister Chip explained, with a smiling grimace, "swallered too many uv 'em, hide an' all . . . sorter sick t' his stummick. Imagine how YOU'D feel, if ye et' a coupla fur overcoats an' sealskin wraps! Reckon he's got a hairy taste in his mouth. Been spittin' up fuzz since yestiddy . . . thought a walk might im-prove his indigestion."

Sonnyboy remembered Chip's promise of trout fishing, and edged around to that subject.

"When is the best time?" he inquired.

"I ain't fergot ye', young man," Mister Chip responded, "but you'all looked as if yu needed acclimatin' for a coupla days at least. Now as t' trout in these regions . . . I wanted to explain som' things. Time . . . Pike County trout in these little creeks an' mountain brooks is jest about as wise an' all-seein' as humans. There mos' generally aint enuff water fer yu t' go after 'em in broad daylight . . . when th' sun is out full.

"Very early in th' mornin' er powerful late in th' evenin' is common sense, but there's a better time still—that's at night . . . when it's black dark or th' moon showin' a spec'. You'll see 'em jump outern th' water . . . nippin' pieces uv moss an' danglin' leaves. It aint right fer me t' say this . . . leastwise not to a YOUNG fisherman, just larnin' . . . but I've caught trout in these waters with a net . . . jes' scooped 'em up . . . even caught 'em with an' old gunny-sack, by holdin' its mouth open wide.

"Somethin' is happenin' t' trout hereabouts. I've seen it comin' on fer years . . . fer twenty years. When I was considerable younger than I am now, there was nothin' but rainbows . . . beauties, an' with dispositions like wild cats. Then, slow-like, but sure, in came th' German Browns. An' they have gotten th' best uv our native trout. How come? Oh, eatin' 'em up.

"What makes me mad is that they aint th' same eatin'. German Browns is too rangy. But they'll eat young rainbows as you'd eat cherries . . . one after anuther. Take Sawkill Creek . . . once it was alive with native trout . . . an' now nothin' but German Browns. Pesk take 'em!

"Say, Young lad, here's a story fer yu; back uv my house, in Sluice Creek, where th' rainbows is still t' be found, big, brown-complected water snakes . . . does away with two-pound trout . . . an' three-pounders. Hones' . . . I've seen 'em do it. Th' snake keeps his tail in th' rocks, reaches out, grabs a fish on top uv his head, and . . . zingo . . . pulls it back inter his hole, like lightnin'. Everything an' everybody seems set on destroyin' trout . . . pore things!"

"I guess I'd rather not catch any," said Sonnyboy, reflecting upon all he had heard.

Mister Chip laughed . . . a laugh which was almost wholly tangled in that red, unkept beard of his.

"M'lad," was his reassuring rejoinder, "it's always right t' catch trout if yu' play fair with 'em. Jes' play fair. Any fish that's as brave as a trout . . . any fish that is willin' t' put up such a good fight fer his life . . . OUGHT ter meet only GENTLEMEN.

"An' they're th' same EVERYWHERE: it's jes' nachally born in 'em . . . th' blood strain. Take th' case uv Art Payne uv Loon Lake. . . . Art, who is a County Supervisor an' t' be trusted jes' th' same when it comes t' fish stories, was out one day with Rob Hayes. They was usin' Archie Spinners with minnows an' steel rods.

"Th' minute Art got that strike, he knew he had somethin' special t' deal with. He thought it surely mus' be a 'laker.' But no . . . it was a native brown trout! Time after time, that fish ran out after th' first strike . . . same as a railroad train. Mos' all Art's line was in th' water! Looked, too, as if th' tackle wouldn't stand th' strain. Well Sir . . . that fight lasted fer just exactly thirty-five minutes, with Rob timin' it by his watch! An' then Art landed him! Now I call that genuine bravery. Fer his size, a trout is hero, through an' through!"

Sonnyboy listened breathlessly.

"That's why I'm sayin' . . . give trout a chance. Bless their little hearts . . . they has as much real MAN in 'em as th' greatest man that ever lived."

Mister Chip glanced up at the sky.

"It'll cloud over by four o'clock," said he, "an' I'm comin' back up th' mountain aroun' that time. Got tackle?"

We nodded.

"Then I'll keep my promise. But jes' as a first try-out, we'll go back of my place into t' Creek. Place there . . . close onto an ol' deserted, haunted house, that has som' trout waitin' fer yer basket. Mebbe a snake er two . . . jes' keep yer eyes open. I HAVE seen rattlers—"

Sonnyboy's eyes widened. He had no special affection for snakes, although he had seen them only in books.

"SNAKES!" he whispered.

"Snakes," said Mister Chip, "aint lookin' fer trouble from humans . . . an' it's that way with everythin' in th' woods, frum bears ter foxes. They'll go about their business if YU let 'em do it. An' there's cures fer snake bite."

"But the law doesn't allow it to be

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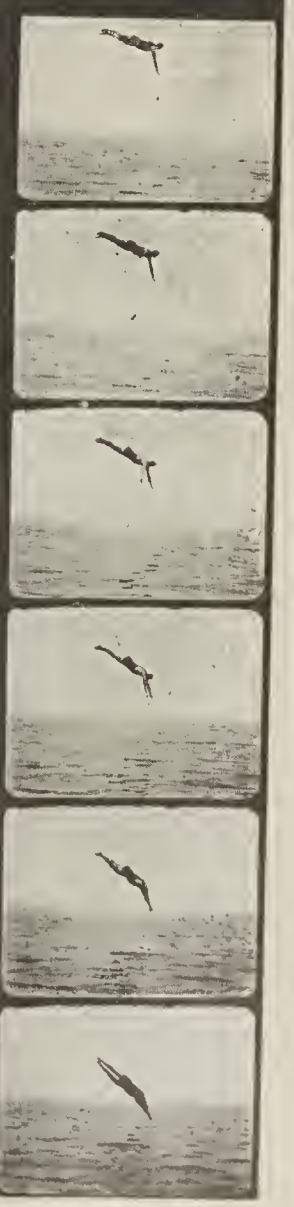

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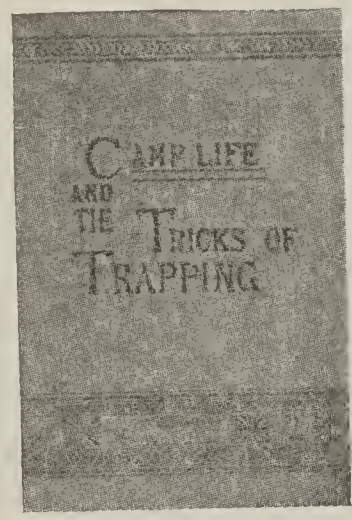

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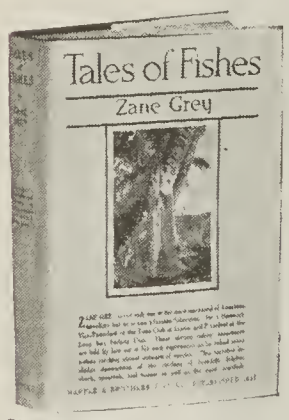

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sold any more," I rejoined, winking at the old man.

"Gord!" he exclaimed; "yu speakin' uv likker. Now I knowed a man—Lem Perker, uv Dingmans—he lived in rock country where rattlers was so thick th' only safe way ter get about was on stilts. An' there come a street circus fer a week—seettin' up its tents at Matamoras. Leem Perker caught a dozen snakes an' was exhibitin' them at th' circus, whackin' up with th' show folks. He'd twis' 'em aroun' his hands an' neck at so much a twis'.

"But Lem was a close bargainer. He had it in his contract that th' show chap had ter supply him with snake-cure, in case he got bit. An' it was whiskey! Well, fer th' fust two days Lem didn't git bit. He took chances an' pleaded with them snakes ter accidental-like bite him, but they wasn't feelin' in th' mood. He knewed th' circus was there only fer a week an' time was passin' quick! I might say that Perker sure loved his likker.

"When th' third day come an' no bites, Lem takes his box uv snakes back uv one of th' tents and teases 'em an' pokes 'em with sticks, an' insults 'em with swear-words, until one rep-tile couldn't stand it no longer, whut with his natural pride an' his fangs bein' left in, an' he nips Lem on th' wrist. Sure enuff, Lem got his bottle uv snake-cure.

"Durin' th' rest uv th' time th' circus was in Matamoras, Lem teased them snakes so much, fer ter git his daily bite, that he wore 'em out an' mos' uv 'em died—so th' circus broke th' contract. All th' likker had done give out, anyhow. Well—I'll be goin' now, friends — see yu at four — have yer tackle ready."

And down the winding, shrubbery-grown lane Mister Chip drove in his rickety phaeton.

* * * * *

Chip's indisposed dog, "Rusty" by name, decided to remain behind. I rather fancy that his first sight of Sonnyboy had aroused the ancient and irresistable affection which is spontaneous where boy and dog are concerned.

The two soon became inseparable, and Rusty recovered from his woodchuck orgie sufficiently to go on long walks through the woods with his new-found affinity. There were cool worlds of prim white birch, carpeted with the green mystery of interminable swamp-berries. There were shrines beneath venerable pine and firs, hushed, holy, steeped in shadow, where boy and dog stood, fixed, immovable, listening for some unexpected sound in the caverns of trees beyond. And then, from my seat on the porch of the old farmhouse, I could catch Rusty's tumultuous bark of joy as the two set off together once more, waist-deep in fragrant fern.

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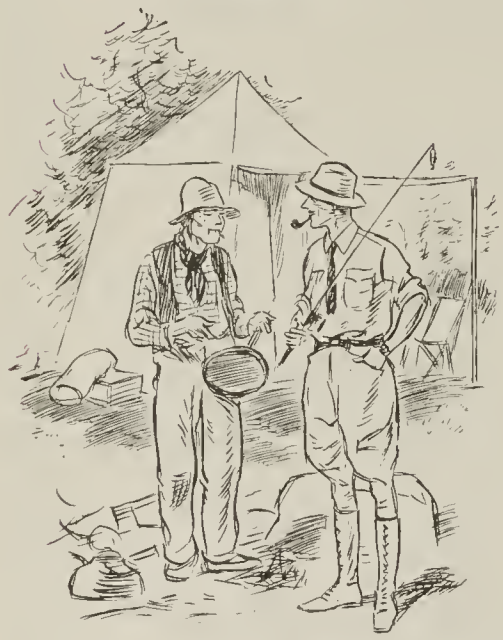

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"Here, Rusty—here, Rusty!"

Now they were trudging up a long, shaded slope where young firs grow luxuriantly, and pheasants, golden, amorous with the thrill of untroubled countryside, sent forth winged music, tremulous with beauty.

Alone, I penned a letter to Mother. It seemed the most important, the most sacred thing a man could do, in that environment: .

"Dear Mother:

"Your boys — your two boys — have found Eden, or, at the very least, a virgin Paradise of Nature untamed. It is very restful and beautiful here—all that we had expected and more.

"Just now, Sonnyboy is off in the woods with a companionable dog. I can hear their shouts and their barks. Sonnyboy will remember this expedition until his dying day—and it pleases me to think so.

"Perhaps you will never know the personal conflict I have had with MYSELF, since these 'Adventures' began —the unguarded moment when I reverted to old moods and ways—when petulant words mounted to my lips—when things garrulous and cross and intolerant and unnecessary, were almost said. I have learned that fathers can become sinfully selfish. I am seeing myself as I used to be, in my relationship with our son.

"Realizing, as I do, at this moment and under these conditions, the power and the glory of little kindnesses, little fragments of love and consideration—KIND words—I am all the more impressed by the hurt there must be in the OTHER WAY. My golf was more important to me than my boy: I gave more love to my trout tackle than to my son: I was less concerned over Sonnyboy than a new fly. I was unconsciously selfish and never quite realized it—for it had come on so gradually.

"Last night—after my second pipe of tobacco—the little fellow edged up to me in the lamplight and stood for a full five minutes before venturing to speak what was in his mind. At last he said: 'Father—would you very much mind if you didn't smoke another pipe. Mother said to look out for you and that the doctor said too much tobacco wasn't good. And this one will make SEVEN pipefulls, all in ONE DAY! Can't you just make believe it's MOTHER asking you—and not ME, at all—and then you won't be angry?'

"I gave him the pipe.

"'Son,' I responded, 'you are perfectly right. I AM smoking too much. And Mother wants—I want—you to be a little doctor while we are up here. Take the old pipe—when you think it's O. K. for me to have a whiff—let me have it. How's that?'

"I think tears welled up into his eyes. But an hour later—after I had told him to sneak away to his cot, and I would sit on the porch a while, before retiring—he came pattering, pattering down the stairs, in his bare feet. Out on the porch he tip-toed—and, with never a word, he handed me the pipe, filled with tobacco and a match.

"'I know,' he murmured, 'how much you love it—and—and—maybe a last one, before bed, won't make any difference. I'm sure Mother wouldn't mind.'

"It 'busted me all up.' This new experience is making a gross sentimentalist out of me. I grabbed at his pajamas as he was running away, and squeezed him until he gasped. There was so much affection in the hug that he must have sensed the tremendous earnestness of it. You know that song he always liked—what was it?—the refrain runs:

"'Little Sweetheart, don't be sorry,
never mind;
Little Sweetheart — I'll be always
good and kind—'

"You used to sing him to sleep by it when he was a little hiker and he makes you hum it, at the piano, even now. Well, down from the small room above, I could catch the faint echo of the same melody. And then it was hushed—and no more. He had sung himself to sleep —happily—content.

"Mother—you did a wonderful thing when you spoke to me that night, and started Sonnyboy and his grouchy old Dad off together on the long, long trail of Better Understanding. I can't make out how I did WITHOUT the youngster all these years—there's spiritual revelation in it. I fancy I read in Sonnyboy's face, occasionally, an expression of mingled doubt and apprehension. He can't quite believe this comradeship is all true—that it's not a dream. And he is so eager to have it LAST—to last ALWAYS and forever.

"Late this afternoon we go for our first trout. They tell me the mountain streams teem with them, and a lovable old chap—a neighbor—helps to make the trip one of continuous education and joy. If Sonnyboy ever grows up to love trout fishing as I do, he will have the RIGHT start. And there is the making of a true sportsman in him, never fear.

"Your 'Little Doctor' is true to his trust. I am feeling a thousand per cent. better. When his arms were around me last night, out there in the silence of the summer night, they were YOUR arms, dear. I am learning, too, that the finer things, the tender, sympathetic understanding things in the boy—are from you. Oh, I am so glad you gave him back to me—gave ME back to HIM."

The next morning Mister Chip took my precious letter down into the valley

of the white church spires and the silver birches and the great oaks. Nor was I in the least ashamed of my sentimentality.

* * * * *

We set out at four-thirty that afternoon, under a lowering sky. Mister Chip led the way, Sonnyboy followed, and I brought up the rear. Rusty went ahead of all of us, barking a challenge to the forest.

Here were wooded ways, echoing to no alien tread. Save for the path we followed—worn, for a generation, by his own plodding feet and the hoofs of his horse—the banks of green remained primeval. Always we could catch glimpses of the immaculate white forms of the birches, looking as if fresh-washed and scrubbed. They were ghosts of trees, stately, feminine, grouped together in chummy clusters, as if to gossip of the Nature-place of which they were a living part.

Now the lane—it was no more than a half-hidden footpath—veered easily and indolently to the left and the foliage became very dense. There were more swamp berries and more wild flags and more of the sweet, pungent perfume of absolute remoteness.

Several miles it was—miles made sweet with song of birds, and then—

"I can hear it, Father!"

The far-off whisper of water—its cadence and rhythm and pure melody, drawn across the harp-strings of fern and mountain laurel and low-sweeping branches.

We were coming to our trout stream!

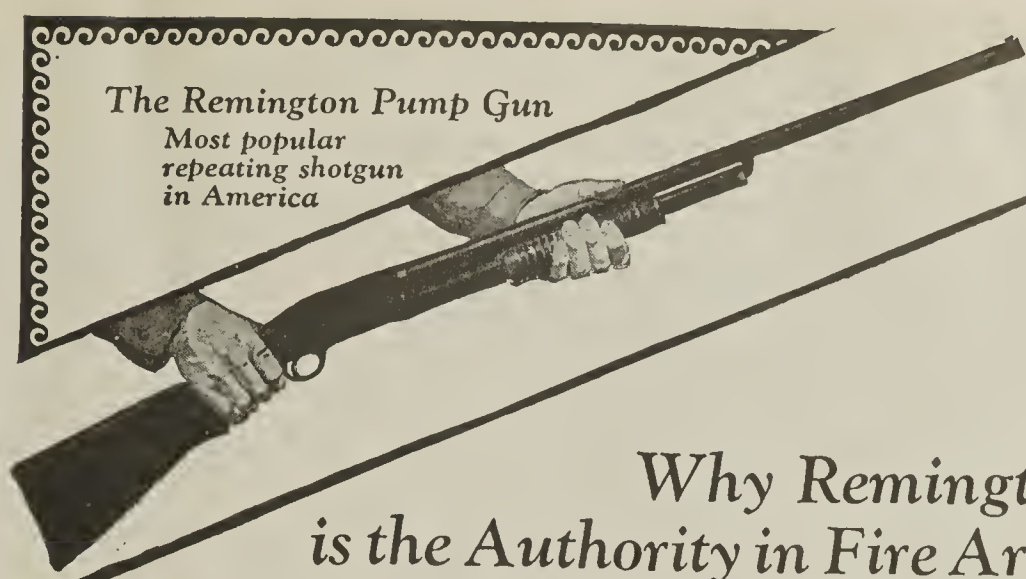
"If we don't catch none now," observed Mister Chip, "we'll stay 'till after dark—an' make SURE. Yu folks go on down through that brush t' th' creek. I'll take that derned dog up t' th' house an' fasten him. Dogs ain't no fit company fer trout fishin'."

Sonnyboy was the first to reach it! He parted the leaves and peered over into a fine, dark flow of mountain water that eddied around submerged boulders, and lay, in the deeper pools, like so much molten metal.

A young trout fisherman stood at the brink of his first thrill—his first flash of immortality.

(*To be continued*)

THE GERMAN SHEPHERD DOG in word and picture, by V. Stephanitz. American edition revised from the original German work by J. Schwabacher. It is the most complete book published, treating on the Breeding, Keeping, Judging and Training of the Shepherd Dog. The sole American copyright owner is John Gans, Esq., 800 Richmond Turnpike, Staten Island, N. Y. It can be purchased from Forest and Stream, Book Department, 221 W. 57th St., New York City. Price $6.00.



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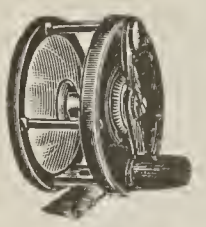

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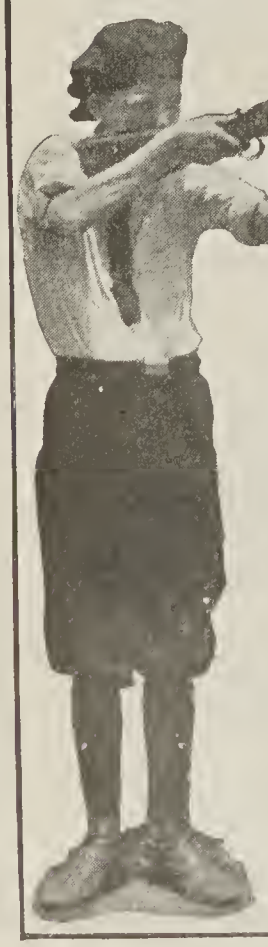

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HUNTING WITH A CAMERA

(*Continued from page* 435)

It also demands some skill in the use of the anaesthetic, as if the insect is not far enough "under" it will be, or will soon become, too active, while if too much ether is administered the insect will be killed and will be too limp.

In photographing the posed insect, the camera of the "hand-and-stand type" is used at nearly full extension, a small stop is used to give depth of field, and a panchromatic plate with a filter is employed. The choice of a filter is a matter which demands considerable attention. In the majority of cases a filter giving full correction, such as the Ilford Gamma, or the Wratten K_3, is the most desirable, but in some cases a little under correction, secured by the use of a lighter filter, or some special degree of contrast, which is secured by the use of the Wratten G or 23a filters, is preferable. If, for instance, a part of the pattern or an insect consists of a certain shade of blue and a particular shade of red, full correction will render both colors as the same shade or gray and the pattern will be entirely lacking in the negative. In this case under correction will render the blue lighter than the red, or the orange-red 23a filter will render the red lighter than the blue. It is only by a careful inspection of the insect through the different filters that the filter giving the most effective rendering can be selected.

In insect photography, as in all other branches of nature photography, special attention should be given to showing in the picture as much of the habitat and the activities of the insect as possible. A series of photographs, showing the various stages in the life-history of a certain species—for instance the egg-cluster, the caterpillar in each instar (i. e. the stage between each moult), the spinning of the cocoon, the finished cocoon, the emergence of the adult, and the adults—male and female where the sexes differ in appearance—are particularly valuable.

The methods of photographing spiders are similar to those for insects, but the photography of spider's webs presents quite a different problem. The extreme delicacy of the silken strands of the webs renders it practically impossible to secure a good picture of the web in its natural environment and with its natural background. Something may be done by working very early in the morning after a foggy night, as the moisture on the strands renders them distinctly visible, but it also makes them appear far thicker and heavier than they really are. Successful pictures may sometimes be made by hanging a piece of black velvet behind a web which is so placed that an effective lighting can be secured. It is, however, difficult to find an absolutely perfect web, as insects or wind make rents in a web very soon after its completion, and to obtain the best possible pictures of spider's webs it is necessary to induce the spider to build one to order. To do this the branch with the web and its builder is cut off, transported to a greenhouse or a well-lighted room, and the cut end stuck in a flower-pot full of earth. The spider will usually repair the web, or spin a new one, within twenty-four hours, and the flower-pot may then be placed in the most favorable position with regard to lighting, a piece of black velvet stretched behind the web, and a perfect picture secured.

Aquatic invertebrates constitute a large assemblage of marine and fresh-water animals belonging to many different groups—molluscs, (snails, clams, oysters, mussels, etc.), crustaceans (crabs, lobsters, shrimps, crayfish, barnacles, etc.), annelids (leeches, marine worms), echinoderms (starfish, sea-urchins, sea-cucumbers), coelenterates (jelly-fish, sea-anemones, hydroids), as well as aquatic insects.

There are two methods of photographing aquatic invertebrates—in their habitat, and in an aquarium. The former method is useful in that it shows the actual environment, but there are comparatively few species which can be successfully photographed in this manner because the only point of view obtainable is from above and most animals show to the best advantage when viewed laterally.

In photographing aquatic animals in their habitat it is necessary to use an opaque screen to cut off the reflections from the surface of the water, as otherwise nothing but a while glare of surface reflection will show in the negative, even though the images of the animals under the water may appear fairly distinct on the focussing-screen. Such a screen may be made of sheet zinc on a light wooden, or stiff wire, frame, or of thin wood weighted with lead at one edge, and should be at least three feet wide by four feet long. In use one end of the screen is placed on the bottom behind the objects to be photographed and the front edge of the screen supported by short poles at the corners, so as to bring the front edge of the screen just over the camera. In this work due allowance must be made in the exposure for the diminution in the light due to the screen, and it is necessary to see that there are no wind ripples on the water at the time of exposure and that there is no dirt floating on the surface of the water.

The general directions given in the section on fish photography apply to the photographing of aquatic invertebrates in an aquarium.

The dark box connecting the camera and the front of the aquarium will be shorter than in fish photography, because the smaller size of most aquatic invertebrates necessitates the use of the camera at full, or nearly full, extension, and the lens will be correspondingly closer to the front of the aquarium.

Each group of aquatic invertebrates presents special problems of its own to the photographer. Some species move with such rapidity that fairly fast shutter speeds (1/25 to 1/75 second) must be used, and the majority of species, when they are active at all, have a constant slow motion. Other species, while mainly stationary, move some of their appendages continuously. Some species, such as the sea-anemones, refuse to expand and assume their characteristic form except under very favorable circumstances. To deal with the photography of each group would be to write a treatise on the structure, habits and psychology of aquatic invertebrates, but the following hints may be of service :

1. Study every species carefully before photographing it, so as to learn as much as possible about its habits and peculiarities.
2. Keep the speciments to be photographed in an aquarium for some time previous to photographing them, as many species soon become habituated to aquarium life and are then much easier to handle.
3. Use accessories which have been taken from the actual habitat of the species photographed.
4. Photograph every specimen in its normal active condition and in as many characteristic positions as possible.

In photographing plants the double-extension "hand and stand" camera will be used almost exclusively, as successful plant pictures call for a small stop and long exposure rather than large stops and rapid shutter-speeds. A seven-draw telescopic tripod, a universal joint fitted to the tripod-head, an exposure meter, a set of filters, and a supply of panchromatic plates are the other requisites.

If one type of plate only is to be used, it must be panchromatic. Orthochromatic plates used with an appropriate filter, or the self-filtered plates, such as the Imperial Non-filter, Wellington Anti-screen, Ilford Screen Chromatic, or Gevaert Filtered-Ortho, used with or without a filter, give a very good rendering of white, blue, or pale yellow flowers, but not of red or deep yellow flowers, which are rendered properly only by a panchromatic plate.

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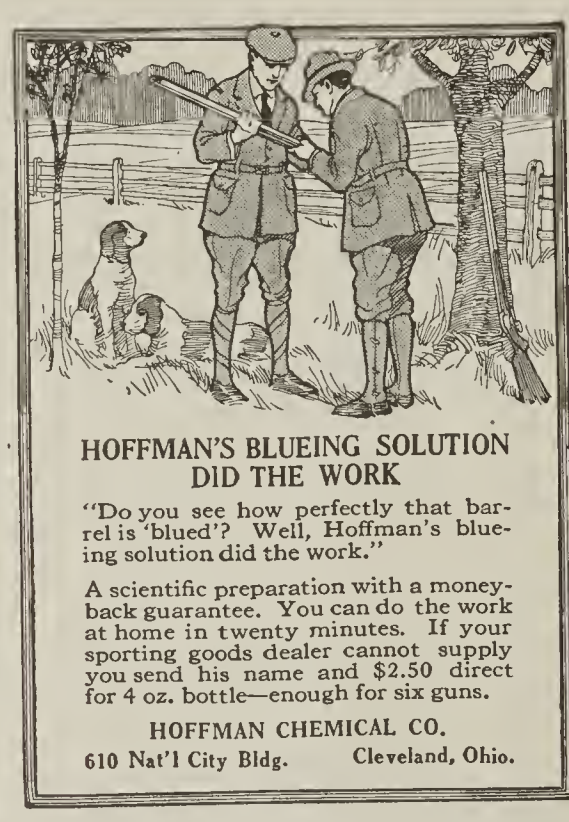

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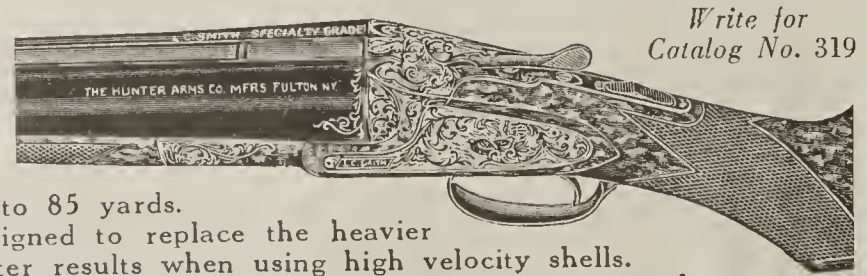

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Not only is the panchromatic plate or film essential for red and deep yellow flowers, but it gives, when used with the Ilford Gamma filter or the Wratten K_3 filter, a better rendition of all colors, and even a white flower and its green leaves have better tonal values when taken on a panchromatic. There is another matter in which the panchromatic is superior, the increase in exposure with any given filter is much less with a panchromatic than with an ortho plate. Thus the K_3 filter requires an increase of 25 times when used on an ortho plate, but only 4½ times when used with a panchro. When the exposure, without a filter, runs, as it often does, to 3, 4, or 5 seconds, an increase of 4½ times is quite feasible, but an increase of 25 times is often prohibitive, because of the danger of movement of the plant by wind during this lengthy exposure.

When about to photograph a certain species of plant it is advisable to devote some little time to the selection of the most typical and most favorably situated specimen which can be found in the vicinity, and having selected it, to study carefully the best side, and the best angle, from which to take it. Too high a view-point is one of the very common faults in plant photography, and many small plants make the most effective pictures when the camera is within six or eight inches of the ground.

The nature of the background is of the utmost importance in plant photography. This matter may be handled in three ways—the use of the natural background in focus, the natural background out of focus, and an artificial background out of focus. The natural background in focus is the most satisfactory, because it shows not only the plant we are dealing with, but also its habitat, but it is by far the most difficult background to handle successfully. The difficulty in handling this kind of background lies chiefly in the fact that all the plants in the picture being equally sharp, the details of the plant we wish to emphasize are lost in the infinite detail of the background and the general result is a jumble of conflicting lines and points. This background can, however, be used efficiently if very great care is used in arranging the position of the camera so that the most important lighter parts of the principal subject come in front of the shadows and darker parts of the background. This means the devoting of considerable time to changing the height and lateral position of the camera, to a critical study of the composition on the ground-glass, to the bending aside of certain objects in the background, and to making sure that there will be no movement of light foliage in the background by the breeze at times when our principal subject is motionless. The use of

a natural background where such objects as rocks, tree-trunks, logs, etc., can be made use of is much easier, but even here we must give due consideration to emphasizing our plant.

The employment of a natural background out of focus is simpler, and in the case of plants with fine feathery leaves, or with very slender stems, either this method, or an artificial background must be made use of. With this type of background, it is necessary to see that it is so completely out of focus that the background consists simply of a blending of more or less neutral tints in large masses, all high-lights being excluded from the background, and that no blurred objects—things neither definitely in nor out of focus—are present to bother the eye and distract attention from our principal subject. The use of an artificial background is justified only in exceptional cases, and should be employed only when we wish to show some botanical feature which cannot be brought out in any other way. In such cases the tone of the background must be carefully considered, and it must be entirely out of focus so that its texture does not show.

The amount of change which it is permissible to make in the plant to be photographed by cutting off leaves or flowers, or by bending various parts, and the amount of alteration which may be made in the foreground or background b ythe removal or addition of objects, is a matter which must be decided in each individual case. It must be borne in mind that the object is to show the plant and its surroundings in their natural condition and yet to the best advantage. If many changes are made the naturalness of the subject is impaired, yet it is obviously an improvement to remove such objects as a dead stick which makes a straight line right across the foreground, or a flower which hangs so as to be hopelessly confused in the picture with one in front of it, or a broken or withered leaf which is too prominent. All such changes must, however, be done in such a manner that no trace of the work shows in the picture, and it must be remembered that the stems and petioles which have been bent tend to return to their natural position and consequently are likely to show movement during a prolonged exposure.

The most trying factor with which the plant photographer has to contend is wind. The ideal day for this work is one with no wind and no sunshine—a cloudy-bright, still day. But such days are rare, and on days when there is apparently no wind there is nearly always breeze enough to cause flowers on long, slender stalks to wave gently, but most aggravatingly, to and fro. On such comparatively calm days it is possible, by carefully noting the coming

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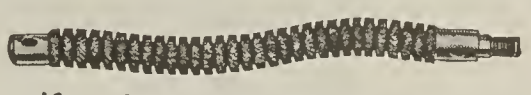

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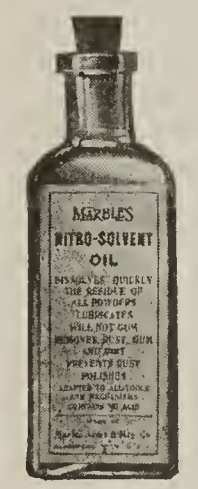

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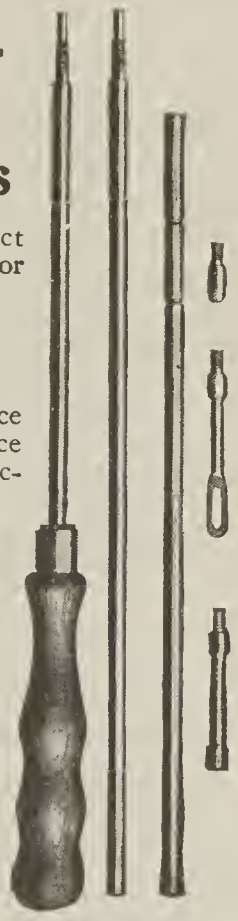

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and passing of gusts, to arrange to make the exposure in the dead calm intervals. It is even possible to make an exposure in sections, opening the shutter when the plant comes to rest and closing it at the onset of the next period of movement, until the full exposure has been given. This method is feasible only if no bending or twisting of any object included in the field has been done, as in the latter case the part so changed is not likely to come back to the required position again, and successive exposures will show double or tiple images. Usually there is less wind before ten o'clock.

In order to eliminate the wind nuisance entirely it is best to carry a little tent of white silk, five feet high and five feet in diameter. Such a tent will fold up into a small bundle which goes easily into the pocket and which weighs but a few ounces. In use the tent is set up on a tripod of sticks, with other sticks leaning against the tripod so as to keep the walls of the tent out, over the plant to be photographed. The door of the tent should be on the lee side, and the camera is set up outside the tent with the lens in the doorway. This tent enables one to work in quite a stiff breeze, and while a plant under the tent requires double the exposure that it would need in the open, this does not matter as the plant is perfectly motionless. Some plants are of course too large to permit of their being photographed in the tent, and in dealing with such plants the photographer has the option of waiting for a calm day or of using fast shutter speeds and a large stop, in the latter case sacrificing depth of field.

A plant should never be photographed in bright, direct sunlight, because of the heavy cast shadows, and because the delicate tone-gradations are lost. Here again the tent is useful, as it acts as a diffuser.

In plant photography an exposure meter, or an exposure calculator, is indispensable, and having ascertained the exposure it is necessary to remember to allow for the bellows extension, as this is a factor which nearly always comes into play in this work. The rule is—the square of the focal length of the lens is to the square of the bellows extension as the normal exposure is to the required exposure. Thus, if we have a lens of 5 ins. focal length, and we use it at an extension of 10 ins., and if the exposure with the lens focussed for infinity is 3 second, we have—

5 x 5 is to 10 x 10 as 3 is to 12 and the required exposure is 12 seconds.

The best plan it to work out the factor for each extra inch of bellows extension, to mark the position of the lens at each inch of extension on the bed of the camera, or on the trunions, and to carry this data in the field.

SENTINELS OF THE SURF

(*Continued from page* 429)

species of destructive beetles. They also perform important services by the consistent extermination of vast numbers of mosquitoes. These facts, together with the necessity of adequate protection from a moral and aesthetic standpoint, should warrant the earnest efforts of all thinking sportsmen and legislators in giving these valuable birds the protection they deserve. By this is not meant that a foolish policy savoring of morbid sentimentalism and "soft-headedness" of restricting or abolishing all shore-bird shooting is necessary, but the sane enactment of local laws where needed due to peculiar conditions in certain localities would tend to bring our shore birds back to some semblance of their former numbers of the early eighties when the decrease in their numbers was first very conspicuous.

One of the first steps to be recommended to sportsmen in the matter of wise conservation should be a knowledge of the means of identifying the various species together with information concerning the main essentials of their life histories and habits. Much useless destruction of some of the rarer species has been caused through the inability or neglect of shooters to identify certain ones as species not on the "open list." As an aid in this direction as well as a matter of interest to all scientific and broad-minded sportsmen who realize that the size of the bag is by no means the most momentous element in a day's shooting, it may be well to consider at least the four unprotected species from this standpoint.

Greater or Winter Yellowlegs: The summer plumage of this bird consists of a mottling of black and white on the upper surface. The breast is white heavily streaked with black, the throat white and the upper tail coverts white barred with black. The rest of the under parts are white irregularly marked with black, while the middle of the belly is almost pure white. The bill, which measures about two and one-third inches in length, is black and the legs yellow. The total length of this species averages about fourteen inches.

The greater yellowlegs is most easily identified by the color of its long legs, which dangle conspicuously on alighting and by its prominent white tail, which is equally noticeable as the bird comes to rest.

This species, while still very abundant and rather widespread throughout the country, is by no means as numerous as in former years, nor as

Savage Model 1899 lever action

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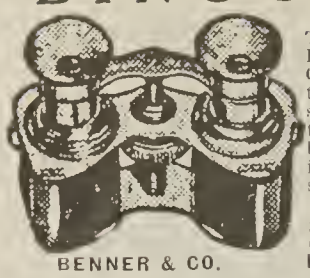

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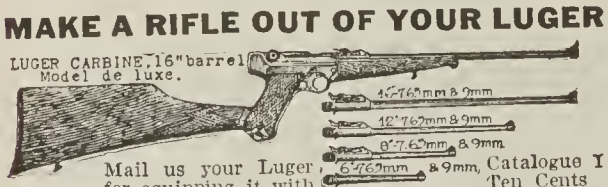

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common in almost all localities as its smaller relative the lesser yellowlegs. It is still fairly numerous in the coastal vicinities of New York and most of the New England States, especially during the spring migration, but within recent years it has learned through many bitter lessons to avoid a good bit of our shore line on the return migration, and many flocks may be seen during August and September .ray out to sea and well out of range of gunners. This fact has been an important item in checking the diminution of this species. To offset this advantage, however, the greater yellowlegs is very readily decoyed by even a tolerably fair imitation of its four-note whistle, and a solitary bird on answering this call will frequently summon the members of all its species within hearing distance inside of a few moments, much to the joy of the gunners concealed in their blinds. When a flock of these birds is shot into, great confusion reigns, and the various members scatter far and wide, but a reassuring whistle or two from the hunter will bring most of them back within shooting distance.

Though it is definitely known that the greater yellowlegs does not winter as far north as do most species of shore birds, much still remains to be learned regarding the exact location of their summer home. The winter range most commonly selected is Chile and Argentina. The average appearance of the earliest fall arrivals in the vicinity of Long Island is about July 20th. The largest flocks appear in August and are most common in this locality during September and October.

Lesser or Summer Yellowlegs: The coloration of this species is almost identical to that of its larger relative described above. Its size, however, is about one-third smaller, averaging slightly less than eleven inches in length. The bill, too, is slightly shorter, measuring two inches in most specimens.

As previously intimated, this species is extremely rare along the Atlantic seaboard during the spring migration due to the fact that it takes the Mississippi Valley route at this season, but it is still very common, at least in some localities of the New England and Middle Atlantic States during the fall migration. It is by no means as common as in former years, however, for as many as a thousand birds or more were shot by single hunters in one season during the early seventies.

Its habits are very similar to those of the larger species, except that it decoys possibly even more easily, the last remaining members of a flock being sometimes repeatedly called to within gunshot after all the others have been killed.

An important factor in this species

maintaining its comparative abundance is that during the fall migration a great many flights of these birds take place in a direct line from Nova Scotia to the Lesser Antilles, thereby avoiding completely the Atlantic coast line, except during certain seasons when heavy northeasterly and easterly storms drive great numbers of them into shore.

Though a few individuals have been known to spend the summer within the confines of the United States (from whence it derived its name of summer yellowlegs), by far the greater majority nest in the Barren Grounds. Its winter home extends over practically the entire southern half of South America and as far south as the Strait of Magellan. Its average arrival in the vicinity of Long Island is about July 15th.

Black-bellied or Black-breasted Plover: The back of this species during the late summer and early fall is of a dark brown color distinctly speckled with white. The under parts are white and the tail white and barred with sooty black. The black breast is retained as a rule until late fall. This bird is quite easily distinguished by its rather distinctive coloration and by the white band on the wings, which can readily be seen when the bird is in flight. The immature birds, however, are rather difficult to distinguish from the adult golden plover, but since the latter is also on the "open list" of shore birds, no harm has been accomplished thereby. In fact, it frequently occurs that gunners will permit these immature birds to go by unharmed because of mistaken identity as a species on the protected list.

This beautiful and aristocratic bird is a rather common migrant along our Atlantic coastline during both the spring and fall migrations, differing in this respect from most other species, which as previously stated do not take the same route on both migrations.

Happily and for some unknown reason, the blackbreast has shown a slight yet noticeable increase during the past few seasons and is particularly abundant in the vicinity of Cape Cod. Its favorite feeding ground is in the neighborhood of flats and sand bars left bare by the tide and along beaches.

The earliest arrivals reach Long Island several weeks later than the yellowlegs, arriving as a rule about the first or second week in August, and occasionally remain as late as early November, when they start south for their winter home in Peru or Brazil.

Golden Plover: The back for the most part is a dull black mottled with white and a golden or greenish yellow. The under portions from the chin to the tail are black and turning to a grayish white in the fall. A white

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stripe extends from the eyes down the side of the head to the breast. The plumage of this bird is altogether distinctive and there should be no great difficulty in identifying it readily.

This species of plover was at one time perhaps the most abundant of all the shore birds, whereas at the present time it is in rather imminent danger of total extermination. A slight idea of its former abundance as well as an appreciation of the causes of its rapid diminution may be obtained from the fact that on the 16th of March, 1821, for example, Audubon states that, near New Orleans, almost 50,000 of these birds were killed in one day by pot hunters. In Chicago at a considerably later date they were sold in the open market for fifty cents per hundred. Instances of this sort could be cited by the hundred, and it is in no wise remarkable that, according to Forbush, the Golden Plover has decreased in numbers in New England about ninety per cent. in fifteen years. Stringent legislation within recent years, however, has brought a slight increase to these thinned ranks, and while this species is still in danger of extermination, the situation looks somewhat brighter than it did five or ten years ago.

The abundance of the golden plover along the Atlantic seaboard during the shooting season is almost entirely dependent upon weather conditions. Heavy easterly winds and stormy weather will drive large numbers of them toward shore. During fair weather, however, the flocks will almost invariably stay well out to sea and on a direct route from Nova Scotia to the Lesser Antilles.

The golden plover may frequently be found on pasture lands close to beaches where they feed generously on grasshoppers, insects and worms, which fare constitutes their favorite diet.

The safest rule for the hunter to follow in order to avoid shooting shore birds on the protected list is to learn to identify accurately and readily the above four species and then to conscientiously refrain from shooting at all other species whose identification marks do not tally with these. Among those species which are protected and which are found in greater or less abundance during the shooting season may be mentioned the red and northern phalaropes, stilt sandpiper, pectoral sandpiper, sanderling, willet, solitary sandpiper and dunlin or red-backed sandpiper. A description of these species may be found in any standard work on ornithology.

Each year on the opening day of the shore bird season there is an ever-increasing army of shooters ready to greet the birds southward-bound from

their breeding grounds with a generous volley of hot shot. Shore-bird shooting seems to offer an attraction to the old-time duck shooters as well as to the dyed-in-the-wool or purist type of field shot. This is partially accounted for by the fact that most of the members of both categories are unable to wait for the opening of the season on their favorite form of wing shooting, and also that shore-bird shooting contains some of the delightful elements that appeal to both classes of shooters.

The shooting is generally carried on from blinds which vary in construction from those more or less elaborately built of a raised platform and cedar boughs cut about four feet in length and stuck in the sand to a pile of brush consisting of sedge bushes and seaweed thrown together in a manner to sufficiently conceal the hunter seated on a soap-box. Occasionally very excellent natural blinds can be found, in which case they should always be selected, as the birds have already become acquainted with them, thereby allaying any suspicion which new objects on a landscape would tend to create.

The selection of the location of a blind depends entirely upon the section and character of the country and the species of birds sought. Meadow pond holes and the muddy margin of creeks afford excellent locations for yellowlegs, and a sandbar is especially recommended as a likely spot to find the plovers. The species will also be found to change with the varying tides. Dry ground when it first becomes inundated is an especially desirable spot to find almost any species of shore birds, especially the lesser yellowlegs, as such ground affords unlimited opportunities for probing for worms and various grubs. In most localities, however, it is generally a fact that no two species are alike as regards feeding habits, and an intimate knowledge of the birds in a given locality is the best guide to ensure the proper location of the blind.

There are two methods which are generally employed simultaneously in attracting the birds within shooting distance of the hunter concealed in his blind, viz., by decoys and by an imitation of the respective calls. The latter is perhaps the most important, as an accurate imitation of the individual call judiciously used is the surest means of attracting the birds to a given locality and keeping them there, whereas a poorly imitated call is frequently but not always the surest means of frightening them away. These calls may either be imitated by means of the variety of manufactured calls of tin or bone on the market or by means of the lips alone as the "old-timers" prefer doing it.

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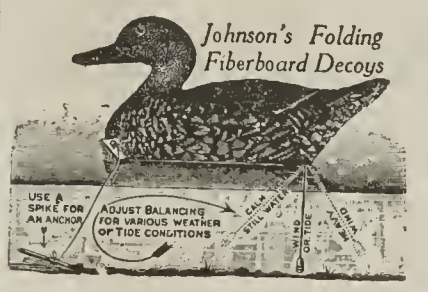

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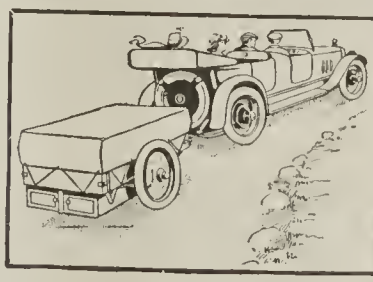

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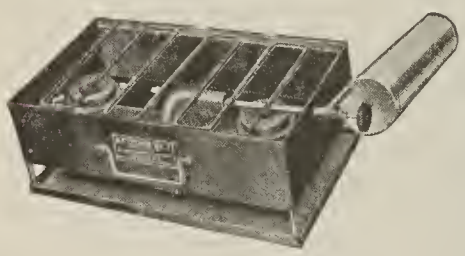

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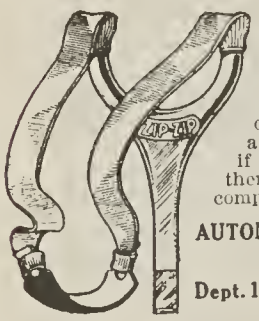

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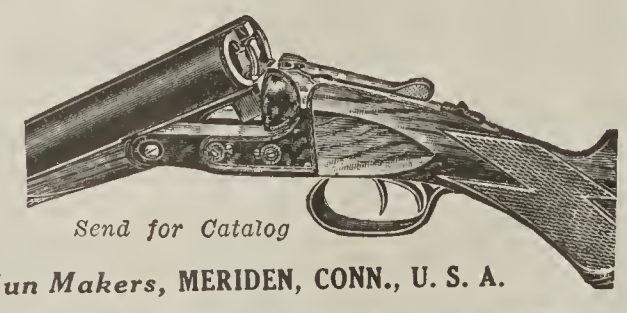

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wood or tin, the latter being of the folding type and therefore most convenient in carrying. The wooden ones, however, are the most natural in appearance and are preferable in an especially wet locality. From fifteen to thirty of either or both kinds set out to the windward of the blind is ordinarily sufficient, though as many as fifty may be used to advantage. The heads of the stools should face into the wind, the stools themselves being placed either on small mounds or directly in the water and about five feet apart. As a rule, a decided preponderance of yellowleg decoys is the best to use even in general shore-bird shooting. A few stools should always be placed fifty yards or more from the blind. Incoming birds are first attracted to these and may then be drawn closer to the main flock of decoys by whistling.

It is of especial importance that the blind be completely finished, the decoys set out and the hunter settled in the blind by daybreak if good shooting is to be expected. The hours between nine or ten o'clock in the morning and four or five o'clock in the evening are generally devoid of any good flights, the early morning hours being almost invariably the best. Immediately after a spell of stormy weather with easterly winds is frequently the most favorable time to expect a large flight of shore birds.

As in all other types of wing-shooting, the selection of a gun as regards gauge is a matter dependent upon the shooting abilities of the user. The man who can effectively use a sixteen or a twenty would be foolish and perhaps even savoring of poor sportsmanship to use a twelve, but for the neophyte, the latter gauge is generally to be recommended. The size shot most frequently used is either a No. 8 or a No. 9, tens being as a rule rather too small. A favorite twelve-gauge load is three drams of powder and one and one-eighth ounces of No. 8 shot, either soft or chilled, though chilled shot is to be preferred due to the fact that it makes a better pattern. Two and a half drams of powder and one ounce of shot and two and one-quarter drams of powder and seven-eighths of an ounce of shot for the sixteen and twenty respectively are favorite loads in these gauges.

Shorebird shooting as an art, as a science and as a form of genuinely sportsmanlike recreation is to be especially recommended to our younger generation and our sportswomen who are about to be initiated in the technic of wing shooting. For this class of our sporting population, at least, shorebird shooting does not entail the discouraging discomforts, the long and difficult shots or the objectionable recoil of the

heavy charges of shot and powder which are a feature of duck shooting; nor does it require the physical endurance and the almost exceptional astuteness in all elements that go to make up a good wing shot required in most types of field shooting. On the other hand, shore-bird shooting does embody most of the essential features that go toward making the art of wing shooting the beloved and time-honored sport it is—a certain degree of skill in the handling of a gun, good companionship, a knowledge of the habits of the game and pleasant surroundings. Added to this is the exceptional opportunity afforded in this type of shooting to study the wild fowl and other forms of wild life at close range.

It is a real and an essentially American sport, and with far-sighted legislation, stringent enforcement of game laws and reasonableness and good sportsmanship on the part of our hunters, shorebird shooting should continue to hold the opportunities and maintain the position it has held in the past in the annals of American field sports.

EMERSON HOUGH'S WILD WATERS

(*Continued from page* 433)

currents, the sickening welter all about, as though we were a million miles from land, tossed in the stormy Atlantic, fear, confusion, the passing of time untabulated and panic—were some of the many things that closed over my heart. I trusted to but one thing: The Indian who bent and writhed at that worn cedar pole in the bow. I laughed aloud, unheard of course, at the weak efforts of a man again these River Gods at their sport. Then I felt the spirit of the white water, the frenzy of it gripped me, and I yelled at the top of my lungs, stood up and fairly screamed with icy chill freezing and thawing my spine. I was one of the rapids, I was wild as a bird in the ether, I was in the very turmoil of an angry element—there was no fear now, only a sort of wild frenzy to live and battle with each atom of that savage unbridled flood. I looked at Cadreau and noted that he was braced, holding, and his face turned to me was lit with a smile.

By glory! That man was actually holding the canoe in the very fury of the Soo. I tried to walk forward, I was drenched. He pointed to the madhouse swirl of water, frothing, spuming, rolling and dizzy to look upon; I glanced down and then again at him. He motioned me up to him and reached for the rod. I had a fly on and he wedged the pole under his great arm, drew the rod back, whipped the thing

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as daintily as a girl would have blown the bloom from a dandelion to find whether she was loved or not, and the line coiled out to hide itself in the boiling caldron of waters at the side of the canoe. Then I made a discovery that had been lost to me in my excitement of invading the very heart of the racing flow of water:

We were laying on a rocky bar, as though on a riffle in the small hill ranch where I used to fish for bream, a pocket pool lay off our starboard side and to leeward fifteen, twenty, perhaps more, deep, swirling rocks and clean scoured bottom boulders, sucking about great obelisks of rock, hidden from shore by the wild, leaping waters of the shallows that rimed it around. The vortex of the rapids, that's what we lay above. The Indian had worked his guiding pole down between two immense boulders and the canoe rested stem and stem with the current. He held it on the flood as easy as floating cork. It was science. It was familiarity. To Jack Cadreau the Soo rapids are the backyard of his home.

You can not talk. You lose all sense of the turmoil of lashing waters. You are in a bedlam of frothing floods. And when you reach shore you are astounded by the lack of sound, at the painful jarring of common speech. Your ears have been so finely atuned to the fray of waters that silence in turn becomes as painful as the rush of waters.

All about us that morning the speckled trout were leaping and rolling on the surface for myriads of shad flys. We tried all sorts of patterns, large and small, but not a speckled trout could we interest. I had them roll over my flies, then leave them—they were not raising to things we had. Strange, but true. These smaller trout were feeding on the boulder bars of the rapids, where the water curled high and choppy.

"Let's try the deeper water about the pools, that's where they are, I'm sure," the guide shouted with his mouth at my ear.

We drifted like a shot and again there was a struggle between the Indian and the rapids. At last, by the mercy of God, he laid the canoe alongside a great upright boulder and held it with the cedar pole. He motioned toward a place to my left, where the vicious flow roared around a massive boulder. I cast one of Pete's Dreams, a brown hackle, tied of a deer's tail, and saw it miss the black boulder by a hair, to fall in a lace of foam. A rainbow of color flashed and flamed athwart the wild background of river. I sensed a terrific shock. My rod was torn, wrenched and bent in spasms. I released the line. I heard it snap

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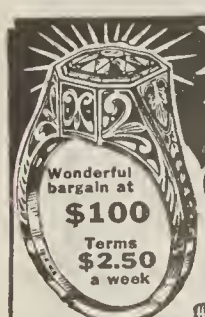

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against the bamboo, then came a leap again and again of all the color that God ever wove into a fish, and back of all the fairy lace of the rushing river. My first rainbow. I had only a sense of fighting something of dreams until it was landed in the net by a man who with one arm could hold a canoe against the river demon and smile while doing so.

I looked at the torn and worn bit of steel and deer's hair that Pete Vigeant had handed me the day before. I saw the river as it was one red August when the smudge of the North was hot and the bush was burning on the wild, bleak shores of North Superior. A bark-choked dust-wind from the Northwest coming down hot and killing over the dry muskeg. In the little Soo community Emerson Hough was a summer visitor.

Each evening they gathered at Pete Vigeants—those chaps from "all over" that had drifted in to cast the fly over the muttering millrace. Great rainbows were being taken out that season, for it was dry, unusually so, and the size of the rapids had never before in the memory of the oldest Indians been as it now was. Shrunken, they tell me, to the half of its usual width and depth.

Pete's place was the gathering of the clan. It was the rendezvous for the followers of the bamboo and the gut leader. Many a story was spun there that blazing summer that has gone down the trail since on the lips of men who have dusted their last campfire. Among the leaders of the clan was Hough, then in the very hey-day of his outdoor manhood. He was tying his own flies. And he was catching rainbow and speckled trout with them. One day he asked Pete:

"Why don't you tie your own, Pete, you've all the fixin' here for the work?"

Pete was running a taxidermist at the time on his force and the pickling vat down in the basement was full of deer skins.

He told Hough that he had never tried anything of his own.

"Well, come along with me and we'll go down in that basement of yours and get some material."

They did go down and Hough cut the tail from the deer pelt, led the way back up to Pete's workbench and made the first hand-tied fly, I presume, that ever was tied on that old street of the Soo.

In a few days Hough came back and Pete showed him a large, heavy fly of deer's hair (bucktail) tied on a bass size of hook, a No. 1/0, I believe it was, and at the sight Mr. Hough threw back his head with a hearty laugh that rang down the aisles of the cluttered little tackle store.

"Pete, that's a monstrosity, but it may catch fish!"

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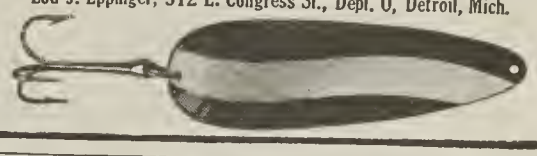

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That's how Pete felt about it. He was building that fly on the theory that a stronger fly was needed for the rapids than the light-speckled trout hackles they were using. That is, if they wanted to catch the heavier fish. So he merely shrugged at his teacher's criticism and contented himself by keeping silent in the face of Hough's hearty and wholesome joke.

That night Hough departed for Chicago. And that same evening, as the sun was sinking an angry flare into the burning shores of ironbound Superior, Pete set up his fly rod and fastening on a good leader, he slipped the new fly —which he called Pete's Dream—over the loop. Just at the great eddy pool, where the junction of the current from the second pier meets below the bridge some hundred yards, Pete made his first cast, and as the fly touched the water at the edge of a great river boulder, it was snapped up. I wish I could tell of the fight—space forbids—but it went on until the sun sank back of the Superior shores, and a group of the clan kindled a bonfire on the rocky shores above the rapids and watched the struggle.

"Pete Vigeant's hung the king o' them all!" the rumor went round.

Up and down the rocky, boulder-littered shores Pete fought his great rainbow, at times despairing of ever landing him. The clan at first joked the weary fisherman, then it settled down to waiting, roosting around the fire and drinking coffee. Pete dragged at last. Once or twice he thought he had lost the fish, but it was sulking. He could not get the rainbow away from the pools out beyond. It was dark and nothing but the bonfire to light the scene. Imagine it!

Finally, the big trout gave up and Pete waded out to where it lay on its side, gleaming as a beautiful arc in the sky, following a fearful and stunning struggle of the elements. With nothing but the distant firelight to light the waters of the treacherous rapids, he managed to get the exhausted captive in close, and there he was met by the clan with a net. They offered to net the fish for Pete, but he waved them back.

"Not a man's hand but my own touches that fish, and no net ever goes under such a prize. I'll lift him myself, and he did.

That night a committee of the trout anglers who were staying at the Soo wrote a telegram and dispatched it to Hough. It read:

"Pete's dream comes true—it weighs twelve pounds, a record for the Soo."

When Emerson Hough called at his office the next morning he found the message awaiting him on his desk. The dramatical character of this event, allied with his own deep, lasting love for

this fascinating river of the rugged, ironbound land, inspired his angling epic — "The Wildest Fishing In The World." Who knows, perhaps some part of the rapids itself entered that delightfully story; the power and mystery of it might have at least stolen in.

ERRATIC TROUTING CONDITIONS

(*Continued from page* 436)

scores of anglers continually with dry and wet flies of all sorts and shapes. He had become wary, and now ceased rising out of the water after insects as he used to do, taking a safer diet of fish food with which the pool was well supplied. I saw six-inch chub frantically leaping above the water to escape the giant's maw. Despite the horrible bad conditions I tried to seduce this prize with every kind of lure, without success, his education was highly complete, for there he remains—doubtless for another season, when we all will again have a crack at him.

Our Editor joined us for a few days to experience the woes of real suprefine adverse conditions. To him, less vexing, because it was his first view of this lovely stream. Lovely indeed it is, and the more lovely as one grows to know it well, for does not the worthy Dr. Henry Van Dyke sing, "Go to the lovely Beaver-Kill in the tassel-time of spring"? I've done it many years at the time mentioned to be greeted with a howling snowstorm and heavy — very heavy frost, of which early conditions I may describe some other time. They are much worse than abnormal June.

Now what is the moral of all this point to? I reply, the spiceness of adversity makes true sport. We most want what we cannot get. The average American is really a true sport—game to the core, not only on a trout stream, even in Wall Street, he takes his medicine like a man. This is so indeed in every effort that dominates the mind of men, to get success. Henry Ford and Thomas Edison are examples. So in spite of conditions we keep up the game and still go a-fishing after the wary, or foolish trout.

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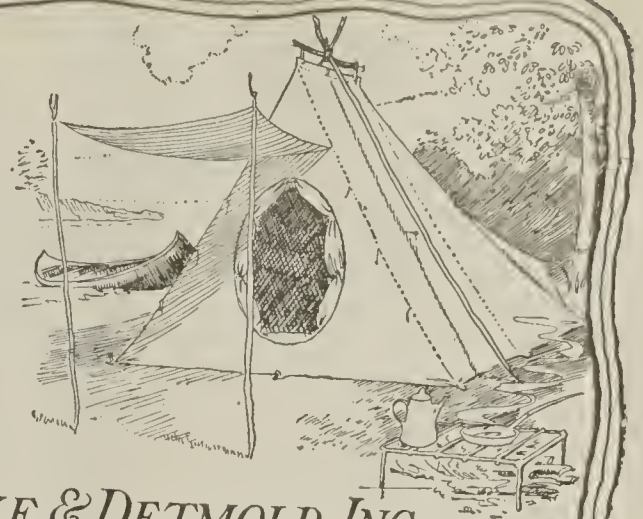

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CANOEING DOWN MOOSE RIVER

(*Continued from page* 423)

going in to his armpits, but he held onto the canoe and by four o'clock the guide had worked his way down through the network of obstacles with the only serious damage a broken pole, which fortunately did not happen until we had almost reached smooth water before arriving at Little Brassua Pond, where we encamped for the night.

On account of the constant braking in the shooting of Moose River rapids from Long Pond to Little Brassua, it is not a rapid journey, but as cited, a thrilling one, on account of the battle with rocks and water. In coming down such waters, the city "sport" can be of no aid to the guide, for he does not know the course that the guide in the stern desires and he might push the boat the wrong way at the wrong time, so he has to sit still, hold his nerve and admire the art of the Maine guide. When the guides in a canoe strike quick water the bow man is the leader and selects the course. Then both can work to advantage.

From the round pond of Little Brassua to the stream again and through Brassua Lake to the river is every day Maine Woods water until the final run of Moose River or the outlet of Brassua Lake is reached, when there is another stretch of rapids, not as dangerous as those up-stream, but interesting with relatively minor rushes. In former years the trip from Kineo up Moose River to Brassua Lake and return was a favorite day's journey and gave anyone a good round of poling and padling. To-day such a trip should offer a pleasant change from the constant round of motor yachting and campfire dinners, in vogue on Moosehead Lake at the present time.

When we emerged from Moose River to big Moosehead Lake, a smart breeze was blowing from the south, but some vigorous strokes of the paddle brought us in short order across the Lake, past Kineo to Waring Point, the very place we had started from, six days before (one day's railroad journey), and we figured our total canoe distance had been about seventy miles.

So here ended a trip up into the country to the west of Kineo, and taking it all in all a very interesting trip it is having the advantage of being a short journey for those who do not have the time to spend several weeks in the wilderness.

By starting from Attean Lake and leaving out the upper reaches of Moose River, the paddle down could be made handily in three days or less, according to how much carrying one desired to make by the wayside. There are many side streams where the sportsman may find fishing.

One regrettable circumstance was that a river of the name of Moose should not have more big game. We saw a few deer, but looked in vain for a monarch of the forest, viz.: a moose —caribou have left the state of Maine; will the Moose also go over the border? We trust that the State Game Departments will save what moose are left and restore the caribou, having at least enough unmolested big game in the woods that a traveler can occasionally get a glimpse of some.

One rarely makes a canoe trip over Maine waters without thinking of another one he will make in some other part of the state, and there are enough of them to occupy the time of a canoeman—for many years. Since the days of Thoreau, city people have been enjoying these Maine Woods outings, and are still going in goodly numbers into the wild country that is left. Some day, when the lumbermen are through with Northern Maine, a good part of it may be Park Land—at least nature lovers can hope for something in that direction.

I also believe that no one ever goes on a Maine Woods canoe trip without having admiration for Maine canoes. To observe that a twenty-foot canoe can carry two men and supplies for a number of weeks and yet be of such light but strong construction that the shell can be carried from place to place; will survive all yanking and handling; will shoot the rapids in skilful hands and come out whole and yet with all is a "thing of beauty and a joy forever," is certainly a credit to Maine handicraft, for the Maine canvas canoe is acknowledged to be an improvement over the Indian bark canoe, though it has not the poetical romance that is woven around the boat of birch.

And now a word for Maine guides. They are a race of men who impress their personality on all who go with them to the woods. Rarely has a "sport" a word of complaint to find with their behavior. Like the Maine skippers who sailed the clipper ships on the seven seas, the guides are the masters of the states inland waterways. Most of them were born on the edge of the wilderness waters and take to the axe and the paddle as soon as they are large enough to swing them. They first enter a lumber camp and then drift to guiding in the summer season. They are a sturdy, rugged type of manhood and have won the admiration of many travelers and celebrities including Theodore Roosevelt.

There are two Kineo guides of the writer's acquaintance whom he believes deserve special mention as each has rounded out a half century of guiding.

One Ichabod Smith, born in 1850, has been a lumberman and guide all his life and during the season of 1922 was still going strong. He guided some of the earliest parties in the Maine Woods, and having taken up his life work before the day of motor boats, he thinks nothing of paddling all day or away into the night if the occasion requires such exertion. Though of a positive nature, he is likewise courteous, and with his ample build, strong, bronzed face and picturesque speech he reminds one of the whaling captains of by-gone days.

The other fifty year guide is Simon Capino, who is not only the hero of the Moose River trip just mentioned, but the hero of no end of adventures in woods, mountains and sea. Unlike Ichabod, who has lived about all of his 72 years in the Maine woods, Simon has been a jolly rover. Born in Vermont, a descendent of the St. Francis tribe of Indians, he came at an early age with his mother to Greenville on the Lake, for his father and three brothers were killed in the Civil War. At an early age, Simon took to lumbering and guiding, but at intervals he tried his hand at other crafts, such as driving horsecars in Boston, Mass., mining in the state of Idaho, and fishing in Alaskan waters. Besides being a traveler, he has been a student, and a city "sport" is at once surprised and astounded at his knowledge of present and past events. He can regale a layman with opinions on the latest happenings, or no end of yarns of his many years of experience on land, lake and sea. Before motor boats drove sails from Moosehead, he ran one of the pleasure sloops. So he has probably had as varied a career as any guide on Moosehead Lake, which, of course, makes him the interesting, virile and versatile character that he is.

Both of these half century guides have no bad habits, neither smoking nor drinking, which may explain one of the reasons why they are so active in their seventies. Simon, at one time, was known to play poker, but he now prefers to listen to church music, while Ichabod never misses a chance to hear a sermon if one is being preached where he happens to reside.

So in the State of Maine we have noteworthy pastimes, products and characters, viz.: Maine canoe trips, Maine canoes and Maine guides, and the most interesting of these three, from the human standpoint, is the latter.

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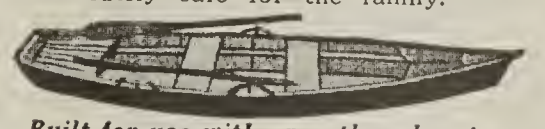

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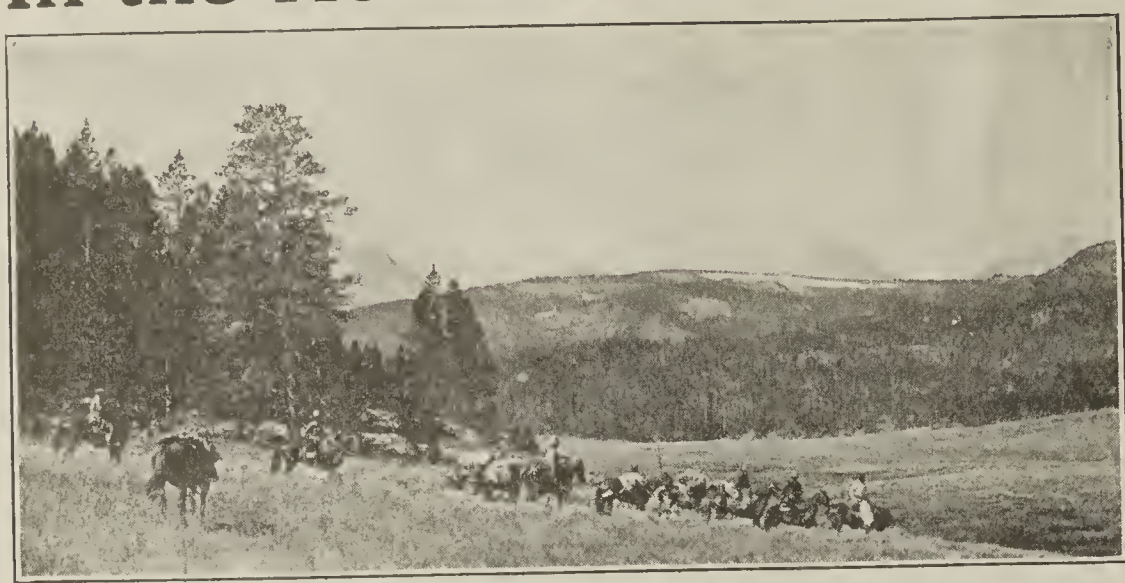

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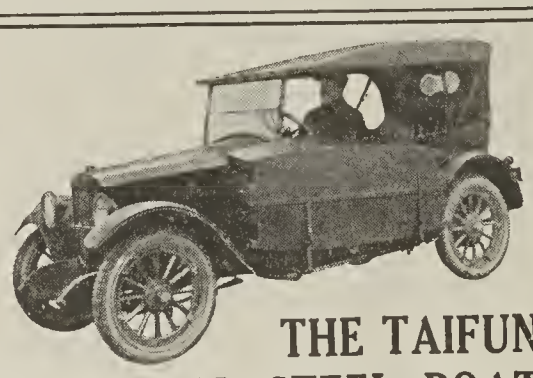

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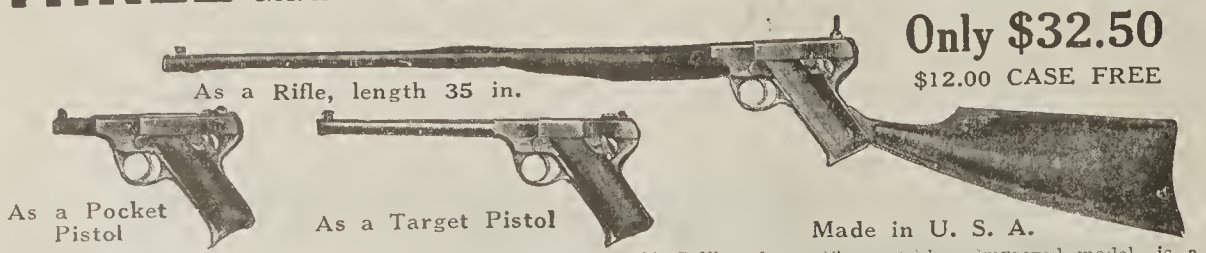

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REYNARD OF THE RIVER SWAMP

(*Continued from page* 427)

thus engaged, he heard the dogs drawing nearer, and made a frantic effort to regain the road which he knew to be only a few yards away, but owing to turning several times in pursuit of the weasel, he traveled slightly parallel with the road instead of directly to it. The result was that, try as he would, he could not make the road in time, and arrived a moment late, to see Pepper (who was slightly in the rear) cross the road. I did not know whether to laugh at Fred or sympathize with him. He had such a disgusted and crestfallen look, with the rain drops trickling down his face. "I ought to be kicked full of holes for leaving the road," he said, and he looked as though he meant it. However, I had taken this trip for the especial purpose of giving Fred an outing, and I did not intend to lose my temper even if we did lose the fox.

It needed now only a few minutes to noon. We decided we would eat our lunch which, fortunately, had not become wet, through our game bags. Reynard had lost no time once across the road and we could only hear the dogs at times. Although we remained on the road until fifteen minutes to two, he showed no inclination again to cross the road. In fact, he had not, until the last half-hour, approached it closer than a half mile. By this time the wind was getting strong and the clouds were so heavy that it looked as if daylight would not last much beyond four o'clock. Therefore I proposed that one of us follow reynard, and endeavor by the same means to induce him again to cross the roadway. I asked Fred which he would prefer to do, and he replied that he would stay on the road and that a team of horses would be required to drag him off it before dark.

So once more I started into the swamp, but before going, I told Fred that if I wished him to follow me at any time I would, if out of sound of our whistle, fire one shot and then two in quick succession, for I figured that reynard must be getting rather tired of the game by now and might make up his mind to leave the swamp and hole up. I proceeded as best I could through the swamp. I could hear the dogs, but quite far away.

When I had been tramping through the swamp, climbing over fallen trees and working around bog holes in an endeavor to come up with the dogs for the space of perhaps half an hour, I suddenly realized that they were heading straight toward me; almost at the same time I stumbled through some cedar boughs to find myself on a nar-

row path or lane, about the width required for a team to pass along. It had probably been cut for the purpose of drawing out logs at some early date, as it plainly had not been used for some time. Here, I thought, was a fair chance for a shot. So I stood quietly glancing first to the right and then to the left. I was turning my eyes to either side when on my left, with a touch as light as that of a fairy, reynard hit the path. Like a flash, my gun hit my shoulder, but quickly as I had acted, reynard was across first and my shot left the gun only to bury itself in the cedar, where reynard had disappeared from view.

The dogs were close on his heels, Belle leading, Mike close behind her, and Pepper about twenty yards behind. He appeared tired, and when he saw me, turned and came towards me, whined a couple of times as if apologizing for dropping out of the chase. Poor little fellow, his age was beginning to tell on him.

When the fox passed me, he was heading in the direction of the road on which I had left Fred, but going about four hundred yards that way, turned and again made for the northeast. As I stood listening, to get the direction of reynard's latest move I espied coming around a bend in the lane on which I stood, the most peculiar-looking object in human form that it has fallen to my lot to behold. Picture, if you can, a little old man not more than four feet six inches in height, round-shouldered and stooped, with clothes that were easily four sizes too large. A little yellowish-red, round fur cap, pulled well down over his head, allowed only room underneath for two little steely gray eyes to peer out. About two weeks' growth of dirty white whiskers, a large mouth, from the corners of which two streaks of tobacco juice had dribbled down to the lower jaw, and stained the beard in two lines resembling long fangs, added much to his grotesque appearance. "Them your dogs?" he squeaked in a high-pitched voice. "Yes," I replied, "they are running a fox. I got a shot but he was too quick for me." "Is he red?" He trilled in his peculiar little squeak, and I fancied that I noticed a certain anxiety in him that told me he knew of one in the swamp that was not red, probably silver or black. "Yes, red," I replied, "a good-sized fellow." "Do you see that tree?" he piped, pointing to a sapling about two inches thick that was clawed and chewed off about a foot from the ground. "I caught a coon there last week that weighed twenty-eight pounds." And he rubbed his parchment-like hands together, as if warming them over an imaginary fire. "You trap this swamp?" I asked. "Yes, I have as

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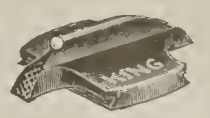

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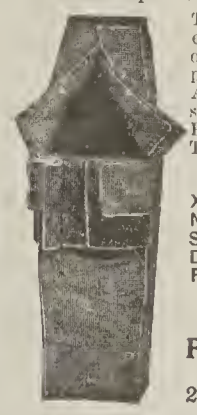

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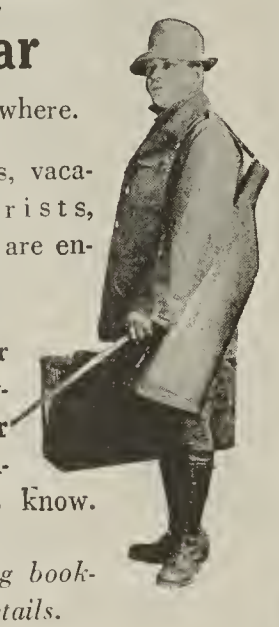

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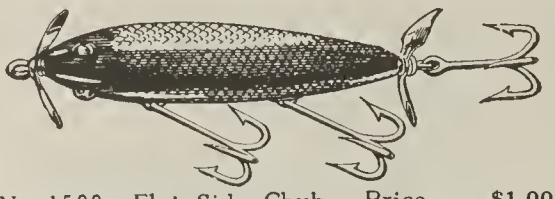

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many as twelve fox traps set in one place. I have over one hundred in this swamp," and he pointed to a small cedar about a dozen paces away, where I noticed a rabbit hanging about five feet from the ground.

His method employed in trapping fox is to hang up a rabbit, slit it down the belly while yet warm and allow the entrails to hang out and the blood to drop on the ground at the foot of the tree; he then sets a number of traps around the tree and covers them with leaves. Reynard, attracted by the smell of the rabbit, walks around investigating, steps on one of the traps, then bounces around and becomes fast in two or three more. He uses only size one and one-half traps.

I wished the old fellow good luck as he moved away down the swamp, and stood thinking what I should do next. I decided I would follow the dogs again at once, as it would soon be getting dark and I would want to get clear of the swamp before night set in. I had traveled, perhaps three hundred yards, forgetting about Pepper who had been following at my heels when I left the lane, and was sitting on a log listening intently to get the correct direction of the dogs, as they were again quite a distance away, and the rain made quite a little noise dropping through the trees, when I beheld Pepper coming toward me, his face looked like a half-worn-out paint brush, so full was it of porcupine quills. If there is any job I dislike, it is extracting quills from a dog, but unpleasant as it is for everyone concerned, I know it has to be done. So I quickly gave the signal for Fred to come to me, and I was thankful that I had arranged one.

It was quite a while before Fred reached me and it was getting dusk when we got the last quill out of Pepper's mouth and nose. Fortunately, we had a pair of long-pointed pliers which I always carry for this purpose, as it is next to impossible to pull them out with the fingers. While we were working with the quills the other dogs had passed again, going toward the road. They were so far away to the southeast that we knew for the second time that day, reynard had crossed the road and again we both had been in the swamp when he had crossed.

We came out of the swamp (with the aid of our compass) about one mile from camp, but in order to stay in the clearing it was necessary to travel about one and one-half miles. It was so dark when we reached our camp that we could not see one foot ahead. I do not think I ever appreciated the little tent and oil stove so much as I did that evening, coming in tired, hungry and wet. We knew we should have to stay that night, for even if the dogs would leave the chase and come

to camp, we did not feel like taking a thirty-five mile trip through the inky darkness, rain and mud, with our clothing wet through to our skin.

It is surprising what a difference a meal of fried bacon, good bread and hot coffee makes in a case of this kind. When we had satisfied our hunger and got out of our wet clothes, we felt that we had had a good hunt even though our game bag was empty. We sat on our blankets and chatted, enjoying the warmth from the oil stove, until we began to get sleepy and Fred proposed that we roll in our blankets for a sleep. We left the oil stove burning, hung our clothes on the ridge pole of our tent so that they would dry before morning, turned in and were soon fast asleep.

I judged it to be about three-thirty in the morning when I was awakened by a scratching sound at the tent entrance, and believing that the dogs had returned, I got up, lit the lantern, and opened the tent flap to find only Mike had returned. Wondering what could have brought him in alone, I proceeded to make him a bed in the corner of the tent, as I did not want to take the trouble to dress, and it was too cold to go out as I was, and shut him in the box that I carry the dogs in on these trips.

When I had arranged a comfortable bed I showed him his place, but instead of lying down to rest as might be expected of a dog that had run as long as he, he whined, looked up at me, then in a listening attitude looked toward the tent entrance. While watching his peculiar actions with no other sound than the roaring of the wind which had now become a gale, I fancied I heard the distant bark of a dog away to the southwest. Suddenly the thought of the old man of the swamp and his hundred or more fox traps flashed through my brain. Had Belle started for camp, and having been hungry attempted to make a meal of one of his baits, and become fast in his traps? I can assure you the thought was anything but a pleasant one. My fellow hunters who read this will readily understand that I thought a lot of this little dog. I aroused Fred from a sound sleep and told him my fears; also that I thought Mike was trying to tell me in dog language that we were needed in the swamp.

Fred was up in an instant. We got into our clothes which were about dry now, and taking our lantern and a small axe that I carry on my belt when hunting, we set out into the storm. The rain of the day before had been replaced by snow, and I learned afterwards that the gale that was blowing the snow into deep drifts was traveling at a speed of forty-five miles an hour. The same storm (I saw by the papers) had, at Buffalo, attained a velocity of ninety-five miles, and had done considerable damage.

We had gone only a few yards when our lantern went out with the wind, and it was useless to think of trying to relight it. So we proceeded in the darkness, directed by the occasional barking of Belle. As she appeared to be at the edge of the swamp, we kept in the clearing. We had covered about a mile, could hear her quite plainly, and knew we were near our goal. We were glad that she happened to be at the edge of the swamp. When we came close, we discovered to our delight that she was not in a trap, but standing on the top of a rail fence looking intently into a scrubby pine tree that grew beside the fence.

The secret was out. I knew at once that reynard had taken refuge in the upper branches of the tree. The rail fence led directly into the swamp, and it is my opinion that reynard mounted the fence in the swamp, ran along it for a distance of perhaps one hundred yards, and then sprang from the fence to the lower branch of the pine tree. From there it was an easy matter to climb higher as the limbs grew only a few inches apart.

Fred was delighted at the turn events had taken in our favor, and could hardly contain himself through the remaining hours of darkness. I sent him back to camp to bring his gun as we should need one to bring reynard out of the tree when it became light enough to shoot. When he had gone I set about the task of starting a fire, for I knew we should have a wait of from two and a half to three hours before daylight, and I was beginning to chill after getting heated, walking from camp. When I had used up all but two of my matches, I succeeded (by retiring into the thick cedar), in lighting a piece of pine root that was full of rosin, and soon had a good fire burning. Fred returned shortly with his gun and we sat by the fire. All this time, Belle, who had left her position on the fence, kept walking up and down by the tree, ever looking up and seeming as anxious as we for the light of day.

At last the sky became gray in the east, and it was not long before we could discern a nose, two ears and a pair of dark cheeks as reynard peered at us over the edge of an old crow's nest, about thirty feet from the ground, upon which he had curled up.

There is not much left to tell. Fred loaded his Lefevre with number five shot and went out into the clearing to a distance of thirty-five paces. I remained close to the tree. At the report of Fred's gun, reynard leaped about one and one-half feet from the nest and dropped to the ground, dead.

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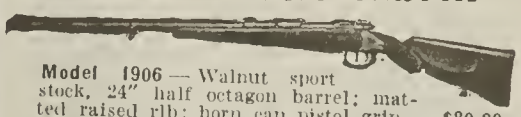

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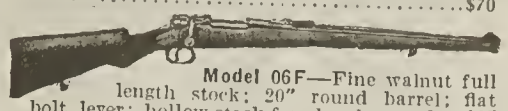

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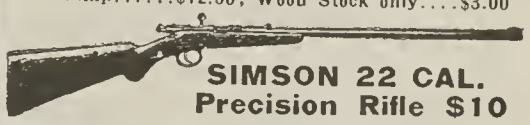

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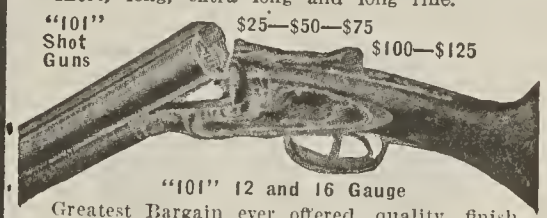

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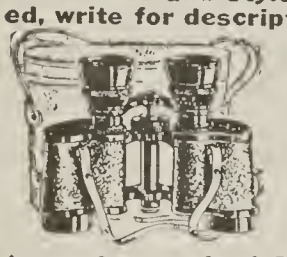

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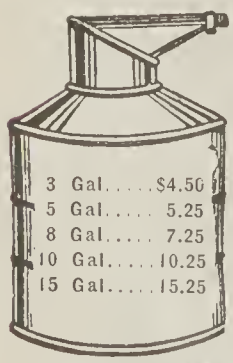

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So ended the hunt, and once more reynard's wits were out-done by the keen nose of a good dog.

We returned to camp, put the dogs in their box, gave them a good meal, then prepared and ate our breakfast; after which we packed our goods on the car and got started for home at nine o'clock. I will not dwell on the trouble we encountered with snow drifts on the way home. It is enough to say we did not arrive home until three o'clock in the afternoon.

Since the hunt recorded in these pages, I have had several others in different parts of the country after the little red fellows, and on one occasion bagged the quarry within one hour of the time he started, but never have I felt the satisfaction that I derived from bagging that fox in the River Swamp.

THEM DURN "SHIRKS"

(*Continued from page* 431)

a hundred pounds, I want regular belters! Oh, yes, I've *had* 'em since then—for a few minutes; when a big shark makes up his mind to seek another spot he goes away from where he was in a hurry. and many tail ends of good line have I seen slip off my reel.

For this game, as for channel bass and all the other large fighters, the very best of tackle must be employed. The usual surf rig is sufficient; the rod, however, must be powerful and of the very best quality to withstand the rough handling that Mr. Shark gives it. The reel should be rather bigger than that necessary to land bass; it should be large enough to hold at least 1,500 feet of No. 15 line or more. In fact, the reel can hardly be *too* large; the only drawback is that in these large reels the freespool adjustment is missing. After a little practice, however, the revolving handle will cease to bother one.

The hook should be equipped with a ten or twelve-foot phosphor-bronze or rustproof wire leader and swivel, and the hook attached to the leader with a short length of bronze chain, the links of which are brazed. Unless one is rigged in this manner the shark will soon free himself; either the line will chafe through or it will be cut by the thrashing tail.

I have used woven or braided leaders of fine wire, but to me these do not seem to stand up as well as the solid wire. It is mighty well to be equipped with a gaff; thumb stalls, too, are an absolute necessity unless you use the automatic wheel brake, otherwise you will "darn" the sharks, too, as your thumb blisters up.

That shark fishing is coming into its own at last seems certain. Let me quote from a well-known authority on surf angling, Mr. Heilner:

"I find as much pleasure in hooking and playing a shark as I do in landing many others among the great game fishes which feed in the surf. . . .

"Each year, I am glad to say, shows an increased interest in shark fishing, and I have no doubt that, unless this fish receives a deserved recognition among the surf-fishing clubs, that independent associations will be formed with the purpose in view of raising it to its proper pinnacle as a game-fish. . . .

"Those of us who honor a fish in proportion to the battle he gives us will be apt to disregard the evil name the shark has brought upon himself, and will give him the credit for his good qualities, and this even though his virtues and his attractions to the casual eye be nil. . . I am satisfied that the time will come when the shark will be classed among the great game-fish of the ocean and will be pursued with all the zeal and interest that are displayed in angling for either channel or striped bass."

Don't despise the "Doggies," either, the big boys' little cousins; don't think they are not game. I don't mean the little fellows that you hardly know are on your hook. Why, last fall I—but that is another story, as Kipling says. Suffice it to say, just you try "doggies" of upwards of twenty pounds or more on light tackle—you'll have your work cut out for you, and never again will you question their fighting powers.

"Durn them shirks" again comes to me—a memory of a stormy, blowy morning, out at the nets with the friendly fisher-folk. The sharks had evidently been attracted by the fish inside the nets that day, and the savage, hungry fellows had created havoc with the catch as well as with the nets. Here and there were heads stuck in the nets, the bodies nipped cleanly off, and worse than this, in the minds of the fisherman, was the damage done the nets—holes and shreds galore. Oh, yes, the fisher-folk, as a rule, love 'em!

The schools of doggies are especially esteemed by the fishermen—not. The trawlers, too, voice the sentiment, "Durn them shirks," with vim. Just think, a single dory will fish several thousand hooks, and with ten to twelve dories to a schooner there is some choice picking on old ocean's bottom for the "doggies," and what they do to the fisherman's bait is aplenty.

These pests range the coast at times in large schools, rush into a fishing ground, where they take possession and then as suddenly leave; but so voracious are they that when they are on the fishing grounds the fishermen are up against it.

I will qualify this: they *were* up against it, as, formerly, there was no market for this fish which, since it has appeared in various toothsome forms, is styled "Grayfish." Like the Tilefish, perhaps due to old Mr. H. C. of L., the doggie or grayfish has now become more or less popular as an article of food.

The Bureau of Fisheries, in speaking of the merits of the grayfish, says: "Fortunately for the fish, but not for the public, the early reputation of the grayfish was based not on its high quality as food, but on its destructive habits. It is a pirate and a marauder, like the blue-fish, but its weapons are more efficient, and it not only eats and drives away other fishes, but it cuts to pieces with its teeth the fishermen's gear and leaves him helpless and exasperated."

"Exasperated" is right. I can hear 'em yet: "Durn them shirks!"

They don't always drive the other fish away, though. Haven't you often caught weaks, fluke and blues right in the midst of a flock of doggies? I have.

After scrapping with those thirty-pound doggies I mentioned earlier in this little wheeze, I have a wholesome respect for them, and after I had digested all the Bureau of Fisheries wrote about, I felt that they really were "some punkins."

The hide is useful in polishing fine metal, ivory, etc., as, although it seems scaleless and smooth when caught, it is, on drying, rough as emery cloth and, as in the case of its larger cousin, the liver is valuable for its oil, used in dressing leather and in medicine.

The grayfish may be eaten fresh, too; I know it well. Real fish were scarce on one of our trips, and Warren and I were down to first principles, as it were, but the doggie saved us—good, too. It can be salted and dried like cod; also smoked and canned. The canned fish is cheap and wholesome, too; it is not in any way a low-grade product—it is rich, palatable and good.

Now, stop this talk of the high cost of living; we all do it most of the time, while in a great measure we do nothing to reduce it, even when the only effort required is to substitute one word for another when we order from the marketman.

Someone has said, "Everything that comes out of the sea is good to eat." I don't know; sometimes there are seasons when some of the sea creatures are poisonous, but, on the whole, I think he is right. I've eaten lots of sea critters that don't look good to the uninitiated — blow-fish, skates, doggies, squid, etc. We shall *have* to eat such trash, sooner or later, if wasteful sportsmen do not take a tumble. Look at the poor sport that catches his channel bass and lets the beautiful warrior

(*Continued on page* 478)

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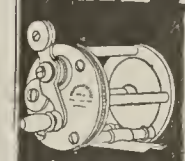

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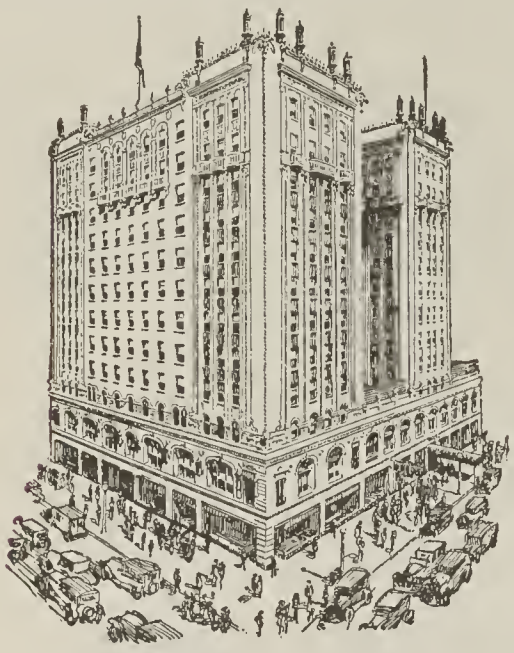

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GORDON SETTER PUPPIES FOR SALE, from my private shooting bitch and the great Kelly N; eligible to registry; dogs $100; bitches $50; black with tan points and beauties. K. Layne, Cuba, Ill.

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No. 6—Three-year-old pointer dog. A combination grouse, chicken and quail dog. Knows where to find and how to handle them. Medium range, fine retriever. Price $225.

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I have other shooting dogs, all well bred, good lookers and thoroughly experienced. Priced from $150-$500 each. Write your wants.

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(Continued on page 477)

THE MARKET PLACE

In the Big Cities, Along Blazed Trails and in the Small Villages Your Classified Advertisement if Printed Here Will Reach Thousands of Sportsmen

Among these thousands are a great many that can use and that will pay money for the sporting equipment that you no longer need. Guns, rifles, canoes, boats, dogs, reels, fishing rods—all kinds of old hunting and fishing equipment—can be sold or exchanged here. Write a brief description of your possession—send it with a remittance of ten cents per word (Initials and numbers count as a word). We accept stamps, coin, money orders or checks. Remittance must be enclosed with order. September classified columns close August 5th.

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LAST SEASON I RAN OUT OF THAT BIG, plump Wild Rice seed, so order now for September delivery. Also order Sago Pond Plant and Wild Celery seed. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, Dept. H-250, Oshkosh, Wis.

GUARANTEED GERMINABLE WILD RICE and Wild Celery Seed for fall planting. An interesting Government Bulletin on attracting Wild Ducks sent free. Robert Campbell, Keene, Ontario.

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WANTED—ONE REMINGTON PUMP rifle, 30 or 25-35 or 25. In good condition. Fred G. Garner, Winterhaven, Florida.

WANTED—20-GAUGE SHOTGUN IN PERfect condition, either Daly, Greener, Colts, Francott, or Fox make, A-1 grade. John W. Flock, Long Branch, N. J.

MISCELLANEOUS

CAMP AND HOME GOODS, NOVELTIES, etc., by the hundreds. You need. Retailing at jobbing prices. A general store at your door. We pay postage. Postcard bring wonder catalog. Agents invited. Acey Smith, Lightner Bldg., Detroit, Mich. (also Windsor, Ontario), wholesale druggists, etc., established 1895.

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NAVY OBSERVATION PRISM BINOCUlar, 10 power, central focus, perfect, $25; subject to examination. G. Walker, Box 633, Cincinnati, Ohio.

DOGS

(Continued from page 476)

AIREDALES

A FREE COPY DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET of world's largest dog kennels will be mailed on request listing for sale the famous Oorang Airedales, specially trained as watch-dogs, farm dogs, stock drivers, automobile guards, companions, and hunters on all kinds of game. Also choice breeding stock, puppy stock, kennel supplies, dog foods, dog medicines, etc. Satisfaction and safe delivery guaranteed. Oorang Kennels, Box 24, La Rue, Ohio.

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THE LARGEST AND THE BEST COLLIE pups in this country. Dundee Collie Kennels, Dundee, Mich.

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SMOOTH FOX TERRIER PUPPIES. BEST Sabine blood. $15.00 to $25.00. Maridell Kennels, Eldorado Springs, Mo.

BIRD DOGS FOR TRAINING

WANTED—BIRD DOGS FOR TRAINING, thirty-three years' experience in developing grouse and quail dogs. Excellent references; terms reasonable. A. E. Seidel, Danville, Pa.

BLOODHOUNDS

FOR SALE—MALE, WELL TRAINED English bloodhound, real trailer. Also some fine pups for sale, subject to A. K. C. L. M. Barrett, Morristown, Tenn.

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THEM DURN "SHIRKS"

(*Continued from page* 475)

lie on the beach to die—food for the fly, crow or crab. For the love of Mike, if it is not to be released upon weighting it, at least it should be eaten—the steaks are delicious. The big sharks, too, are now considered by the fishermen to be too valuable to be merely hacked to pieces on capture; in fact, shark fishing is now a recognized commercial industry.

It is said that they are mostly hunted for their hides, which manufacturers use for shoes and leather articles. I have just lately seen such shoes in the market; I had been told that the leather had not been a success, due to the fishy odor, but these shoes had no trace of smell. They looked very nice, something like pigskin, but rougher.

So, brother angler and disgruntled fishermen, if you want to, darn the sharks, but if you ever have the good fortune to hook and play a big one on the proper rig, and be you victor or vanquished, I am sure that your opinion of this denizen of the deep will be somewhat changed. I am also certain that, after the strenuous struggle, Mr. Shark will stand high in your regard as a game-fish and you will accord him the respect that he properly deserves.

You will need but one experience, I think—just one to make you long for another. Knee-deep in the shifting waters, the grass-covered dunes rearing themselves at your back, and the flying scud in your face as the huge curling breakers spill their tons of smother on the beach. The storm clouds tear across the sky, the gulls and crows are swept along as bits of fluff, their cries merely accentuating the loneliness of the far-flung waste of wild water and desolate beach, and in the midst of this immensity you stand, giving battle to the mighty sea creature—

As the mantle of evening draws over the blue,
And you fish in the eventide hush,
You may feel your bait lifted, you strike hard and then
A huge shark is off with a rush!
Or it may be at noontime, at daybreak or night,
As the stars snap and twinkle on high—
If once hooked you will never escape from the lure
Of the surf, of the beach, of the sky!

September is musky time! We beg to call our readers' attention to a very informative and beautifully illustrated article in the coming issue, by the well-known angling authority, Mr. Louis Rhead, who tells an interesting story about our great American pike.

TOURING WITH RAYMOND SPEARS

(*Continued from page* 437)

farm yards, with fresh milk, welcome the tent-travelers.

"Free Camping" is seen beckoning along all the named trails—all the blazed routes from region to region. One may find ocean beach opportunities, too, down the Atlantic coast—beautiful places where the wheels will sink to the hubs in sand over night, or at the first turn of the motor in the morning, if care isn't taken.

I suppose more good tourists, careful, competent and experienced drivers come to grief in picking out-of-the-way camp grounds than in any other part of the sport. I know that in my own experience I've mired down, ditched, banked and hobbled my old medium six oftener in making or escaping camp than in any other way—broken axles, and been obliged to jack up and out, stalled myself and caused myself more strains that way than in any other.

But one learns, too, in getting into and out of camp grounds—as some of the after-thought, and half-witted, municipal ones—something of the capacity of a car for real work. In a land where an hour's rain puts the highways out of commision for a day or two, they put a camp half a mile out on a side road, and the approach is over an open ditch a foot deep and soft at the bottom after a heavy dew—literally. It's better to go on forty miles after dark than to accept such careless hospitality.

One can drive from New York city, or Boston, on the main highway to Chicago, Omaha, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City, and across the Great Salt Lake Basin, over Nevada and by Placerville, Sacramento, to San Francisco, and find all the way places where camping is a delightful experience and opportunity.

Four years ago (1919) a house car drove up the Mohawk Valley, and for seventy-five miles could discover no "good place" to camp. This car passed a dozen perfectly available places—but inexperience and ignorance of what constitutes a camp ground gave the man and his wife a miserable day-end. They finally struck the obvious ground between Little Falls and Herkime, just west of the Smalls Gulf trolley crossing, at the top of the hill on the north side. I suppose this place, where a dozen cars can stop—sometimes somebody stretches a wire across the entrance—is one of the best known in the Eastern States, simply because during the summer months as many as 1,500 tourist campers pass there in a day.

Now, in 1923, there are at least a score of available trail side camping places along this seventy-five miles, beauties just west of Schenectady, and

at farms along the way (a wonderfully attractive orchard camp west of Ft. Plain), and through Little Falls (opposite the Big Canal Lock), and on westward. We stopped one night last fall under a fine old maple beside the road in an unfenced field, west of Utica about forty miles, and prepared and happen-so camping places appear at intervals all the way west now. Curiously enough Niagara Falls, and some other noted resort places, to which tens of thousands of automobiles drive, there to spend good money, force the tourists to leave local business and wander off five or ten miles to find some back lot or open field camping place, no municipal grounds being provided for campers, or at least none were last fall.

West from Buffalo, the shore of Lake Erie is available here and there. At Westfield, turning north a mile, there is a camp at Barcelona Bay. There are many farms on west to Cleveland where "rural" camps may be made. We ran under a railroad culvert and came out on a knoll overlooking the lake and cooked dinner in a glorious place. At Cleveland the city has provided a beautiful bench beside the lake with a bathing beach and water conveninces, one of the finest camping places from Coast to Coast, right in the city's fine park, with room for hundreds of outfits.

There are beaches all along the lake which can be found by local inquiry where, if a party is not entirely alone, it will nevertheless find the isolation greater than one would dream possible in these days of thronging highways and fenced lands.

And speaking of fences; the old days of barricades against one's neighbors are visibly disappearing. In grain regions, through even the vinyards and orchards, the expense of building fences merely to mark the boundaries is being saved. In dairylands, of course, fences are maintained for cattle, but around the hay and grain fields, why build fences? The question once asked has resulted in the inhospitable fences being allowed to fall down. Even the homesteaders in the open prairies are not building fences, but mark their boundaries by the industry of their plowing. Fences do not so much keep people and things out as they hive in their builders—and when one has met the thousands upon thousands of farm people, after the summer and early autumn harvests, as they tour up and down, it is plain that the land owners don't want to be fenced in! And by the same token the farmer tourists are less and less fencing people out. And beyond central Kansas and Nebraska for score of miles at a time there are no fences.

Where there are no fences and no cultivated lands, if one has the absolutely necessary water tank, it is fea-

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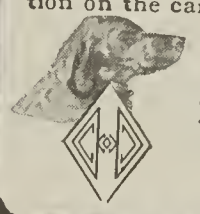
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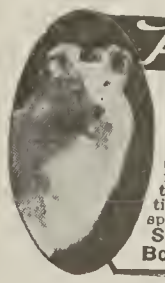
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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

of Forest and Stream, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1st, 1923.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared T. H. Mearns, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the FOREST AND STREAM and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 9 E. 40th St., N. Y. City.

Editor, William Bruette, 9 E. 40th St., N. Y. City.

Managing Editor, John P. Holman, 9 E. 40th St., N. Y. City.

Business Manager, T. H. Mearns, 9 E. 40th St., N. Y. City.

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T. H. MEARNS, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of March, 1923.

[Seal] MARTHA B. McCLERNAN.
(My commission expires March 30, 1924.)

sible to pull out anywhere and make camp. Few, however, make camps out in the open. Hardened travelers do it. The tendency is, however, to hunt the cross-roads hamlet and go into the vacant lot accommodations. Why, I don't exactly know, unless it is the instinct to huddle down in groups of humans. Generally, inquiry reveals that "The wife wanted to come in here."

Thus it is, the bare sand of the Austin, Nevada, camping place between the county jail and the Government Rangers' cabin (Toyabe forest) will hold a number of tourists' outfits, while the miles on miles of park forest and illimitable "open country" in either direction is vacant. And I think that tourists will ride for miles across the sage and alkali to come to the barbed wire fence of some homesteader or rancher to pitch his tent near the padlocked gate—padlocked because otherwise tourists would come right inside the enclosure and up to the very house, seeking companionship, not conscious that this is the motive. I know this—I did it!

And we had a Mormon missionary for neighbor one night, and vagabond automobos another night, and pitiful health-seekers on still another night. Perhaps, and generally we did roll alone during the day, but at night we would find ourselves joined or joining with others we had camped by the previous night, or previous week, somewhere. And in the deserts we traveled with other cars, and we were mighty glad to camp by ranch or hamlet spring.

Nothing is more difficult in the beginning than knowing a camp ground when one sees it. In spite of more than twenty years camping experience, winter and summer, spring and autumn (I have camped out every day of the year, winter and summer, in snow country and in southern states both), when I started automobile camping I grew fairly desperate trying to discover "camp grounds." And finally I went out driving and studied two or three hundred miles of highway in my home country, figuring on camp ground opportunities.

By the time I had made the double transcontinental I could find a camp within an hour or two, just by looking—even at night, and without inquiry. It's foolish not to ask, of course. Often just up the alley from a garage is the best place within five miles! But when in full flight before autumnal rains or gain-speeding to get home on time, often one may wish to drive till all roads are dark and all garages closed. Then the spotlight must be used to pick a camp; and when picked, the long-barreled hand flash must confirm the general judgment.

A tree or trees beside the highway with space to hold the automobile, bow to the fence, and levels on either side to stretch the lean-to automobile tents—that is a camp ground. It mustn't have a deep or wet ditch; it is best not to have too much grass or brush; it is generally more comfortable in eastern states to be a few hundred feet at least from the nearest house, and it does not matter if automobiles are driving past every few minutes all night long—many of these cars will be night-driving tourists, folk who are in a hurry or who are riding nights to remain in a good camp in the heat of the day.

No one need hesitate about going touring on account of lack of camp grounds. The problem of learning camps is not one to be left to chance. Anyone driving in the country, whether from a metropolis like New York city or from country villages, can with profit make a special note of camping places available. In no other way can one familiarize himself with the needs and objections, the hazards and the delights of camp sites.

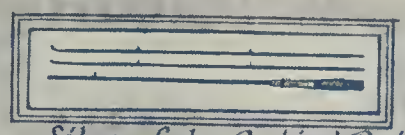
Some of the most beautiful places are impossible because of swarms of mosquitoes, or mud, or ill-bred children, or the inheritance from tourists who went before—and soured a whole community against all automobile tourists. But on the other hand, some of the most unpromising situations, as the gravel pit of a highway construction, or a bare playa in the deserts may be turned into the most memorable of camps.

I do not know why or when a camp is memorable. I just know that some of the unlikeliest, haphazardest camps are the most interesting, and the mind returns to them perhaps by the very force of the necessity that compelled converting unseemly or impossible places into delights and joys.

Perhaps it is the spirit of adventure that holds one fast to joy in the unusual or unexpected camps. To this day I remember a car out in the New Mexico sage and alkali; a west-bound tourist had cut his tires to pieces and he hailed two cars of us for tire tape and patching. I gave him all I had. A chill, keen wind was blowing. There was no shelter. The family were in dire straits—and yet they must recall that grim night with fondness of memory—for of such is the gaiety of adventure!

What would the outdoors be if we always had everything exactly right and no discomforts? One can always find a camping place; but often it is essential that the tourists make the best of the little they have.

Worth Reel



Silver Lake Casting Rod

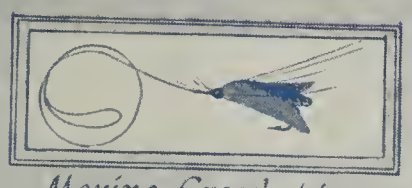
Progress Reel

Templar Reel

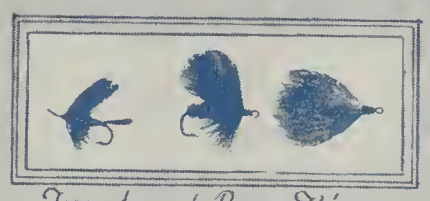
Superex Automatic

Golden West Reel

Biz Minnow Luminous

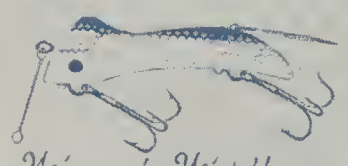


Merino Grasshopper



Trout and Bass Flies

Lowe Canadian Special Bait



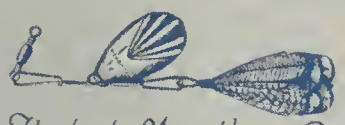
Wizard Wiggler

Lowe Star Bait -single

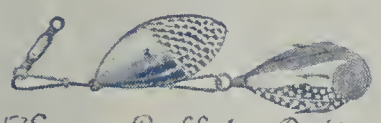
Surprise Minnow

Indiana Fly Spinner

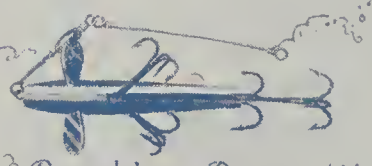
Kent Floater Bait



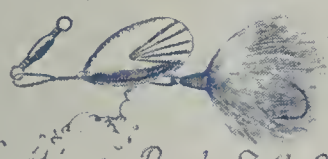
Fluted-Weedless Bait



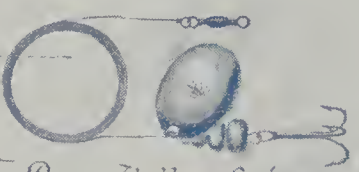
Lowe Buffalo Bait -single



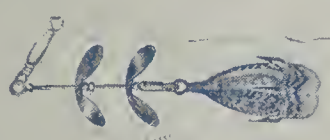
Breakless Devon Minnow



Enitime-Buck-Tail Spoon



Bear-Valley Spinner



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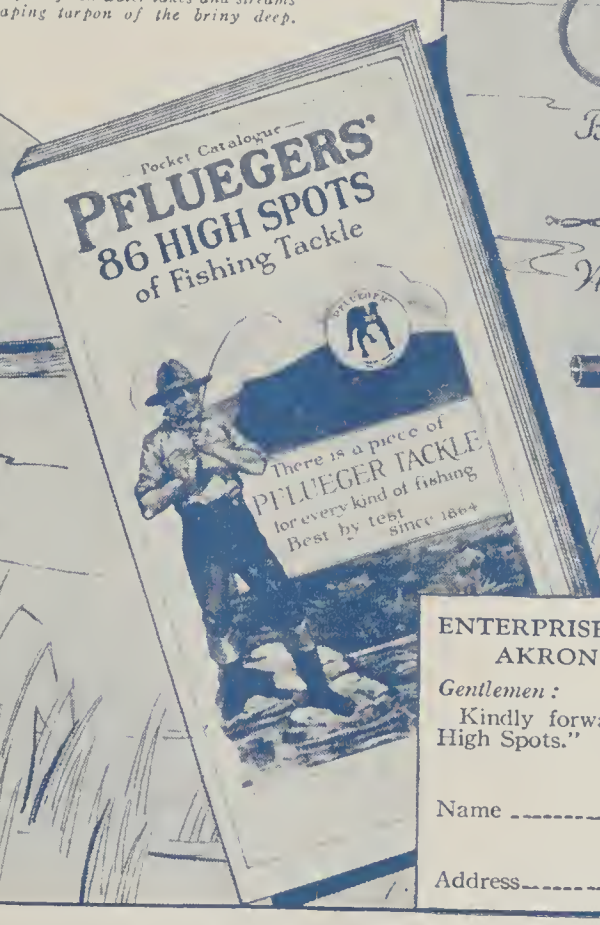

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Brant Large Ducks	3¼	1⅛	2¾	1	2½	⅞	** 4 & 6
Medium Ducks Grouse Prairie Chicken	3¼	1⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	6
Squirrels Rabbits	3	1 or 1⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	6
Small Ducks Pheasants Pigeons Doves	3¼	1⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	7½
Quail Snipe Woodcock Shore Birds	3	1 or 1⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	8
Reed and Rail	3	1	2½	1	2¼	⅞	10
Trap-shooting	3	1¼	2½	1	2¼	⅞	7½

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If dense powder is desired, order by grains.
A comparison follows of *Bulk* and *Dense* Loads:

DRAMS		GRAINS	DRAMS		GRAINS
3½	equivalent to	28	2½	equivalent to	20
3¼	" "	26	2¼	" "	18
3	" "	24	2	" "	16
2¾	" "	22	1¾	" "	14

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US Shot-Shells

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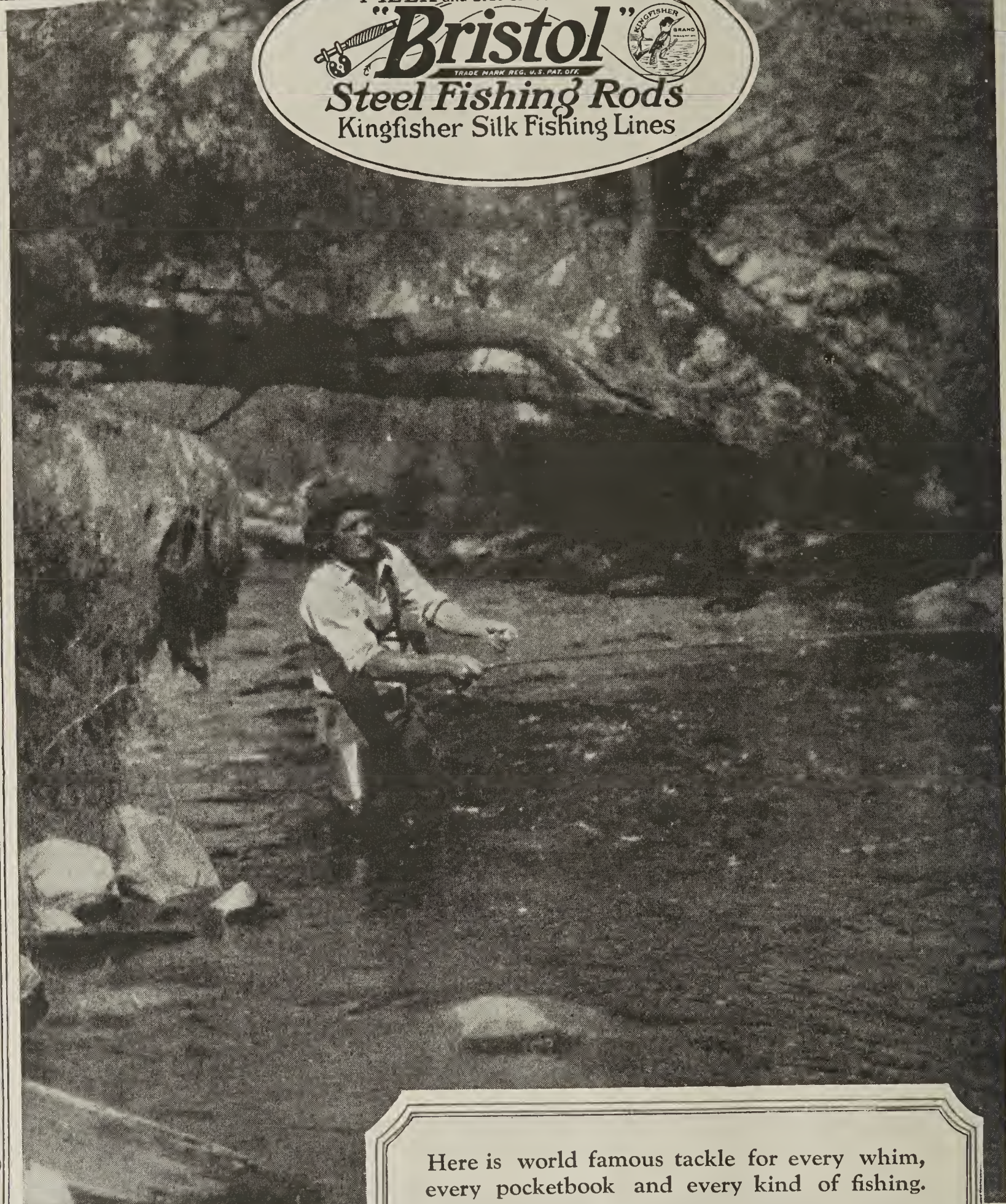

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Vol. XCIII SEPTEMBER, 1923 No. 9

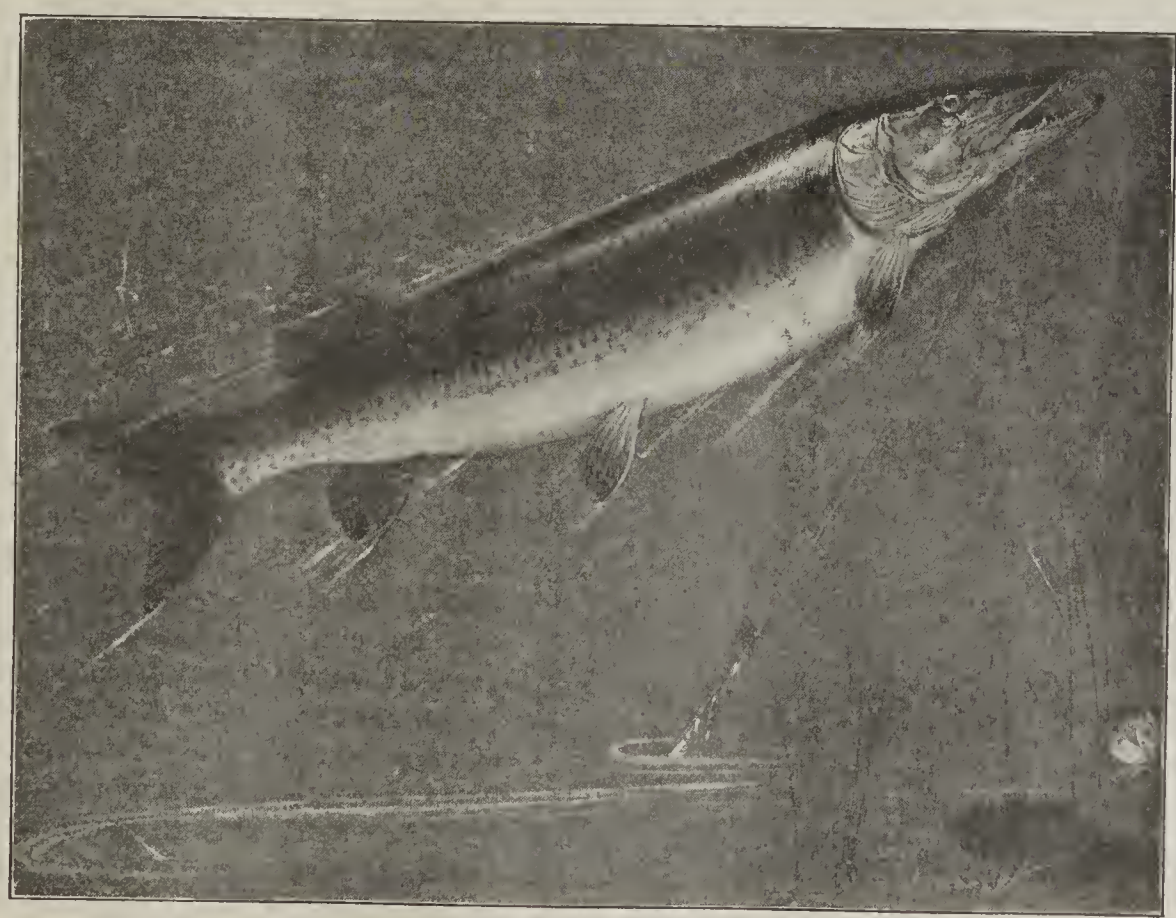
THE MASCALONGE

The Giant Leaping Pike of American Waters

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS RHEAD

September, with its clear, cool days, spreads a mantle of charm over the lakes and rivers of the North Country. . . . The mascalonge, splendid fighter that he is, is then at his best. In this article Louis Rhead, master angler and student of the mascalonge, tells in word and picture the things about this great game fish that no reader should miss.

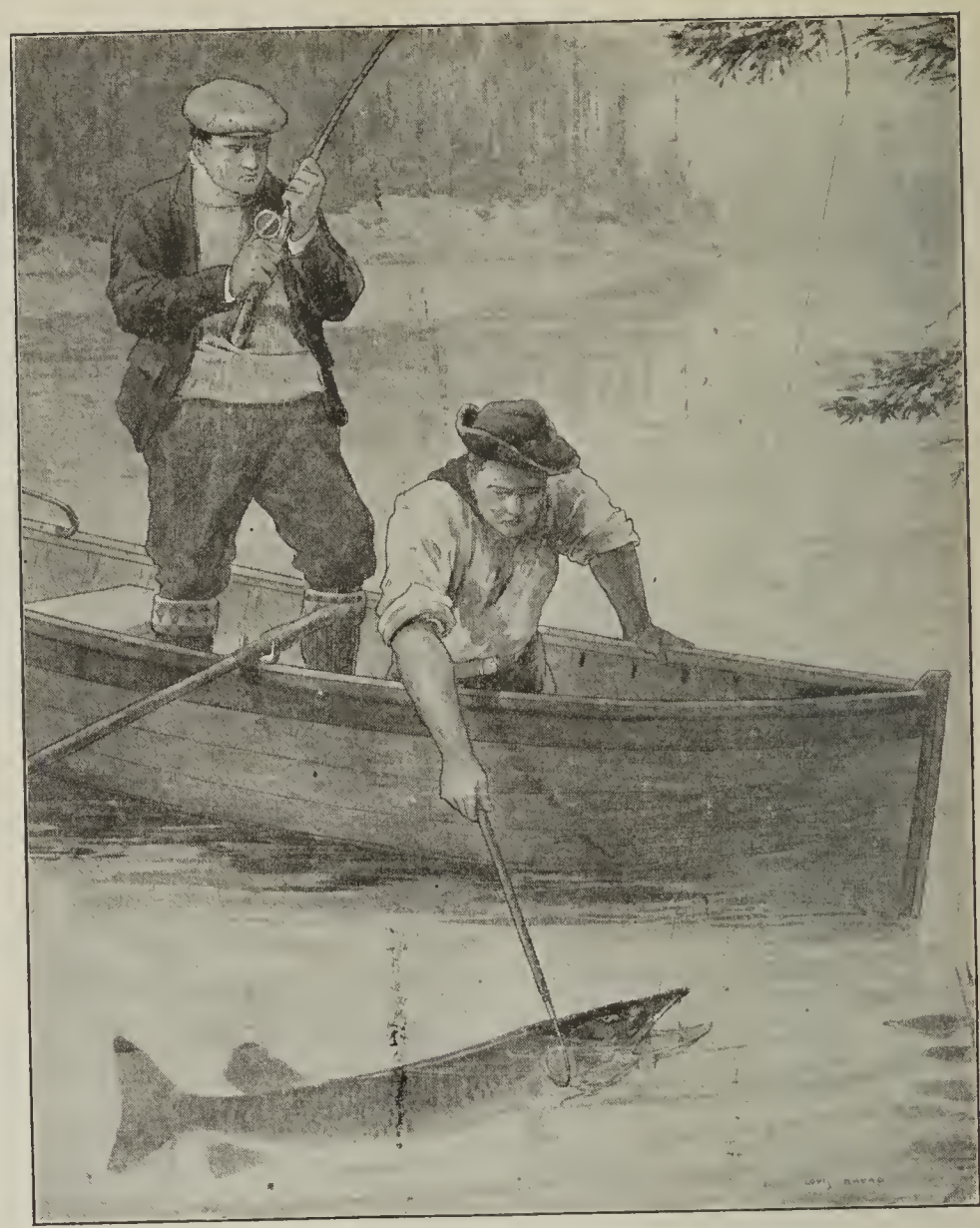
IN that admirable book on "Pike and Perch," in "Fur, Feather, and Fin" Series, Mr. William Senior gives an entertaining account in a chapter headed "Some Foreign Relations," how he captured on light tackle a twenty-four-pound mascalonge in a small lake somewhere in Canada; how it gave "a glorious battle of golden aërial somersaults that made a merry half-hour between the first leap and the end." My great regret is that he could not find the opportunity to try his veteran hand in some of the waters of the Great Lakes region, where this fish is most abundant and of fair size, to capture a fish worthy of his skill. That fish weighing up to fifty pounds are to be caught, I know; that they are gamey everyone knows who has tried conclusions with them. Without question the mascalonge is a fresh-water game fish of the highest rank, both as to size, strength, and endurance in resisting capture. It is the largest member of the "Esox" family. There are two species, the spotted mascalonge (*Lucius masquinongy*) and the unspotted mascalonge (*Lucius ohiensis*). The latter inhabits the Ohio River drainage system, and is most plentiful in the Chautauqua Lake. The spotted mascalonge is abundant in the St. Lawrence, the Great Lake region, and Northern Canada. The mascalonge grows to a length of seven and a half feet, and attains a maximum weight of one hundred pounds. To capture such a prize on sportsmanlike tackle requires a struggle both hard and long. Its Indian name is spelled in nine different ways, but it is most familiar in the United States as the "Musky" and in Canada as the "Lunge." The fish is nowhere plentiful, partly because of its well-known cannibalistic traits, and also owing to the fact that it so savagely responds to the angler's lures. It is fortunate, therefore, that the mascalonge is a prolific fish, large females yielding 60,000 eggs; and as the experiments in artificial propagation have been crowned with success at the Chautauqua hatchery, the fish in the future will doubtless be more abundant. It is the Western anglers who are most intimate with this fish, and they are loudest in its praise. The remarkable lures in use to capture it both as to size and character, would surprise the aver-



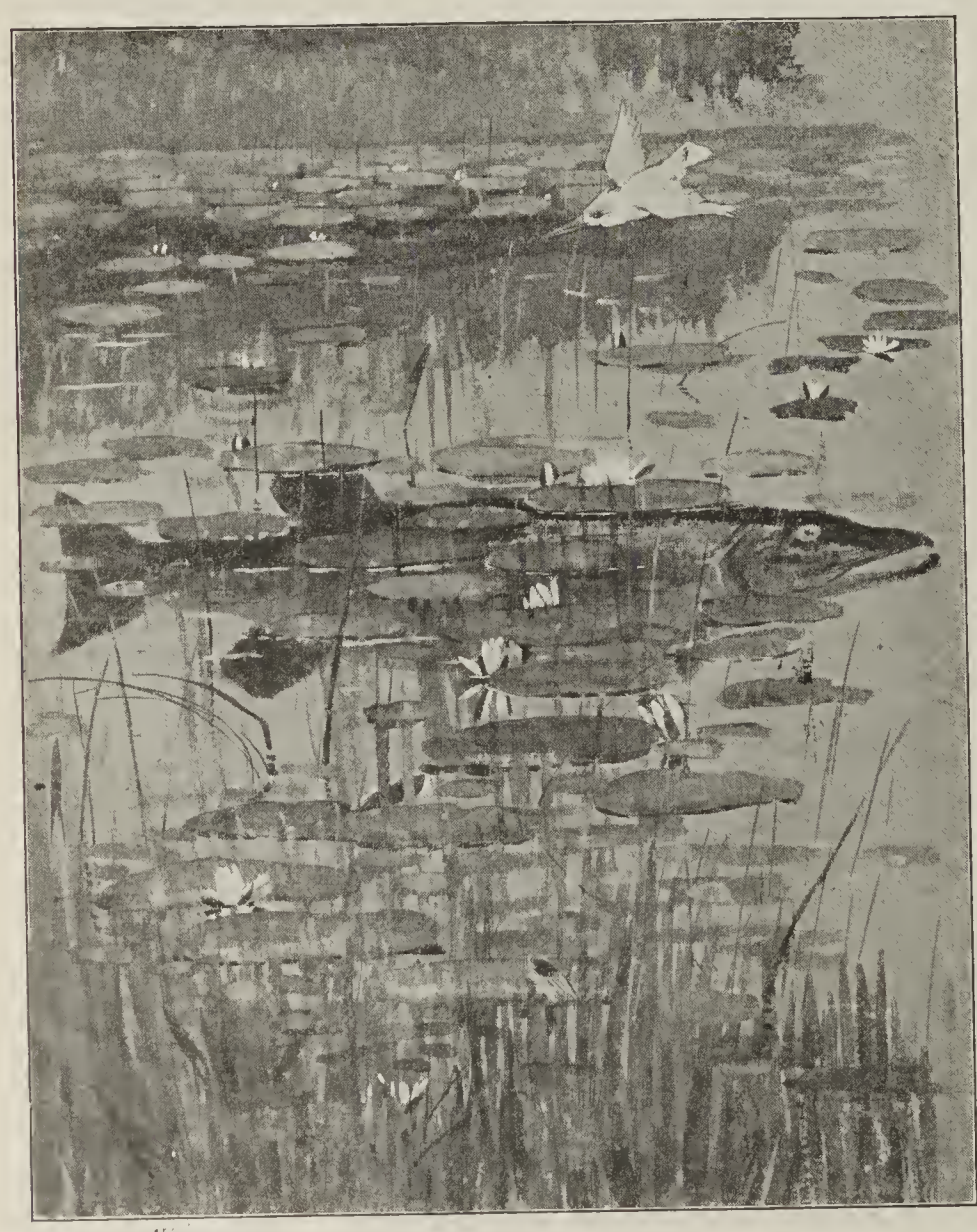
A THIRTY-EIGHT-POUND SPOTTED MASCALONGE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE

age salmon fisherman. The mascalonge is not a fish that is constantly on the feed, so that of necessity the angler's proverbial patience is often called into play till the right time comes, when plenty of strenuous work makes up for loss of time. There are periods when it will refuse to strike the lure for two or three days, then all at once, as if orders were given along the line, it starts in right merrily. No flies or insects of whatever size will tempt it; the food must be solid flesh, be it fish, bird, or beast, and these must be alive, for in nearly every instance the mascalonge will only swallow the bait when alive. Many instances are recorded whereby this fish, because of its savage ferocity, has come to an untimely end by an ill-mannered gulp of a whole fish too large to swallow.

In the bed of a drained-off lake was found the skull of a mascalonge with a swan's skull inside of it, and the teeth were locked in the bone, showing that the strong, powerful bird had been attacked during a time when its head was under water, and possibly in the fierce battle that must have ensued each combatant drowned the other. The fish was supposed to have been about seventy pounds in weight. Another case on record is that of a five-pound fish being found dead, apparently choked by the partly-swallowed body of another fish of three pounds. So voracious is the mascalonge that it will devour any living thing that comes within its vision. Full - grown bull - frogs, good - sized ducklings, small aquatic birds, as well as many water mammals, become an easy prey to its yawning sepulchre of a mouth. Fortunate it is, indeed, that this assassin is not of a roving disposition, for if it were, few, if any, fish, including its own kind, would be left to bear it company. At rare intervals does it move from its lair, then all other fish, big and little, flee from the tyrant as if from plague. There are stories told of this fish having carried away young Indian children while bathing near the shores of the Canadian lakes. No authentic case can be cited, however, within the memory of man; but it is quite possible, indeed likely, very young children would be so frightened at the sight of this ugly-looking monster that they would drown.



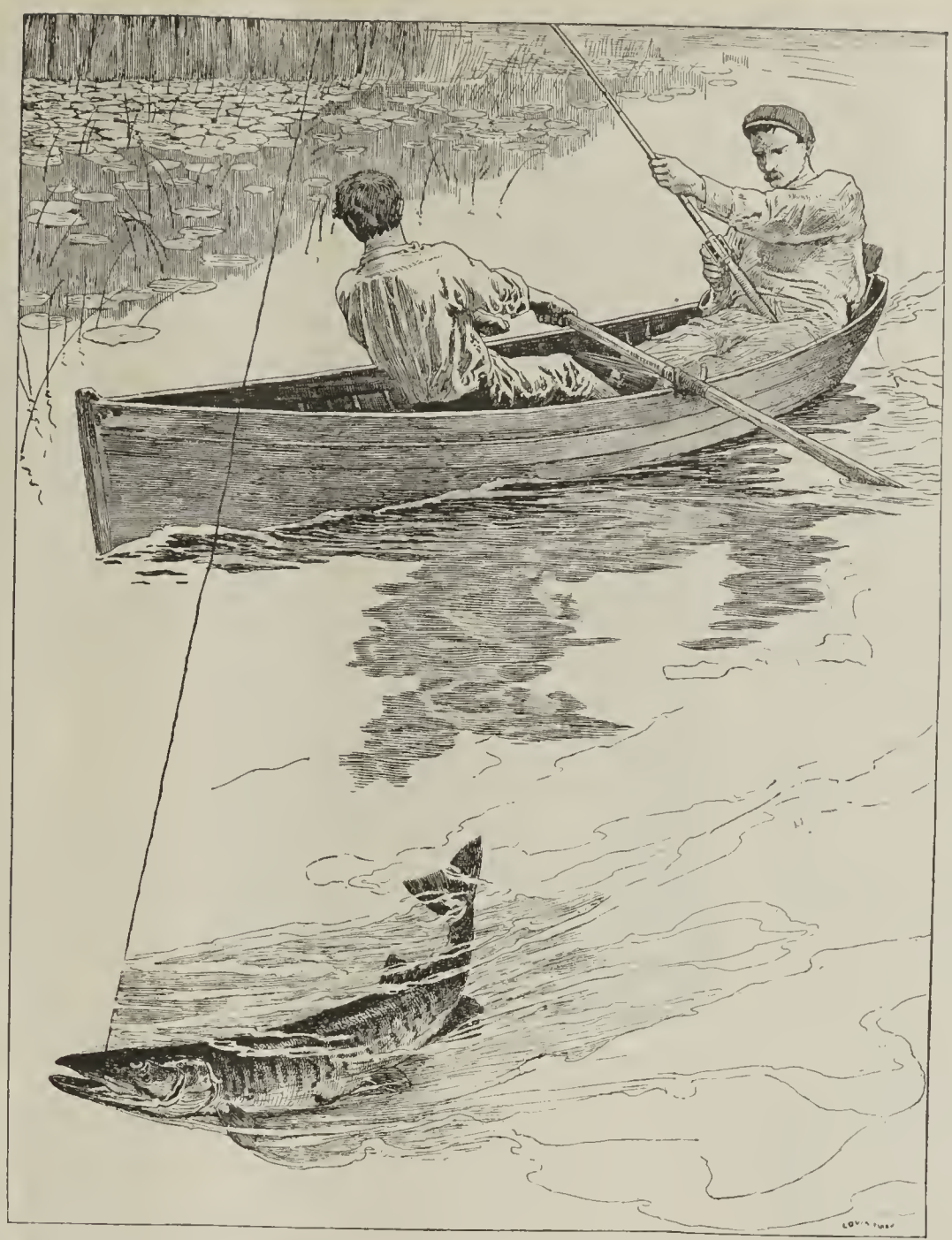
GAFFING A THIRTY-POUND MASCALONGE



THERE IT STANDS IN SOLITARY GRANDEUR PARTLY HIDDEN BY THE WEEDS.

In a picture which I send you [for which we regret that we have not space.—Ed.] I have drawn the head of a mascalonge, pike and pickerel, showing the comparative size of each, and how similar they are in general characteristics: the long snout, the snake-like eyes, and cruel jaws, which contain (particularly in the two large species) side tusks shaped like those of a boar. Sometimes in a very large specimen these are over an inch long. It will be perceived that the head of the mascalonge is long and flat, with jaws that can be opened wide enough to swallow a fish as large as itself. The lower jaw protrudes beyond the upper, giving the remarkable savage aspect of a bull-dog with the teeth pointing inward; when this closes on its prey, there is no opportunity for escape, so it is not surprising that all fish flee in terror from its path. Its habit is to choose a likely spot, partly hidden by the lily pads or pickerel weed, invariably near the run-way for other fish, where this water-wolf makes its home, and any intruder daring to approach has to encounter a battle in which one or the other is gashed and ripped in a way that can scarcely be imagined. Here it hides in solitary grandeur; not

a fin moves, eyes perfectly still, and jaws a little apart; just a glint of gold may be seen on its back as the fish lies partly hidden in the weeds, but at any moment it may move the enormous tail and back fins that will plunge it forward like a thunderbolt, and in a flash the object it goes for disappears as if by magic. Like the tarpon of southern seas, it will drive small fish on before it so that they are often seen to leap above the surface of the water in vain attempts to escape. I have seen wounded fish, gashed and torn, lying half-dead on the surface of the water, mute evidence that the tyrant had wounded more than it could consume. I have seen quiet water lashed suddenly into motion, evidently caused by a combat of giant fifty-pounders in battle; or, perhaps, the mascalonge has suddenly rushed on some other fish passing near its lair. It is not an early riser; the warm sun is high up before it rouses itself to be on the lookout for food, but from that time on until dark it is alert, ever ready to make that lightning-like dash upon its prey. It, however, never leaves home for any great distance, and when successful in capturing its prey it immediately returns to gorge and masticate its food; so long as there is room in its capacious jaw for more, it continues the fray. I have caught a sixteen-pound mascalonge that, when killed, disgorged a perfectly fresh two-pound chub; its stomach was also filled with partly digested food.



THE OARSMAN MUST NEEDS FOLLOW IN THE WAKE OF THE PLUNGING FISH.

When the mascalonge does strike the lure the angler has no doubts about the matter; with a kind of double pull, the rod-tip suddenly bends and the reel sings its loudest tune—something must be done, and that very quickly. Either you must gradually tighten down its speed with thumb on the reel, or the oarsman must follow in the wake of the plunging fish. This latter course is all right if it heads for deep water, but the former is best if a bee-line is taken toward the weeds, for entanglement means sure loss of the prize, and possibly of the lure and part of the line. Constant vigilance is required, for as soon as it feels the hook prick the fish leaps into the air shaking and rattling the spoon in a vain effort to throw it from the jaws; then the line slackens, and with renewed vigor off it goes again. The strain on the rod will then be most severe, for it has only just begun the battle, but a firm hold will gradually turn the fish toward the boat, and its fighting breath will be shortened. Soon the large dorsal fin appears above the surface, but only for a second; with a sudden spring it is again out of the water in a cloud of spray. Down it goes again, this time sailing at a terrific speed toward the boat, with plenty of slack line to be recovered; then up again, rolling over and over on the top of the water, as if to wind the line around its body. The fight is by no means near the end, and to stop the fish from leaping some anglers plunge the tip of the rod under water.

This is often successful, but it drives the fish down again, and it will make strenuous efforts to gain the weeds. If it does not turn a number of somersaults, it is sulking at the bottom, in the same manner as the salmon.

In an ordinary angling tussle the mascalonge will only stop fighting (like the pugilist) to regain its breath and strength; then it begins anew its frantic struggle to be free. Catching a glimpse of its would-be captor, it is fired with redoubled fury, and time after time these same tricks are tried, but the rushes are getting shorter and shorter, and at last, perhaps after an hour's hard work, the fish may be seen swimming near the boat, watching with those savage eyes and waiting to regain its strength for a renewed struggle. That is the time to act, and have the gaff prepared. There must be no bungling or nervous hesitation. It is absolutely necessary that a powerful, well-directed blow be dealt right under the shoulders of the fish, and then that it be immediately lifted into the boat. Some anglers think it safer to use a revolver, sending a bullet through its head, or to hit it with a large,

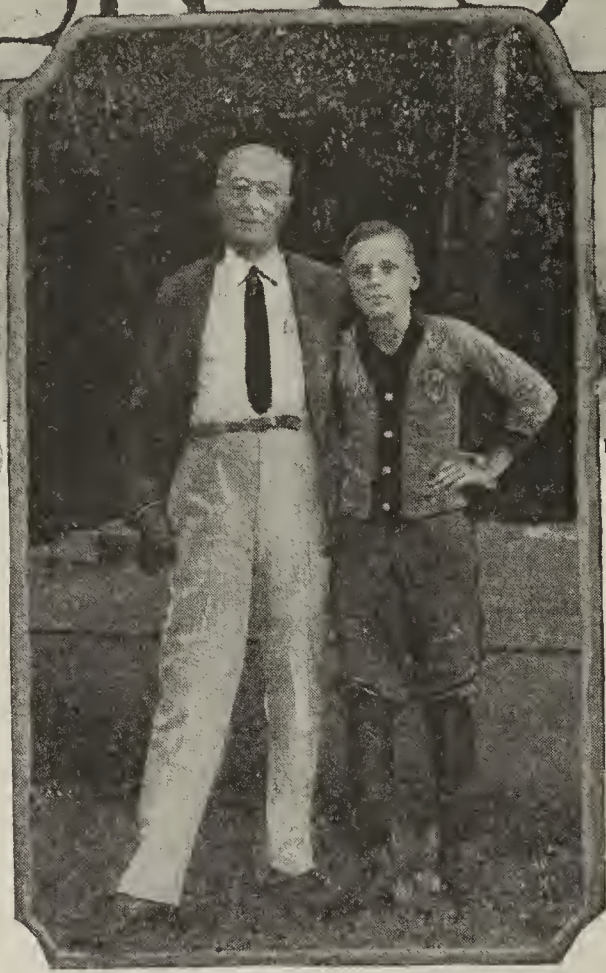
(*Cont'd on page* 544)

ADVENTURES In COMRADESHIP

Part VII.

Without Attempting to Cast Too Far Out Into the Deeper Psychological Waters of Trout Fishing, Sonnyboy Has the Time of His Young Life, and Makes His First Catch. We Learn More of the Human Side of Trees and Thrill Under the Livid Spell of a Dramatic Forest Fire. Chip As an Angler.

By W. LIVINGSTON LARNED



A chumship existed between Sonnyboy and his Grandfather, at once beautiful and sympathetic, and together they trod uncountable golden miles of forest. We shall shortly learn more of this precious pair while Sonnyboy has his first introduction to School Camp Life.

OUR mountain friend, Chip, entertained beliefs and keen-edged opinions in the matter of trout fishing, which were so intimately related to my personal views that they might have been poured from the same stew-pan. He was what you might call a "Commoner." He detested such overwhelming fluency of Why's and Wherefore's, Rules and Super-Technique, as clouded the rock-bottom reason for going out for a "Brown" or a "Rainbow." He fished for the love of it, not because he wanted at some time to compose an encyclopaedia on the subject.

Friends of mine build a shrine of technique for the sport, and kow-tow to it, endlessly and needlessly. They can't really enjoy trout fishing because their minds are so cluttered with infinite detail. With one the dry fly is a religion; with another, a dry fly fisherman is a dunderhead, an idiot, a hopeless, blundering dolt, fit for the madhouse. It's wet fly or nothing with this gentleman.

There is no more intolerant person on the face of the earth than the trout fisherman who allows ritual to take the place of sportsmanship. He's missing so much fun! I once talked with a veteran billiardist who stood well to the front in all contests. He admitted that since it had become such an exact science with him, he enjoyed it far less. An occasional error put zest in the game.

There was a time in my fishing career when I resolved to work it out as I would a trial-balance or a problem in algebra. But I soon discovered that trout angling had developed marvelous—and quite selfish—little segregated cults, clacques and clans, bitter unto death. The other fellow was always wrong! Literature came no nearer solving my problem. Writers failed to agree.

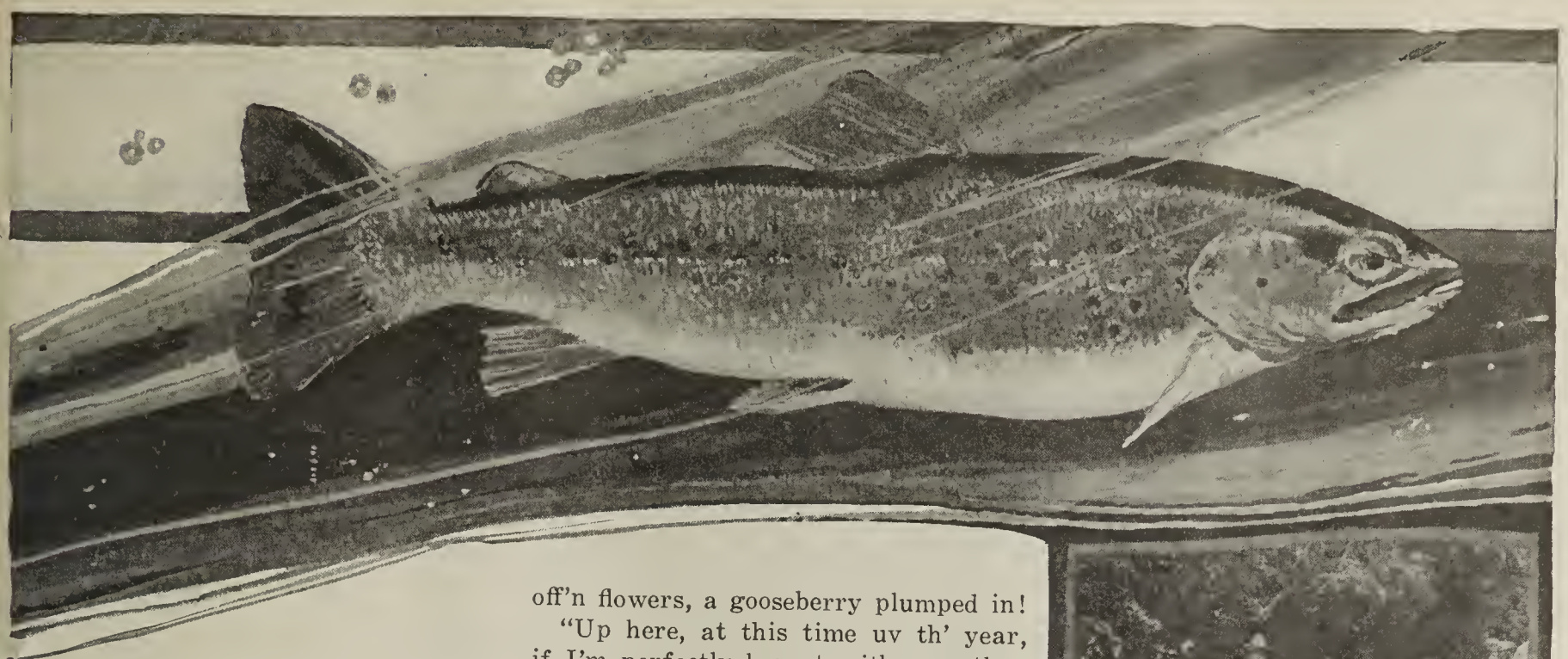
Chip's philosophy was child-like and soothing:

"If you folks is fancy trout fishermen there ain't no use uv my talkin' with ye. I jes' fish be-cause I like it. I don't fish ter PROVE anythin' ner ter start an' argyment. What's th' use uv sayin' that th' dry fly was born in heaven, an' th' wet fly is good fer nothin' but cats, when no two streams is th' same, an' one fly is good one time, whilst anuther is good ANUTHER time? I've heard men up here argue on th' subject until they parted enemies, an' filled th' creek with foam.

"Now you take streams up here . . . an' that goes fer most places . . . there's so many rocks and trees and bushes and narrer spots, that dry-fly fishin' is as easy as keepin' bees away frum their own hive. Here an' there, you'll locate a tollable open pool, with nice quiet water, where a dry fly can be floated an' KEPT dry, but as fer goin' off inter a trance an' carryin' along books uv scien-tific instructions every time

The venerable pine opposite our farm home. Ants had almost eaten its heart out, but tree surgery and the brave work of the Forestry Camp students saved its life.

"He Who Loves Trees is Close to God!"



run back here an' git a trout er two . . . it's jes' not my style."

This homely method of reasoning appealed to me although I am willing to concede that every word is high treason with a multitude. Intensely professional trout fishermen have an established come-back to such loose talking. They say, and perhaps with perfect justification: "There can be Art to and in everything. If you fish for trout why not perfect your talents, your methods, your tools? Anything less than an ambition of this sort is inviting chronic mediocrity. Science? Yes. Is it a crime to want to do a thing the best way?"

Chip continued:

"Lord! Don't bring that boy of yours up so as he will have ingrown pains frum an overdose uv know-how. I allus say t' myself that trout fishin' isn't sport at all when you take it so seriously it—it HURTS. Jes' let him play fair with th' fish—put THAT first—an' as fer th' rest uv it . . . remember, no Empires is agoin' ter rise ner fall, one way er th' other.

"Them fellers as is so wise studyin' over flies an' hand-made fumdiddles, with red tail-feathers an' th' thirty-forth quill frum' an Aus-tralian pheasant, never git so infernal nigh imitatin' a trouts reg'lar diet. I'll stick t' that statement if I'm shot at sunrise by a special committee frum th' National Trout growlers and grumblers association! I got a sort of idea that some trout is like silly women. They sort uv lose their heads an' git skittish. They'll try ANYTHING once. Haven't I seen 'em come spickety-spank t' th' surface after leaves, pieces er stick, petals off'n flowers, a gooseberry plumped in!

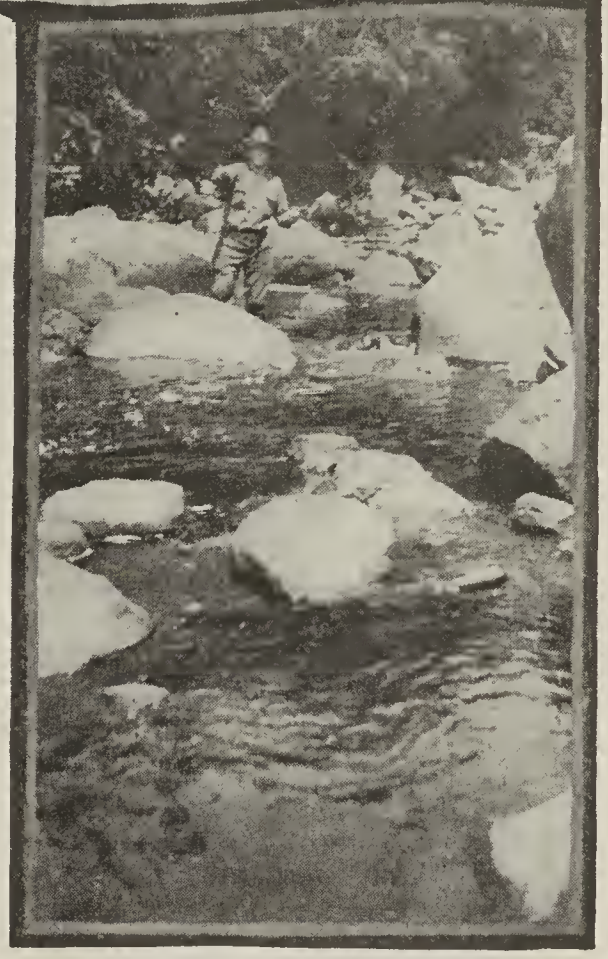
"Up here, at this time uv th' year, if I'm perfectly honest with you, they re-spond best t' live bait an' that's why I got this tin o' worms. I want th' youngster to GET one without a million dollar's worth uv Christmas tree ornaments. Sink a fly deep enuff, with th' water clear, an' you might do somethin'. Not more'n a few weeks ago, these Sluice Creek trout was still *in* their doldrums, keepin' way down at th' bottom uv th' deepest places. They was content t' feed on whutever come down with th' waters. We'll try whatever suits everybody, howsomever, jes' t' make it ex-citin'."

* * *

Sluice Creek, as we found it on that drab, cool, scented afternoon, seemed to me to hold all the essential romance, charm, of the true trout brook, despite its colorless name. There came a soft, musical patter of rain, and the silver birches glistened more ghostly than ever. The deeper greens of the untraversed wood were intensified by their bath. Up from the aromatic earth came that pungent and sweetly wholesome perfume of a thousand mystic odors. Here, where we stood, on a low bank, there were ferns so tall, that they partially concealed us, and the higher fronds tickled Sonnyboy under his bobbing chin. Save for the romping feet of the rain and the nervous chatter of the creek, eddying around boulders in its course, the silence was impressive. Fishermen had never ventured here. Chip's sporadic visits had not been enough to suggest a trail, or transgress upon the spiritual quality of a vast low amphitheatre of close-knit leaves. It was virgin and it was a fitting home for trout.

Both Chip and I agreed that the boy should have first blood.

(*Continued on page* 533)



Swirling, gurgling, singing waters, flowing over and around immaculate rocks in a Trout retreat any fish might well envy.

A memento of Sonnyboy's tropic trip. He could not resist the temptation to be photographed alongside a studio fish and with atmospheric background.

SPRING TRAPPING IN THE NORTH COUNTRY

Continuation of "TRAPPING THE THREE RIVER ZONE" Part Eight

By RAYMOND THOMPSON

A FINE OTTER SHOT BY THE AUTHOR

In his story Mr. Thompson gives us a picture of the North Country at the close of winter. When the ice leaves the Athabasca his partner and he make a raft and go down through the rapids. One need not be a trapper to be able to enjoy thoroughly this tale of real life on the trap line.

IT was near the end of April that John Wells and I left Edson. There was still plenty of snow for the dogs to make good headway with the toboggan, even near civilization, and the farther north we got the more snow was to be encountered as it is a steady climb after the first twenty miles. When we passed Mile 20 it was snowing again. A mile or so past this place we saw where a bear had been wallowing through three feet of snow on his way to the bare hillsides along the Muskeg River. Undoubtedly he had come from up in the hills to the north and how he ever managed to make through that snow was a mystery to us.

Wells came from a part of the States where they hunt small furbearers, such as skunk, coon, etc., with dogs. When he saw this bear track he was immediately in favor of tracking the animal down, but I explained the impossibility of such a task through our being unable to snowshoe off the trail. He tried it, just out of curiosity and after floundering about in the wet snow for a few yards came back well satisfied to let Bruin go on his way rejoicing.

We made my camp at Mile 27 without any mishap although we were very tired from our long hike. But after a generous supper we felt O. K. again and beguiled the hours away with tales of our past experiences. Wells had never been in a country like this until the previous fall; like everyone else who comes here he was very anxious to kill his moose and to date he had never even seen one. He had hunted deer and antelope in Colorado but that was the extent of his big game experiences. I promised him that he would sure have an opportunity to see a number of moose.

As I had feared the snow was too soft the following day for us to attempt the long trip northwest to the Upper Cabin, our only hope lay in a good frost. We laid around camp most of the day and got everything in readiness for the trip in case it turned colder. Wells had been amazed at the load which my dogs hauled so readily and he shook his head dubiously at the stuff I kept piling onto the canvas that was spread out on the bottom of the sleigh.

Our hopes were realized, quite a severe frost came that night and made a crust on the snow that we were enabled to walk on with snowshoes. We left Mile 27 before daylight and by pushing right through managed to get over the greater part of the journey before the snow got sticky. As it was we were played right out when we got to the little cabin on the head of Lynx Creek.

Lynx Creek had its source in the side of Moose Mountain facing to the northeast. My little cabin was situated in a deep valley to which there was no outlet save by going down the creek. On all the other sides great hills towered above us and it was in these hills that I had made my best catches of marten. Wells thought we were in a beautiful spot but before we were able to leave there I expect he was heartily sick of that valley.

The day after we arrived there we tried exploring along a little stream that flowed into Lynx Creek, but had gone but a mile or so when we were glad to turn back. It was impossible to make any headway on snowshoes, so we decided to sit tight and wait for the snow to melt away. It was certainly aggravating in the extreme, we had a stake set out by the cabin and each night marked the new level of the snow; it was as slow as the proverbial "Molasses in January."

After a week of waiting we were able to get along the creek by watching out for the bare spots along the sides, and a mile or so below the cabin the snow had left some meadows standing in shallow pools of water. Along these meadows the beavers had once been very numerous and in one place a family of these amphibious creatures still thrived. One evening while watching for them I saw one climb out onto the ice which lined the shores. I was across a bend in the creek but realizing that I could hardly get any closer, took a shot at him from where I stood. He

crumpled up on the ice and I picked him up without any difficulty.

There were quite a number of muskrats along that little stream and Wells took a great interest in trapping them. In the several days that we were yet obliged to stay he caught quite a number of them. When we had left civilization furs were worth a goodly sum in the market, in fact they were higher than has ever been known. Beavers were bringing as high as forty dollars and 'rats were averaging anywhere from three to five dollars straight. Thus one will see that a trapper did not have to catch many furs in order to make a good thing of an expedition.

Finally the snow had melted enough for us to get down to the Athabasca and stop over at my little cabin at the mouth of the creek. The ice had all gone out of the river although there were yet some great cakes of it lying along the shores. The river at this point flows through a deep valley, which at intervals resembled a canyon because of the steep sandstone cliffs. The snow was practically all gone in the valley and for some distance upon the hills that faced the south. We travelled around quite a bit but saw no fresh signs of bear, at which we were rather disappointed as we had figured on them being out by this time.

The habits of bears at this time of year are very uncertain but ordinarily they will be seen along the larger streams and seem to have a particular liking for the sunny slopes. Here they are sure of getting the fresh green grass and the grubs and worms are more active on these warm slopes. It is worth a small fortune to be able to watch bears, especially a mother and her cubs, as they forage about on a hillside. The little fellows follow the old Lady and sit expectantly while she turns over a big rotten log and if there is anything doing in the line of grubs or ants there is a mighty scramble. It is certainly amusing to note the eagerness with which a monstrous grizzly will go after such things and one wonders how on earth they manage to get fat on them.

LOG PEN SET. THE TRAP, A No. 5 NEWHOUSE, TOOK A LARGE CINNAMON BEAR

Contrary to popular opinion the grizzly bear is not naturally a carnivorous, or flesh-eating animal and the vast majority of his food consists of herbs, plants and wild fruits. Such assiduous berry pickers are these huge bears, that by the time the cold weather comes along they are simply rolling in fat. Incidentally I may say that the bear grease or "lard" which the trapper extracts from the fat of the animal, is worth far more to him than the hide fetches in the market. I have personally taken as much as forty pounds of this "lard" from one bear. One time while trapping on the Baptiste my dogs discovered a bear den that contained a large black fellow. I killed him, dragged him out of his retreat (which was about as hard a job as I ever tackled) and when I went to cut him up I found layers of fat on his hips over two inches in thickness. This was more to be wondered at as it was then well on toward spring and one would naturally think that the bears would be very thin.

About fifteen miles west of the cabin on the Athabasca was a group of three lakes lying in a sort of chain, up on the second bench from the river. The center lake was supposed to be a good one for 'rats, so Wells and I packed the dogs and ourselves and hit out in that direction along the old Medicine Lodge Trail. The whole country was a mass of lakes; the frost had not yet gone out of the ground and the snow water lay everywhere. There was no use in trying to keep the feet dry so we plunged right through the most of it avoiding only the deeper pools. This portion of the old trail seemed to be a regular shedding ground for moose and deer and old antlers were lying everywhere.

After traveling nearly all day we came to a creek similar in size to the Lynx. On a hillside next to this stream was on old dirt tepee, but on inspecting it we found that it was better to make a shelter outside. This we

(*Continued on page* 515)

THE BEAVER DOES NOT POSSESS THE ALMOST HUMAN INTELLIGENCE ACCORDED BY SOME WRITERS. THEIR INDUSTRY, HOWEVER, IN FELLING TREES, THE ENGINEERING SKILL DISPLAYED IN THE BUILDING OF THEIR DAMS AND LODGES, AND THE READINESS WITH WHICH THEY MEET ALTERED CONDITIONS, PLACES THEM HIGH IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

HUNTING THE GRAY SQUIRREL

In the Good Old Days of Plenty

By WIDGEON

This is Widgeon's (C. Ackerson) last story. It reflects the beauty of a mind that lived a gentle and kindly life in close communion with nature and responsive to all the charm and glory of woodland, marsh and stream.

IN the golden days of my boyhood, about one mile east of the old Homestead, the hills were crowned with a great tract of magnificent woodland, locally known as "Crawfords Woods." There was over one hundred acres in this tract, comprised largely of giant chestnuts and oaks, interspersed with single trees, and small groves of hickories, which was the home of great numbers of grey squirrels, raccoons and other woodland denizens. Stalking the wary grey squirrels when they are "working" on the opening hickory nuts in late September, has always held a peculiar charm for me. Many happy hours have I spent gun in hand, silently stealing along those shaded aisles in their quest, and many a goodly bag of them have I brought home with me when the day was done.

One late September morning in the long ago, I arose long before daylight. Dressing in the darkness, I tip-toed as silently as possible down the broad stair-case of the old Homestead, to the dining-room below. Here from where I had laid them the night before, I transferred to the pockets of my shooting coat, my powder flask, shot pouch, cap box and wads, then with the treasured little Manton in hand, I stealthily walked from the kitchen door. Old Gunner, ever on guard, with a soft bark of recognition rushed to meet me, his tail eloquently wagging with anticipation as he saw the gun, but at my sharp command he remained behind, with drooping tail and hanging head, a pathetic figure of dejected disappointment. Passing down the lane I crossed the murmuring brook at the bridge. It was the old of the moon and its diminishing golden crescent hung low in the west, and as I swiftly crossed the pasture fields, the dew laden grass sparkled in its light. Soon I reached Uncle William's lane, and passed down the gloomy defile leading to his Marl bank, here I leaped the little brook dividing his land from the Stout farm, this and the old Hannaway place were quickly traversed, and I paused to rest on the topmost rail of the fence, that skirted the road leading to Captain Taylors. It was now at that darkest hour just before the dawn. The silence of death brooded over the woodlands, and as I crossed the road and plunged into the gloom of Crawfords woods, I could not see my hand before my face. Passing down a familiar pathway, I came to where some great storm had laid prostrate one of the forest giants, and seating myself in comfort on its prone body, with my back against its upturned roots, I waited the coming day. There was a very noticeable chill in the air, and I drew my hunting coat closely about me. As I sat patiently waiting, there came to my ear suspicious sounds as if something were falling softly from the tree tops, and then I remembered that a short distance down the path, stood a giant chestnut tree with a dead top, whose bark was deeply scarred with the sharp claws of climbing animals, proclaiming it to be a Raccoon "den" tree. Silently I stole down the path, and there on an outstretching dead limb, in the top of the "den" tree, faintly outlined against the first blush of the coming dawn, stood a large Raccoon, busily engaged in enlarging the entrance to his den. With his sharp teeth he would bite out mouthfuls of the decayed wood, and this dropping down made the noise I had heard. Step by step I cautiously neared the tree, just a few more feet and I would be near enough to shoot and I held the little gun in hands tense with excitement, but alas, in the darkness my foot pressed on a dry twig, and at its faint snap, the "coon" disappeared as if by magic, and I returned to my seat on the log, a bitterly disappointed boy, for I had counted that coon as surely mine.

THROUGH the interlacing branches the eastern sky turned to royal purple, then slowly changed to violet, rose and gold. A rosy radiance suffused the tree tops, and filtering through the leafy canopy, made the ghostly outline of the tree trunks slowly appear, like a transformation scene upon some "movie" screen. And now the forest creatures awoke, mysterious stealthy scratchings and rustlings could be heard, the swish of unseen wings, the soft crash in the distance, as a squirrel leaped from limb to limb, and then from near at hand with startling clearness, came the beautiful bell-like note of the Hermit Thrush. As the light steadily increased there came a brisk rustling in the woodland carpet, and a large squirrel sprang upon the

trunk of a nearby hickory, and flattened his body against the bark nervously twitching his plume-like tail as he looked inquisitively around, with his bright bead-like eyes. Then the silence of the morning was rudely broken by the sharp report of the little gun, and the echoes went crashing down the woodland aisles. At the report, a startled squirrel that I had not seen, rushed frantically up the tree trunk and seated on the first limb, barked his anger at this harsh disturbance of the forest solitudes. Again the little Manton spoke, and when I resumed my seat upon the log, two plump squirrels bulged the pocket of my hunting coat. The morning light steadily increased, and then with the abruptness of the rolling up of a window shade, the whole woodland was flooded by the level golden rays of the newly risen sun, and another day was born.

FROM the dead top of the "coon" tree, came the staccato rat, tat, tat, of the bill of a "Flicker" industriously seeking his breakfast, and his melancholy call "claipe, Claipe," floated over the tree tops. From a distance came the faint "cawing" of crows, and the harsh voices of blue jays, then a swishing of limbs as a squirrel leaped from tree to tree and looking in that direction, I saw a large grey approaching the hickory grove by the aerial route, gracefully he glided through the tree tops, and soon leaped from an extending chestnut limb directly into one of the hickories close before me. Again the report of the little gun rang out and another squirrel was added to the score. For a time all was still then came a faint rustling in the leaves, and on the farther end of the fallen tree trunk up sprang a female grouse, to be followed immediately by her brood of nine two-thirds grown chicks. With head erect, she looked with suspicion at that peculiar growth on the other end of the tree, nervously opening and shutting her tail feathers like a fan as she did so. I never moved a muscle, then her suspicions lulled, she lowered her head, "fluffed" out her feathers and stood at rest, the chicks following her example. One little fellow reached out his foot and daintily scratched his bill, another with outstretched wings sank down in luxurious ease upon the log, and all together they conducted themselves just as a domestic hen and her clutch of chickens would have done under like circumstances. For several minutes I was permitted to admire this beautiful and rare picture of the woodlands, then with a soft "cluck" and a saucy flirt of her tail, Madame Grouse gracefully hopped from the log, and with her little family trailing behind her, disappeared among the tree trunks, little realizing that the suspicious "bump" on the log, was one of the most dreaded enemies of her race, while I mentally marked the covey for royal sport in the coming November.

NO more squirrels appearing, I made my way quietly down the path to another scattering grove of hickories, and seated myself on a comfortable looking stump to await developments, and had scarcely done so, when gliding through the tree trunks as silently as a shadow, came a male sharp shinned hawk, and perched on a dead limb within easy range. His doom was sealed, and when he turned his head in the opposite direction, again the little Manton spoke, and that dreaded Pirate of the woods, had ceased from preying on the "little People" of the woodlands. Seated again upon the stump, I admired the beautiful plumage of the hawk, that lacked however, the brillancy of the mating season. At last my "watchful waiting" was rewarded, and a nut fell from the top of the largest tree in the grove, rudely shattering the morning silence, as it "ricochetted" from limb to limb, and "plumped" upon the ground, making an astonishing noise, for so small an object, looking upward I saw at the very top of the tree, the graceful swaying of a squirrels tail, as at the very extremity of a limb he reached for another nut, having secured it, he ran back to the centre of the limb and seated himself. Twirling the nut quickly in his fore paws, as with his sharp teeth he sought the delectable kernel, the chippings pattering down upon the leaves below, like gently falling rain drops. It was a very long shot, and would try the little gun to the utmost, and I aimed long and carefully up the bronzed barrels, but it did not fail me, for at the sharp report, the dead squirrel came hurtling down to strike with a thud upon the ground below.

SO by well known paths, I made the circuit of the woods, picking up a squirrel here and there, and presently neared its western edge again, here was a favorite grove of hickories, and I approached it with the greatest caution. Soon I heard the falling of nuts and chippings, and in the perfect stillness of the morning, the gritting of the sharp teeth on the nuts. As I drew near I saw the tree in which they were feeding, there were six of them, apparently one entire family, for frequently they would chase each other around the treetop in play, often "tusseling" together in mimic fighting as they did so. Just as I arrived within range two of them rushed together, and I quickly raised

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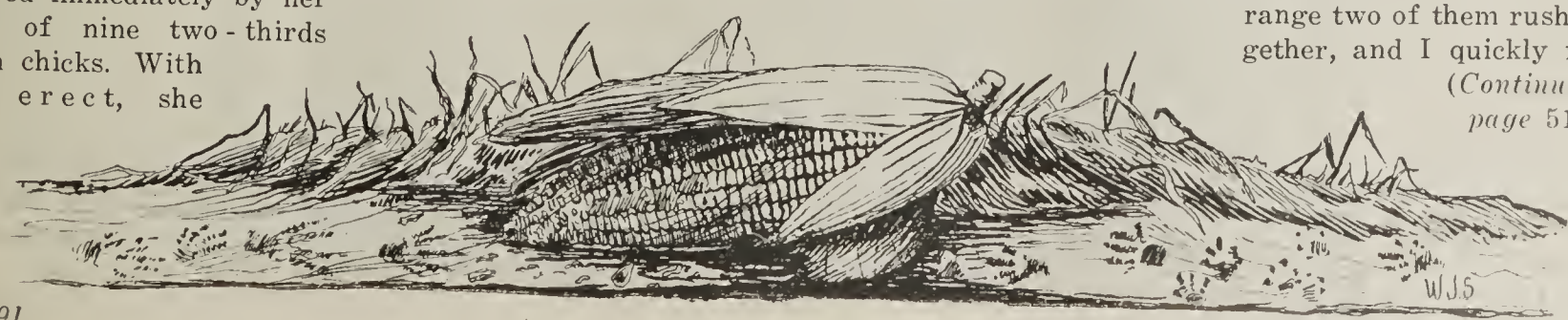


HUNTING WITH A CAMERA

By

A. BROOKER KLUGH

A Series of Practical Articles on Wild Life Photography

Conceded to be among the finest ever published are these remarkable articles on wild-life photography . . . the joy, the thrill of "Camera Shooting" has seldom if ever been more beautifully presented.

Pictures are great happiness bringers. Send in some of your real rare ones from time to time for the next man to see and enjoy.

CORRECT exposure is the foundation of photographic success. The old idea that errors in exposure could be compensated for in development has been completely exploded by modern photographic research, though a good many photographers still adhere to this belief and seem reluctant to accept the fact that the quality of a negative is determined by the exposure and that development is a definite chemical reaction which renders permanent the effect of light action.

The factors which have to be taken into consideration in exposure are:

1. The light intensity, which depends upon—
   A. The weather conditions.
   B. The time of day.
   C. The season.
   D. The degree of illumination (i. e. in direct sunlight or in shade).
   E. The direction of illumination.
2. The subject.
3. The stop.
4. The bellows extension.
5. The speed of the plate.
6. The type of shutter.

1. With regard to the sub-factors under light intensity the following facts should be mentioned. A.—The light is of the highest actinic value on a sunshiny day with white clouds in the sky, because the latter reflect light on the subject.

B. and C.—In June, July and August the hours from 9 to 3 inclusive may be taken as unity in calculating exposures. In April, May, September and October the hours from 10 to 2 may be so regarded. In November, December, January and February only the hours from 11 to 1 can be taken as unity. D.—If the subject is in dense shade the exposure should be twelve times as long as for a subject in direct sunlight. E.—If the light falls from one side, or from slightly behind, double the exposure is required as compared with a subject illuminated by "flat lighting," i. e., directly from the front.

2. The closer the subject the less light is reflected from it and the longer the exposure. Most of the wild-life photographer's pictures are "close-ups," and call for twice the exposure for a landscape with strong foreground. When a distant view is taken, to show the nature of the country inhabited by a certain species, one-half the exposure for a strong-foreground landscape should be given.

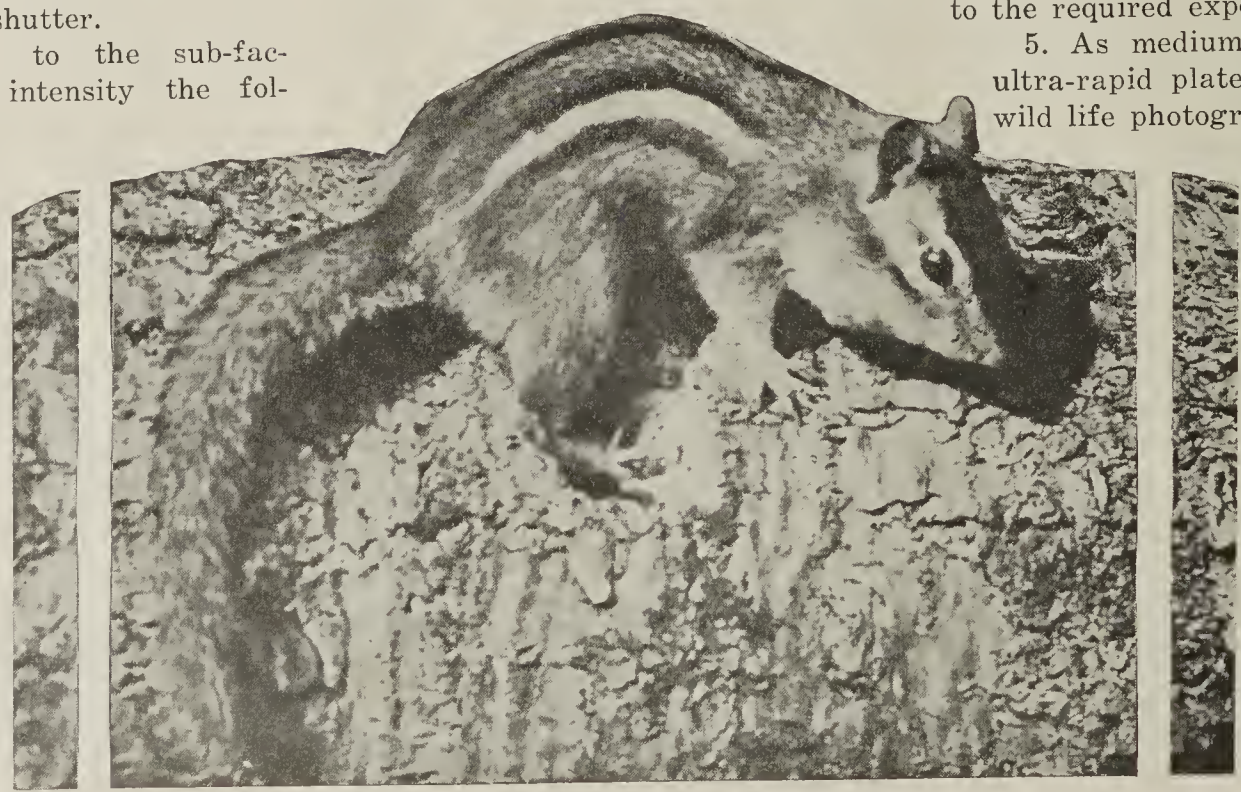
3. Taking f:8 as unity the different stops require the following exposures:

f:4.5	f:6	f:8	f:11	f:16	f:22	f:32
⅓	½	1	2	4	8	16

4. When a long bellows extension is used in photographing very close objects the rule which must be applied is:

The square of the focal length of the lens is to the square of the bellows extension as the normal exposure is to the required exposure.

5. As medium speed, rapid, and ultra-rapid plates only are used in wild life photography the exposures for slow plates do not need to be considered. Taking a medium speed plate (250 H & D) as unity, rapid plates (300-400 H & D) require one-half the exposure, ultra-rapid plates of 500 H & D require one-third, and ultra-rapid plates of 650-700 H & D need only one-quarter the exposure.



6. Focal-plane shutters, because of their higher efficiency, need only one-half the exposure which is required when using a between-the-lens shutter.

The correct exposure may be arrived at by various methods

1. Experience. The experienced photographer knows with a fair degree of accuracy what exposures to give under most conditions. He may seem to arrive at his exposure by intuition, but as a matter of fact his decision, though apparently made instantly, is made with a full knowledge of the factors involved, and with previous successes and failures in mind. This method is the only practical one in speed work with the reflex where no time can be given to calculating exposures. It is, however of little use in photographing insects, plants, and other subjects at very close range.

2. Exposure tables. There are many sets of exposure tables available, and while they are an aid to an understanding of the matter of exposure they are not so well adapted to the needs of the wild life photographer as calculators or meters.

3. Exposure calculators. These indicate the exposure by correlating the factors in a mechanical manner. Several types can be obtained, one of the most efficient being the Wellcome.

4. Exposure Meters. Meters are of two types:

A. Those which measure the light intensity by means of sensitive paper and correlate this with the stop and plate speed by the turning of a dial. They are very efficient instruments. Reliable meters of this type are the Wynne and the Watkins.

B. Those which measure the light intensity optically by means of a rotating wedge of colored glass, and indicate the exposure on a dial by means of a pointer moving with the glass wedge. These instruments are accurate and quick in operation. The Heyde Aktinophotometer is a good meter of this type.

IN NATURE'S GARDEN—LADY SLIPPER, A WOODLAND CLASSIC

While it is important for the nature photographer to know the correct exposure it is not by any means always the case that he can give this exposure, because many exposures are bound to be a compromise between full exposure and the maximum exposure which can be given without danger of blur due to the movement of the subject. Wild life photography, especially pictures of birds and mammals, often calls for three things which unfortunately are incompatible—depth of field, quick shutter-speeds, and full exposure and a large part of the art of the sport lies in balancing these three factors so as to obtain the best possible negative under the conditions presented.

The equipment needed for development is:

- 4 trays a little larger than the plates used.
- 2 large trays (each holding 4 plates laid flat).
- 1 plate-washer.
- 1 plate drying rack.
- 1 centigrade chemical thermometer.
- 1 balance, preferably with metric weights and weighing at least to decigrammes.
- 1 250 cc. graduate.
- A supply of the following chemicals: Sodium thiosulphate (Hypo), Anhydrous Sodium sulphite, Anhydrous Sodium carbonate, Anhydrous Sodium bisulphite, Potassium bromide, Chrome alum (powdered), Hydroquinone, Metol (*or* Monomet, *or* Elon).

The balance, thermometer and graduate may be obtained from any dealer in scientific apparatus.

The most satisfactory method of development is the Time and Temperature System, because it eliminates all guesswork and yields the best negative which can be obtained from every exposure. It is the only system that can be used with panchromatic plates.

A table of temperatures and their corresponding times can be constructed, by careful experimental work (for directions see *The Dictionary of Photography*, by E. J. Wall, p. 216), for any developer. The following developer is thoroughly satisfactory:

(*Continued on page* 510)

THE GORDON SETTER

By
RODNEY RANDOM

INGLEHURST SANDY MAC GREGOR

Interesting Points About This Valuable Field Dog

THIS handsome breed of Setters derives its name from the Dukes of Gordon, who owned a most important kennel of black-and-tan and black-white-and-tan Setters at a period considerably in advance of dog shows. No claim is made that the Dukes of Gordon originated the breed, and it has also been conclusively proven that they were not responsible for the prejudice against white markings which was developed at bench shows after classes were provided for them in 1861, which resulted in complete elimination of those specimens containing white in any form.

The early history of the Gordon Setter is wrapped in much mystery, considering the fact that they are of comparatively recent origin. A great many writers have stated that in the early days of the breed the Duke crossed one of his best dogs on a black-and-tan Collie named Maddy which lived on the estate and was remarkably clever in finding grouse. It is said that she did not point them, her habit being to stop and watch the birds as soon as she had them located. It is conceded, even by those who deny the authenticity of this story, that occasionally one sees the tail of the Collie in strains that trace back to the Duke's kennel, and it is also notable that many Gordon Setters display in working birds a desire to go round their game, just as a Collie goes round a flock of sheep.

Another theory is that the breed is the result of crossing the ordinary Setter on the leggy, black Springing Spaniel. There is a similarity in the physiognomy of the Gordon Setter and the Field Spaniel, and the latter in early days was a leggy dog of Setter-like type, so that this cross could have been made without affecting the working characteristics of the Setter. This is a plausible explanation of the dog's origin.

Still another theory provides that the black-and-tan Setter has been produced by a cross with the Irish Setter and the black Pointer, which latter is a Scotch product. This likewise is more feasible than the Collie story. All of the explanations are, however, mere conjecture, and the only reasonable conclusion that can be arrived at is that from a period considerably antedated the first dog show or kennel registry there was in use on Scottish Moors a breed of tri-colored setters which were remarkably intelligent, bird-wise, tractable and enduring. The most noted kennel of these dogs was on the estate of the Dukes of Gordon. In 1836 one of the Dukes, who had been a particularly keen breeder of these setters, died, and was succeeded by another member of the family who did not take as much interest in the setters as his predecessors, and disposed of them at a public sale which was attended by several of the leading setter breeders of that day. These men have left creditable records of the event. They all agree that the setters of the Gordon family were black, white and tan in color. In fact, there was only one black-and-tan dog in the kennel.

CHAMPION INGLEHURST DICKERSON

The modern bench show standard that insists that Gordon Setters in color should be black-and-tan without a mixture of white is, therefore, the creation of bench show fanciers, a class of gentlemen who, while they may be well meaning, nevertheless have ruined every breed of sporting dog which has attracted the attention of their whimsical minds.

The blood of the Gordon has blended well with that of other setter breeds. It was the blood of the Gordon that saved the Laveracks from oblivion and later Mr. Llewellyn used it to create the strain that bears his name.

If old pictures are to be believed, Dan, the most famous of all Mr. Llewellyn's dogs in color markings and conformation, was a typical Gordon. To-day field trial setter men concede

(*Continued on page* 532)

CHAMPION INGLEHURST STORM

TOURING WITH RAYMOND SPEARS

By RAYMOND SPEARS

In continuing his valuable series of articles on auto touring this month, Mr. Spears gives us a comprehensive insight into the cost of making the transcontinental trip. He also makes many valuable suggestions concerning the varied conditions with which the tourist may expect to meet in different states. The seasoned and prospective tourist alike cannot fail to profit by reading this article.

NO one can figure ahead exactly what a trip is going to cost. There are some things that simply cannot be foreseen. Yet the chances are that a little figuring will help everyone to block out his trip within the limits he wishes —and a trip can be made often for a good deal less than the plans call for. Certain things are inevitable, as gasolene, oil, food, and "extras." Repairs may constitute an enormous share of the outgo. It all depends.

Each car has its gasolene, oil and tire mileage. An automobile driver ought to know about how many miles he is making on a gallon of gas, or a filling of oil. He should know, too, how far his tires will go. For a tour, the car should be put at the minimum for all mileages. If the car rolls fifteen miles a gallon around home, on a tour it is likely to go only twelve or thirteen miles a gallon. Tires may go only 12,000 miles, instead of 16,000 miles.

That is, expenses may be higher if one is away from home than near home, in familiar surroundings. The reason is that driving over strange roads a man hasn't quite the same confidence, nor yet the same ease of driving. If one is used to driving strange country, there will be no difference in the mileage which is not accounted for by the differences in road bed, as gravel instead of concrete, hilly country instead of long levels, city streets with frequent stops, instead of straightaway runs of fifty or a hundred miles without a stop. One burns twice as much gasolene stopping and starting often, as on the long, straight ways.

One car with four people—my own—costs about $12 a day. The car is old, and more than half the cost is running and up-keep expenses. A new car, well broken in, and on an economical basis, ought not to cost more than running expenses, up-keep being limited to punctures, carbon removal, and perhaps replacement of grease cups, burrs and other things that shake loose. No two cars cost alike. A driver, keeping track of his car-expenses, knows something of what he should expect.

The trouble is, however, when a family start touring, they enter conditions of which they never dreamed. Even an old timer at camping is surprised, and often caught napping. How can one estimate the cost of touring, then, except by experience?

The highways of the country have improved marvelously since the war. Coming in from Texas, via El Paso, Raton Pass, Cheyenne and the Lincoln Highway, I was able in some measure to judge of conditions. East of the Mississippi and north of the Potomac and Ohio one goes anywhere and everywhere on highways built for automobile traffic. Even the detours are often over stone highways as good, or better, than the closed sections. With this condition there is no question of highways to deter the tourist. And the roads of Illinois or Ohio are like the roads of New York or New Jersey. Those who live in hilly New England will find mileage per gallon increased acoss the levels of the Middle West to the Mississippi.

West of the Mississippi on the Lincoln Highway to Cheyenne, on the Omaha-Lincoln-Denver Fork from the Missouri, on the National Oil Trails from Kansas City to Trinidad, Colorado, dry-weather driving will cost but little or no more than through the White Mountains, or across Pennsylvania. Here and there are apt to be a few miles of rough going, but nothing to deter the ordinarily competent driver.

IN CROSS-COUNTRY WORK, HIGHWAYS ARE NOT ALL BROAD AND SUNNY. DETOURS LIKE THIS ARE A GOOD REASON FOR HAVING THE CAR IN FIRST-CLASS CONDITION

The trip from the Atlantic to the Pacific is a good measure of expenses. The journey will take from twenty - eight days' hard driving to two months' leisurely rambling. It is made by all kinds of cars in from twenty-eight to thirty days, or at an average of 110 miles a day, say. Without repair expenses, new tires, or extras, tourists go across for from $100 to $200 in many kinds of cars. This means food, as well as car expenses. We came more than 4,000 miles on $450, with more than $200 repairs and car expenses in unfavorable conditions on 600 miles of highway, mud and rough desert being included. That is to say, each one of us traveled four thousand miles, from May 1st to June 12, for $112.50—food and all—and traversed ten states.

In discussing expenses, one ever confronts the va-

(*Continued on page* 529)

NOTES ON MEDINA LAKE

By WILLIAM HARRISON FURLONG

Probably at no other place in America are black bass caught with such frequency and certainty as in Medina Lake. This beautiful artificial body of water, 31 miles northwest of San Antonio, Tex., was occasioned by the building (for irrigation purposes) of the famous Medina Dam.

Because of the enormous catches in 1914 of this game-fish, which practically amounted to a slaughter, a special law was passed by the legislature prohibiting the sale and purchase of fish and limiting the catch from this lake. The text and provisions of the law were flawless, but the services of a man who had the courage to enforce them were unavailable until this year, when George D. Hunter, appointed by Governor of Texas, commenced his duties as a game warden, May 1, 1923, which, after a closed period (March and April), was the opening date of the fishing season Notwithstanding the threats of anonymous parties opposing the enforcing of the fishing regulations, this man stood firm, and as a result has to his credit, on account of the flagrant violations of these regulations since May 1st, more arrests and convictions than all of those of previous wardens combined since 1915.

Mr. George A. Lawyer, U. S. Federal Game Warden, Washington, investigated recently the conditions at the lake, and expressed himself highly pleased.

Owing to the inaccessibility of this lake some years ago, funds amounting to $52,000 were raised through subscriptions made by San Antonians to build a road that might be traveled twelve months in the year, regardless of the weather conditions and operated on a toll basis. It proved to be a successful venture.

Realizing the necessity of replenishing the lake, the local sportsmen again contributed, this time for the purpose of establishing a fish hatchery. The project is now financed and construction will start next week.

The hatchery, with a capacity of about 200,000 bass, will be operated and

(*Continued on page* 544)

OPEN SEASONS FOR GAME, 1923-24

[Compiled by GEORGE A. LAWYER, *Chief U. S. Game Warden*, and FRANK L. EARNSHAW, *Assistant, Interstate Commerce in Game, Bureau of Biological Survey*]

THE OPEN SEASONS HERE SHOWN ARE INCLUSIVE OF BOTH DATES. When the season is closed for a fixed period the date terminating the closed season is given.

The seasons in certain counties of North Carolina may be had on application to the Secretary, Audubon Society, Raleigh, N. C. Local exceptions in Idaho and Virginia will be published in "Game Laws for the Season 1923-24."

The term "rabbit" includes hare; "quail," the bird known as "partridge" in the South; "grouse" includes Canada grouse, sharp-tailed grouse, ruffed grouse (known as "partridge" in the North and "pheasant" in the South), and all other members of the family except prairie chickens, ptarmigan, and sage hens; "introduced pheasant" is restricted to the Old World pheasants.

PERSONS ARE ADVISED to secure from State game commissioners full text of game laws in States where hunting is contemplated, as provisions of minor importance are omitted from this poster. "Game Laws for the Season 1923-24," and a directory of game protection officials may be had free on application to the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C

		State	BIG GAME: Deer	BIG GAME: Moose	UPLAND GAME: Rabbit	Squirrel	Quail	Grouse	Prairie Chicken	Introduced Pheasant	Wild Turkey	
UNITED STATES	1	Alabama	Nov. 1-Dec. 31 ♂			Sept. 15-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Feb. 29	Nov. 15-Dec. 14		Nov. 15-Dec. 14	Dec. 1-Mar. 31 ♂	1
	2	Alaska [a]	Sept. 1-Nov. 15 ♂	Aug. 20-Dec. 31 ♂				Sept. 1-Mar. 1				2
	3	Arizona	Oct. 1-Nov. 1 ♂				Oct. 15-Dec. 31 ‡ [a]	No open season		No open season	Oct. 1-Nov. 1	3
	4	Arkansas	Nov. 10-Jan. 15 ♂ [a]			May 15-Jan. 15	Dec. 20-Feb. 29 †	Dec. 15-Jan. 15	Dec. 15, 1928	Dec. 15, 1928	Nov. 10-Jan. 15 ♂ [a]	4
	5	California	Aug. 1-Sept. 14 ♂ [a]		Nov. 1-Jan. 15	Sept. 1, 1925 ‡	Nov. 1-Jan. 15 ‡ [a]	Sept. 15-Oct. 14		No open season	No open season	5
	6	Colorado	Oct. 12-Oct. 15 ♂			No open season ‡	Oct. 1, 1930	Sept. 15-Oct. 1	Sept. 15-Oct. 1	Sept. 1, 1930	No open season	6
	7	Connecticut [a]	([a])		Nov. 1-Dec. 15	Oct. 8-Nov. 23	Oct. 8, 1925	Oct. 8-Nov. 23		Oct. 8-Nov. 23 ♂		7
	8	Delaware			Nov. 15-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Oct. 15	Nov. 15-Dec. 31	Nov. 15-Dec. 31		No open season		8
	9	District of Columbia [a]			Nov. 1-Feb. 1	Nov. 1-Feb. 1	No open season	No open season	No open season		No open season	9
	10	Florida [a] *	Nov. 20-Feb. 15			Nov. 20-Feb. 15 [a]	Nov. 20-Feb. 15	Nov. 20-Dec. 19		No open season	Nov. 20-Feb. 15	10
	11	Georgia *	Nov. 1-Dec. 31			Oct. 1-Feb. 29 ‡ [a]	Nov. 20-Feb. 29	No open season		No open season	Nov. 20-Feb. 29 ♂	11
	12	Hawaii	Apr. 1-Oct. 31				Nov. 1-Jan. 31			Nov. 1-Jan. 31 ♂		12
	13	Idaho † [a]	No open season [a]	No open season			Nov. 1-Nov. 15 †	Sept. 15-Oct. 15 †	No open season	No open season †		13
	14	Illinois	Nov. 10, 1929		Nov. 10-Jan. 1 [a]	Sept. 1-Dec. 1 [a]	Nov. 10-Dec. 10	No open season	Nov. 10-Nov. 21	Nov. 10-Nov. 15 ♂	Sept. 16, 1929	14
	15	Indiana	No open season		Apr. 1-Jan. 9	Aug. 1-Nov. 30	Nov. 10-Dec. 20	Nov. 10-Dec. 20	Oct. 15-Oct. 31	No open season	No open season	15
	16	Iowa	No open season			Sept. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 1, 1927	Nov. 1-Dec. 15	Sept. 1, 1927	Oct. 1, 1927	Nov. 1-Dec. 15	16
	17	Kansas	Mar. 24, 1925			Aug. 1-Jan. 1 ‡ [a]	No open season	No open season	Sept. 20-Sept. 30	No open season		17
	18	Kentucky	Nov. 15, 1925		Nov. 15-Dec. 31	July 1-Dec. 15	Nov. 15-Jan. 1	Nov. 15-Jan. 1		Nov. 15, 1924	Nov. 15, 1924	18
	19	Louisiana	Oct. 15-Dec. 31 [a]		July 1-Feb. 29	Oct. 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 15-Mar. 1		Nov. 1, 1926	Nov. 1, 1926	Nov. 15-Feb. 15 [a]	19
	20	Maine [a]	Oct. 16-Nov. 30 [a]	No open season	Oct. 1-Feb. 29	Oct. 1-Oct. 31 †	No open season	Oct. 1-Nov. 30		No open season		20
	21	Maryland	Nov. 10, 1926		Nov. 10-Jan. 1	Sept. 1-Oct. 15 [a]	Nov. 10-Jan. 1	Nov. 10-Jan. 1		No open season	Nov. 10-Jan. 1 [a]	21
	22	Massachusetts	Dec. 3-Dec. 8	No open season	Oct. 20-Feb. 29 [a]	Oct. 20-Nov. 20	Oct. 20-Nov. 20 [a]	Oct. 20-Nov. 20	No open season	No open season [a]		22
	23	Michigan [a]	Nov. 10-Nov. 30 ♂	No open season	Oct. 15-Jan. 31 [a]	Oct. 15-Oct. 31 ‡	Oct. 15, 1926	Oct. 15-Nov. 20 [a]	1926	1926	1926	23
	24	Minnesota	No open season	No open season	Oct. 15-Mar. 1 ‡	Oct. 15-Jan. 1 †	Oct. 15-Nov. 20	No open season [a]	Sept. 16-Oct. 1	Oct. 15, 1924		24
	25	Mississippi [a]	Nov. 15-Mar. 1 ♂				Nov. 1-Mar. 1				Jan. 1-May 1 ♂	25
	26	Missouri	Dec 1-Dec. 31 ♂			June 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 10-Dec. 31	No open season	No open season	No open season	Dec. 1-Dec. 31	26
	27	Montana	Oct. 15-Nov. 15 ♂ [a]	No open season			No open season	Sept. 15-Sept. 24 [a]	Sept. 15-Sept. 24 [a]	No open season		27
	28	Nebraska	No open season			Sept. 16-Dec. 31	No open season	Oct. 1-Nov. 1	Oct. 1-Nov. 1	No open season	No open season	28
	29	Nevada [a]	Oct. 16-Oct. 21 ♂ [a]		Nov. 1-Dec. 31 ‡		Sept. 21-Sept. 30 ‡	Sept. 21-Sept. 30	Aug. 16-Aug. 31	No open season [a]		29
	30	New Hampshire	Oct. 15-Nov. 30 [a]	No open season	Oct. 1-Feb. 29	Oct. 1, 1929	No open season	Oct. 1-Nov. 30		No open season		30
	31	New Jersey	Dec. 17-Dec. 21 ♂		Nov. 10-Dec. 15	Nov. 10-Dec. 15	Nov. 10-Dec. 15 [a]	Nov. 10-Dec. 15	Nov. 10-Dec. 15	Nov. 10-Dec. 15 ♂ †	No open season	31
	32	New Mexico	Nov. 20-Nov. 30 ♂			Nov. 20-Nov. 30 ‡	Nov. 1-Dec. 31 ‡	No open season	No open season	No open season	Nov. 20-Nov. 30.	32
	33	New York [a]	Oct. 15-Nov. 15 ♂ [a]	No open season	Oct. 15-Mar. 1 † [a]	Oct. 15-Nov. 15 †	Oct. 1, 1925 [a]	Oct. 1-Nov. 15 [a]		Oct. 18, 25, Nov. 3, 10 ♂ †		33
	34	Long Island	No open season		Oct. 15-Mar. 1 ‡ [a]	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31		Nov. 1-Dec. 31 ♂		34
	35	North Carolina [a]	Local laws			Local laws	Local laws	Local laws			Local laws	35
	36	North Dakota	No open season	No open season			No open season	Sept. 16-Oct. 16 ‡ [a]	Sept. 16-Oct. 16	No open season		36
	37	Ohio	No open season		Nov. 15-Jan. 1	Sept. 15-Oct. 20	No open season	Nov. 15-Nov. 25		Nov. 15-Nov. 25 ♂		37
	33	Oklahoma	Nov. 15, 1931				Dec. 1-Dec. 31		No open season	No open season	Nov. 15, 1931	38
	39	Oregon {East	Sept. 10-Oct. 31 ♂	No open season		No open season	No open season [a]	Sept. 10-Oct. 31	No open season	No open season [a]	No open season	39
		Oregon {West	Sept. 10-Oct. 31 ♂	No open season		Sept. 15-Oct. 15 ‡	Oct. 14-Oct. 28 [a]	Sept. 10-Oct. 31 [a]	No open season	Oct. 14-Oct. 28 ♂ [a]	No open season	39
	40	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Dec. 15 ♂		Nov. 1-Dec. 15	Nov. 1-Nov. 30 ‡	Nov. 1-Nov. 30	Nov. 1-Nov. 30		Nov. 1-Nov. 30 ♂	Nov. 1-Nov. 30	40
	41	Rhode Island	No open season		Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31		Nov. 1-Dec. 31		41
	42	South Carolina	Sept. 1-Dec. 31 ♂		Sept. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 29-Mar. 1	No open season			Nov. 29-Mar. 1	42
	43	South Dakota	Nov. 1-Nov. 30 ♂				No open season	Sept. 16-Oct. 15	Sept. 16-Oct. 15	No open season		43
	44	Tennessee	Dec. 20-Dec. 31 ♂			June 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 25-Jan. 15 [a]	No open season		No open season	Nov. 15, 1928	44
	45	Texas	Nov. 1-Dec. 31 ♂				Dec. 1-Jan. 31	No open season	No open season †	No open season	Nov. 1-Dec. 31 ♂ [a]	45
	46	Utah [a]	Oct. 20-Oct. 30 ♂				No open season [a]	No open season [a]	No open season [a]	No open season		46
	47	Vermont	Nov. 5-Nov. 17 ♂	No open season	Oct. 1-Feb. 29	Oct. 1-Oct. 31 ‡	Sept. 15-Nov. 30	Oct. 1-Oct. 31		Sept. 15, 1932		47
	48	Virginia †	Oct. 1-Feb. 1 [a]		Nov. 1-Feb. 1	Aug. 15-Feb. 1 †	Nov. 1-Feb. 1 [a]	Nov. 1-Feb. 1 [a]			Nov. 1-Feb. 1 [a]	48
	49	Washington {East	([a])	Oct. 1, 1925		No open season	([a])	([a])	([a])	([a])	([a])	49
		Washington {West	([a])	Oct. 1, 1925		No open season	([a])	([a])	([a])	([a])	([a])	49
	50	West Virginia	Oct. 15-Nov. 30 ♂		Oct. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Nov. 1-Nov. 30	Oct. 15-Nov. 30		No open season	Oct. 15-Nov. 30	50
	51	Wisconsin *	Nov. 13-Nov. 22 ♂ [a]	No open season	Oct. 25-Jan. 15 †	Oct. 15-Jan. 1 [a]	No open season	Oct. 4-Oct 8 [a]	Sept. 20-Sept. 24 [a]	No open season		51
	52	Wyoming	Sept. 15-Oct. 15 ♂	1925 [a]			1925	Sept. 15-Nov. 15	Sept. 15-Nov. 15	1925		52
CANADA	53	Alberta	Nov. 1-Dec. 14 ♂ [a]	Nov. 1-Dec. 14 ♂ [a]				Oct. 15-Oct. 31	Oct. 15-Oct. 31	Oct. 1, 1925		53
	54	British Columbia * [a]	([a])	([a])			([a])	([a])		([a])		54
	55	Manitoba	Dec. 1-Dec. 10 ♂	Dec. 1-Dec. 10 ♂			Sept. 15, 1927	Oct. 15-Oct. 22	Oct. 15-Oct. 22	Sept. 15, 1927		55
	56	New Brunswick	Sept. 15-Nov. 14 [a]	Oct. 1-Nov. 30 ♂				No open season [a]				56
	57	Northwest Territories [a]	Sept. 1-Apr. 1 ♂ [a]	Sept. 1-Apr. 1 ♂ [a]				Sept. 1-Jan. 1	Sept. 1-Jan. 1			57
	58	Nova Scotia	Oct. 16-Oct. 31 ♂ [a]	Oct. 1-Nov. 15 ♂ [a]	Nov. 1-Feb. 29			Oct. 15-Nov. 14 [a]		No open season		58
	59	Ontario *	Sept. 15-Nov. 15 [a]	Sept. 15-Nov. 15 ♂ [a]		No open season	No open season	Oct. 15-Nov. 20 [a]	No open season	No open season	No open season	59
	60	Prince Edward Island *			Nov. 1-Feb. 1			Oct. 15-Nov. 15				60
	61	Quebec	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 10-Dec. 31 [a]	Oct. 15-Jan. 31			Sept. 1-Dec. 14				61
	62	Saskatchewan *	Nov. 15-Dec. 14 ♂ [a]	Nov. 15-Dec. 14 ♂ [a]				Oct. 1-Oct. 31	Oct. 1-Oct. 31			62
	63	Yukon	Aug. 1-Mar. 1 ♂	Aug. 1-Mar. 1 ♂				Sept. 1-Mar. 15	Sept. 1-Mar. 15			63
	64	Newfoundland		No open season	Sept. 20-Jan. 1			Sept. 20-Jan. 1				64
	65	Lower California (Northern District) * [a]	Sept. 1-Feb. 29 ♂				Sept. 1-Feb. 29					65

MIGRATORY GAME BIRDS**

(The seasons here shown are the times when migratory game birds may be hunted without violating either Federal regulations or State laws)

		State	Duck, Goose, Brant, Coot, Gallinule	Black-bellied and Golden Plovers, and Yellowlegs	Wilson Snipe, or Jacksnipe	Woodcock	Rail	Dove	
UNITED STATES	1	Alabama	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	1
	2	Alaska	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	Sept. 1-Dec. 15				2
	3	Arizona	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	Oct. 15-Dec. 15	Oct. 16-Jan. 31		Oct. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15 ‡ a	3
	4	Arkansas	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31 †	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	4
	5	California	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	No open season	Oct. 1-Jan. 15		No open season	Sept. 1-Oct. 31	5
	6	Colorado	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31		Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1, 1930	6
	7	Connecticut	Oct. 1-Jan. 15 a	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Oct. 8-Nov. 23	Sept. 12-Nov. 30	No open season	7
	8	Delaware	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	Aug. 16-Nov. 30	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15 a	8
	9	Dist. Columbia a	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	9
	10	Florida a	Nov. 20-Jan. 31	Nov. 20-Jan. 31	Nov. 20-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 20-Nov. 30	Nov. 20-Jan. 31	10
	11	Georgia	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 20-Jan. 31	Nov. 20-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Nov. 20-Jan. 31	11
	12	Idaho	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31		Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	12
	13	Illinois	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Nov. 10, 1929	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Sept. 30	13
	14	Indiana	Sept. 16-Dec. 31 a	Sept. 16-Dec. 20	Sept. 16-Dec. 20	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	14
	15	Iowa	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	15
	16	Kansas	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	No open season	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Oct. 15	16
	17	Kentucky	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Nov. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	17
	18	Louisiana	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	18
	19	Maine	Sept. 16-Dec. 31 †	Aug. 16-Nov. 30 †	Sept. 16-Dec. 31 †	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	19
	20	Maryland	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Aug. 16-Nov. 30	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 10-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 1	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	20
	21	Massachusetts	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Aug. 16-Nov. 30	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Oct. 20-Nov. 20	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	21
	22	Michigan a	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Oct. 15-Nov. 20	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	No open season	22
	23	Minnesota	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31 a	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	Sept. 16-Oct. 1	23
	24	Mississippi	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	24
	25	Missouri	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Nov. 10-Nov. 30	Sept. 15-Nov. 30	No open season	25
	26	Montana	Sept. 16-Dec. 15	Sept. 16-Dec. 15	Sept. 16-Dec. 15		Sept. 16-Nov. 30	No open season	26
	27	Nebraska	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	No open season	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	No open season	27
	28	Nevada a	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31		Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	28
	29	New Hampshire	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Aug. 16-Nov. 30	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	29
	30	New Jersey	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	Aug. 16-Nov. 30	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	30
	31	New Mexico	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	Oct. 1-Jan. 15		Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	31
	32	New York	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Aug. 16-Nov. 30	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	32
	33	Long Island	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	Aug. 16-Nov. 30	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	33
	34	North Carolina a	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	34
	35	North Dakota	Sept. 16-Dec. 1 a	Sept. 16-Oct. 16	Sept. 16-Oct. 16	Oct. 1-Oct. 16	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	35
	36	Ohio	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Nov. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	36
	37	Oklahoma	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	37
	38	Oregon { East	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31		Sept. 16-Nov. 30	No open season	38
		Oregon { West	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	Oct. 1-Jan. 15		Oct. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	
	39	Pennsylvania	Oct. 1-Jan. 15 a	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	39
	40	Rhode Island	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	Aug. 16-Nov. 30	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Nov. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	40
	41	South Carolina	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	41
	42	South Dakota	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Oct. 15	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	No open season	42
	43	Tennessee	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	No open season	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	43
	44	Texas	Nov. 1-Jan. 31 a	Oct. 16-Dec. 15	Nov. 1-Jan. 31 a	No open season	Oct. 16-Nov. 30	Nov. 1-Dec. 31 a	44
	45	Utah a	Oct. 1-Dec. 31 a	Oct. 1.-Dec. 31 a	Oct. 1-Dec. 31 a		No open season	No open season a	45
	46	Vermont	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	Oct. 1-Oct. 31	No open season	No open season	46
	47	Virginia	Nov. 1-Jan. 31 a	Aug. 16-Nov. 30	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	47
	48	Washington { East	Sept. 16-Dec. 31 a	Sept. 16-Dec. 31 a	Sept. 16-Dec. 31 a		Sept. 16-Nov. 30 a	No open season	48
		Washington { West	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	Oct. 1-Jan. 15		Oct. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	
	49	West Virginia	Oct. 15-Dec. 31 a	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Oct. 15-Dec. 14	Oct. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	No open season	49
	50	Wisconsin	Sept. 16-Dec. 20 a	Sept. 16-Dec. 20	Sept. 16-Dec. 20	No open season	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	No open season	50
	51	Wyoming	Sept. 16-Dec. 16	Sept. 16-Dec. 16	Sept. 16-Dec. 16		Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	51
CANADA	52	Alberta	Sept. 15-Dec. 14	Sept. 15-Dec. 14	Sept. 15-Dec. 14		Sept. 15-Dec. 14	No open season	52
	53	Br. Columbia a	Sept. 1-Dec. 16	Sept. 1-Dec. 16	Sept. 1-Dec. 16		Sept. 1-Dec. 16		53
	54	Manitoba	Sept. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 15, 1927	54
	55	New Brunswick	Sept. 15-Dec. 31	Aug. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 15-Dec. 31		55
	56	Northwest Ter.	Sept. 1-Dec. 14	Sept. 1-Dec. 14	Sept. 1-Dec. 14		Sept. 1-Dec. 14		56
	57	Nova Scotia	Sept. 15-Dec. 31 a	Aug. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 15-Dec. 31		57
	58	Ontario	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	Sept. 15-Oct. 15	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	No open season	58
	59	Pr. Edward Isl.	Sept. 1-Dec. 14	Aug. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 14		59
	60	Quebec	Sept. 1-Dec. 14	Sept. 1-Dec. 14	Sept. 1-Dec. 14	Sept. 1-Dec. 14	Sept. 1-Dec. 14		60
	61	Saskatchewan	Sept. 15-Dec. 31	Sept. 15-Dec. 31	Sept. 15-Dec. 31		Sept. 15-Dec. 31		61
	62	Yukon	Sept. 1-Dec. 14	Sept. 1-Dec. 14	Sept. 1-Dec. 14		Sept. 1-Dec. 14		62
	63	Newfoundland	Sept. 20-Jan. 1 a	Sept. 20-Jan. 1	Sept. 20-Jan. 1				63
	64	Lower California (N. District) *a	Sept. 1-Feb. 29	Sept. 1-Feb. 29	Sept. 1-Feb. 29				64

OTHER GAME

(Season closed in States and Provinces not mentioned)

BIG GAME

Antelope	
Wyoming	(a)
Manitoba	Dec. 1-Dec. 10. ♂
Lower California (N. District) *	Sept. 1-Feb. 29. ♂ a
Bear (Unprotected in other States)	
Alabama	Nov. 1-Feb. 29.
Alaska	Oct. 1-July 1. a
Arkansas	No open season a
California	Oct. 15-Mar. 1.
Louisiana	Nov. 1-Feb. 15.
Mississippi	Nov. 15-Mar. 1.
New York	Oct 15-Nov 15.
Oklahoma	No open season. a
Pennsylvania	Nov. 1-Dec. 15.
South Carolina	Oct. 1-Mar 15.
Utah	Sept. 1-May 1
Washington	(a)
Wisconsin	Nov. 10-Dec. 1.
Quebec	Aug. 20-June 30.
Caribou	
Alaska	Aug. 20-Dec. 31. a
Alberta	Nov. 1-Dec. 14. a
Br. Columbia*	(a)
Manitoba	Dec. 1-Dec. 10. ♂
Northwest Ter.	Dec. 1-Apr 1. a
Nova Scotia	Sept. 16-Oct. 15 ♂ a
Ontario *	Sept. 15-Nov. 15. ♂ a
Quebec	Sept. 20-Dec. 31.
Saskatchewan *	Nov. 15-Dec. 14. a
Yukon	Aug. 1-Mar. 1. ♂
Newfoundland	Oct. 21-Jan. 31. a
Elk	
Idaho	No open season. a
Montana	Oct. 15-Nov. 15. a
Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Dec. 15 ♂
Virginia	Dec. 15-Dec. 31. a
Wyoming	Sept. 15-Nov. 15. a
Goat	
Alaska	Aug. 20-Oct. 31. a
Idaho	No open season. a
Alberta	Sept. 1-Oct. 31. a
Br. Columbia*	(a)
Northwest Ter.	Sept. 1-Apr. 1.
Yukon	Aug. 1-Mar. 1. ♂
Sheep	
Alaska	Aug 20-Dec. 31. ♂ a
Wyoming	No open season. a
Alberta	Sept. 1-Oct. 31. ♂ a
Br. Columbia*	(a)
Northwest Ter.	Dec. 1-Apr. 1. a
Yukon	Aug. 1-Mar. 1. ♂
Lower California (N. District) *	Sept. 1-Feb. 29. ♂ a

GAME BIRDS

Ptarmigan	
Alaska	Sept. 1-Mar. 1.
Washington	(a)
Alberta	Oct. 15-Oct. 31
Manitoba	Oct. 1-Oct. 20.
Northwest Ter.	Sept. 1-Jan. 1.
Quebec	Nov. 1-Jan. 31.
Saskatchewan*	Oct. 1-Oct. 31.
Yukon	Sept. 1-Mar. 15.
Newfoundland	Sept. 20-Jan. 1.
Reedbird**	
Delaware	Sept. 1-Oct. 30.
Dist. Columbia	Sept. 1-Oct. 30.
Florida	Aug. 16-Nov. 15.
Georgia	Aug. 16-Nov. 15.
Maryland	Sept. 1-Oct. 30.
New Jersey	Sept. 1-Oct. 30.
North Carolina	Aug. 16-Nov. 15.
Pennsylvania	Sept. 1-Oct. 30.
South Carolina	Aug. 16-Nov. 15.
Virginia	Aug. 16-Nov. 15.
Sage Hen	
California	Aug. 1-Sept. 15. a
Idaho	Aug. 1-Aug. 31 †
Montana	Sept. 15-Sept 21 a
Nevada	Aug. 16-Aug. 31.
Oregon	No open season. a
Washington	(a)
Wyoming	Aug. 1-Aug. 15.

DAYS EXCEPTED

All bunting prohibited on—

Sundays.—In all States and Provinces east of the 105th meridian, except Illinois, Louisiana, Michigan, Texas, Wisconsin, and Quebec.

Mondays.—For waterfowl locally in Maryland and North Carolina.

Tuesdays.—For waterfowl on the Susquehanna Flats and certain rivers in Maryland.

Other days.—For waterfowl locally in Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina.

Election day.—In Allegany, Baltimore, Cecil, Charles, Frederick, and Harford Counties, Maryland.

Days when snow is on the ground.—In New Jersey, Delaware, Virginia, and Maryland.

* Laws of 1923 not received. † Local exceptions (see "Game Laws, 1923-24"). ‡ Certain species. ♂ Males only.

** Under the regulations for the protection of migratory birds the season is closed on band-tailed pigeon, swan, wood duck, eider duck, auk, auklet, bittern, crane, fulmar, gannet, grebe, guillemot, gull, heron, jaeger, loon, murre, petrel, puffin, shearwater, tern, and all shorebirds (except woodcock, Wilson snipe or jacksnipe, black-bellied and golden plovers, and yellowlegs) in the United States and Canada. Owing to damage to rice crops in the South the Secretary of Agriculture has ordered that bobolinks, commonly known as reedbirds or rice birds, may be killed by shooting, between half an hour before sunrise and sunset of any day from September 1 to October 30, inclusive, in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and the District of Columbia, and from August 16 to November 15, inclusive, in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida; reedbirds so killed shall not be sold, shipped for sale, or wantonly wasted or destroyed, but may be used for food by the persons killing them or transported to hospitals and charitable institutions for use as food.

ADDITIONAL PROVISIONS AND EXCEPTIONS

Alaska.—*Sheep* on Kenai Peninsula east of Long. 150°, 1925. Killing of females and young of *mountain sheep* and *deer*, and *mountain goat kids* and *caribou fawns* south of Arctic Circle, prohibited. *Goat* east of Cook Inlet and Susitna River (except Kenai Peninsula east of Long. 150°, Apr. 1, 1925) and in southeastern Alaska, east of Long. 141°, Aug. 20-Oct. 31. *Large brown bear*, south Lat. 62°, Oct. 1-July 1, north, unprotected. *Deer* on Kruzof Island and in southeastern Alaska, west of Long. 141°, 1925.

Arizona.—*Bobwhite quail*, no open season. *Mourning dove*, Sept 1-Dec. 15; *white-wings*, July 15-Dec. 31.

Arkansas.—*Deer* (male), *turkey gobbler*, *bear*, in Chicot, Desha, and Phillips Counties (15 days), Nov. 15-19; Dec. 26-30; and Jan. 10-14, inclusive. *Deer* (male) and *turkey gobbler*, in Poinsett County, Nov. 10-Dec. 1; in Faulkner County, no open season. *Turkey gobbler*, additional open season in State, Mar. 1-May 1.

California.—*Deer* (male, except spike buck), in Districts 2, 2½, and 3, Aug. 1-Sept. 14; in District 4, Sept. 16-Oct. 15; in Districts 1, 1½, 4½, 23, 24, 25, and 26, Sept. 1-Oct. 15. *Mountain* and *valley quail*, in District 1½, Oct. 15-Dec. 15. *Bobwhite quail*, in State, no open season. *Sage hen*, in District 4½, no open season. For counties in each game district see "Game Laws, 1923-24."

Connecticut.—*Deer*, owner of agricultural lands, member of family, or employee, may kill with shotgun on own lands deer destroying fruit trees or growing crops, but such killing must be reported to commissioners within 12 hours. *Coot* (mud hen), *gallinule*, Oct. 1-Dec. 31.

Delaware.—*Dove*, Newcastle County, no open season.

District of Columbia.—Hunting permitted only on marshes of Eastern Branch, north of Anacostia bridge, and on Virginia shore of Potomac.

Florida.—*Squirrel*, in Escambia County, Oct. 15-Mar. 1; in Holmes and Walton Counties, Oct. 20-Mar. 1. *English pheasant*, in Escambia County, no open season. Hunting prohibited on Pine Island.

Georgia.—*For squirrel*, unprotected

Idaho.—*Deer*, *mountain goat*, in Adams, Blaine, Boise, Bonneville, Butte, Clark, Elmore, Gooding, Jefferson, Lincoln, Madison, Power, Teton, and Valley Counties, Oct. 15-Nov. 15; *deer*, in Benewah, Bonner, Boundary, Kootenai, and Shoshone Counties, Nov 1-Nov. 30; in Clearwater, Custer, Idaho, Latah, Lemhi, Lewis, and Nez Perce Counties, Oct. 1-Nov. 15; in Franklin County, Oct. 15-Nov. 1; *elk*, in Bingham, Bonneville, Clark, Fremont, and Teton Counties, Nov. 1-Nov. 30; *elk*, *mountain goat*, in Clearwater and Idaho Counties, Oct. 1-Nov. 15; *mountain goat* in Custer and Lemhi Counties, Oct. 1-Nov. 15; *deer*, *elk*, *mountain goat*, no open season, except as above. (See "Game Laws, 1923-24," for local laws on upland game birds.)

Illinois.—*Rabbit*, in southern and central zones, Nov. 10-Jan. 1; in northern zone, Nov. 10-Jan. 31; *squirrel*, in northern zone, Sept. 1-Dec. 1; in central zone, Aug. 1-Dec. 1; in southern zone, July 1-Dec. 1. (For counties in each zone, see "Game Laws, 1923-24.")

Indiana.—*Coot*, *gallinule*, Sept. 16-Dec. 20.

Kansas.—*For squirrel*, Sept. 1-Dec. 31; *other squirrels*, no open season.

Louisiana.—*Deer*, in Beauregard, Allen, Rapides, La Salle, Winn, Jackson, Lincoln, Union, and in all parishes between these and western boundary of State, Oct. 15-Dec. 31; in rest of State, Nov. 1-Jan. 15. (Deer season fixed by commission.) *Turkey gobbler*, Nov. 15-Apr. 1.

Maine.—*Deer*, in Androscoggin, Cumberland, Kennebec, Knox, Lincoln, Sagadahoc, Waldo, and York Counties, Nov. 1-Nov. 30; in rest of State, Oct. 16-Nov. 30. (See also "Game Laws, 1923-24.")

Maryland.—*Squirrel*, Sept. 1-Oct. 15 and Nov. 10-Jan. 1, except owner or tenant may shoot squirrels on own land Sept. 1-Jan. 1. *Wild turkey*, Garrett County, Nov. 10, 1924.

Massachusetts.—*European hare*, in Berkshire County, unprotected. *Quail*, in Dukes, Essex, Hampden, Hampshire, Middlesex, Nantucket, Norfolk, and Worcester Counties, July 1, 1925. *Pheasant*, Division of Fisheries and Game fixes open season.

Michigan.—Director of conservation may shorten or close season or otherwise restrict the taking of any species of game. *Snowshoe* or *jack rabbit*, Oct. 15-Feb. 15. *Ruffed grouse*, Upper Peninsula, Oct. 15-Nov. 9.

Minnesota.—*Ruffed grouse*, Oct. 15, 1924; *white-breasted* or *sharp-tailed grouse*, Sept. 16-Oct. 1. *Plover*, no open season.

Mississippi.—Seasons subject to change by Boards of Supervisors, but changes relating to migratory birds must not be inconsistent with Federal regulations. Communicate with sheriff or county clerk, at county seat.

Montana.—*Deer*, in Carter, Custer, Dawson, Garfield, McCone, Phillips, Powder River, Prairie, Richland, Roosevelt, Rosebud, Stillwater, Teton, Valley, Yellowstone, and parts of Fergus, Gallatin, and Lewis and Clark Counties, Oct. 1, 1925. *Elk*, in Flathead, Glacier, Madison, Pondera, Sweet Grass, Teton, and parts of Gallatin, Lewis and Clark (except north of North Fork, Dearborn River, Nov. 5-15), Missoula and Powell Counties, Oct. 15-Nov. 15; in Park County, Oct. 15-Dec. 20, unless shortened by commission; in rest of State no open season. *Grouse*, *prairie chicken*, *sage hen*, in Cascade County, no open season.

Nevada.—Boards of supervisors may designate 15-day open season on *buck deer* between Sept. 15-Nov. 15 instead of Oct. 16-21, may fix open seasons on *pheasants* and *valley quail*; and may shorten open seasons on other game or close season entirely.

New Hampshire.—*Deer*, in Coos County, Oct. 15-Nov 30, in Carroll County, Nov. 15-Dec. 15; in Grafton County, Nov 1-Dec. 15; in rest of State, Dec. 1-Dec. 31.

New Jersey.—*Quail* in Bergen, Essex, Hudson, Hunterdon, Morris, Passaic, Somerset, Sussex, Union, and Warren Counties, March 2, 1928.

New York.—Commission may shorten open season on game (see "Game Laws, 1923-24"). *Deer* (male), in Adirondacks, Oct. 15-Nov. 15, except in towns of Jackson, Salem, and White Creek, Washington County, Nov. 7-Nov. 19; in Columbia, Delaware, Greene, Orange, Rensselaer, Sullivan, and Ulster Counties, Nov. 1-Nov. 15, on own land in Dutchess County, Nov. 1-Nov. 15. Shotgun only may be used in Dutchess and Rensselaer Counties. *Cottontail rabbit*, Oct. 1-Jan. 31. *Quail*, in Dutchess, Orange, Putnam, Rensselaer, Sullivan, and Westchester Counties, Nov. 15-Nov 30. *Grouse*, in Columbia, Delaware, Dutchess, Greene, Orange, Putnam, Rensselaer, Rockland, Sullivan, Ulster, and Westchester Counties, Oct 15-Nov. 30.

Long Island.—*Varying hare*, Oct. 15-Mar 1, *cottontail rabbit*, Nov 1-Dec. 31.

North Carolina.—For local laws, apply to Secretary, Audubon Society, Raleigh, N. C. *Migratory birds*, county season date controls when it opens the season later or closes it earlier than the Federal Regulations.

North Dakota.—*White-breasted* and *sharp-tailed grouse*, Sept 16-Oct. 16; *ruffed grouse*, in Bottineau, Cavalier, Pembina, and Roulette Counties only, Oct. 7-Oct. 16. *Coot*, *gallinule*, Sept. 16-Dec. 31

Oklahoma.—*Bear* in Blaine, Caddo, Comanche, Kiowa, and Major Counties no open season; rest of State, unprotected.

Oregon.—*East of Cascades*; *Quail*, in Klamath County Oct 14-28, in Wasco County, Oct. 14-21; in balance of district, no open season. *Chinese pheasant*, in Baker, Grant, Hood River, Malheur, Umatilla, Union, Wallowa, and Wasco Counties, Oct. 14-Oct. 21 *Sage hen*, Aug. 1-Aug. 15.

West of Cascades; *Bobwhite quail*, *Chinese pheasant*, in Clatsop, Coos, Curry, Josephine, Lincoln, and Tillamook Counties, no open season; *other quail*, in Coos, Curry, Douglas, and Josephine Counties, Oct. 14-Oct. 28; in Jackson County, Oct. 14-Nov. 11. *Blue or sooty grouse*, *ruffed grouse*, in Benton, Clackamas, Lane, Linn, Marion, Multnomah, Polk, Washington, and Yamhill Counties, no open season.

Pennsylvania.—*Coot*, *gallinule*, Oct. 1-Nov. 30.

Tennessee.—*Quail*, in Chester County, Nov. 20-Feb. 15, in Fayette and Hardeman Counties, Nov. 22-Mar. 1, in Madison County, Dec. 1-Feb. 1.

Texas.—*Wild turkey*, in Brooks, Cameron, Hidalgo, Jim Hogg, Kenedy, McMullen, Starr, and Willacy Counties, Nov 1, 1926. *Waterfowl*, *coot*, *gallinule*, *Wilson snipe*, Nov. 1-Jan. 31, and *dove*, Nov 1-Dec. 31, east and south, Great Northern and Texas and Pacific Railroads; west and north, *waterfowl*, *coot*, *gallinule*, *Wilson snipe*, Oct. 16-Jan. 15; *dove*, Sept. 1-Dec. 15.

Utah.—*Waterfowl*, *coot*, *gallinules*, *plovers*, *yellowlegs*, *Wilson snipe*, in Beaver, Emery, Grand, Iron, Kane, Millard, San Juan, Uintah, and Washington Counties, Oct. 1-Jan. 15; *duck*, in Fish Lake Game Preserve, Oct. 1-Nov 30. Commissioner may fix open seasons on *quail*, *grouse*, and *dove*.

Virginia.—*Deer*, in Chesterfield, Mecklenburg, Prince George, and Surry Counties, Oct. 1-Jan. 1; in Bath, Highland, Gloucester, King George, King and Queen, Lancaster, Northumberland, Richmond, Stafford, and Westmoreland Counties, no open season. *Elk*, protected in national forest areas. *Quail*, *grouse*, *wild turkey*, west of Blue Ridge, Nov 1-Dec. 31. *Coot*, *mudhen*, *gallinule*, Nov. 1-Jan. 1, except on Back Bay, Princess Anne County, Nov. 1-Jan. 31., (For other local exceptions, see "Game Laws, 1923-24.")

Washington.—Open seasons on *deer*, *bear*, and *upland game birds* fixed by county game commissions. *Duck*, *goose*, *brant*, *coot*, *Wilson snipe*, *black-bellied* and *golden plovers*, and *yellowlegs*, Oct. 1-Dec 31, and *rail*, Oct. 1-Nov. 30, in Asotin, Benton, Chelan, Columbia, Garfield, Kittitas, Walla Walla, and Yakima Counties.

West Virginia.—*Coot*, *gallinule*, Sept. 16-Dec. 31.

Wisconsin.—*Deer* (male), in Pierce, Barron, Eau Claire, Clark, Wood, Lincoln, Langlade, Oconto (north of Township 30), and all counties north thereof (except Marathon), Nov. 13-Nov. 22; in Marathon and rest of State, no open season. *Squirrel*, in Dodge, Fond du Lac, Green Lake, Kenosha, Milwaukee, Ozaukee, Racine, Washington, Waukesha, and Waushara, no open season. *Grouse*, in Calumet, Manitowoc, and Winnebago Counties, no open season. *Prairie chicken* (*pinnated or sharp-tailed grouse*), in Barron, Calumet, Crawford, Dane, Dunn, Fond du Lac, Grant, Green, Iowa, Jefferson, Kenosha, LaCrosse, Lafayette, Lincoln, Manitowoc, Milwaukee, Monroe, Oneida, Ozaukee, Polk, Portage, Racine, Richland, Rock, Sauk, Vernon, Walworth, Washington, Waukesha, Waupaca, and Winnebago Counties, no open season. *Duck*, *coot*, *gallinule*, Sept. 16-Dec. 20; *goose* and *brant*, Sept. 16-Dec. 31.

Wyoming.—*Elk*, in Lincoln, Park, and Fremont (except between Roaring Fork Creek and Big Sandy River on west slope of Wind River Mountains in Bridger National Forest, and north of Big Wind River and south of Sweetwater River, no open season), Sept. 15-Nov 15; in rest of State, no open season. *Sheep* (mature male with horns not less than one-half curl), in Lincoln, Park, and Fremont Counties only, Sept. 15-Nov 15. *Bull moose* and *buck antelope* may be hunted under special permit, Sept. 15-Oct. 31, in areas designated by commission.

Alberta.—All big game must have horns at least 4 inches long. *Deer*, *moose*, and *caribou*, in Forest Reserves of Rocky Mountains, under special license, Sept. 1-Oct. 31.

British Columbia.—Open seasons on big game and upland game fixed annually by Order-in-Council, which may be obtained from Secretary, Game Conservation Board, Vancouver, B. C. *Waterfowl*, *rail*, *Wilson snipe*, *black-bellied* and *golden plovers*, *yellowlegs*, in Northern and Eastern Districts, Sept. 1-Dec. 16, and in Western District, north of 53d parallel, Sept. 8-Dec. 23. *Goose*, *brant*, Western District, south of 53d parallel, Nov. 10-Feb. 25, *other migratory game birds*, south of 53d parallel, Oct. 15-Jan. 30. *Northern District* includes Atlin Electoral District, and north of main line of Grand Trunk Pacific Railway and east summit Cascades. *Eastern District*, east summit Cascades and south Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. *Western District*, west summit Cascades and south Atlin Electoral District.

New Brunswick.—*Deer*, on Grand Manan, Campobello, and Deer Islands, no open season, except a resident of Grand Manan or Campobello Island, under $1 license from Minister, may take one deer, Dec. 1-Dec. 10. *Partridge*, season may be opened by order in council.

Northwest Territories.—Additional season on *caribou* and *sheep*, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. *Female caribou*, *mountain sheep*, or *mountain goat* with young at foot, and their young at foot, no open season. Governor General in Council may, by regulation, alter seasons.

Nova Scotia.—*Big game*, on Cape Breton Island, no open season. *Caribou* (male), in Inverness and Victoria Counties only *Ruffed grouse*, Oct. 15-Nov. 14; *other grouse*, no open season. *Goose*, *brant*, in Shelburne and Queens Counties, Oct. 15-Jan. 31.

Ontario.—*Deer*, *bull moose*, *caribou*, north of Canadian Government Railway, Sept. 15-Nov. 15; south Canadian Government Railway to French and Mattawa Rivers, Oct. 25-Nov 30, south French and Mattawa Rivers, Nov. 5-Nov 20. *Ruffed grouse*, south of French and Mattawa Rivers, Nov. 5-Nov 20.

Quebec.—*Moose*, south of St. Lawrence River, Sept 20-Dec 31

Saskatchewan.—*Deer*, *moose* (males only), *caribou*, north of Township 34, Nov. 15-Dec. 16, south of Township 35, no open season

Newfoundland.—*Caribou*, also Aug. 1-Sept. 30. *Goose*, unprotected

Lower California.—(*Northern District*) Seasons subject to modification by Governor.

THE GENERAL PURPOSE SHOTGUN

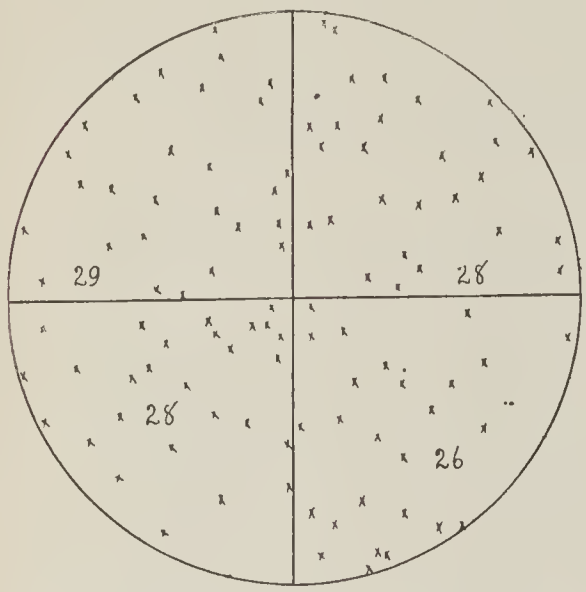
A Timely Paper for Those Who Know Guns As Well As Those Who Don't

By GEORGE G. CLOUGH

Many sportsmen swear by the 12-gauge gun, others are 20-bore cranks, and still others favor the 16. Some think there is no all-around gun, while many say there is. One man's general purpose gun may not suit the temperament of another. The writer of this article tells us many interesting things about ballistics, boring, weights, etc., and presents his nomination of the "general purpose gun."

MUCH has been written the past few years regarding guns, particularly small bores, yet little has been said regarding general purpose guns, one gun for all shooting. Many sportsmen will contend that there is none such, but an experience of practically 50 years afield and in the marshes leads me to believe this an error, and that one gun can be chosen that will answer for every purpose, and that a battery of guns for use on different kinds of game and at the traps is wholly unnecessary.

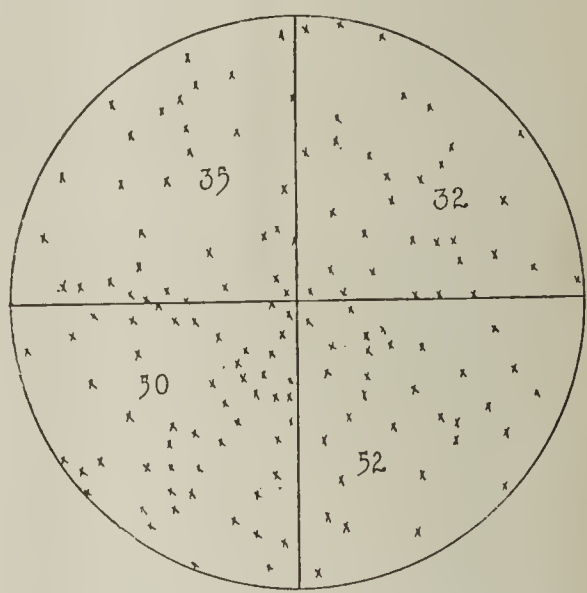
A general purpose gun, to be ideal, must not be too heavy for such small game as quail and snipe, nor so light as to punish the shooter with undue recoil when using maximum loads for such large game as duck, geese and turkey. It must be capable of giving a high velocity to the charge when needed, yet not heavy enough to burden on a long tramp afield or in the marsh. The 20 ga. while in many respects an excellent weapon, fails to meet these requirements, as it falls short in velocity and penetration at long ranges. No load having a muzzle velocity of less than 1250 f. s. or an instrumental vel. of less than 900 f. s. over 40 yd. range with No. 6 shot, can be relied on to kill duck with regularity at 40 to 50 yards; and the very highest velocity of the 20 with No. 6 shot over 40 yds. is 930 f. s. and this only when using 3 in. shells and an excess of wadding. The velocity of the average 20 ga. load (2½ dr. 7-8 oz. 6s) is far less than 900 f. s., dropping as low as 869 f. s. with some brands of powder.



PATTERN No. 1.—LOAD SUPER X, 1⅛ OZ. No. 4 SHOT, 153 TO LOAD. GUN, PARKER 16 GA. 3-4 CHOKE. DISTANCE, 35 YARDS; CIRCLE, 24 IN. DIA. IN CIRCLE 111 PELLETS, 72%. NOTE EVEN DISTRIBUTION, EACH QUARTER PRACTICALLY THE SAME. A DUCK LOAD GOOD FOR 50 YARDS

But a 16 ga. gun, weighing 6¼ to 6½ lbs. with 30 in. bbls., and bored right ¼ to ½ choke, left ½ to ¾ choke, will be found to meet all the requirements of the American sportsman. This gauge gun has the greatest latitude in loads, of both powder and shot, of any now made; factory loaded shells with shot from ¾ oz. to 1⅛, with appropriate powder charges can now be had, and with such a range the shooter can get any combination of powder and shot necessary to make this gauge a perfect weapon for any use, and can get velocities from that of the average 20 ga. (2½ 7-8 oz. No. 6 886 f. s.) up and beyond that of the standard 12 ga. duck load of 3¼ x 1⅛ No. 6, and with a much lower breech pressure than the 20 ga. with 3 in. cases, and only a trifle above that of the 12 ga. load above referred to. In hand loads, 3 to 3¼ dr. bulk smokeless and 1 to 1-1/16 oz. shot can be safely loaded, and velocities can be obtained up to approximately 1060 f. s. (No. 6 shot), and these hand loads are standard among many 16 ga. shooters on the coast.

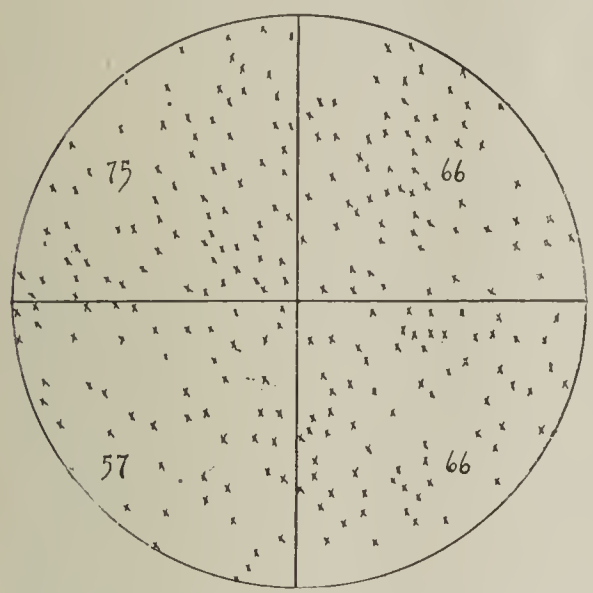
With the recent development of 20 and 12 ga. shells, about which so much has been recently written, the Western Cartridge Co. have brought out an entirely new 16 ga. load, primarily for heavy shooting, such as duck and geese, since these Super X 16s are loaded with 1⅛ oz. No. 4, 5, 6 and 7½ shot only. These, like their fellows in 20 and 12 ga., are loaded with the new duPont No. 93 powder, and at one jump put the 16 ga. in the 12 ga. class in range, pattern and penetration, without the necessity of carrying around the 12 ga. weight. I have not been furnished with the velocity, either muzzle or instrumental of these new loads, but tested for penetration against bulk duPont and Ballistite, 2-3.4 of the first and 22 gr. of the latter, both with 1 oz. shot, these Super X shells show better penetration, both on cardboard sheets and in blocks of paraffine, and yet they handle in a highly satisfactory manner 1-8 oz. more shot. Many of us 16 ga. shooters have implored the factories for years to give us a heavier load both in powder and shot, and finally they yielded enough to increase the powder load 1-4 dr. in bulk and 2 gr. in dense, but they balked at increasing the shot load beyond 1 oz., though they must have known that our English cousins commonly use 1-1/16 and frequently 1-⅛ oz. shot. Now comes Super X with a full 1-⅛ oz. shot, with a higher velocity and a lower breech pressure, made possible, perhaps, only through the use of the new No. 93 powder, which possesses a progressive burning characteristic, reducing shot jamming to the minimum, and wonderfully improving pattern and distribution. One thing is now certain: no longer can there be any objection to the use of the 16 gauge because of the restricted shot charge.



PATTERN No. 2.—LOAD SUPER X, 1⅛ OZ. No. 6 SHOT, 245 PELLETS TO LOAD. GUN, WINCHESTER 16 GA. MODIFIED. DISTANCE 35 YARDS; CIRCLE, 24 IN. DIA. IN CIRCLE 147 PELLETS, 60%. BULK OF PELLETS LOW ACCOUNT FAULT IN HOLDING. GOOD FOR DUCKS AT 45 TO 50 YARDS

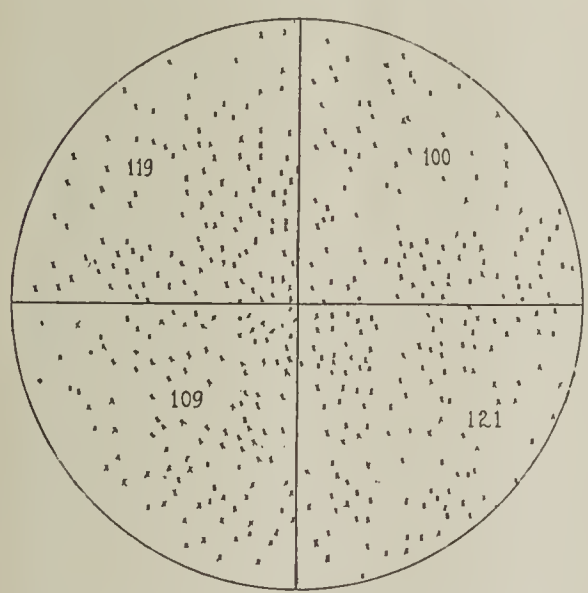
The writer endeavored for 25 years or more to load 1-1/16 and 1-⅛ oz.

large shot (4s) in a 16, for use on large duck and geese, but without much success. In all powders available for hand loading 1 oz. appeared to be the limit, for beyond this patterns appeared to suffer, were irregular, and velocities



PATTERN No. 3.—LOAD SUPER X, 1⅛ OZ. No. 7½, 388 PELLETS TO LOAD. PARKER GUN, 16 GA. MODIFIED. DISTANCE, 35 YARDS; CIRCLE 24 IN. DIA. IN CIRCLE 264 PELLETS, 68%. A GOOD TRAP LOAD; ALSO FOR SMALL DUCK

were lost. The best hand load for such heavy shooting was found by the writer to be 3 dr. bulk nitro and 1 oz. shot. In shooting such game on the Texas coast, the best sport is generally to be had during a "norther" when the wind is blowing a stiff gale, and then every few feet of extra velocity counts, for under such conditions, slow loads drift badly. It is then that 1-⅛ oz. shot, backed by a stiff charge of shot, is desirable, and this new load, apparently

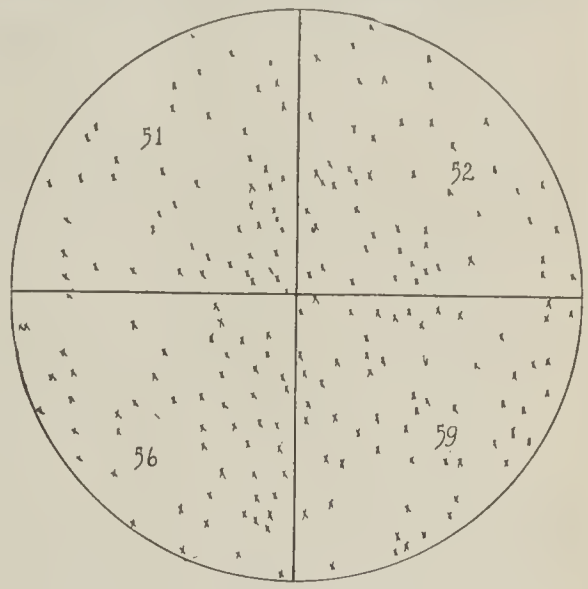


PATTERN No. 5.—SUPER X LOAD, No. 9S TRANSFERRED. GUN, WINCHESTER MODIFIED. LOAD 1⅛ OZ. SHOT. CIRCLE, 30 IN.; DISTANCE, 25 YARDS. IN LOAD 658, IN CIRCLE 449, 69½%. GOOD FOR QUAIL UP TO 40 YARDS

meeting these requirements, will no doubt add much to the popularity of the 16 with that class of sportsmen who seriously object to carrying around more than 6-½ lbs. of gun metal.

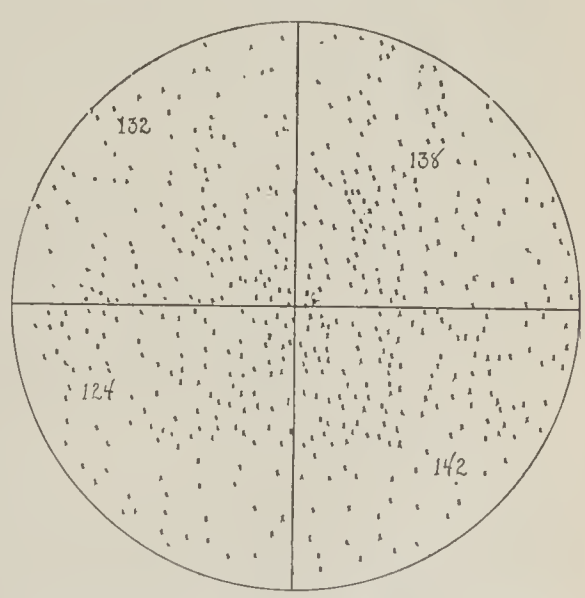
In the ordinary factory loads, containing ¾ to 1 oz. shot, the 16 ga. does not suffer in comparison to the 12. As before stated, the standard factory 12 ga. load for duck is 3¼ dr. x 1⅛ oz. No. 6 shot; the velocity of which is given at 948 f. s. The 16 ga. load of 2-3.4 dr. and 1 oz. No. 6 shot is given at 941 f. s. same range. Breech pressure of the 12 is 3.89 tons, of the 16 4.15 tons. The killing circle of the two loads is practically the same; the 12 is the thickest in the center, but the 16 is thick enough, and if held fairly well will account for a kill as far as the 12 ga. Reducing the shot charge to ⅞ oz., but retaining the powder charge of 2¾ dr., we increase the velocity 30 f. s. and reduce the pressure. If we hand-load 3 dr. bulk and 1 oz. No. 6s, we get a velocity of 967 f. s. with only 4.59 tons pressure, a load which compares very favoraoly with maximum 12 ga. loads, 3½ x 1⅛ No. 6, vel. 989 f. s. pressure 4.19, and with less recoil. And in a gun of sufficient strength, of 6-1.2 lbs. more weight, a hand load of 3-1.8 dr. and 1 to 1-1/16 oz. shot, 6s or larger, will reach way out and bring down such game as duck and geese at a range beyond the ability of the average gunner to properly point the arm and calculate speed and distance.

The 2-3.4 dr. ⅞ oz. factory load is put out by all the loading companies in cheap cases, and furnishes a splendid, yet cheap, high velocity load—lower in price than can be obtained in any other gauge. In velocity and penetration it exceeds 12 ga. loads in all combinations up to 3½ x 1⅛, and beats that popular load by 5 f. s., taking No. 6 shot as a base. Loaded with 9s, for such small game as quail and snipe, it gives 502 pellets to the load, and a modified barrel will place 350 or more in a 30 in. circle at 25 to 30 yards, out of which such small game could hardly escape. Using 8s, it gives 357 to the load, and in same barrel 214 pellets same circle and distance, and this load is preferred by many shooters. With 10s for snipe, early in the season and when conditions are favorable, it will be found a deadly combination, for a modified gun should put 400 or more pellets within a 30 in. circle at 30 yards. It is generally considered that shot pellets delivering .60 to .75 lbs. of energy at the distance at which small game is struck are sufficient to bring same to bag, provided of course a reasonably sufficient number strike the objective. Using the above load, 8s have a striking energy of 1.14 lbs., 9s, .73 lbs., and 10s .57 lbs. The writer confesses a partiality for light shot for very small game; also the lightest consistent size of shot for the larger game, and has never found this ⅞ oz. lacking. It combined cheapness with excellent pattern and penetration, and when added to the light weight of the gun, comes as near a perfect combination of gun and load as has thus far been devised for small game. Of course, a 20 ga. will deliver the same amount (⅞) of



PATTERN No. 4.—PARKER FULL CHOKE, 24 IN. CIRCLE, 35 YARDS, SUPER X, LOAD 1⅛ OZ. No. 6 SHOT, 245 PELLETS TO LOAD. IN CIRCLE 218 PELLETS, 88%. GOOD ON DUCKS FOR 50 TO 60 YARDS

shot, but not with the same velocity nor pattern. The depth of the shot column in the barrel of a 20 ga. is nearly one-third more than of the 16, hence a greater number of the pellets are exposed to friction in the barrel, and more or less deformed in passing through the cone and the bore. These fly wilder than the inner portion of the charge, and many fail to stay within the killing circle. Of course, at close range, a properly bored 20 ga. makes



PATTERN No. 6.—IMP. CYL. 30 IN. CIRCLE AT 25 YARDS. LOAD 2¾ DR DUPONT 15-16 OZ. No. 10S, HAND LOADED. IN LOAD 814 PELLETS; IN PATTERN 544, 66%. A SNIPE LOAD GOOD FOR 35 TO 40 YARDS

a good quail and snipe gun; but we are considering now a gun that will also go way out and get duck and geese at the ordinary 12 ga. range of 50 yards, and here the 20 ga., though often used

(*Continued on page* 524)

FOUNDERS OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY

Dr. WILLIAM BRUETTE, Editor

Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation

THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL WILL BE TO studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and a refined taste for natural objects.
August 14, 1873.

WARREN GAMALIEL HARDING

GIVEN into God's keeping is Warren Harding. Far removed now from noise and strife—far from the seeker and the spoiler and the sorrows and heartbreaks of political antagonism, he has gone forth on the great highway. And there he will find the joys that were dearest to his kind heart.

For Warren Harding loved everyone and loved all living things. He loved his fellow men and he was always deeply conscious of their great honor to him, but he loved with a passion the great open spaces. He loved the odor of the forest and the sparkle of the running stream. He loved dogs and birds and the laughter of happy children. The roar of the surf brought him music and deep understanding and the gentle solitude of the running brook brought him always its tender story. In common with all tired men he sought these and longed for them. . . .

The pomp of state had its place with him and in his gracious kindliness he observed these, but the call of the forest trail was always stronger. It was in the quiet of camp, under the warm glow of sunset, in the companionship of a loving dog and in the sweet music of birds that he found his richest moments.

Warren Harding was tired and he has gone to sleep. Sportsmen the wide world over have lost a friend and a comrade. And in the evening quiet of Marion a devoted friend—Laddieboy—waits patiently for his master and friend.

ATTENTION B. P. O. E. MEMBERS

THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS was founded in New York City in 1868 and has grown into one of the largest and most useful organizations in this country. The membership is rapidly approaching the 1,000,000 mark. They are active in all work of public welfare. The Grand Lodge, which guides the order, is in sympathy with the cause of conservation and they oppose the wearing of elk teeth as an emblem.

But wearing elk teeth as an insignia of the order has grown in practice that to many it is regarded as the official emblem of the order. Such is not the case. Conservation organizations have protested against the practice of Elks wearing the teeth of the wapiti and individuals of the order have also objected to it.

A good brother ought to be ashamed to wear a tooth from an animal that was killed merely to furnish him with an emblem. If the elk are to be preserved for this and the coming generations, one way to do it is for all good elks to observe the rulings of their Grand Lodge and refrain from wearing elk teeth emblems and also frown upon others wearing them.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

IN COLD hard cash, attendance at Camp Perry is worth while. It has probably never occurred to a majority of riflemen in this country that over ten thousand dollars in prizes will be distributed in the NRA Matches alone this year. Furthermore, one man in every four competing in the matches receives a share of this prize money.

Incidentally, when some sporting friend inquires as to what it is possible to get out of the rifle shooting game—after you have told him of the steadier nerves, keener eyes and clearer brain, you might add a word as to the Argentine Trophy which stands 32 inches high and is of silver assaying 99% pure, of the Wimbledon cup, representing the best that the craftsmen of England were able to produce in 1874 and surrounded with the tradition of continual competition since that year. You might mention something of the story of the Soldier of Marathon dating from 1875, the Palma, first fired in 1876, the Hilton, in competion since 1878. Do not overlook the National Trophy which is as far as we know, the only trophy for competition among the citizens of the United States now in existence that has been authorized by specific Act of Congress. Mention a few of these things and ask if his pet sport can show anything more worth while.

AUTOMOBILE SPORTMANSHIP

IN the forty-eight states of the United States there are in use at the present time more than 12,500,000 automobiles. They range from 10,000 or more in Nevada to more than 80,000 in New York. In the section that can be reached in a day from New York's City Hall, up-state, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusets there are approximately 2,314,000 automobiles and when almost every person rides more or less in automobiles, it is no wonder that complaints of vandalism among flower gardens and orchards and spreading of litter are frequent.

That automobilists appreciate this lack of regard for the rights of others is seen by the membership of the Motorists' League for Countryside Preservation. This organization, which has on its executive committee, Secretary of Agriculture Wallace and Thomas McDonald, Chief of the United States Bureau of Public Roads, has undertaken to arouse motorists throughout the country to the need of automobile courtesy.

That means not destroying wild flowers, taking flowers from people's gardens; stripping fruit trees of blossoms, stealing fruit and leaving litter after picnics or luncheons at the roadside. The good name of automobilists can only be protected

by themselves and they should see to it that occupants of their cars should conduct themselves with a proper regard for the rights of others. It should be said that it is only the slovenly practices of a few that cast bad reflections on the many automobilists who conduct themselves properly along the countryside.

LENGTH LIMIT OF TROUT

IN those states where the brook trout legal length is five inches, there has been much agitation to increase it to six inches, and in those states that have six inches as the minimum length, the agitation has been to increase it to seven inches. As the matter is more understood, sportsmen legislators are giving heed to fish culturists and others who have made a study of the subject that rarely do trout at five inches spawn. Trout spawn in the second fall of their existence, when they reach six inches.

Even at six inches, it is pointed out that trout have not come to their full maturity and that a seven-inch trout is capable of reproducing better than a six-inch trout because it has reached greater maturity. That is the reason the six-inch law states have seen new bills introduced in winter sessions of legislatures to change the six-inch law to read seven inches as the minimum length.

The contention of those who desire the five-inch law to be retained on the statute books is that when fish are so caught and then given their freedom the hook tears the mouth so that the fish die. If an angler catching a brook trout, unaware of its size, wets his hand before taking hold of the fish, he will do very little if any damage to the mucous coating of the fish, providing he takes hold of the fish properly and disengages the hook. It is only when the protective coating is removed that a fungus growth forms on the fish. There is little truth in the story that undersized fish die when taken from the hook and returned. It is true, frequently, however, when the fish are carelessly handled. But an experiment tried by game wardens proved that of 180 fish taken and released from the hook and placed in cement tanks, only three died. So much for that.

Let anglers take heed of the protective coating of trout and disengaging the hook and "dead trout will not line the banks." Meanwhile let anglers consider that a seven-inch trout is a better asset than a six-inch trout and the time will not be so near when introduced fish will have to be freed because the "natives" have been exterminated.

"RATTLERS" AND COPPERHEADS

WHILE reports regarding the prevalence of poisonous snakes and especially of accidents resulting from being bitten by them have been grossly exaggerated, it may be just as well to issue a word of warning to sportsmen within the vicinity of New York City, more particularly in Westchester County. Though the fact is not generally realized, both "rattlers" and copperheads may be found in this locality.

While the bite of either one of these snakes may prove fatal, nevertheless an occurrence of this kind would be deemed of sufficient importance to be displayed in prominent headlines in every paper in the country.

Be that as it may, a poisonous snake bite is a matter of no small importance and may at least result in anything from a slight indisposition to a serious illness.

Though "rattlers" are particularly fond of sunny spots on rocky ledges or of crevices along stone fences, and copperheads of marshy lowlands and hollows, keep your eyes and ears open wherever you are.

Wear high hunting boots and carry a little permanganate of potassium with you. If bitten apply the latter to the spot where you were punctured after you have opened it with a knife. Apply a tourniquet between the spot and the heart.

Don't be scared—there is no occasion for it. Just sub-consciously keep on the "lookout" when you are hunting, fishing or camping.

SPORT THAT PAYS DIVIDENDS

THE best part of the fishing season is now on the ebb tide. In the interim before the coming of the full tide of field and wild fowl shooting, what can a sportsman do to follow profitably and pleasurably his avocation?

September brings relief from the heat of summer. The atmosphere takes on a mysterious haze. Here and there a swamp maple exchanges its summer verdure for a coat of brightest scarlet. No man can be blamed for the perennial itching trigger finger of sporting tradition that is bound to attend the coming of the autumnal season.

Here, then, is a suggestion to all good sportsmen who long for the sharp crack of nitro powder—who love to close their left hand around the tubes of their favorite gun.

Go into the field—there is fair game there at all times—one need not await the 15th of this month or the 30th of that.

There are crafty creatures that haunt the covers by foot—that fly through the air with terrific speed—that crawl upon the earth in stealth. They know no code, save that of vandalism.

We refer to that class of animal, reptile and bird life known as vermin. Its ranks consist of crows, hawks, owls, weasels, red squirels, and black and water snakes.

Man upsets the balance of nature to some extent by field sports—is it not logical then that man must, according to his ability, compensate for this by destroying the natural enemies of game?

We already have plenty of conservation laws; what we now need is more *individual conservation.*

Let every reader take his gun into the field, and in the time that shall elapse before the publication of the next issue of FOREST AND STREAM, account for as many crows, weasels, hawks and other vermin as possible.

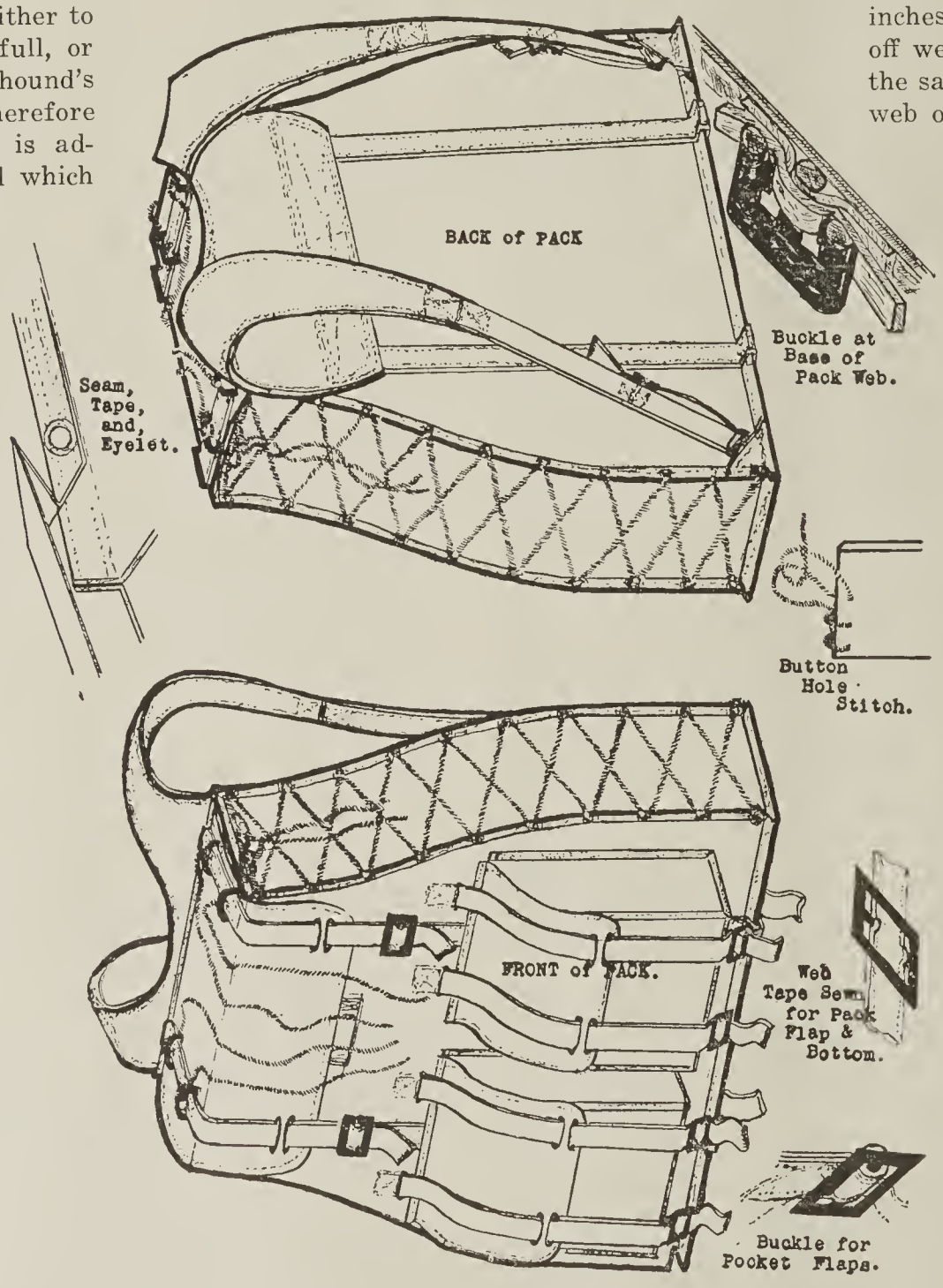
By so doing, he will quicken his hand and eye, but best of all, he will engage in that form of conservation that will benefit not only himself but his fellow sportsman as well.

PATSY PACK, ADJUSTABLE TO SIZE OF LOAD

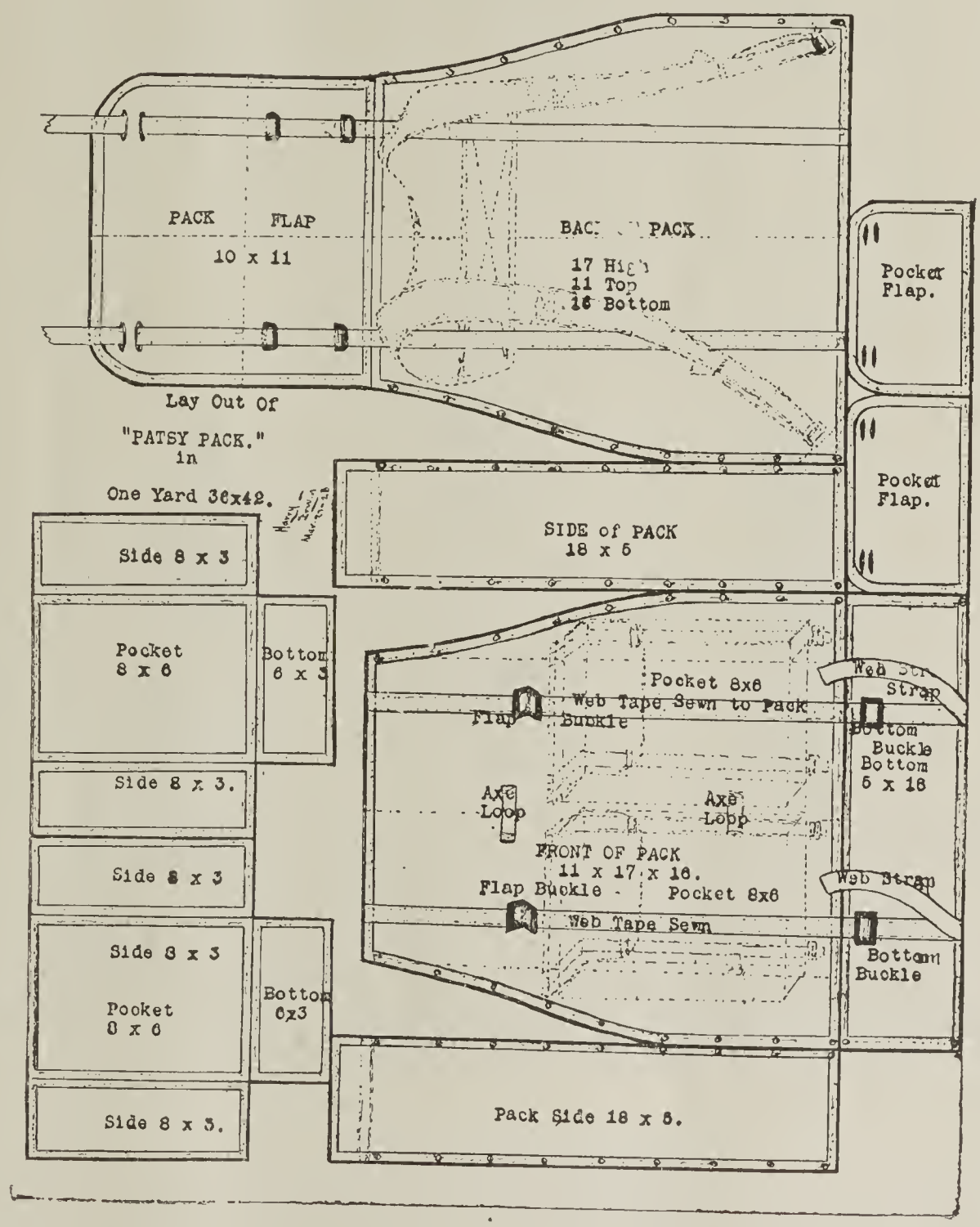
By Harry Irwin

MY wife, like all dyed in the wool "Scoopers," is never JUST satisfied with her equipment, and after sorting over her duffle, which included some half dozen packs, decided that they "were all wrong," either to heavy and bulky when full, or flopping about like a "hound's ear" when half filled; therefore the Patsy Pack, which is adjustable to the size load which is packed therein. The drawings make the construction of this pack very plain indeed. The layout is made for a yard of 42″ stuff, which in our case was of close woven muslin, dyed kaki color, to match the webbing used which was all of "army stock." If you wish to cut out the Front, Bottom, Back, Sides, and Flap, all in one piece, it will require a yard and a half of 34″ material. The pack, when completed, is (about) 10″ wide at the top, 15″ at the bottom, and 16″ high, while it is 4″ thick. In the layout it is shown an inch larger all the way around, which is to allow for the seams, which are made as shown in the drawing, and sewn one over the other, then taped with ¾″ tape or light web, making a "French Seam" which is left on the *outside* of the pack. Make a cardboard-pattern of the "flare"—which starts one-third of the height from the bottom—so that all four sides will be equal. Make a paper pattern of all parts as indicated, and cut out, marking which is the "inside" and which "out." To assemble:

Lay the Front, Bottom, and Back, outside up and tack the inside edge of the "bottom" to the "back" so that it lays flat. Then take your ¾″ web, and turn its end over and under the top edge of the "Front" a half inch and sew it two inches in from the edge of the Pack. Six inches down from the top edge of the Pack, baste the flap buckle which you slip over the free end of the web, straighten the web on down to one inch from the front edge of the Bottom Piece, where a second buckle is attached in a like manner (a good plan is to sew a "stiffener piece" on the inside of the Pack at all points of buckle contact); continue the web on across the bottom and up the back, onto the Pack flap three-eighths of an inch. Tack here. Extend the web on across the flap top and allow four inches to extend beyond. Cut off web. Sew flap to Pack. Do the same for the second strip of web on the other side. A half inch below and one inch from the side of the pocket lines, cut slits one half inch wide, running across the Pack. Through these slits thrust the tape with the "pocket buckles" and sew to the inside of the "pack." Sew the bottom of the Pockets, and then with a flat seam to the Pack face, taping with half inch tape. Hem and tape your pocket flaps; cut a pair of button holes an inch from side and front as shown. Button hole stitch (as shown in drawing). Cut two 12-inch strips of half inch tape and attach to back half inch of pocket flap. These are your pocket straps, which buckle down the length of the pockets. Cut two eight-inch strips of ¾″ web, and attach to the rear side of the bottom of the Pack, where the web crosses the seam. These are your Bottom straps. Sew your pocket flaps in place. Five inches and 12 inches from the top edge of the Pack, on the center line, attach a loop for the axe. Sew a piece of light canvas in the lower corners of the Back of the Pack, having attached to their under side a dee ring (1 in.).



Three inches down from the top of the back of the pack is the top line of your "pack yoke" (cut like the yoke of a shirt to fit the individual), which is cut from light-weight canvas, having canvas straps which cross the shoulders and down to about four inches below the arm pits. This is sewn double, the ends of the canvas straps tapering to one inch between which is sewn one inch double web, long enough to extend down through the dee rings and up to meet buckle on its under side (next to Pack), which is attached 4 inches above the dee ring after the straps have been adjusted to fit the one to use the Pack. These four inches will allow the pack to be raised that height on the shoulders, which is as far as any pack should go. Slip a pair of ¾" dee rings over each of the Pack flap straps, and attach to the flap 1 inch from back edge and 3 inches respectively. Button hole stitch all straps if you have not done so. Cut a pair of button holes for each flap strap, as indicated, 2 and 3 inches from the front edge. Hem and bind the flap. Next sew up all the edges and bind. Attach thongs or tarpon line to the dee rings. Set eyelets every 3 inches along the side edges of Pack and lace with tarpon, cod, or banks line, and your Pack is completed except for waterproofing. I prefer the alum for Packs, but it is all a matter of choice. To adjust to a load, pack and pull up on the side lacings and bottom straps, and down on the flap straps. The axe loops were set for a Marbles Iron Handled Safety. To set axe, open guard, drop handle through top loop, close guard and drop into lower loop. The head is now under the flap and protected, while it is impossible to shake the axe out, even though you were to stand on your head.



SLEEPING OUT

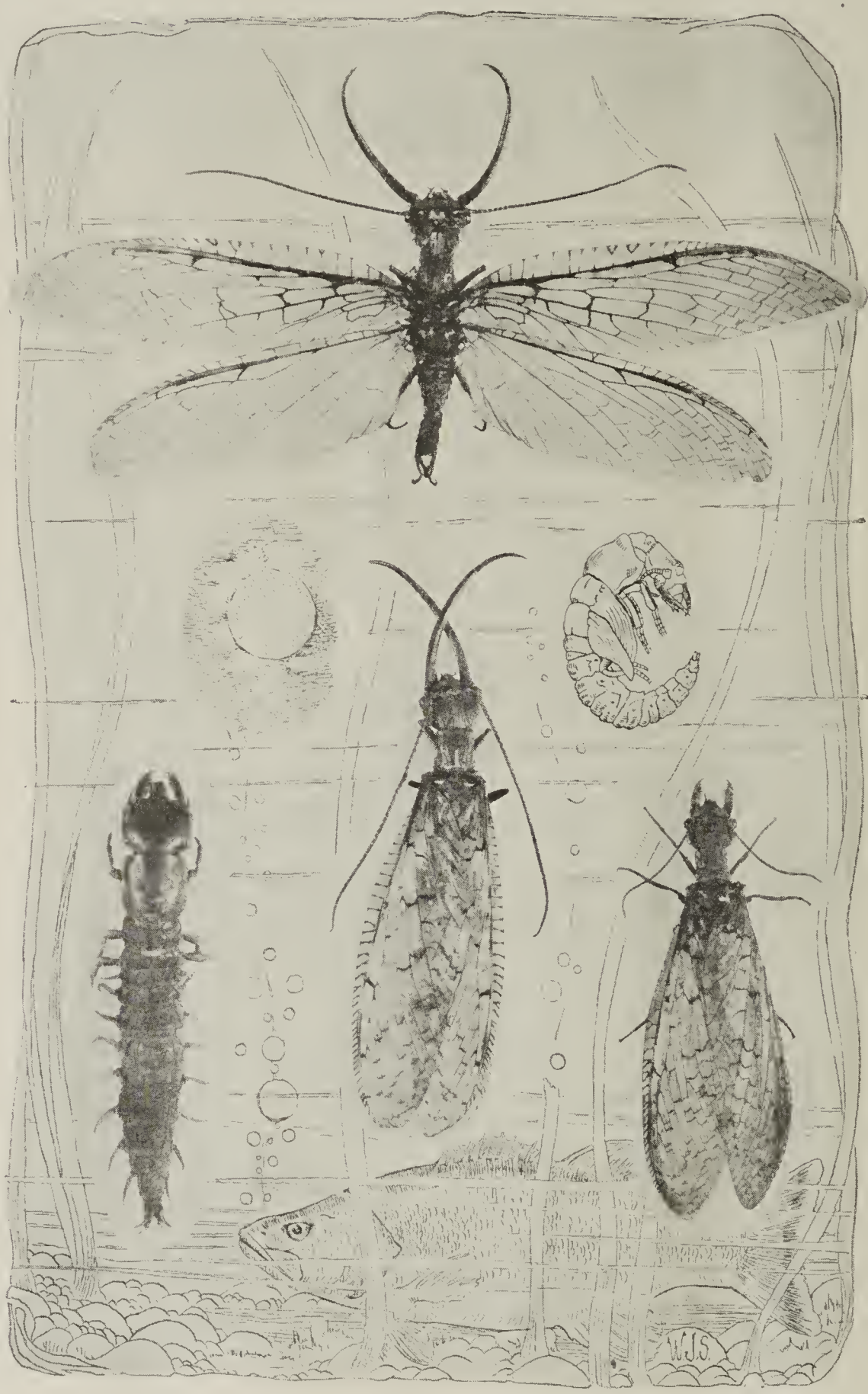
WHEN outdoors always sleep on the earth for comfort. Make your bed there as comfortable as time and circumstances will permit. If the ground is cold, or wet, or covered with snow, you must provide some kind of a foundation. It may be of hay, straw, weeds, brush, corn stalks or fence rails, but in any event stick to the ground. Don't roost on a perch like a chicken and get every breath of air that blows and chills you from every side. Balsam fir boughs make the best bed of all beds; the tips broken off short and laid shingle fashion, bottom side up from head to foot. All the firs, hemlock, juniper, cedar and pine may be substituted in the order named as to choice. Cherry, willow, alder or any such shrubs follow next. If the ground is smooth and dry, and it can generally be so found in this western country, it is plenty good enough. Use only woolen blankets for bedding. Under any circumstances, when camping, try to so provide yourself as to sleep warm, and the nearer you get to the ground the easier that is accomplished. Getting a good night's rest when out on a prolonged trip in the open is a matter of considerable importance.—*W. N. B.*

BAIT SUGGESTIONS FROM ALONG THE SUSQUEHANNA

By A. B. CHAMPLAIN

THE value of the hellgrammite as a good, all-around bait for bass and other fish was discussed in the June issue of FOREST AND STREAM.

The accompanying illustration shows the important periods in the life history of this interesting insect, which may be summed up in the four stages—eggs, which are laid in round, blotch-like chalky masses; larvae, which hatch from the eggs and are commonly called hellgrammites; pupae, quiescent stage; and adults, known as fish-flies or dobson-flies, with a wing expanse of about five inches, and the male distinguished from the female by the longer jaws.



HELLGRAMMITE PHOTOS. ADULT MALE, SPREAD. EGG MASS. LARVAL STAGE. LARVA. ADULT MALE. ADULT FEMALE

There is hardly a fish that won't take a hellgrammite at one time or another, but it must be hooked properly for best results. The best way to bait your hook with a hellgrammite is to run the hook into the body at the head, through the tougher segments and out about half way through, exposing the barb, and leaving the remainder of the body and tail free. The free end will move constantly, thus making an attractive lure. Keep the hellgrammite near the top of the water, as in fly fishing, and your fish will hit it with vigor and dispatch. On the contrary, if the hellgrammite is hooked through the body but once, it will often roll up into a ball, in which condition it is a poor lure for a fish, hungry or otherwise.

We have learned by experience that fish undoubtedly possess a sense of fear, of memory, of cunning, and of pleasure. We dare not let our shadow pass over a resting game fish in a clear stream, or, like a flash of light, it has disappeared. We catch our "half-dozen" after a day's fishing in a stream that we know contains hundreds of fish. The majority of those in our immediate vicinity are as fully aware of our presence as we are of theirs, which accounts largely for a poor catch. To match their cunning we must do our best to imitate natural conditions.

Fish generally are very playful; purely predacious kinds, such as pike, pickerel, pike-perch, and sometimes bass, are often in the humor to attack and kill your bait just for sport, or possibly for the mere love of destruction, or of investigation. An excellent method for catching these marauders is to run the hook through the mouth of your chub or minnow, and out at the gills—without hurting it; then down the side and hook it in the tail with a good portion of the hook exposed. You are safe in pulling on the first run, and, nine times out of ten, will hook your fish.

The scent of certain kinds of raw flesh has considerable attraction to bass and other fish, and in addition to turning a hellgrammite inside out on the hook, as described in the June number, the following may prove of interest. Mr. A. B. Landis, a veteran angler of Harrisbug, Pennsylvania, has a method of preparing and hooking a shelled crayfish that has netted him more bass than any other bait. It is prepared in the following manner: Lay your crayfish on its back, remove the pinchers, and four of the legs, leaving two legs on each

(*Continued on page* 523)

THIS MONTH IN THE OUTDOORS

By ALEXANDER STODDART

WITH the cool weather of Autumn, shooting time is at hand. There is still big game to be had in these United States of America, although the opportunities are greater in the provinces of Canada and of Alaska of making a kill. In September the season opens in the northern district of Lower California for antelope and for caribou in Alaska and the Canadian Provinces of Nova Scotia, Ontario, Quebec and Yukon. Elk may be killed in Wyoming, goat in Alaska, Alberta and Yukon, and sheep in Alaska, Wyoming, Alberta, Yukon and the northern district of Lower California. In Alaska the moose season opens and this month deer may be killed in Alaska, California, Hawaii, Oregon, South Carolina and Wyoming.

The bear is unprotected in all the States and in Canada with the exception of Alabama, Alaska, Arkansas, California, Louisiana, Mississippi, New York, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Utah, Washington, Wisconsin and Quebec. In Utah and Quebec the season is now open.

Bears' Habits Changed

The black bear is coming to be looked upon as an animal much in need of protection, and excepting in the national parks the grizzly bear is vanishing. Enos A. Mills made a study of the grizzly bear for many years, and it was his belief that under present conditions this great animal will be exterminated. Day and night the year round, guns, traps, dogs and poison have assailed him. Because often he follows a game hog lion and feeds on the lion's excessive killing he has been accused of being a destroyer of game.

On the other hand the grizzly destroys many pests, rats, mice rabbits, and grasshoppers. Most of his food habits are economically beneficial to mankind. Exceptional grizzlies have turned cattle killers; but cattle killing and big game killing are confined to exceptional individuals and are not characteristic of doings of all grizzlies.

The grizzly has courage, loyalty and individuality. In addition he has the play habit and sense enough to relax. The grizzly will play with a floating log, with his shadow, with lively grasshoppers, and many times Mr. Mills has seen him, all alone, coasting merrily. To man the grizzly gives the wilderness its supreme spell.

When Lewis and Clark were sent by President Thomas Jefferson after the purchase of Louisiana in 1803 to explore the northwest country the grizzlies had no fear of the Indian. The white man had not been seen, that is, the white man with his gun. The grizzly bear feared nothing; he was big and strong and well-armed and invulnerable to the weapons of the Indians, the bow and arrow. Except under very exceptional circumstances an arrow headed with stone or bone could not penetrate his hide.

But when Lewis and Clark and the company that were with them went up the Missouri river and on to the northwest, grizzly bears learned respect for the white man with the rifle, and soon changed their tactics, and instead of their previously feeling that the man would run, they found it best to retire from the field.

Maine Caribou Exterminateed

Caribou are no longer found in the United States. One must go to the provinces of Canada or to Alaska. It was 40 years ago when Maine suddenly awakened to the fact that the lumber camps were squandering her caribou and moose and enacted a law establishing a game limit. That was in 1883 and the limit was one moose, two caribou and three deer. The caribou steadily decreased in number and six years later their further killing was prohibited, but the removal of caribou from the list of game animals did not prevent their extermination.

Only five states have an open season for elk and, strange as it may seem, Pennsylvania is one of them, the Keystone State having an open season for male elk for fifteen days. The season is now open in Wyoming, the elk of the Idaho, Montana and Wyoming region being those that find refuge except in certain parts of the open season in the national parks.

It was back in 1872 that the United States, because of the suitability of Yellowstone and the Jackson Hole country, made of Yellowstone National Park a preserve for wild life. In this huge plateau each year with the coming of a heavy snow the elk go north or south to escape the heavy drifts in the Yellowstone. As soon as the elk wander across the boundary of Yellowstone National Park the sportsman is awaiting them. The Yellowstone herd of elk is the last stand of the big game in large numbers in the United States.

Elk formerly ranged over one third of the mainland of North America. The elk have been so progressively exterminated and crowded back in the limited areas there is fear that they are following in the footsteps of the buffalo. Civilization turned the wilderness into farms, obstructed the migratory movements of elk and the consumption of food by domestic cattle are among the causes which steadily decreased the number of elk in the United States. The only reason that the elk exist in any number at all is because these animals are fed hay in the winter time.

Sheep Saved by Shyness

In Idaho is the only state where the mountain goat can be taken. The reason the mountain goat has not been entirely exterminated is because they are not so highly prized by sportsmen. Sheep may be only taken now in Wyoming and in the northern district of lower California. Sheep are shy and crafty and probably owe their salvation to their living high up in the mountains and for their ability to keep out of the range of hunters.

The most plentiful big game animal that the United States has to-day is the deer, and three quarters of the states of the United States have an open season for this animal. This month the season is open in California, Oregon, South Carolina and Wyoming, and with the exception of California no state has a season open before September 1. More and more, as the public become enlightened to the conservation of deer, the seasons are being placed later in the fall when the flesh is less liable to spoil, and more states are opening their seasoon later, in October and November, with not a few states like Massachusetts, Missouri, New Jersey, Pennylvania and Tennessee not opening their seasons until December.

Buck Law Saves Men

The buck law has now the following states enrolled for the protection of the female animal: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee,

(*Continued on page 509*)

FOREST AND STREAM LETTERS

MEETING OF AMERICAN FISHERIES SOCIETY

PRESIDENT Wm. C. Adams, of the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners, is urging all of his members to be present and get acquainted with the American Fisheries Society members at the coming meeting to be held at St. Louis, Mo., on September 17th, 18th and 19th. At this meeting the scientific and practical men are going to discuss that which is uppermost in their minds in a round-table informal talk on informal subjects. This will be followed by lantern slides with short talks on conservation of fish and game by prominent members. A few 15-minute talks will be made on some of the topics of to-day and to-morrow.

Arrangements have been made to house the Society in the Hotel Statler, where we may all be under one roof and have the advantage of the best service and an excellent assembly room. Our tentative program with a list of subjects and contributors will be issued about September 1st. Remember our slogan: "Let's go."

NEW ENGLAND FIELD TRIALS

THE New England Field Trial Club will hold its annual field trial and dog show at Cataumet, Mass., on October 11th and 12th. The grounds are located on the main highway to Cape Cod about 75 miles from Boston. The Terrace Gables at Falmouth Heights will be the headquarters of the trials and there ample accommodations will be found for visiting sportsmen.

This year membership stakes only will be run: puppy, derby and all-age. The dog show will be for trial entries only. Aside from the usual cups offered by the club, there will be special prizes.

The New England Field Club is gaining ground by leaps and bounds and their future trials bid fair to be the shooting dog classic of America.

Further information may be had by addressing:

VINTON W. MASON, Sec.,
Cambridge (39) Mass.

STANDING THE TEST OF TIME

SPORTSMEN of Yankton, South Dakota, were interested a few weeks ago in the tests of some old Du Pont powder which had been recovered from a hiding place where it had lain for 35 years. In 1888 a group of lively boys in that town had raided a magazine on the outskirts to obtain powder for a small cannon with which they intended to celebrate the Fourth of July. One of the boys, Will Bordeno, after using part of the powder stored it in a barn and then before the next Independence Day rolled around, his family moved to Kansas City, Kansas. Bordeno returned to the old home town this summer and searched for the powder which he had hidden so many years ago, and recovered it. The incident created considerable comment. The powder was tested and pronounced "as good as ever."

The powder had a historic interest because it was believed to be some of a consignment sent out in old frontier days. It was packed in one-pound cans and pictures of buffaloes and Indians adorned the labels. The cans bore the inscription: "Du Pont Superfine H. F. Gunpowder, Wilmington, Delaware, 1859."

Dean D. Gross, a hardware dealer of Yankton, stated in regard to the powder: "I have one of the one-pound cans of powder mentioned as having been hidden in the old barn and can verify the statement that it is in excellent state of preservation. In fact, I would take it for new powder. It is FFF rifle powder of which considerable quantities were used in this section of the West at that time."

The cans were of the screw type top and when found were very rusty, but age had not deteriorated the material.

THE FASTEST CARTRIDGE IN THE WORLD

THE Remington Arms Company, Inc., has just announced a new game cartridge for all rifles chambered to take the .30-'06 Government Cartridge.

This new cartridge is known as the Remington .30 Springfield 1906 Hi-Speed, with the new Remington Mushroom Bullet weighing 110 grains, developing a muzzle velocity of 3,500 foot-seconds, a muzzle eenrgy of 3,000 foot-pounds and the flattest trajectory of any game cartridge, no matter what its caliber.

The mid-range trajectory of the bullet when fired at 200 yards is 1.8 inches; at 300 yards 4.5 inches; at 400 yards 8.9 inches. The accuracy range of this cartridge is between 700 and 800 yards.

At 200 yards, groups of approximately 3 inches and under in almost any rifle may be expected from this speedy cartridge.

In the entire list of game cartridges and of the military small arms cartridges of the world there is no bullet developing the terrific speed of this latest Remington Game Cartridge. Therefore, combining speed, killing power and flatness of trajectory in a popular game caliber for use in any rifle chambered for the regular Government .30-'06 cartridge, medium and big game sportsmen now have for their consideration the most modern and latest of game cartridges.

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

SHOOTERS from coast to coast, who expect to attend the Grand American Handicap at Chicago during the month of August, have requested the Ithaca Gun Company again to send Frank Knickerbocker, who is known to the shooting fraternity as "Nick," to the Grand American Handicap to repair any man's gun of any make and do the work free of charge. "Nick" has been the official repair man at the G. A. H., in fact this will be the ninth consecutive year that "Nick" at the expense of the Ithaca Gun Company has repaired a gun for any shooter who had gun trouble at the G. A. H., and if there is ever a time when a man needs his gun fixed up in a hurry it is when something happens to it in the middle of an important race. The Ithaca Gun Company is only too glad to help the trapshooting game by complying with the request of several hundred shooters.

ITHACA GUN CO.

Dear Forest and Stream:

I RECEIVED a letter from Florida this morning in which my correspondent informed me that the Florida Legislature, just before adjournment, had passed a measure making the study of bird protection *mandatory* in the schools of the State. The schedule calls for an hour of this study each week, and this has been divided into five periods of twelve minutes each, one for each school day.

This is a move in the right direction, for I believe that the benefits of conservation of natural resources must accrue to the advantage of generations of Americans as yet unborn, and it is quite proper, in my opinion, that conservation should be taught in the schools, from the primer to the high school graduation grade, and at the expense of the community.

Joseph W. Stray.

Dear Forest and Stream:

A CHINESE hunter is as rare as a perfect piece of jade. And the reasons for that are as clear.

The possession of a gun, a dog, and a desire to hunt presupposes wealth and leisure. But the man of wealth and leisure in China is bound both by inclination and convention to other amusements. A wealthy man carrying a gun would weaken his credit if nothing else. No one carries anything he can afford to have someone else carry nor does anything arduous he can afford to have anyone else do.

In the same way wealth and leisure presuppose comfort, not hardship. No Chinese with leisure to enjoy life would spend it tramping through underbrush over rough ground, sleeping outdoors or in draughty temples, and eating what and where the opportunity permitted. Leisure is meant for feasting, for meditation, for the delights of gardens, the teahouse, and theater. The man of leisure does not amuse himself. He is amused.

The poor Chinese has neither the money to buy a gun nor the time to use it. He may have a dog, but the dogs of China are not made for sport. It is their part to crawl and cringe during the day, to growl and snap during the protecting dusk of early evening, and to slink away when darkness falls until the dusk of dawn.

If the poor man wishes to shoulder a gun, he must become a soldier or a bandit. Thousands have joined both ranks. One profession is much the same as the other.

The hunter in the accompanying picture is a rare fellow. He has all the necessary equipment of the hunter—gun, dog, powder horn, game bag, and hopes equal to those of big game hunters entering Africa. But he is the thousandth man and must hunt alone.

He is only going as far as the top of the city wall, however. There his dog released may stir up crows and other transients, or with good luck, the brillian golden pheasant. With a pair of these in his bag, he will be content to consider the season over.

His gun has a peculiar merit. After it is carefully loaded from the powder horn at the hunter's side, it can be aimed and fired like any other gun. But there the resemblance stops. For between the pulling of the trigger and the release of the charge there is a definite interval. During that time if the game prove restless and changes position, the hunter may follow it with his gun and aim again.

A. V. Kelsey.

Dear Forest and Stream:

AS one who has read—and considerably profited by the columns of your interesting paper, for many years, I take the liberty of bringing to your notice the following, thinking there are probably several of your readers who may be interested therein:

A couple of weeks ago I was tracing the source of a brook that I have fished on several occasions, known as the Beaver Brook, a tributary of the Pequest River in New Jersey, and had followed it to a bridge about one mile from the quaint old Moravian Village of Hope. I was leaning over the bridge watching a fine native trout, when an Englishman from a nearby cottage strolled over and passed the time of day, later inviting me in to lunch. He had, it seemed, lately acquired the shooting rights to some few hundred acres of abandoned farms, beside the farm he was staying on and was spending the summer raising young pheasants and three or four acres of buckwheat for their winter food. Struck, he said, with the beauty of this little known valley—about six miles this side of Blairstown, in the Delaware Water Gap neighborhood—which is so like the scenery in his own country and attracted by the excellent fishing and good cover for birds, he had leased an old farmhouse, scrubbed and painted the interior, sunk a well and acquired a couple of miles of fishing rights. He plans to make it a little community house where a few sportsmen of the old school can make their headquarters when fishing the Paulingkill River or other streams and lakes in the vicinity. He explained that he thought a few New York business men would be glad to subscribe about $150 a year to use the house where they could camp and do a little cooking, etc., under comfortable circumstances, and to feel that they could always be sure of a couple of woodcock or a brace of pheasants within two or three hours of the city.

After luncheon he and his wife took me for a ramble back under the hills, and the frequent startled whirr of our beautiful native grouse and the occasional glimpse of a stately English cock pheasant showed that he had selected his location skilfully.

I understand that there is to be a very limited membership and asked his permission to bring the matter to the attention of your readers through your courtsey. The association is to be called the Beaver Brook Fishing & Shooting Asociation and is located at Hope, about three hours by motor from New York. It is about six miles from the Blairstown Railway Station.

Thanking you for your courtesy in advance, I hope to remain for many years,

A Constant Reader of Forest & Stream.

Dear Forest and Stream:

IS it beneficial to learn something about out-door life? Something about the plant life; the insect life; the animal life? Something about the composition of the earth itself, which you walk on? You say, financially no, unless you intend to become a specialist in some particular line. I say, neither is it profitable to go to a circus, but see what fun it is. If you would learn to observe what is continually going on about you, you would derive a great deal more pleasure and benefit from your outing. There are marvelous things happening around you all the time that rival the circus itself, if you would only see them.

In your walks along the coast maybe you have seen a flock of sea-gulls sitting on a plowed field. Did you ever

notice that they were all facing the same direction? Do you know that the cricket makes the chirping noise with its wings? Do you know that the common potato bug has tiny lice? Do you know that the common garter snake has no fangs, but will strike at a stick if you tease it, and a snake's jaws are not permanently hinged? Do you recognize a shrew when you see one and know that it is the smallest living warm-blooded animal on earth? And how about the tracks in the dusty road and along the banks of the streams and lakes? What made them?

In the water you may see many interesting things. Here you see a clam or a craw-fish with its skeleton on the outside of its body. There goes a baby June-fly, sailing about in its boat made from a joint of a weed about an inch long, with only its head and front part of its body protruding from the hollow of its boat and cradle. And there goes a water spider, skating about on the air in its self-made airship. On the shore you may see the golden plover. He has come from the far Northland, and is on his way to South America to spend the winter. And again you may see a bobolink soaring up in the sky. What a beautiful singer he is, and what a pity it is that in the South he becomes an outlaw, where he is known as the destructive rice-bird.

In your ramble you come upon a small nest with eggs of two sizes. The cow-bird has put its eggs in the nest of a field-sparrow, for the sparrow to hatch and bring up its young. Here and there you see a gopher busy feeding; first sampling this food and then that, and when he gets fat enough before the cold weather sets in he will curl himself up in a ball and go to sleep within his den, hibernating all winter. If you should find him in the winter time he would appear stiff, cold and lifeless. But if you took him into a warm place his muscles would quiver. Soon he would straighten out, blink his eyes and sit up just as cheerful as ever.

And there are noises that may be heard if you listen and recognize them. You hear the faint bark of the red fox, the whistling call of the young prairie chicken, and the answering cluck of the mother of the flock. There goes a bumblebee. It enters a hole under a rock. Soon another one follows. If you will take the trouble to investigate, you will probably find a little of the sweetest honey that you have ever tasted, and the cones are not made from wax, either. On a weed you would probably see a cocoon, containing a grub which in time would go through a metamorphosis, coming out a beautiful butterfly. At your feet is an ant hill with its army of ants so well organized. Scientists tell us that they make war on rival colonies, taking their young as prisoners and making slaves of them, and that they harvest and take care of a crop of a certain kind of weed. They even keep plant lice which they milk.

You may find an arrow head of flint, a tooth of a buffalo, or other relics of the bygone days. Then you may see a piece of gray rock of the same kind as they get in gold mines in Montana. Where did it come from and how did it get there? How can anyone feel lonely with so many wonderful things all about him, and so much company. "Where there is never a clod nor a blade too mean to be some poor creature's palace." Where there are so many sweet-smelling flowers, with their many varying shapes and colors. Where every sound one hears except that brought about by the wind is caused by some living creature.

If you have come from a hike in the country and only succeeded in getting tired, it is because you are not curious enough. In this case you must take lessons from a young child. Take interest in your surroundings. What happy days were those when any little thing could make you happy. How we did ask questions, and what a delight it was to be able to roam about investigatng and enjoying the gifts of nature. If you have arrived at the stage where you see only the road before you and hear only the jingle of money, you are indeed to be pitied.

J. B. Cecka,
North Dakota.

Dear Forest and Stream:

THE average hunter said: "In order to get a deer or two, you have to go to Canada or Maine."

I said: "I'll go to New Hampshire."

"They are all killed off in New Hampshire, and you will come home empty-handed," replied the A. H.

"I'll try, anyway," I said, and I did.

I had five days to spare, and the season opened on the 15th of November, so I secured my hunting license, packed my grip and on Sunday morning I was off to the great out-of-doors, and after deer.

I arrived at B—— station at 1 p. m., and after a four-mile ride in a little old "Henry," I got to the place and to my friend John W., who greeted me with open arms and a chicken dinner. My first question was:

"John, any deer around or any tracks?"

"Plenty of deer and plenty of tracks if that is what you are looking for."

After making myself comfortable I got into my hunting togs, and it being Sunday the 13th, two days before the deer season opened, I decided to take a walk in the woods and look around a bit without my Winchester 30-30. The ground was covered with a blanket of snow and a little crust, so my first wish was for a little more snow and no crust. Sunday afternoon I saw three handsome deer. A big buck, a big doe and a small doe. What a feeling crept over me! After a good supper and a smoke I turned in, and to my great surprise, when I awoke Monday morning, I saw a light snow flurry, with prospect of an all-day snow-storm, and sure enough we had it, and had it good. About noon my old friend Austin W. arrived in his auto from Maine. Both were glad to see each other, and wished each other the best of luck for to-morrow the 15th. I will say here that Austin was brought up there and knew the country from A to Z. Well, after a few words we turned in. He went to his place, about half a mile up the road, and I stayed at John W——'s. Our agreement was to meet at the old school house at 6 a. m., Tuesday morning, which we did. The hunting conditions were made to order. About six inches of soft snow, no crust or anything to mar the day. After a mile of tramping through old apple orchards and thick woods we picked up two tracks, and the fun began. Austin was off like an Indian, and so was I. After an hour of tramping through the soft snow I heard the crack of a rifle, and was hoping that Austin got him. I saw mine once of twice, but was in no position to shoot. About 10 a. m. I heard again, very near by, five shots in succession, but I kept following my track right along. After ten minutes or so I came to the open, and to my great surprise and disgust I saw blood on the very same tracks, and a little further over I saw a man's footprint coming towards my deer tracks.

I stood for a moment and then decided to follow it up. Not more than 200 yards away a stranger was in the act of cutting the throat of an eight-point buck. Yes, sir, eight points.

"Well, you got him, but I drove him."

"I thank you, although I don't know you, but you are some good dog." He said he had been following a track when this big boy came ploughing along, so he thought he would take a crack at him, which he did. I kept going and looked for a new track. After a mile and a half of tramping I reached Pine River Pond, and being thirsty I stopped for a drink of water, and then kept at the edge of the pond. Not more than 100 feet from where I drank I picked up a new track of a small deer. It had come down from the hill to drink and had left a goodly amount of droppings there, which, after

looking over carefully, I found were still very fresh. I took up the tracks and kept going up hill and down; hard work, but nothing in sight. I heard the sharp report of a rifle twice. I kept on going, and sure enough the brother of Austin W. was just getting ready to finish a one-spike buck. Of course, we knew each other well and were glad to see each other. He also thanked me for the splendid favor I did him by playing doggie. He said he was giving up when this little boy came along right in front of him, because, he said, the woods were full of hunters and he was very glad to have this chance. But what about me? Well, I decided to go home, and home I went. When I came near the village I met an old friend and he said Austin W. got a big doe. Well, I was glad of that, although I felt sort of groggy. I had just finished my dinner and it was about two o'clock when I saw Austin W. coming down the road. He shouted:

"Where did you go; did you get your?"

I answered: "Which one? I heard that you got a big doe," which, of course, he affirmed. Then he said:

"Come along, we are going after the big buck."

"He is dead, and Perly got the other one, and that is all there was," I answered.

"Never mind," he said. "Come along."

We hadn't gone more than fifteen minutes when we picked up two new tracks, and then I decided to try my luck once more. He took the biggest and I took the smallest, as I had no luck in the morning with the big ones. I had not gone more than ten minutes when I saw him looking at me. I let him have two shots. One in the shoulder and the other in the belly. Down he went. He was a small buck, not over a hundred, but good eating. I felt a little better after that and kept going along, thinking I'd find A. nearby, but I didn't for a long time. About 4 p. m. I found a little doe standing not more than forty yards from me behind some thick bushes. For a moment I thought, "Shall I or shall I not?" I said to myself, "Two small ones are better than one," so I let her have it. Two shots; one took effect through the shoulder and the other through the head, right behind the ear. After ten minutes more walk towards home, I met A. coming across, looking a bit tired but confident.

He asked, "Was that you shooting?"

I said "Yes" and told him the story. He congratulated me. He was still following his tracks, but it was getting late. Suddenly we saw a big buck jumping some 300 yards away. I saw him first and said, "There he goes." He saw him also and fired, but to his surprise and disgust missed him. We couldn't find blood anywhere. We followed him for a little while, but it was no use, so we decided to call it a day. Well, I had my two which the law permitted me, and even if they were small I felt pretty chipper. A friend of mine took them out for me the same evening with his horse and pung, and I gave him the liver and heart of one, and he was greatly pleased.

I had two more days left, but could do no more deer hunting according to law, so I decided to try my luck at rabbits and partridges the next day. Wednesday, Austin, Perly and myself, with the shotgun and birdshot, started out, kept going for a little while, but we all three made too much noise, as there was a crust on the snow, so we parted. The two went for deer and I for anything but deer. After a good hour I heard two shots, and not being far off from the sound, I kept going toward it, and found Perly sitting on top of a big doe. He says:

"I just sat down to rest a minute, as I found no tracks when this lady came walking toward me."

Two shots! One broke its back and the other one is going yet. Well, he was almost crazy with joy, and yelled like an Indian. He had never done much gunning before. While he was cleaning the deer we heard a shot, and we both hoped it was Austin, and it sure was. He got a little buck, almost white. He said he shot him for curiosity's sake. Six deer! Everybody was happy and glad, and we three thought ourselves pretty lucky to do so well in a day and half. Perly was very grateful and he offered to take me to the railroad station in his sleigh the next morning at 7 a. m.

Wednesday afternoon I shot two partridges and one rabbit which I took home with me. Thursday, in spite of an all-day ride, I arrived at the North Station at 1.30 and telephoned my good wife and my boy (nine years old) of my success. My wife was glad to see me home safe and well and with two nice deer. I shall not forget this hunting trip for a long time. I was hardly gone more than three days and had two deer, two partridges and one rabbit.

Motto: You don't have to go to Maine or Canada, hire a guide and pay him five dollars a day and grub. My trip cost, all told, thirty dollars, including hunting license.

HENRY SCHEFE,
Dorchester, Mass.

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

What a wonderful thing it would be if "Adventures in Comradeship" could be placed in the hands of every father of growing children—both girls and boys.

My father never got chummy with me and oh, how much he could have helped in my formative years.

My own "Sonny Boy" was taken from me many years ago, but while he lived we were pals.

Your Sonny Boy Fishing Contest is a splendid idea—I am almost tempted to adopt a boy so I could get in on it.

Wishing you all success,
SPENCER HORD.

THIS MONTH IN THE OUTDOORS

(*Continued from page* 505)

Texas, Utah, Vermont, West Virginia and Wyoming, the splendid enrollment of twenty-three states that makes for conservation of the future breeders of the race and also a law that saves human life because one must know what one aims at first. In the states that have the buck law less men are killed or injured each year for being "mistaken for deer" than in those states that have no buck law.

With the cool days of the fall, "when the frost is on the pumpkin," the boy who delights in going afield finds the rabbit in good condition, many states having no law on the subject and permitting rabbits to be killed at almost any time in the year. The squirrel season also attracts the boy at this time, no less than seventeen states having an open season this month for Bushytail.

The quail season is open in Nebraska, Ohio, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee and Vermont, while the grouse may be sought for in California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota and Wyoming. Over in the western central states prairie chicken may be hunted in Colorado, Kansas, Minnesota, Montana, Nevada, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wisconsin and Wyoming.

Owing to damage to rice crops in the South the Secretary of Agriculture has ordered that bobolinks, commonly known as reed birds, or rice birds, may be killed by shooting between half an hour before sunrise and sunset on any day from September 1 to October 30 inclusive in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and the District of Columbia, and from August 16 to November 15 in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida.

Doves Swift Fliers

Throughout the southern States at the present time sportsmen have an open season for doves. Doves flock to baited grounds in large numbers and from the blinds the gunners keep depleting the flocks, for the swiftly flying doves keep going over the baited fields until of their numbers few remain alive.

Doves have the habit of feeding early in the morning, go to water and rest in the middle of the day, and in the late afternoon feed again before winging their way to roost. When they are on their way to roosting quarters nothing stops them except the lead. They are swift, strong and determined fliers.

When not shooting from a blind the gunner, who is usually clad in a costume that will melt into the surroundings, places his back to a tree or takes his position alongside a stream or in a field of grain. The dove usually flies in a company, sometimes two, often half a dozen, frequently a company of twenty.

Another method of gunning for doves is to walk them up in the fields, which requires alertness, and as the birds are remarkably fast fliers, good marksmanship is needed to bring the birds down. When the doves become terrified their pace is tremendous and unless one shoots far ahead he misses.

HUNTING WITH A CAMERA

(*Continued from page* 493)

Water	500 cc.	20 oz.
Metol	1 grm.	20 grains
Hydroquinone	3 grms.	60 grains
Sodium sulphite, anhydrous	15 grms.	¾ oz.
Potassium carbonate, anhydrous	15 grms.	¾ oz.
Potassium bromide	6.4 grms.	7 grains

It should be noted that in this formula the metric and avoidupois weights are not equivalents, but the proportions are the same in each system.

The chemicals should be dissolved in the order given, the reason being that metol does not dissolve readily in the presence of Sodium sulphite, and that if the Sodium carbonate is added before the Sodium sulphite the solution turns dark at once.

The most convenient way to make up this solution, and any other solution which is made up frequently, is to select a bottle which holds a little more than the quantity of solution, measure out the amount of water, place it in the bottle, and put a mark (e. g. the top line of a label) at the point the water stands when the bottle is held perfectly level. Then all one needs to do in making up subsequent lots of the solution is to fill the bottle with water up to the mark, add the first chemical, shake until dissolved, add the next chemical, and so on.

Monomet, elon, or rhodal may be used in place of metol in this developer. If warm water (30 degrees C.) is used the chemicals will dissolve more readily.

For use this developing solution is diluted with an equal volume of water. It is desirable to have both the developer and the water which is added at room temperature. It is quite feasible to bring the temperature of the mixed developer above or below room temperature by adding water warmer or cooler than room temperature, and this may be desirable if the temperature of the dark-room is above 26° C. or below 17° C. But it is necessary in this case to place the developing trays in a large pan of water of the same temperature as the developer, as otherwise the developer will soon cool, or warm up, to room temperature and thus render the development times inaccurate.

After the addition of the water the temperature of the developer is taken with the centigrade thermometer, and the time required for development at this temperature looked up in the following table:

C	A	B	C
27	1 min. 20 sec.	2 min.	3 min.
26	1 " 30 "	2 " 10 sec.	3 min. 10 sec.
25	1 " 40 "	2 " 20 "	3 " 20 "
24	1 " 50 "	2 " 30 "	3 " 30 "
23	2 " "	2 " 40 "	3 " 45 "
22	2 " 15 "	2 " 50 "	4 " "
21	2 " 30 "	3 " "	4 " 20 "
20	2 " 45 "	3 " 15 "	4 " 40 "
19	3 " "	3 " 30 "	5 " "
18	3 " 15 "	3 " 45 "	5 " 20 "
17	3 " 30 "	4 " 15 "	5 " 40 "
16	3 " 45 "	4 " 30 "	6 " "
15	4 " "	5 " "	6 " 30 "

The three columns A, B, and C in this table are given for the following reasons:

1. Column B is to be used if a negative of normal contrast is desired: if a softer negative is needed use column A, if a denser negative use column C.

2. Different plates vary in their development times. Generally speaking medium-speed plates require less time than ultra-rapid plates. A trial or two will show which column suits the plate used.

A highly efficient Acid Fixing Solution is made up as follows:

Water	500 cc.	18 oz.
Sodium thiosulphate (Hypo)	125 grms.	4¼ oz.
Sodium bisulphite, anhydrous	15 grms.	½ oz.
Chrome alum, powdered	5 grms.	80 grains

Warm water (40° C.) should be used in making up this solution, especially if it is to be used at once, as the negative heat of solution of Sodium thiosulphate greatly reduces the temperature of the solution, and the use of a very cold fixing bath not only slows fixation but results in the frilling of the emulsion when the plate is transferred from the warmer developer. The function of the Sodium bisulphite is to render the solution acid and stop development instantly. The purpose of the chrome alum is to harden the emulsion, and it is to be noted that chrome alum exercises a much greater hardening action than ordinary alum.

After taking the temperature of the developer, and ascertaining the time of development, the developer is poured into three of the smaller trays, which are arranged in a row on the dark-room bench. Enough developer should be used to fill the trays at least half full (unless the trays are extra deep). It is false economy to use too little developer, as scanty developer is likely to result in uneven development. 100 cc. (3¼ oz.) of developer in a 4x5 tray will develop four 3¼ x 4¼ plates in succession without impairing the strength of the developer.

A tray of water is placed to the right of the trays of developer and the large trays containing the acid fixing solution to the right of this. The plate-holders are laid on the bench to the left of the developing trays. If ordinary or orthochromatic plates are to be developed a watch is placed close to the ruby light, and the cover of the light adjusted so that the light illuminates the watch but does not strike the developing trays or the area of the bench on which the plate-holders will be unloaded. If panchromatic plates are to be dealt with a luminous dial watch should be placed in a position where it can be easily read.

Three plates are taken out of the holders, one placed in each of the three trays, and the time taken when the first plate is placed in the developer, When the required time for development has elapsed the plates are taken out of the developer in the same order as they were placed in it, rinsed in the tray of water, and placed in the hypo. By this method three plates are developed in the time which would be required for the development of a single plate if only one tray of developer was used. It might seem that there is some chance of inaccuracy by taking the time for the three plates from the time of immersion of the first plate, but repeated trials have shown me that the time consumed in placing the plates in the developer is so nearly equivalent to that consumed in taking them out that the probable error is so small as to be negligible.

The plates should be left in the fixing bath for twice the length of time it takes for the whiteness due to unaffected silver salt to disappear, then taken out and washed in running water

for at least an hour, or else in twelve changes of water, with five minutes soaking between each change. They should then be removed from the plate-washer, the backs wiped clean and dry with a piece of chamois or a perfectly lintless towel, and the emulsion side freed of all superfluous water by licking with the tongue. A piece of wet, very soft, chamois may be used for removing the drops of water from the surface of the emulsion, but even this may leave slight scratches on the emulsion which may show in big enlargements. Wet absorbent cotton, frequently recommended for this purpose, nearly always leaves a few hairs which dry into the emulsion, even when most carefully used, and on the whole I prefer the tongue as the most efficient wiper for the surface of the emulsion. The plates are then set in the rack to dry, and the rack placed in a situation where there is no danger of floating dust. In very humid weather the plates may take many hours to dry, and as they dry from the margins inwards, the central portion of the plate will be denser than the peripheral portion. Rather than run the danger of thus completely ruining the negatives it is best in very humid weather to space the plates widely in the rack and to play the breeze from an electric fan between the plates, or if no fan is available to soak the plates separately in ethyl alcohol (not in cheap wood alcohol), wipe off the surplus alcohol with chamois and place them, widely separated, in the rack.

The character of the negative to be aimed at will depend to a very large extent upon the printing process which is to be used. For enlarging on bromide paper, or for printing on gaslight paper, the negative should be of delicate gradation and full of detail, yet with sufficient contrast to avoid any tendency towards flatness in the prints. A good test by which to recognize the ideal negative for enlarging or for printing on gaslight paper, is to hold the negative at an angle against a sheet of pure white paper, with the light in front, when all details should show up plainly. If it requires to be held between the eye and the light to see fine detail the negative is too dense for the best results in enlarging. For printing in platinum or on P. O. P. or self-toning papers the negative should be denser. It is quite possible to produce a negative which will yield good prints by any of the above methods, as a negative of fair density, yet with good gradation, will give good results on soft bromide, on normal or soft gaslight paper, on platinum, and on P. O. P. or self-toning paper. But if enlarging is the main object in view, and this method is essential for the best results in nature photography, it is best to keep the negatives on the thin side. The best advice in regard to the aftertreatment of negatives by intensification or reduction is—don't. The rewetting of a negative is always attended with danger, and since it is only valuable negatives which are worth the trouble of attempts at improvement, these are the very negatives with which no risks should be run. It is far better to learn to expose and develop correctly, than to have recourse to after-processes, and by a judicious selection of the grade of printing paper — extra-hard, hard, normal or soft—it is possible to obtain good prints from negatives which differ widely in density.

If a negative is so contrasty that even when printed on the softest papers the shadows are completely blocked up by the time the high-lights have registered properly there is a process which may effect considerable improvement. This method, which may be termed equalization, is carried out as follows:

The negative is washed until perfectly free from hypo, or if dry soaked in running water for fifteen minutes. It is then placed in the following solution:

Copper sulphate	3 grms.	46 grains
Potassium bromide	3 grms.	46 grains
Water	250 cc.	8¾ oz.

which is allowed to act until the highest lights of the negative are white when viewed from the back. It is then washed for fifteen minutes and developed in an M-Q, or similar developer, until only the highest lights remain white as viewed from the back. The negative is then rinsed and placed in Sodium thiosulphate (Hypo) 25 per cent., where it is allowed to remain until thoroughly fixed, then washed for an hour and dried.

The main points in this process to which careful attention should be given are that the bleaching should be thorough and that development must be stopped at the point when the shadows are fully developed and the high-lights not yet fully developed as shown by their whiteness when viewed from the back. If by inspection, or on making a print, it is found that the values need still more correction the process may be repeated. Before this is done it is necessary to see that the negative is entirely free from hypo.

The action which takes place during this process is that the undeveloped silver salt which is left on the high-lights is removed by the hypo, the density of the high-lights being thus sufficiently reduced to allow them to print without over-exposing the shadows.

HUNTING THE GRAY SQUIRREL

(*Continued from page* 491)

the gun and fired expecting to kill them both, but one fell dead, and the other badly wounded, required the other barrel. The remaining four squirrels then rushed from the top of the tree down into the crotch where they huddled together so closely, that a handkerchief would have covered them. I could have killed them all at one shot, but alas! my gun was empty, and I thus lost the opportunity of a lifetime to make a record shot at squirrels, for the chance has never been repeated. As silently as a statue, I stood for a long time, while the squirrels watched me with their bright bead-like eyes, then their suspicions set at rest, they mounted the tree again and began cautiously feeding. Making as little noise as posible, I reloaded my gun, and with great good luck, made a deadly right and left on two of the squirrels, the remaining pair fleeing from the tree in dismay at the reports of the gun.

It was now well along in the morning, and I turned my steps toward home, again crossing the Stout farm. Following a cattle path that skirted the woodland in a brier grown field, I was passing a little swamp at the woods edge, where I have killed many a summer woodcock, when with a crash of briars and rustling of grass, some alarmed animal rushed from beside the path across the swamp. Then from a chestnut tree came the scratching sound of climbing claws, and I stood with the gun at "ready." Cautiously around the tree trunk appeared a sharp snout and gleaming inquisitive eyes and at the report of the gun, an inert body fell with a thump to the ground, and I crashed through the briars, to find at the foot of the tree the body of a large mink, whose nearly coal black fur would have made a fine pelt later in the season. Returning to the path at the spot I had startled the mink, I carefully parted the grass, and there lay the still warm body of a half grown rabbit. A small puncture in its neck, marked the spot where the assassin had severed the jugular vein, and gorged himself on his victim's blood. It gave me a warm glow of satisfaction to know, that vengeance had so soon overtaken this vile murderer of the woodland innocents.

Returning across the pasture fields, I made my way to Uncle William's apple orchard, and here under a favorite "Summer Pearmaine," tree, I made my hungry teeth meet in the rosy sides of one of those luscious apples. Taking full toll of them, I passed on to another

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favorite tree where the ground was covered with beautiful golden "Long Island Sweets," and with my remaining pockets filled with these, I hurried on. Why is it, that the apples of today, lack the quality of those of by-gone years. Near the now vacant site of Uncle William's orchard the sloping hillsides are covered with luxuriant orchards of my own, in which all the noted apples of the present day are represented, the royal Delicious, Stayman, Grimes, Golden, and many others, but none of them can compare in juicy piquant, flavor, with those old favorites of my youthful days.

On reaching home, I spread out on the kitchen table for Mother's inspection, twelve fine squirrels and then sat down to enjoy the belated breakfast that her loving hands had prepared for me, and a very hungry boy did ample justice to that toothsome respast. Then I repaired to the wood-shed to skin the squirrels, and as with sharp knife and practised hand I deftly removed the skins, old Gunner seated on end gravely watched every move, and as I looked his way, eloquently thumped his old tail on the ground, and the look of dumb devotion in his honest eyes showed he had forgiven me his deep disappointment of the morning, and as the pile of plump pink bodies in the dishpan steadily grew, I was filled with delightful anticipation of the delectable "Fricasees" and roasts those squirrels would make, when prepared for the table by dear Mother's capable hands.

Years passed and I became a Benedict, and began what should be the aim of every true American, the making of a home. With the aid of a devoted helpmate, I was endeavoring to wrest from a somewhat reluctant soil, my meager portion, of that great wealth, our city cousins in their vivid imaginations, think is so easily acquired in farming.

Old Gunner faithful to the end, had gone to the happy hunting grounds, and the treasured little Manton, after earnest deliberation, had been laid aside for a breech loader, one of the eleven pound, ten bore "demi cannons" that were the "vogue" of that day. Again it was late September, the hickory nuts were ripening, and the lure of the woodlands drew me strongly. At night my sleep was troubled by dreams of falling nuts, and leaping squirrels, and at last I could resist no longer, so one ideal day, I placed the truck loaded with produce ready for shipment, in the shade of the old apple tree, and after a hurried dinner, seized the big gun, and placing seventeen reloadable brass shells (that were the fashion in those days) in my pocket, I hurried for the woods. Again I crossed the pasture fields, and in due time reached Uncle Williams lane. As I neared the Marl bank I passed down the defile, with a rising bank on the right, with scattering trees and on the left, a sloping bank falling away to a brook which ran murmuring at the bottom, which was in places covered with a tall growth of water grasses, the steep decent covered with trees and dead leaves. A rolling stone from my boot caused a slight noise, and at once there was a great rustling in the dead leaves, and something rushed down the bank, and out in the grasses of the little swale and stopped. With gun at ready, I waited, and then above the grass appeared a small black shiny head, the big gun "boomed" and there was a great commotion in the grass that presently subsided and on inspection I found the body of an enormous black snake. I had heard that these snakes could raise their bodies from the ground, and this big fellow had raised his head at least two feet to peer above the grass, and his curiosity had proved his doom. About a foot or so down his shining body was a suspicious "bunch" and the sharp blade of my pocket knife, quickly disclosed the body of a huge bull frog, this explained the whole matter. His snakeship having swallowed the frog, had crawled up the bank and coiled in the sun was enjoying his "siesta," which the rolling stone had so rudely broken.

Crossing the little brook, I was following a cattle path through the Stout woods, when I came to a little clearing, where some cordwood had been cut, and stood on end in piles to dry, when there was a great crashing in the weeds and underbrush, as some quite large animal rushed to one of the cordwood piles, again I stood with gun at ready, and at last a head was cautiously thrust from the top of the wood pile, this time a greyish brown one, and much larger. Again the gun spoke and I found I had killed a three-quarter grown wood-chuck in prime condition. I carefully disemboweled the "chuck" and wrapping the body in a newspaper from my shooting-coat pocket, I laid it in the deep shade beside the cool brook to await my return, for be it known, that a fat young chuck properly prepared is very good eating.

Again I passed on my way, and soon neared "Crawford's" woods at its southern side, here it bordered an old apple orchard with stake and rider fence between, and here ran an old wood road bordered on either side by a fine grove of hickories, and a noted spot for grey squirrels. As I neared the bars that closed the road, I heard plainly the thud of falling nuts, and the rain-like dropping of the chippings. Very cautiously I crawled between the bars, and made my way down the old road and soon saw the tree they were

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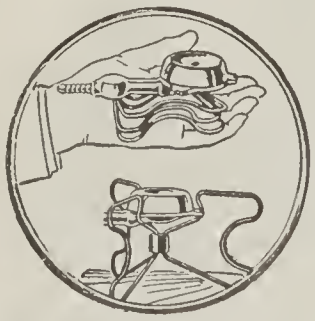

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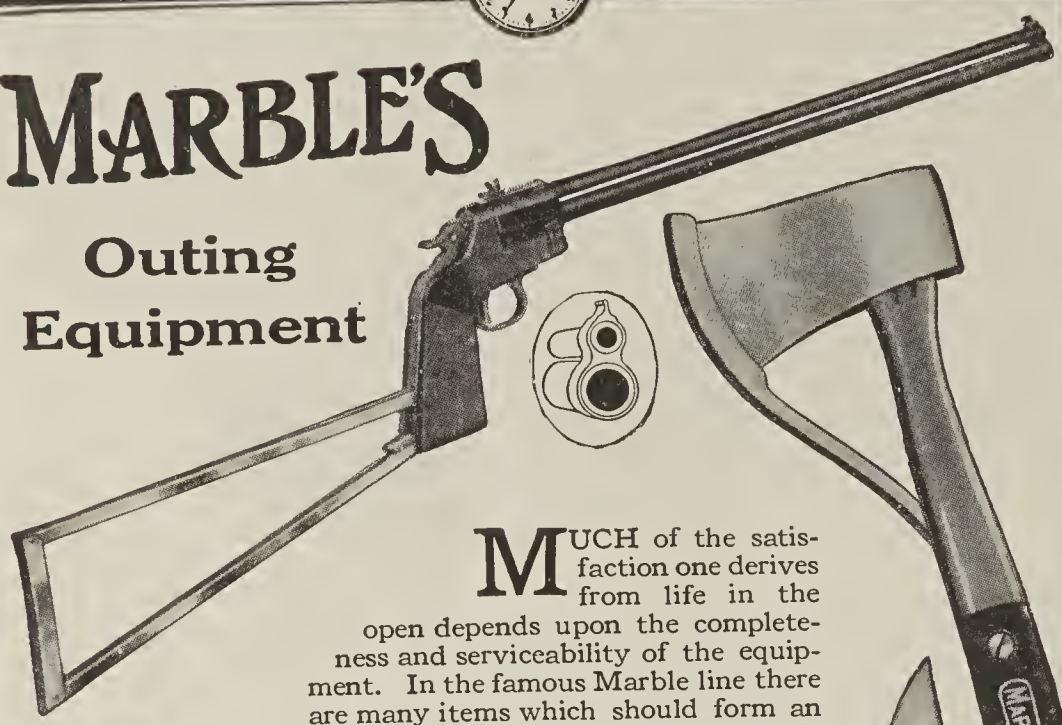
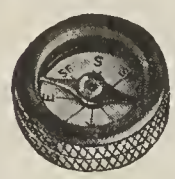


MUCH of the satisfaction one derives from life in the open depends upon the completeness and serviceability of the equipment. In the famous Marble line there are many items which should form an indispensable part of every outer's equipment.



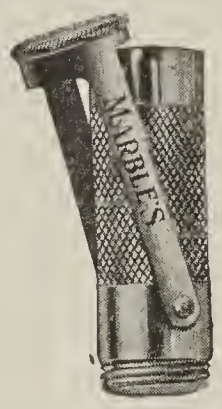
Game Getter Gun

Two guns in one—a gun for all game. The Game Getter gives you just the gun you want when you want it. Light weight; takes little room. Strap a Game Getter over your shoulder and you are "ready for action", for any game. Upper barrel .22 cal. rifled; lower barrel .410 cal. smooth bored. Three lengths, complete with leather holster.

No. M21—12-in barrels, $25.50
No. M21—15-in barrels, 27.00
No. M21—18-in barrels, 28.50

Woodcraft Knife

An all-purpose knife that will meet all the requirements of the hunting, fishing, camping or canoeing trip Embodies all the desirable advantages of other knives made for sticking, skinning, slicing, breaking bones, etc. A wonderful knife for Boy Scouts. Blade, 4½ in. No. 49, leather handle, $2.25; No. 50, staghorn handle, $3.00. Add 10% revenue tax.



Waterproof Match Box

Just the thing for carrying matches. Water tight—keeps matches perfectly dry, even under water Can be opened or closed instantly in the dark. Seamless drawn brass, heavily nickeled. Inside diameter about ¾ inch. Convenient for the pocket. 60 cents.

Handy Compass

Don't go on a trip to the woods or lake, or even motoring, without a Marble's Compass. Waterproof screw case. Absolutely accurate. Can't demagnetize. Safety Coat Compass fastens to coat or belt; stationary dial, $1.50; revolving dial, $1.75. Pocket Compass, 25 cents less, either style.

Safety Pocket Axe

Indispensable to every outdoor man. Small enough to carry in pocket or belt, yet large enough to fell a tree. Tool steel blade, carefully tempered and sharpened; drop-forged metal handle and hard rubber side plates. Nickel-plated guard is spring-hinged and lead-lined. No. 2, 11-in handle, 2-⅜ x 4-in blade, $3.25. No. 3, 11½-in handle, 2½ x 4-⅜-in blade, $3.50.

If you can't get Marble's Equipment from your dealer, write us and we will fill your order direct.

Send for our 1923 catalog.

Marble Arms & Mfg. Co.
526 Delta Ave. Gladstone, Mich.

680

working in. It was a large hickory, and the ground was covered with discarded nuts and chippings, and then I saw one of the squirrels, seated midway of a limb industriously at work on a nut. Up came the big gun, and at its loud report, down came the squirrel crashing through the branches, and immediately another one came rushing down the tree trunk to be killed by the second barrel. As silently as possible, I "broke" the gun and inserted new shells, then all was quiet at the grove for several minutes, then a squirrel near the top of the tree began barking, he fairly "sputtered" in his rage, at this rude disturbance of his woodland home. At last I saw him, and taking careful aim brought him down. At the crack of the gun, a fourth squirrel in great alarm rushed out on an extending limb, and sprang for an adjoining tree. I cut him down in mid air with my second barrel, but this one was not killed, and on striking the ground, started feebly fleet for the nearby den tree, with me in swift pursuit. I was rapidly gaining, when the squirrel came to a small tree that had been blown down, and crawled in among the uptorn roots. Kneeling I could see its tail hanging down, and thought I would seize it and pull it out quickly, and dash it against the tree trunk. But, the best laid plans of mice and men "gang afft agley" for the instant my hand closed on its tail, the little rodent turning as quick as lightning seized me by the third finger biting it through and through, and chipping off a piece of bone with its chisel like teeth as it did so. Grasping it with my left hand I crushed it to death, but the valiant little warrior held on with a bull dog grip, and I had to use the large blade of my pocket knife to pry its clenched jaws apart. Wrapping the wounded digit in my handkerchief, I proceeded on my way very well pleased, for I had four fine squirrels in my pocket, and had not been in the woods ten minutes. I had taken but a few steps, when glancing down the stake and rider fence bordering the old orchard, I saw a squirrel coming along the top rails at a gallop, he too was heading for the nut tree, and as he came opposite me I killed him also. It certainly seemed a good afternoon for squirrels. I passed on down the road, then up through the woods, here I found a squirrel in a large beech tree, and killed it, but in falling it caught on a twig and it took two more shells to dislodge it. The woods seemed full of squirrels. You could hear them on all sides, and in an astonishingly short time my shells were gone, and I had thirteen squirrels. Reluctantly I turned my steps toward home and it seemed the squirrels had lost all fear of me, they barked at me, or quietly sat and munched their nuts

in silent derision for they seemed to know my gun was empty.

In due course I reached home, and proceeded on the way to the market boat with my load of produce, and did not reach home again until late in the evening, by this time the wounded finger began to pain me severely, but I thought it did not amount to anything. But after a sleepless night, when morning came and I found how badly swollen and inflamed it was, I changed my mind. Going to the smokehouse I obtained some hickory ashes, from this the partner of my joys and sorrows, made a strong Lye in which the finger was immersed for an hour and more, and when I lifted it from the Lye a string-like substance like gelatine, of a bright pea green color, hung down from each tiny orifice of the wound, and a physician has since told me, that the Lye treatment no doubt warded off a case of blood poisoning, and perhaps saved my life.

A few days later I returned to Crawford's woods, with plenty of shells this time, and again killed thirteen squirrels. It seems a strange thing, that while I have several times killed thirteen in an outing, I have never been able to exceed that number.

For many happy years I enjoyed the splendid shooting in Crawford's woods practically alone. Like Robinson Crusoe, I was monarch of all I surveyed, and if at long intervals, I heard a distant shot, or met another squirrel hunter, it gave me some such shock, as I imagaine friend Robinson felt when he first saw that memorable footprint in the sand.

As the years passed the number of shooters increased, until in time the shooting became so poor that I gave it up, and then the aged owner of the woodland died, and in the settlement of his estate, it was sold. Portable saw mills were brought in, and under the steady whine of the saws, this magnificent tract of timber steadily disappeared until all that was left, was a ghostly chaos of hideous stumps and brush and another hundred years will pass, before those rugged hills will be crowned again with their ancient glory.

SPRING TRAPPING IN THE NORTH COUNTRY

(*Continued from page* 488)

did and no sooner had we got things in shape than it started to "spit," a sort of half rain and snow. As if we didn't have enough water lying around already! Well, the next morning things surely looked miserable. During the night it had turned colder and about three inches of snow had fallen, weighing down the small trees and

A Letter of Interest to Every Camper

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.,
New York City.

GENTLEMEN:

Mazola, a one-pint can, was in my grub box when I started a transcontinental motor trip two years ago. It remained the same under all climatic conditions, being affected by neither heat nor cold.

On extremely cold mornings in the Rockies, Mazola flowed freely, in greasing the pan for hot-cakes, making doughnuts, biscuits, etc.

On our way home from the Coast in the summer, Mazola retained its sweetness and purity in spite of the terrific heat that we encountered on a desert where we camped two days. Other fats and shortenings became offensive to the smell and sight.

Mazola comes in a neat, compact can. It was always obtainable. We even found it on the shelves of a supply store of a desert town. Crossing the desert we saw many empty cans with the familiar yellow label, mute testimony that other travelers also valued Mazola.

Mazola is essential to the camping motorist, who finds it difficult at times to provide edible and pleasing combinations under trying conditions.

I opened and used a part of a can of Mazola, then tucked it away among other canned foods and forgot it for fourteen months. I found the can grimed and stained, but I used the Mazola for a salad and found it to be as sweet as when I bought it.

Very truly yours,

MRS. CHARLES W. TYLER.

MRS. CHARLES W. TYLER,
914 E. 4th Street,
South Boston, Mass.

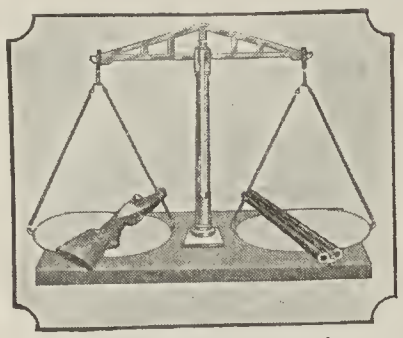
In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

The "Old Reliable" PARKER GUN

"Tailored" Barrels

EACH Parker barrel is designed to fit the rest of the gun. It is turned on a mandrel, so that the walls are of even thickness and the weight properly distributed.

Any size or grade of Parker you choose will have that nicety of balance which makes Parker Guns so easy to handle.



Parker barrels and stocks are designed to give perfect balance when fitted together.

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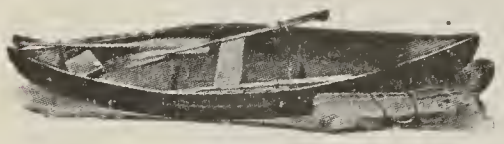
PARKER BROS., *Master Gun Makers*
MERIDEN CONN., U. S. A.

NEW YORK SALESROOMS: 25 Murray Street
PACIFIC COAST AGENT
A. W. du Bray, Box 102, San Francisco



FOLDING PUNCTURE-PROOF CANVAS BOATS

Light, easy to handle, no leaks or repairs; check as baggage, carry by hand; safe for family; all sizes; non-sinkable; stronger than wood; used by U. S. and Foreign Governments. Awarded First Prize at Chicago and St. Louis World's Fairs. We fit our boats for Outboard Motors. Catalog.
King Folding Canvas Boat Co., 428 Harrison St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Let Us Tan Your Hide.

We tan deer skins with hair on for rugs, or trophies, or dress them into buckskin glove leather, and into gloves if desired. Bear, dog, calf, cow, horse or any other kind of hide or skin tanned with the hair or fur on, and finished soft, light, odorless, and made up into rugs, gloves, caps, men's and women's garments when so ordered.

Our illustrated catalog gives prices of tanning, taxidermy and head mounting; prices of fur goods and big mounted game heads we sell, also repairing and remodeling worn furs. We just want to mention that our Taxidermy Department is growing like weeds. There must be a reason for it.

THE CROSBY FRISIAN FUR COMPANY
571 Lyell Ave. Rochester, N. Y.

All Set— This Season?

HUNTERS, Here's Your FILSON!

$10

The Filson Hunting Coat—the sportsman's ideal! Never knew real hunting joy and comfort before I tried one, says the experienced huntsman.

Slicker-lining top of shoulder makes gun rest easy—nine roomy pockets (the back's a pocket, too)—Shedpel Khaki quality and perfect fit—neat and not too heavy. Say, there's protection and comfort for you!

Price, $10 delivered.

Our free Catalog No. 6 tells you all about Filson's Better Outing Togs.

C. C. FILSON CO.
1011 First Ave. Seattle, Wash.
"Filson Clothes for the Man Who Knows"

brush until one could scarcely see through the veritable jungle thus formed. Having plenty of grub we decided to forego the pleasure of strolling through that stuff so stayed around camp until noon. By this time a wind had sprung up and this, along with the sun, soon cleared the brush of the snow.

That afternoon we went over to the lakes. They were all simply alive with waterfowl of every species known to this Continent. Indeed it was a treat to listen to the various cries of these birds. Perhaps the most haunting sound in the wilderness is the laughing scream of the loon, I think nothing could be more symbolic of the lonesomeness of the waste spaces. The loon is regarded by some of our natives as a spirit, and an old Cree once told me that to kill one of these birds is to invoke the direst calamity. However, the loon is such a shy wary bird he is very hard to kill, even with a rifle, seeming always to dive a fraction of a second ahead of the bullet. I never killed but one of these birds; my partner wanted one for mounting, and I fired no less than a dozen times before I was successful.

I had never visited these lakes save when the snow was on and ice covered them. As we approached the middle one we found it very hard to get near the shore on account of the muskeg which was a sort of false bottom. There are many lakes in this country of that type, and even the moose stay shy of them. So thick are the moose in this country, the experienced bushman will watch his step when approaching a place where there is not evidence of one o fthese big deer having been recently, that is, of course, during the summer months.

Progressing slowly and cautiously we got right up to the water's edge at one point. Lying parallel with the shore, at a distance of thirty or forty feet, was a narrow strip of grass and reed-covered soil. Even from where we stood we could see that the muskrats had been crawling out on it regularly, and as this would make an ideal spot to trap them we decided to have a try at getting out there. Wells insisted on being the "goat," so we got a long dry pole and threw it out that direction so he would have something to hang onto in case the bottom proved too miry.

The water was only a few inches deep, but every time Wells put his foot down he would sink up to the knees. Holding onto the long pole he went forward, however, but soon came to the end of it. Against my advice he turned loose of it and went on to the island. He set his foot on it and the next instant, to my unspeakable horror, dis-

appeared completely from sight. Fearing the worst, I nevertheless rushed out toward the spot, clinging desperately to the pole. By this time Wells rose to the surface in a tangle of grass and reeds. I shoved the pole out to him and he grabbed it not a second too soon. We got out all right, but, believe me, we were a sober pair for a while.

Continuing on around the lake we came to the outlet. Here the ground was considerably firmer owing to the steady drain of the little stream. By this time it was growing late, so we hurriedly set a few traps along the shore and three or four on a floating log and hastened back toward camp. The next morning we had a dozen 'rats and for three days made a fair catch at this lake. The larger and third lake in the chain had very few muskrats on it and we did not bother trapping them.

By this time we had pretty well cleaned up the 'rats, as they were far from being plentiful, so we decided to take another move southwest and then return by rafting down the Athabasca to the cabin at the mouth of Lynx Creek. We hit the river at a point about half way between the Athabasca Crossing and Medicine Lodge, following down another creek from the trail to the river. Here we camped for another night or so, and while here I had the good luck to shoot an otter.

We were sitting near the bank of the river at a point where in high water the stream split up on an island. At that time the water in one channel was stagnant and a family of beavers had wintered there. They had evidently pulled out for an exploring trip on the river as we saw no sign of them during the two nights that we watched there. This evening I happened to glance downstream and saw an animal half wading and half swimming in the shallow water rounding a point and coming toward me. At first I thought it a beaver, but as the creature drew steadily nearer I saw that it was a big otter. Just as I was about to pull trigger he dived near the old beaver house and I naturally thought that was the last of him, as far as I was concerned. Some minutes passed; I was about to give up and call to Wells, who was some distance below me.

Suddenly a dark head appeared on the surface of the water in the back channel, not more than forty feet below me. Cautiously I drew my rifle into line and at the report of the gun Mr. Otter gave a mighty splash and disappeared. But I knew that I had hit him, and sure enough, in a few seconds he floated quietly to the surface. He was a big fellow and helped considerably to increase the value of our catch.

Get the high fliers this fall

You can reach game with the "Super-X" load that you would have to pass up with other shotgun shells. Its 20 yards more range and its close, effective pattern have revolutionized ammunition selling. You'll find that merchants, this Fall, may have trouble to keep enough "Super-X" loads on hand to fill the demand. Stocks soon sell out with this wonderful load. Be sure your dealer can supply you. Some sportsmen think so much of "Super-X" that they are even purchasing their Fall's requirements now. There is a Western dealer near you. If you should have any difficulty in locating him, please let us know.

Super-X

The Long Range Shotgun Load

The ability of "Super-X" to extend the range of all shotguns—12, 16 and 20-gauge—is in keeping with all the other notable accomplishments of Western Ammunition. Every Western cartridge has certain exclusive features of design that increase accuracy and killing power.

Write Today for Free Booklets

Are you interested in rifle cartridges that will prevent metal fouling? If so, ask for free booklet describing the Western Lubaloy bullet jacket metal. Do you know about the new 30-30 High Velocity cartridge that Western has just perfected—the famous Boat-tail, Open Point Expanding and "Marksman" L. R. .22? Write and tell us just what your ammunition problems are. Take advantage of the free advice and counsel of our experts. Let us demonstrate to you that all Western Ammunition can improve your marksmanship just as the "Super-X" load can increase your shotgun range.. Address Dept. Y-9.

WESTERN CARTRIDGE CO., East Alton, Ills.

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In the Field or at the Traps—a FOX Makes Every Shot Count

W. C. Letterman's FOX Wins Pennsylvania Championship

On June 20, 1923, Wm. C. Letterman, shooting a FOX single-barrel trap gun, won the amateur trap-shooting championship of Pennsylvania. Incidentally, the new Champion established a record for the event of 198 x 200, with 168 straight breaks.

Dr. J. D. Griffith, also using a FOX, won the Class B title on the same date with a score of 193 x 200.

WHEN the birds are scarce—when you have to wait minutes or even hours before you get a shot—that's when you'll most appreciate a FOX.

Sturdy, dependable, accurate, hard-hitting—a FOX will help you to "make every shot count."

And those same FOX qualities will bring up your average at the traps, where the "birds" are plentiful, but where a man's gun must be able to take a lot of punishment.

The FOX catalogue describes the very gun you've been looking for —where shall we send your copy?

A. H. FOX GUN COMPANY
4674 N. 18th STREET
PHILADELPHIA
Makers of "The Finest Gun in the World"

FOX GUNS

On the point of this island was an old log jamb and some railroad timbers that had come from a bridge many miles to the southwest, afforded us a goodly number of spikes for building our raft. Here we pulled the prize "bonehead act," and when he launched our craft into the water it barely floated! We had used logs that had been water-soaked for the Lord knows how long! Neither of us had any inclination of shooting the Ghost Rapids on a "boat" of this kind (the bottom being far too rocky for a submarine), so we hauled her in, chopped out the precious spikes and again took up shipbuilding.

This time we took no chances; cutting down dry, standing trees, and although this occasioned a great deal of labor we eventually had a good raft that floated high. With our stuff tied in the center and armed with a couple of good homely paddles we said goodbye to the shore and embarked on our exciting journey. We had gone about a mile or so and were just getting used to the roll of the raft when we struck a rock. Bingo! It was some smash, and for a few terrifying seconds we thought we were going to be wrecked right there in the middle of the river in deep swift water. We clung to the high side, the back end sunk, swung around and slowly came to the surface and we were free. With shaking limbs we plied our paddles and got her to shore. The raft had been fairly square in shape when we started out, but now it looked more like an irregular diamond; but for the long railroad spikes she would have gone to pieces sure. We straightened her up and went on our way, but, believe me, we steered clear of rocks after that.

Three or four miles below our starting point we came to the six-mile stretch of rapids known as "Goose Neck" or "Ghost Rapids." The former name is perhaps more appropriate, as the canyon through which the river wends its way at such a whirlwind speed is very tortuous, although I am sure there are far more bends in it than in the neck of any goose I ever saw. When a man enters this canyon, whether on raft or in scow, boat or canoe, events happen with such speed that one has scarcely time to think. And indeed it is imperative that one keep his wits about him, for to get spilled in that "mill race" would mean disaster as sure as the flash of lightning.

Thrills! Isn't that what we sportsmen are all after? Isn't that the real basis of what we term "SPORT"? I have experienced about all the thrills that may be had on this continent, and I will say frankly that they all pale alongside the sensations that surge over one while shooting dangerous rap-

ids. I was born within twenty miles of what I consider as the most treacherous stream in the northwest, namely the Columbia River that rises in British Columbia and flows through the State of Washington. I have always been near swift flowing streams and there is an indescribable lure for me in the song of the rapids.

In the larger streams of the northwest the high water period does not come till along in June and even later, at that time the snow in the mountains melts from the excessive heat of the scorching sun. It was well along in May that Wells and I rafted down the Athabasca and the water was very low. The lower the water, the rougher the rapids will be and the more narrow the channels, so one will see why this is the most dangerous period in which to attempt the navigation of these streams. The worst places are where the main channel is divided into two or more parts, and if one is not acquainted with the stream he will often get into the wrong channel and thus cause himself considerable trouble.

There is but one really bad place in the Ghost Rapids, and I have twice come through this channel on a raft. I do not think that anything under a twenty-foot boat would live through it! It is the left hand channel, where the stream is divided into three parts at a point some two miles from the lower end of the rapids. If one is not familiar with the water course he will naturally take the channel that seems to have the most water flowing through it, there being less likelihood of running into rocks, etc. The particular channel I speak of drops sharply against a sandstone cliff, and the force of the current threatens to wreck one against the forbidding wall.

Into this trap Wells and I raced with the speed of an express. We could no more work with our paddles than we could fly; instead we clung onto the raft and waited for the worst. A well balanced boat or canoe, in riding rough water, will, if handled by an expert, leap from crest to crest (if they are not too far apart as in the case of this channel). On the other hand, a raft ploughs right through and the waves will wash right over her. This is what happened to the one that Wells and I rode, and but for the fact that we clung desperately to the ropes and wires that lashed our load on, we would have been washed overboard. We gazed fascinated at the black wall as it rushed to meet us, but just at the very instant when we thought to be dashed against it, the recoiling current gave us a mighty toss toward the middle of the stream and we were safe again. Such are the whims of the mighty forces of Nature

Pancakes! — in Six Minutes

Add only water or milk

A *real* outdoor breakfast for *real* outdoor men! Pancakes — delicious, fragrant, golden-brown — made in a few minutes with Pillsbury's Pancake Flour.

The durable Pillsbury package is easy to carry along — takes only a small corner in your equipment. And you'll thank your stars you have it when meal time comes!

All needed ingredients are included in Pillsbury's Pancake Flour. There's nothing to add except water or milk. In six minutes you can serve delicious pancakes.

Pillsbury's pancakes are so wholesome, satisfying and digestible because Pillsbury's Pancake Flour contains only highest grade ingredients, selected with greatest care and sifted to powder-fineness.

Pillsbury's Buckwheat Pancake Flour makes equally delicious cakes with a real old-fashioned buckwheat flavor

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MINNEAPOLIS, U. S. A.

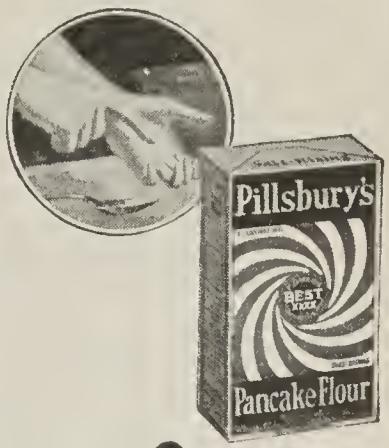
Pillsbury's Family of Foods

Pillsbury's Best Flour Pancake Flour
Buckwheat Pancake Flour Health Bran Wheat Cereal
Rye Flour Graham Flour Farina

Eat More Wheat

Make This Test Yourself

Pour a little Pillsbury's Pancake Flour into your hand and rub it—see its fine, velvety texture—its creamy-white color, due to Pillsbury's high-grade flours. That's why Pillsbury's makes such delicious pancakes



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Pancake Flour
One of the family

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For Service and Sporting Rifles
When you sell Rifles—sell Kerr Slings
Two Sales at One Time

Webbing, $18.00 per doz. **Leather, $30.00 per doz.**
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Raise Silver Foxes

Easy to raise. Larger profits than any other live stock raising. Stands strictest investigation. Recommended by Government. 4 different plans. One will suit you. Complete description free. Send today.

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MAKE A RIFLE OUT OF YOUR LUGER

Mail us your Luger for equipping it with Catalogue I Ten Cents any of the above INTERCHANGEABLE LONG BARRELS with 880 yard sight. Free labor. Shoot 200 accurate shots per minute with our 32-shot magazines and holster-stocks, equalling 8 riflemen. World famous V. Chr. Schilling super-accurate Mausers; Mannlicher sporters; LUGER, MAUSER, etc., pistols. **PACIFIC ARMS CORPORATION, Liberty Bank Building, San Francisco, Calif.**

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Fur and leather tanning and dyeing. Our completely equipped tanning and fur manufacturing dept. is at your disposal.

BIG GAME AND HEAD MOUNTING A SPECIALTY

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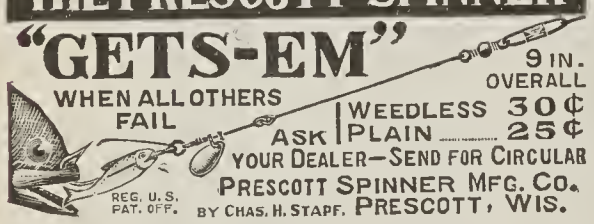
THE PRESCOTT SPINNER



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Achromatic Adjustable Prisma Type Clear White Crystal 8X Lenses. Ideal for Hunting, Camping, Fishing, etc. Guaranteed perfect. Well made and serviceable; will last a lifetime. Black morocco covered body. Case and Shoulder Straps included. Value $20.00. Our special price, C.O.D., $8.75.

Order to-day. This instrument guaranteed to please or money cheerfully refunded.

BENNER & CO. D-5 Trenton, N. J.

Al. Foss Pork Rind Minnows.

Oriental Wiggler··$1.00
Shimmy Wiggler··$1.00
Little Egypt Wiggler···75¢
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Bass, Musky or Fly Rod
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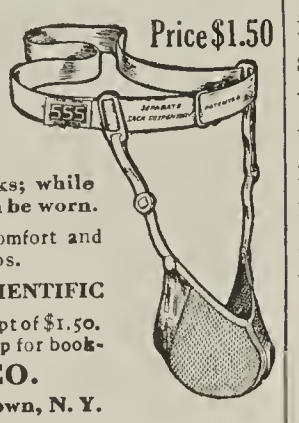

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The SSS has two Separate Sacks; while one is being washed the other can be worn.

The best suspensory made for comfort and convenience; no irritating leg straps.

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Mailed in plain package on receipt of $1.50. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send stamp for booklet.

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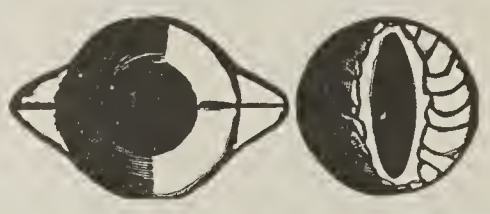
and manufacturer of artificial eyes for birds, animals and manufacturing purposes a specialty. Send for prices. All kinds of heads and skulls for furriers and taxidermists.



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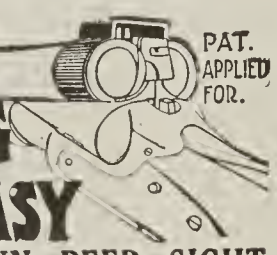

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deadly addition to the modern shotgun. Makes good shots of poor ones. Fast enough for snap shooting, ducks, or at traps. Automatically shows how to lead correctly—**No more guess work.** Made of blued steel, clamps rigidly on breech of gun barrels. 12, 16, 20 28 gauges. Double guns only. Postpaid, $2.50 including booklet. "Wing Shooting Made Easy." Booklet alone sent on receipt of ten cents. Teaches the art of wing shooting.

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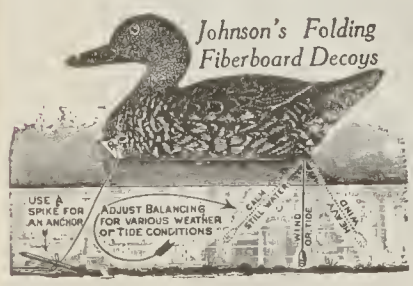

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Tough waterproofed jute-fiber "cartridge-board," arranged to fold up and slip into your hunting coat pocket. Natural colors and shape fool the wisest ducks. Non-capsizable, and will last for years. Much handier and lighter than wooden decoys, and they bring the ducks in as well, or better. Not a novelty, as they have been in use by thousands of satisfied hunters for many years, 55 cents each, or $6.60 a dozen at dealer's or direct, postpaid on receipt of price.

Wm. R. Johnson Co., 70 Columbia St., Seattle

as she plays with the Pawns that dare to outdo her.

After we had left the turmoil of Ghost Rapids behind we felt so much relieved that we hardly knew how to contain ourselves. We were now within fifteen miles of our destination, and if nothing untoward happened us we would make there early in the afternoon. All this time the sky had been overcast, and as we sat on the raft eating our lunches it started to snow. The stuff came down so thick for some time that we thought seriously of going to the shore, for we could scarcely see fifty yards ahead of us. But after a few minutes of this it grew lighter, and while still coming down steadily was not so thick but what we could see fairly well.

We were drifting along idly past a sandstone cliff, the current was so smooth that we paid no particular attention as to where we were going, when all of a sudden we started directly for this rock wall. Grabbing our paddles we sought frantically to evade it but it seemed as though some irresistible force, some unseen monster, had hold on us. But when within a few feet of the cliff we felt our craft hit the off current and were immediately carried away again. We were just thanking our lucky stars when we started upstream and before we knew it were again headed for the rock, in precisely the same spot. Slowly it dawned over us that we were in the grip of a whirlpool! After going slowly around in this fashion for a third time we tried to think of some scheme for escaping the clutches of the undertow. I took a long pole that lay on the raft but was unable to touch bottom at any point in our circuit, and several times the pole was almost jerked from my hands by the force of the under current.

Paddling with all our might seemed to have no effect so we tried another scheme. At the point where we whirled away from the cliff in our endless circling, the raft seemed to hang for the fraction of a second not more than four feet from the rock wall. Watching our chance, we placed one end of the stout pole against the wall and pushed with all our might. For a moment we hung, then just as we were about to acknowledge defeat we went on slowly downstream.

After escaping the whirlpool we had no more excitement until within a mile or so of our destination. It had stopped snowing by this time but the hills were white from the wet stuff that had fallen. We were drifting along and as we happened to glance up on a hill a half mile or so distant we saw three bears. Wells had a .405 Winchester, and I carried my trusty .280 Ross. We opened fire from the raft, but immediately re-

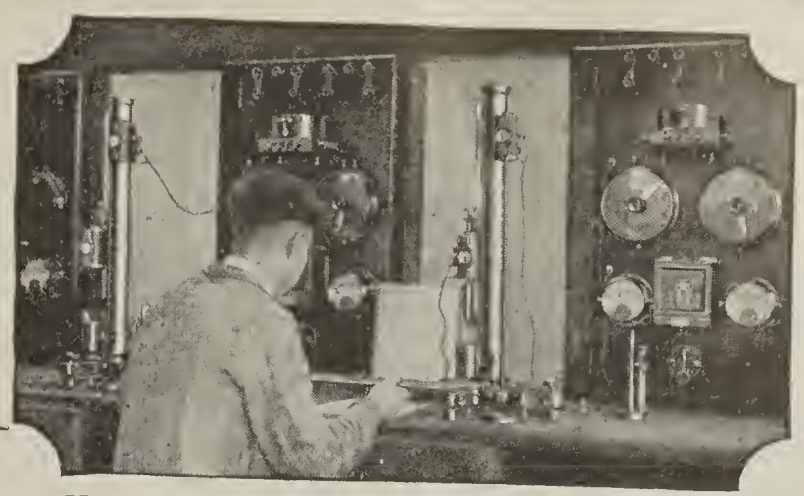
alizing that we were wasting shells I shouted to Wells that we must make the shore opposite from where our game was. It took us a very short time to land and once on terra firma we started a regular bombardment.

At my third shot one of the bears dropped and another that had been standing directly behind it started off dragging a hind leg. The one bear had been standing with his shoulder directly in front of the other's hip and a fragment of the bullet had gone through and crippled the second one. The seventh shot I fired the crippled one dropped for good. Wells fired thirteen times altogether, but his heavy bullets dropped so much that he was unable to score a single hit. He was every bit as good with a rifle as the writer, my success being due to the superiority of the .280 over such extreme ranges. The curious part of this incident was that the first bear I had dropped, and which we naturally thought dead, got up while we were crossing the river and slid, tumbled and rolled clear to the bottom of the hill before we got there.

We were obliged to lay over at the Lynx Creek cabin a few days and dry the bear hides, as they were quite too heavy to encumber ourselves with. A green bear hide will make a load for a strong man, but I have personally carried eight of them at once after they were dried, and found them not so heavy as cumbersome. After taking stock of our catch that particular time, we saw that if we were to take advantage of the fact that we were allowed to trap beavers that spring we would have to do better than we had been. We had prospected quite a bit of country and found most of it void of beavers in any quantity. There was but one place left that I really had any hope in—that was the Otter Creek country, some miles north of where we had crossed it in coming from Mile 27.

We made a trip up to the Cabin at the head of Lynx Creek, gathered all the grub we had left and then, instead of going south struck directly east up a small stream that flowed into Lynx Creek. We soon came to a nice family of beavers, and while trapping and shooting them lived mostly on trout caught from this small stream. One could have caught hundreds of them in a single day and Wells vowed that he had never been partner in such sport.

After camping there for a couple of nights we moved on over the divide toward Otter Creek and incidentally came very near getting lost in the fastness of the heavy spruce forests that lay in that part of the country. Finally we came to the west fork of Otter Creek, and this being the branch we intended trapping, started upstream. Before



How the facts about Powder were discovered

This is the Remington Ballistic Chronograph. It is accurate to the ten-thousandth part of a second. As the shot leaves the muzzle it breaks an electric circuit. When it strikes the target it breaks a second circuit. This records the time it took the shot to travel from muzzle to target—indicating the velocity of the powder charge.

The new Remington Game Loads are the result of Important Discoveries about Powder

ABOUT two years ago we carried out a number of tests on loaded shells at our Bridgeport ballistic laboratories.

When the job was finished here's what we had found out:

A—A given weight of the same kind of powder doesn't always give the same velocity, pattern or penetration.

B—Powder varies batch by batch—even the same kind and make. One batch, for instance, gives a velocity of 925 feet per second. Another may fall as low as 840 feet per second.

C—This is nobody's fault. Powder comes that way.

D—The man who buys his shells by the weight and kind of powder, often misses a lot of game, and never knows why.

Once Remington found out these facts, the next thing was to produce shells of *uniform shooting quality.*

They created the New Remington Game Loads.

Remington Game Loads are loaded for one specific purpose—*to get the game.*

Each Game Load is guaranteed by Remington to give you the *safe and uniform velocity, pattern and penetration* for the game for which the shell is loaded.

As Remington sees it—to give you these uniform results is *Remington's job,* regardless of variations in the powder.

You can be sure that you will get the *finest American Powders* in Remington Game Loads. And you will get exactly the *right quantity* of powder to give you *uniform shooting quality.* Powder varies — *Remington Game Loads do not.*

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
25 Broadway, New York
Established 1816

Remington

THE AUTHORITY IN FIRE ARMS, AMMUNITION AND CUTLERY

NOTE: Remington Game Loads are loaded exclusively in Remington "Nitro Club" *Wetproof* Shells. *Wetproof* means just what it says.

Write for Booklet A—"*The Complete Story of Remington Game Loads.*"

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

Kampkook No. 4 is shown in the picture. Has warming shelf, folding wind shield, detachable tank. Two-quart tank holds six hours' fuel supply. Folds to 4½ x 10½ x 19 inches, weighs 14 pounds. Price in U. S. $11.75.

It's All Inside

All Kampkooks fold like a suit case when not in use. All parts, including tank and legs, pack inside.

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THE IDEAL CAMP STOVE

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SEND TO 217 OCEAN AVE., B'KLYN, N. Y., FOR NEW ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST OF THE

BASS LURES HAND TIED BY LOUIS RHEAD

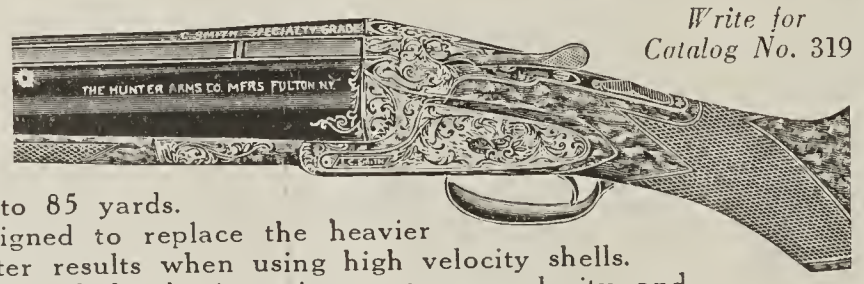
TWENTY DEPENDABLE KILLERS ALL LIFE-LIKE COPIES OF BASS FOOD IN LAKE OR STREAM. SINGLE HOOKS THAT HOLD FAST. ONE LURE GETS MANY FISH. FOR ANY TIME, ANY PLACE, TRY A FROG, CRAWFISH, HELLGRAMITE, CRICKET. DARTER OR FEATHER MINNOWS GIVE AMPLE REWARD IN FISH AND PLEASURE. SEND SKIN OR FISH TROPHY, HAVE IT MOUNTED AND PAINTED THE BEST METHOD AND STYLE.

EXTRA STRONG BASS SINGLE LEADERS OF IMPORTED SALMON GUT

A—6 Feet, With Loop at Each End.....50c
B—4½ Feet, With Loop at Each End.....40c
C—4 Feet, With Loop at Each End.....35c
D—6 Feet, Fly-Tapered, One Loop.....60c
E—6 Feet, Two-Loop Snells.....60c
F—4½ Feet, One-Loop Snell.....50c
G—4 Feet, One-Loop Snell.....40c
H—6 Feet, Fly-Tapered, Two-Loop for Snells..75c

LONG RANGE WILD FOWL GUN

Smith Guns, regular frame—any grade—8 to 8¼ lbs. — three-inch chamber — made to shoot modern high velocity shells, and kill consistently at 75 to 85 yards.



Write for Catalog No. 319

These guns are designed to replace the heavier bores, and to give better results when using high velocity shells.

Our special system of choke boring gives extreme velocity and penetration, uniform patterns, and makes the L. C. SMITH

The Hardest-hitting Gun in the World

THE HUNTER ARMS CO., Inc., Fulton, N. Y.

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Send for Our

SPORTSMEN'S BOOK CATALOG

FOREST & STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY
221 West 57th Street, New York City

we had gone many hundred yards we were heartily sick of our bargain, and it seemed that we were either plunging through muskeg, crawling over and under windfalls or wading the stream. Otter Creek was about as crooked as the Devil's imagination and half of the time we didn't know where we were going.

We came to a series of old beaver dams, but from the look of things they hadn't been occupied for three or four years. The dams had been, in most cases, directly across the main channel, and the force of the current in high water time had torn them away. While walking along the edge of one of these old dams a cow moose and two yearling calves splashed across the water in front of us. It was getting on toward the time that the cow moose gives birth to her awkward young, and I was hoping to be able to show Wells one or two of the comical little beggars. In the mud along the shore we saw the awe-inspiring footprint of a large grizzly, and although the track was very fresh the country about us was so thick with brush that we had no hopes of seeing the shaggy beast.

After traveling till well on toward night we camped at a dam where there was fresh beaver sign. Wells was fortunate enough to shoot a nice big one and we caught another small one in a trap that night. Next morning, on carefully inspecting the layout, we came to the conclusion that there were very few, if any, beavers left, so we continued on our way upstream. To the uninitiated the work of one or two beavers is evidence of at least twenty, and one is very apt to overestimate the number of beavers in a certain dam. A man of considerable experience, providing he is a close observer, can come very close to figuring how many of these interesting animals live in a certain place. The most certain way of doing this is to make careful note of the teeth marks in trees freshly cut about the place and the tracks in the mud where the animals come out of the water. This business of inspecting the teeth marks may seem a little far-fetched, it is nevertheless very simple. A perfect tooth will make a clean, even cut in fresh green wood, but no two teeth are exactly alike. In a beaver family there will sometimes be young of two and three different ages, as they do not attain maturity until the fourth year. This fact will easily enable the rankest amateur to separate them into classes, and a little close study will do the rest.

We found the remaining portion of the west fork of Otter Creek had been trapped out by breed or Indians the preceding fall, so we hurried on through toward the head of the Creek and there striking my trapping trail

went on toward Mile 27. A bear had been all about the cabin and had tried to get in through the roof, but failing had most likely gone away disgusted, for we saw no fresh sign of him.

When we reported to our wives in Edson nearly five weeks had elapsed since we had taken leave of them, and needless to say we got a good raking over the coals and were assured that we would never be allowed to do such a thing again. But we got our real surprise when we inquired about the fur market—everything had gone smash; muskrats that had been worth four dollars when we left were now worth only four bits! Beaver had dropped from thirty dollars to five, and you couldn't give a bear hide away! Such is the life of a wild and wooly trapper!

(*To be concluded in next issue.*)

BAIT SUGGESTIONS

(*Continued from page* 504)

side; then break off the side pieces or plates, taking with this the head and entrails and the plates down the back to the tail. This leaves merely a piece of white flesh with enough tough skin on the belly to hold the hook, which is run through the belly and out along the outside of the back, then in through the tail with the barb exposed beneath. This is good in any kind of water, clear or cloudy, but one must pull on the first run, as they take the whole bait in their mouth.

Mr. Landis uses a light fly rod with this bait for bass, and in this way is able to get considerable pleasure and sport in landing a bass, which when struck will fight for every inch of line.

Crayfish are usually plentiful and easy to get; they may be found in burrows or in the grass and vegetation in brooks and creeks, or under stones, and in the grass patches in the river.

Another good bait for bass are stone catfish, commonly called "stone rollers" or "catties" in our region. Bass are seemingly "temperamental," sometimes feeding on minnows, sometimes on catfish or hellgrammites, and again on insects or worms. There are times when skinned "catties" are very efficient. Try them when bass refuse to take live "catties," or when you have only dead "catties" remaining.

To prepare a dead "catty" in the proper manner, according to Mr. Landis, mark around the body with a knife, back of the fins, when the skin may easily be pulled off. Hook in the same manner as live "catties." This is a bait similar to the shelled crayfish, and is said to give good results.

Dead chubs or minnows may be used to good advantage for bass in a place where there are riffles, especially between islands where the current and riffles keep the bait dancing and bobbing in a more or less life-like manner.

IVER JOHNSON

Champion 410

SHOT GUN

For You—
and for your wife or boy

No other single barrel gun is so popular with every member of a sportsman's family as the Iver Johnson Champion 410.

Light weight, easy handling, accuracy, and the absence of recoil make the Iver Johnson Champion 410 shot gun a favorite with women and boys.

And because its compactness does not impair its effectiveness, men use this model to bring down small game.

Barrel and lug forged in one piece of best quality high carbon steel. Adjustable main spring tension bar. Compensating locking bolt to take up wear automatically. Safety rebounding hammer. Piano wire coiled springs heat treated. Reinforced breech. Black walnut stock and fore-end. Choice of 26- or 28-inch barrel, full choked.

In addition to the 410, Iver Johnson makes a complete line of other single and double barrel shot guns.

Send for Free Booklets

Ask at your dealer's, or write for our interesting illustrated catalog "A." It describes each of the Iver Johnson Shot Guns—also the famous safe revolvers. You can "Hammer the Hammer." We also manufacture the world famous Iver Johnson Bicycles and Velocipedes, as described in our catalog "B." A postcard will bring either catalog you desire, or both.

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Keep an Iver Johnson revolver in the home for self-protection. Carry it with you on hunting trips. It's accident-proof. You can "Hammer the Hammer." Quick, accurate, safe.

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

Savage Repeating Shotgun—accurate and hard-hitting, hammerless, solid breech design; Savage high-pressure steel barrel

Model '99—Note the hammerless, solid breech. Nothing can get in to jam that powerful action. Built for .22 hi-power; .250 - 3000; .30-30: .300; .303

Hung right—

to the fraction of an ounce

Balance? A Savage is hung right to the fraction of an ounce. Light enough to carry all day, yet steady as a rock when you've got to shoot fast.

It's rugged, too. Parts few and simple—you can drag a Savage through the roughest country — it's always ready when you are.

Shotgun or rifle—it's all the same. Take the Savage repeating shotgun. Sturdy and accurate, hammerless solid breech, solid top, side ejection, moving parts enclosed. This gun wears.

There's a Savage for every kind of American game

.22 Hi-power rifle. Ideal for small and medium game—from woodchucks to wolves. Accurate at long and uncertain ranges.

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.303. The hard-hitting, deadly accurate old .303—famous for 20 years. Ideal for deer, caribou and black bear. Unsurpassed for timbered country.

.250-3000. An all-around rifle. Terrific speed and low trajectory make it *the* gun for mountain sheep, goats and other game at extreme ranges. Excellent for deer.

.300. Delivers a smashing blow. Powerful enough for the biggest game. Splendid for moose and elk.

And the Savage .22s—the *Sporter*—the new bolt-action repeating .22—the gilt-edge accuracy of the finest target rifle built into a sporting model. Or the slide-action, Model '14—every feature originally and distinctively Savage—sturdy and accurate.

Ask at your dealer's, or write direct for our interesting catalog.

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Owners and operators of the J. Stevens Arms Company

SAVAGE

Savage manufactures ammunition for every Savage high-power rifle. Savage ammunition is advised for use with Savage high-power rifles. Savage is now also manufacturing other well-known cartridges. Look for the Savage Red Box.

South Bend Bait
$2000.00
FISH-PHOTO *Contest*

Anyone may enter. To compete, catch one or several fish — photograph them, send photo to us. There's no entrance fee. Contest now on—closes October 31st. 273 prizes in all, totaling $2,000.00.
Get further particulars from any South Bend Bait dealer by asking for our Contest Book. Tells about prizes, rules, etc. If there is not a dealer near you, *write us.*

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MAINE ARCHED INNER-SOLE

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Very best leather with all-wool felt back. Between felt and leather is an adjustable steel arch. Price $1.00 postpaid.

Send for New Fall Catalogue of Maine Hunting Footwear and Other Specialties

L. L. BEAN, Mfr., Freeport, Maine

They may also be used in any water, swift or slow, if the bait is cast and kept moving by manipulation of the rod and line, or by a swivel spoon.

Lamprey eels, which were at one time plentiful in the mud banks in the Susquehanna River, at the mouths of small tributaries, were considered the best bait for trolling for walled-eyed pike ("Susquehanna Salmon"), and other fish, but since the river was dammed in several places, they appear to be extinct around Harrisburg.

It is said on good authority by rivermen that the tails of water snakes cut off, and geared up like lampreys on a tandem hook, make a good substitute, and are said to give good results.

A piece of raw fat bacon or ham, cut to resemble the shape of a lamprey, is very effective in trolling for bass, pike-perch and pickerel.

The larvae or grubs of wood-boring insects from dead trees or logs are best for fall fish. Strike as soon as they bite. The best place to fish for them is at the curls of an eddy at the edge of a deep hole.

THE GENERAL PURPOSE SHOTGUN

(*Continued from page* 499)

by the undersigned, cannot be relied upon.

Nor is the 16 ga. deficient at the traps, though seldom used. Years back, Dr. Carver, perhaps the best all around shot the world has ever known, used for his exhibitions at a time when his shooting was at its best, a 6 lb. 16 ga. Later on, when shot charges became practically unlimited, the Doctor was forced to take up a gun of sufficient gauge to handle maximum shot loads; but with his featherweight 16 he met and defeated scores of live bird shooters; and he abandoned this gauge only to be on an equal footing with other shooters using 1¼ oz. shot in pigeon matches.

The most generally accepted trap load for the 12 ga. is 3 dr. 1-1.4 No. 7½ shot. This gives about 375 pellets to the load, with a vel. of 851 f. s.—a very slow load. The 16 ga. factory load of 2-3.4 dr. 1 oz. No. 8 gives 408 pellets to load, with a vel. 878 f. s. and 2½ x 1 No. 8 gives vel. 849 f. s. And now that we can obtain Super X shells loaded with a full 1⅛ oz. No. 7½ in this gauge, 376 pellets to the load, we have a list of loads to select from that will be found to meet all reasonable demands for clay bird shooting. The increased velocity of the 16 ga. load, using 8s, gives the same striking force (energy) as the 7½ in the slower 12 ga. load, so nothing is lost in using the smaller size. In the Super X loads

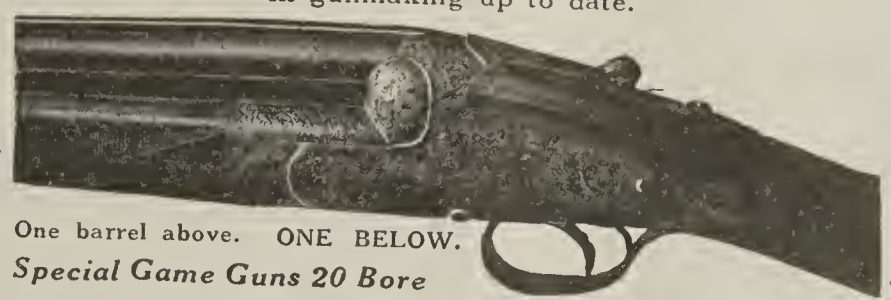
⅛ less shot is used than in the standard 12 ga. load, but the writer believes this no detriment, since the 16 ga. by reason of the lighter weight, has an advantage of 2 yards in swing, and properly bored to suit the requirements of the individual shooter as to "time" the 1-1.8 oz. load can be made to pattern so well at 33 yards that it will do all the 12 can be made to do at 35 yards. The common idea that the more shot can be crammed into a shell, the greater *must* necessarily be the success at the traps, is pure buncomb. Successful shooting, of any kind, consists almost exclusively in properly pointing the gun. Witness: a professional employed by one of the leading companies using a cheap 410 bore and a pinch of shot—3-8s oz. of No. 8s, about 153 pellets to the load, and shooting from a 12 ga. mark, broke better than 80% of fast targets thrown from a regulation trap. Note also Capt. de Brays report in FOREST AND STREAM of October of the 4 man squad shooting 28 ga. guns loaded with 5-8s oz. No. 8 shot, shooting at 16 yards, I believe, averaging better than 86%, yet some of these shooters had no previous experience with the 28 ga. at the traps. These performances prove at least three things: 1st, that small loads of powder give sufficient velocity to break targets; 2nd that No. 8 shot are large enough, and 3rd that *if pointed right*, miniature loads will smash targets with regularity. Live pigeons possess great vitality and require a lot of killing to bring down and keep down within the regulation 30 yd. boundary; yet in the days of the muzzle loaders, pigeon matches with 10 ga. guns, shot charges limited to ½ oz. were common, and scores of 80% or better, 30 yd. boundary, one barrel only, were not unusual. To-day, representatives of trap shooting associations are alarmed; shooters other than professionals, and 95% men and better, are no longer interested in the sport (?). The use of large bore guns, and a hand full of shot in the hands of a well trained shooter simply constitutes a machine capable of accounting for 98% of hits, and the wonder is under the present rules how the other two per cent. possibly escaped; and when a shooter (Woodward) scores 99 x 50 pairs at *doubles*, the game ceases to have any further interest for us common folks. Restricting the shot charge to 1 oz. (or less) should be one of the reforms, and if done, the 16 will come into its own as a trap gun and will not be found wanting.

It is to be regretted that there appears a unity of action on the part of ammunition factories (with one exception) to discredit the 16 ga. and to boost the 20 at the expense of the 16. Numerous articles have appeared in shooting magazines, directing attention to

WESTLEY RICHARDS "OVUNDO" GAME, TRAP AND DUCK GUNS

The latest development of the Westley Richards Firm. All the latest improvements in gunmaking up to date.

Westley Richards Top-lever Fastening, cocking by the fall of the barrels. Simplest ejector.



One barrel above. ONE BELOW.
Special Game Guns 20 Bore

Westley Richards Hand Detachable Locks of fewest parts. The Hinged Cover Plate and Reliable One Trigger.

THE PERFECT GUN

You have not only simplicity but the highest efficiency. No gun lock ensures a smoother, more consistent and lasting trigger pull. When combined with the W. R. one trigger arrangement, you ensure the same perfection and added safety.

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They Stay Caught!

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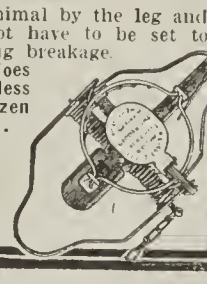
Two sets of jaws grip the animal by the leg and over the body. They do not have to be set to drown and there is no spring breakage.
Sent direct if your dealer does not sell them—65c each in less than dozen lots, or $7.00 a dozen in dozen lots or over, prepaid.
Write for FREE Folder.



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the alleged deficiencies of the 16, based on alleged performances of the common 2½ x 1 lod. Ballistic tables have been published, showing the muzzle and instrumental velocities of the 16 in various loads to be far below what should be expected in comparison with both 12 and 20 ga. For instance: One set of published tables of velocities gave the m. v. of the 3 dr. 1 oz. 12 ga. as 1350 f. s., and the *same load* in 16 ga. at only 1272 f. s. or 72 f. s. less. Any student of ballistics would know at a glance that either the 12 ga. figures were too high, or the 16 ga. figures too low; maybe both, for the figures violated a well known law on the subject. Indeed, one writer put the velocity of my pet 3 dr. 1 oz. (6s) load so very low with duPont powder, that a letter was addressed to that concern, with the following reply:

"You say you have always been under the impression that 3 dr. duPont and 1 oz. (6s) shot in a 16 ga. gun gave a vel. of more than 950 f. s. at 40 yds. This is true in all sizes up to and including No. 6s. For instance, No. 1 shot gives vel. 1066, No. 2 1049, No. 3 1034, No. 4 1034, No. 5 997, No. 6 976, No. 7 946."

Taking No. 6 shot as a basis, the instrumental velocity above given shows the muzzle vel. to be about 1410 f. s. Further satisfied that published tables with reference to other 16 ga. loads were wrong, duPont replied that the vel. of the 2-3.4 dr. 1 oz. No. 6 load was 943 f. s. and 7s 911 f. s., which would make the muzzle vel. over 1300 f. s. and more than sufficient, since a m. v. of 1250 f. s. is generally accepted as furnishing enough penetration in a balanced load to kill duck at 40 to 50 yards, such being the ballistics of the 12 ga. 3¼ x 1⅛ No. 6 load. It will thus be seen, that from every standpoint all of the 16 ga. loads are amply sufficient for the purposes intended.

Due to machine methods of manufacture, our American made guns are generally ½ lb. heavier than those of foreign make, 6½ to 6¾ lbs. being the average for 30 in. barrels, and while in some cases lighter weights may be had, it is generally at the expense of barrel length. Personally, I have no use for very short barrels in any gauge; a certain length of tube appears necessary for both velocity and distribution of pellets. Most 16 ga. shooters regard 6½ lbs. with 30 in. barrels as the proper weight, arguing that a lighter gun cannot be as readily and steadily aligned for proper trigger timing when hurriedly thrown to the shoulder, though personally we believe a 6¼ lb. gun to be considerably faster in action. Such guns of either weight will fire the heaviest charges without undue recoil, the writer having fired many thousands of 3 x 1 hand loads in a Parker of 6½ lbs. weight; also in a Winchester weighing 6.9. A 16 ga. of 6 lbs. weight will fire factory loads of 2½ x 1 with less recoil than a 20 of the same weight will fire 2½ x ⅞, and a 16 of 6¼ to 6½ will be found entirely satisfactory. Once tried, the difference in weight in carrying afield will put the 12 in the discard if for no other reason. Hunting nowadays consists only too often of following the dogs through field and marsh, and with birds becoming fewer each year, in spite of protective measures, the weight of gun to be carried becomes more and more a consideration.

A few words regarding boring and patterns might be well worth while, and this applies to guns of any gauge. The tendency of the times is to bore guns with extreme constriction of the muzzles, commonly called choke, in order to throw a narrow stream of shot and show more pellets striking within a circle at any given distance. The ordinary sportsman, unacquainted with the whys and wherefores of gun boring, quite naturally supposes that if his gun gives a dense *and even* pattern on paper pattern at 40 yds. that it makes the same kind of pattern on flying game or other moving objects. No greater mistake was ever made in contemplating shot gun ballistics. The choke of a gun does to the shot charge exastly what the nozzle of your garden hose does to a stream of water; it forces some of the pellets forward and in advance of the bulk of the shot load, and the whole charge into a narrow stream or string and directs them towards a common center. In passing through the choke, the diameter of the shot load is reduced 35.1000 to 45.1000 in. and lengthened, forcing some of the load forward. This process commences within the bore of the gun, and it continues to lengthen the charge until gravity overcomes velocity and movement. On the arrival of the shot at a target say at 40 yards distant, this string of shot, commonly called the shot column, is actually 30 feet or more in length between the first and the last of the shot, but the bulk of the shot are to be found within a column 14 to 16 feet in length for full choke guns. This form of shot column, while having the advantage of forcing the shot to a restricted center, also has the disadvantage of distributing it along 14 to 16 feet in length. Greener photographed a charge of shot from a full choke gun, and found that at only a few inches from the muzzle the shot had strung out several inches, and actuually left the muzzle in strings; and that at 6 feet the shot had strung out a foot. In a true cylinder, having no choke or other constriction to lengthen or disturb the shot, the same leaves the

muzzle in compact form, more or less welded together, and they continue together but gradually increase in diameter, which increases through atmospheric influence after the first 10 feet at about the rate of 1 to 1-1.2 inches to the yard, spreading apart and finally arriving at the target at, say, 40 yards in an egg-shaped mass 44 to 48 in. in dia. by 50 to 60 in. in length. This would present an ideal form of pattern and shot column were it not for the width of the spread. A 50 per cent. or modified choke presents a shot column "betwixt and between" the above two extremes, giving at the target at 40 yds. in a more or less egg shape form 36 to 40 in. dia. by 7 to 8 feet long, and in this form of choke the greater number of pellets strike the target at the same precise instant and with a concentration of the charge towards a common center amply sufficient for practical purposes. In a small bore gun, with its limited shot charge, the form of the bore and amount of choke needs to be given more consideration than in the larger bores handling a greater amount of shot. Fast flying game or swift targets that might be missed by the excessive spread of the cylinder shot column, or that might escape through imperfect leading and the likewise thin and lengthy shot column of the full choke, might be caught by the thickness of the modified pattern both in spread and in the shorter length of the shot column. Expert trap shooters recognize the value of this short shot column, and few, if anly of them, use a gun of much more than modified choke, or they adapt their guns to a load producing such results. For general purposes, at all kinds of game, and at duck over decoys, a 16 ga. bored right 1-4 choke, and left half to 3-4 choke, will suit the great majority; while for use where its principal purpose is afield or in the marsh at snipe, the right bored improved cylinder and the left modified will be found superior, especially where 9s and 10s are to be used. Too many shooters handicap themselves with guns bored to shoot too close; not one man in a thousands can successfully use such a weapon, and the writer confesses to belonging to the great majority. There is a fascination about owning a gun delivering an extra close pattern, but its value is principally in shooting patterns for exhibition, or in setting shots on game at long distances; for as field guns, and for use at duck over decoys, etc., they generally outshoot the shooters.

The patterns here shown were shot at the usual game distances; 35 yards for large shot, such as might be used on duck, and 25 yards for small shot and such game as quail and snipe. Twenty-four inch circles were selected

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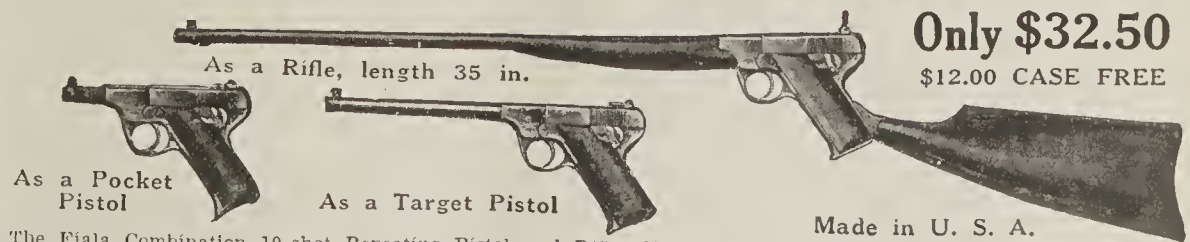

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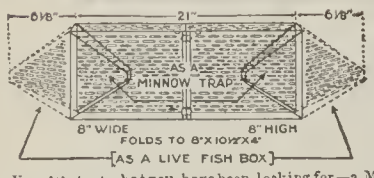

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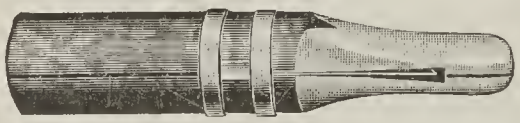

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for the larger shot, and 30 in. for the smaller. The guns used were cheaper grade double Parkers and Winchester repeaters, each costing less than $40 before the war. These were selected because of their propensities to shoot certain sizes of shot evenly and with regularity. High grade guns might give slightly better patterns, but were purposely avoided, the object of this paper being to demonstrate that ordinary 16 ga. guns will answer every purpose. Super X shells were shot in the larger sizes, because they contained maximum shot loads and are something new. In smaller size shot the writer believes 7-8 to 1 oz. sufficient, and for this reason such were selected.

Pattern No. 1 shot from Parker gun 3-4 choke. This gave 72% of the pellets, No. 4 shot, with excellent distribution, and could be relied on to kill single duck up to 50 yards. It would make about the same pattern in a 42 in. circle at 50 yards as here shown in 24 in. at 35 yards.

Pattern No. 2 shot from Winchester modified Super X load 1⅛ oz. No. 6 shot, 60%, bulk of pattern a little low, fault in holding. A good duck load over decoys not so even as No. 1.

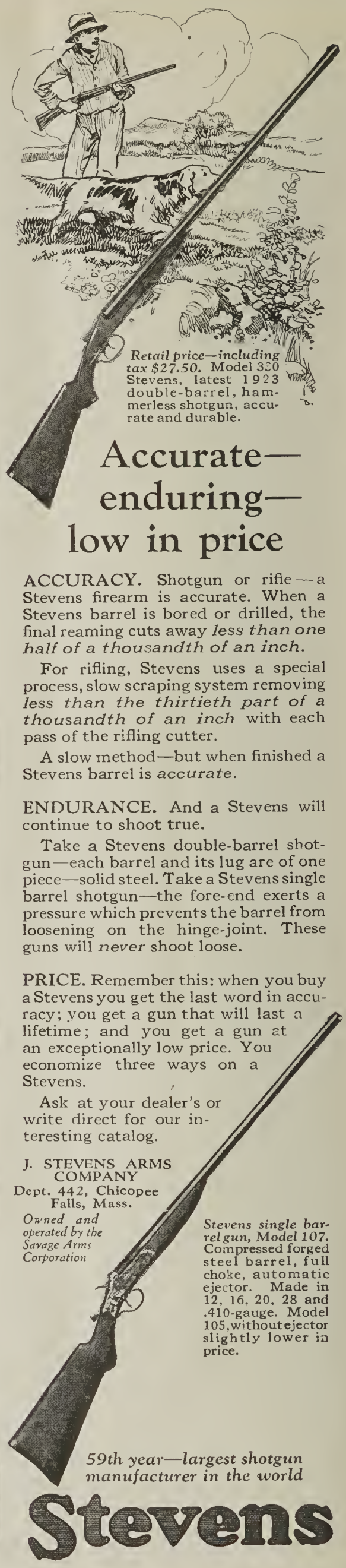
Pattern No. 3, Parker gun, modified, Super X load, 1⅛ oz. or No. 7½ 68% in 24 in. circle at 35 yds. A trifle thin in S W cor., but in all a well distributed load. For all upland game, for small duck over decoys and for the trap, this load ought to please the most exacting. This sixe 7½ have all the energy necessary to kill duck up to 40 yards.

Pattern No. 4, shot from the left barrel of same gun as No. 3, full choke. One and one-eighth oz. No. 6 Super X load, 24 in. 35 yds., 88%, good for ducks up to 50 or 60 yards on a quiet day. All shot but 3 pellets were well within a 30 in. circle. A very close pattern.

Pattern No. 5, shot from Winchester modified, 1⅛ oz. No. 9 shot transferred to Super X shell to see how it would work. My idea of a perfect quail load, 69½% in 30 in. at 25 yards. Good for quail up to 40 yards. Note even distribution of pellets in each quarter of the circle.

Pattern No. 6, imp. cyl. Parker gun, the writers load for snipe, hand loaded, 2¾ dr. duPont, 15-16 oz. No. 10s, 30 in. circle at 25 yards. Sixty-six per cent., good for snipe 35 yards or over.

If our American gunmakers would build us light weight 12s, say 6¼ to 6½ lbs. with 29 to 30 in. bbls., and encourage their use, undoubtedly such would come very close to an all round gun, but we can't get such in this country unless willing to accept 26 in. bbls., and these, made on standard frames, are generally muzzle light and out of balance; besides, many of us have



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ACCURACY. Shotgun or rifle—a Stevens firearm is accurate. When a Stevens barrel is bored or drilled, the final reaming cuts away *less than one half of a thousandth of an inch.*

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a prejudice against such short tubes, and some of us know that from a practical standpoint 24 to 26 in. bbls. are not as effective as 28, 29 and 30 in barrels. Twelve ga. guns of proper barrel length and of light weight can be had, but we must cross the big pond for them and pay a handsome sum with 45 per cent. duty, and most of us can't spare the long green necessary to complete the transaction. Hence, if we want one gun for all purposes, snipe to geese, with an occasional round at the traps, and at a price within the reach of the average sportsman; of a weight to make a tramp afield a pleasure and yet deliver a suitable shot charge with efficiency, we must look to the 16 ga. as the only size now made in America that comes anywhere near filling the requirements of an all purpose gun.

TOURING WITH RAYMOND SPEARS

(*Continued from page* 495)

riations that are feasible. Some people wishing entirely to evade the often difficult problems of outfit and camp making, go on hotel and restaurant jaunts. To these are added farm houses that "accommodate tourists." The cost by this route is not difficult to estimate.

Meals are sure to average about 50c. each, per member, at least. Many tourists, campers and hotel, find that two meals a day are enough. Thus $1.00 to $1.50 a day for food is inevitable. Lodging is generally 50c. to $2.00 each, but $1.00 is a safe average. The tourist by economical hotel lodgings can hardly go for less than $2.50 a day. And as hotels supply the breakfast, at least, the cost is likely to be 75c. for this meal. A little carelessness, and the cost mounts to $3.00 a day, and it is not unlikely $4.00 a day for each member of a party—$12.00 a day for four. The car will cost not only gas, oil and service, but garage fees at night, which may be 50c. to $1.00 for storage, and tips.

Campers nearly all avail themselves of occasional restaurant and hotel meals. A store meal a day is a rest for all hands. Taken in the short-order cafés and restaurants, the average cost is 50c. a meal. We had a good meal in the Lincoln Highway Café at Cheyenne for 35c., and we paid 75c. for poor meals in a western Texas cow town.

I find on inquiry among tourists and automobile travelers that they vary in expenses according to their ingenuity. If one is an adept at taking care of his own car, thus avoiding all but the cost of gasolene and oil, and any spare parts needed—and every driver should know his car well enough to put in new gears, say—the high cost of repairs will be avoided. A good mechanic in a party of three or four cars can have all his car's expenses paid on the trip by taking care of all the cars. That is, garage expenses add from thirty to a hundred per cent. of the cost of touring—and these expenditures can be saved by learning the car.

Really, a car giving twenty miles per gallon of gasolene, carrying four people with a reasonable camp outfit, ought to go 100 miles a day and carry its passengers for from five to seven cents a mile.

Hurrying instantly increases the cost per mile. Racing across the country to reach the Coast at the rate of two hundred miles a day is apt to run the cost of traveling from ocean to ocean from $125, say, to $250, and delays attendant upon broken springs and working parts will bring one to the coast about the same time the hundred-mile-a-day careful driver arrives. One party, "making two hundred and fifty miles a day," passed us five times between Cheyenne and Chicago. We were coming along anywhere from eighty to one hundred and thirty miles a day, depending on the roads. They hit up to forty miles an hour at times; we never passed twenty-eight miles, and dropped instantly to twenty, fifteen or even ten miles when questionable going appeared. They should have traveled for a third less than our old-car expenses, but probably spent nearly twice as much, for they smashed springs, had motor trouble, and tore up things generally.

The moment one presses his car for speed, costs mount. The difference between twenty-two miles and twenty-eight miles in a light car is nearly one-third increase in cost. Avove thirty miles, costs are apt to double. The most expensive touring is going fast. The temptation on good roads is to go too fast. Tourists coming in off the rough western highways onto cement and other smooth-paved highways of the East are apt to go much too fast before learning the knack and quality of good roads. When the jumping-off place of good roads was in western New York, there were countless accidents there because men used to gumbo, to sand, to the rutted prairies could not control their machines at thirty or forty miles an hour. An eastern driver running into wet gumbo, if he tries to go fast enough to throw the mud from his wheels, is apt to go into the ditch—and that is expensive.

Nervousness on any highway is apt to cost money. A poor shift may strip gears, a careless look of wonder at a sky line may run one over a bank, and failure to watch for glass, horseshoes, and even sharp stones may cost tires. No two drivers work their cars in the

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65 Pounds of Fish In Half a Day

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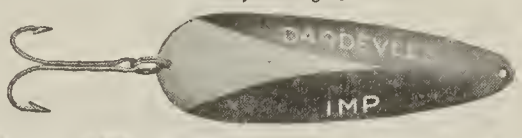

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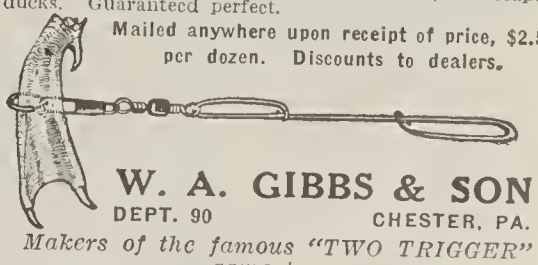

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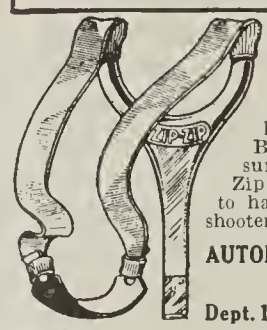

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Tackle Catalogue for the asking

NEW INJURED MINNOW

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Don't jerk your bait away from the fish—toss them an Injured Minnow, let it lay a few seconds, then give a few slow jerks and if there is a bass around he's yours. This new Injured Minnow is a killer and will CATCH MORE FISH for you.

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same way. Each kind of driving costs more or less. Slipping the clutch is costly, and so is riding the brake.

Driving from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains, say, the first 1,800 miles may cost only six or seven cents a mile. The drive, accustomed to moderate grades, to long stretches of level concrete, to the commonplaces of open country, farmland driving, is at home to Cheyenne, Denver and Trinidad. Beyond there in the Rockies he may wear out his brakes in a day—and smash his car. He must climb unimaginable mountains, and then coast down the far sides. His gasolene and oil bills mount, his tires may slide, and cut up, and his depreciation may double, or quadruple. He may spend fifteen or twenty cents a mile, just through failure to give thought to such things as using the motor's compression to brake down a hill, instead of the foot and emergency brakes.

An experienced mountain driver—Courtney Riley Cooper—gives the safe advice of coming down on the same gear as one goes up. Save the brake linings for an emergency. Come to stops slowly, not quickly—all the advice as to careful driving for safety's sake is also economical driving advice. And the flashy, careless, slap-dash driver will pay from a cent to five, ten and even more cents per mile above what those pay who watch every detail of their driving, studying always to have things right. Putting distilled water into the battery twice a week in the desert country may save the battery, so that it will run two years instead of two months.

Only the driver himself can obtain the fine points of economy, those things that add miles to a car's life, and at the same time cut down the day to day costs. If one puts his mind into the subject, an automobile tour will disclose as many leaks as a complicated business.

The simple expedient of asking fellow drivers about the quality of gasolene sold in towns ahead may save a good deal of embarrassment and expense. On the road one leaves behind the familiar gas always bought around home. The quality of gasoline grows worse from year to year. Cars fail to make the miles in one region that they do in other regions. Twice I have run into gasolene that simply boiled my radiator regardless of conditions. Filling at a pump in Sante Fe, my motor boiled until I could fill again with better gasolene. At Kremmling, Colorado, we ran into actual kerosene. These experiences, met by the tourists here and there, are costly. They not only delay an outfit, but they compel adjustment of the carburetors, carbon removal, and even worse.

In Texas there are garages in num-

bers that supply a motor oil which smudges up the oiling systems of the engines. I burned out three wrist piston bearings, and wore down a main shaft bearing before I learned about poor oil. I found that travelers there carry spare bearings for the trouble. My experience cost me about $75—an expense I didn't dream of encountering, for I had had no motor trouble before. I learned to blow out the oiling system of my motor by using the tire free-air. This had to be done every second day from the neighborhood of Houston to western Texas. Even ordinary draining of the crankcase failed to free the motor of the sediment, when in New Mexico I reached a region of honest motor oil. I had to wash the crankcase thoroughly with gasoline to be rid of the smudging. The trouble seems to have been mixing crude oil with motor oil, and burned-out bearings are a local Texas proposition.

Thus one may run into regions where special troubles are encountered. The highways in the volcanic and lava regions cut tires to pieces. The mountains wear out brakes. One man I met ran too close to a branded colt, and the colt kicked in his radiator—he had to drive twenty miles into Aubuquerque on oil cooling—ten minutes' run, then stop and cool off—and this on his back track.

One may make his first trip without a single repair or extravagant expense. He may roll through without even a 50c. puncture. He may get by for three or four cents a mile, all told. Such things happen. But a streak of hard luck may lay him up a week, and cost $100 to $300 or more. Many a tourist has found his car giving a half more mileage per gallon than ever before, due to the long runs, without pause.

But in estimating good roads touring, the car cost will generally be more than around home, with an allowance for depreciation necessary, too. When one returns from a tour, it pays to put the car through an overhauling. For dirt and other medium to poor roads, costs mount rapidly for all expenses. Trouble in the deserts and in the mountains may mean towing in, where towing is a dollar a mile. If one can be sure what the trouble is, what part is broken, the service wagon of the nearest garage may be able to bring out and put in the disabled part. Often, what around home would cause one to send for help can be taken care of beside the trail. There was one man who tore out his gears. He took them out, found that he could use the reverse, and he backed three hundred miles to a garage. That kind of a man can go thousands of miles for less than another type could go hundreds.

Those who care for their own cars travel for about half the cost that the garage appealers do. Thousands of

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Dept. 218, Terminal Bldg. Los Angeles, Cal.

cars make two or three thousand miles without doing anything to them. To the total cost of the trip should, perhaps, be added the cost of having the car put into order after the return home. The car cost of touring, counting all expenses, carries passengers in groups, say of two to five, at astonishingly low expense. While the car is running every day, or nearly so, the rate is not far from two cents each a mile, not counting depreciation, if there are four passengers. The moment the car stops, and is laid up for a week, or two, only camping expenses are to be met, which vary from fifty cents to a dollar a day for food; the cost of the camping outfit if distributed over a month or six weeks' tour adds something per day. But when the outfit is right, it lasts several trips—but always one adds some refinements and changes due to experience, and notions.

Three months in a car costs less per day than one month, generally speaking. The second long trip costs less than the first, other things being equal. I would say a $10 a day allowance ought to cover everything, and the chances are only bad luck or car trouble would use this much. When one man pays for the whole family, the cost may seem high, even when it is less. But where four divide the costs, how in the world can one obtain so much for $2.50 a day?

THE GORDON SETTER

(*Continued from page* 494)

that Dan was more than half Gordon or something that was to all intents and purposes the same as Gordon. Anyhow, it was the Gordon blood crossed on the worn-out Laveracks that gave the new breed the stamina and brains to continue upon their field trial careers.

A careful study of the history of the Gordon setter reveals the fact that while the Gordon blood was being utilized by English breeders and fanciers to carry on the field trial game, the bench show element which had been attracted to the great beauty of the Gordon were at work doing everything in their power to eradicate these useful dogs from the sportsman's horizon by an arbitrary color ruling which has no basis in history, tradition or practical utility.

The Gordon setter has also suffered severely from a meaningless sort of bench show standard. At the time that they first began attracting the attention of the English breeders the purely English dogs were on the decline. Mr. Laverack, who had led the field for many years, had inbred his dogs so intensely that they were narrow-headed, pinched-muzzled and had lost both size and stamina, and most of them were so nervous that they would not stand training.

When the time arrived for them to write the standards for the Gordon setter, they simply laid down the dictum that the Gordon setter should be heavier all around and broader in skull than the English setter. This meaningless definition has gone on down through the years without anyone raising a question to what the size or general conformation of the English setter must be.

In fact, there is to-day a class of bench-show judges who have no clearer conception of what a Gordon setter should be other than that he is black-and-tan in color, free from white, and larger all around than the English setter of the show benches, many of which are too large and cumbersome to be really useful in the field.

Nearly forty years ago a warning was sounded in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM by Harry Malcom, an ardent Baltimore sportsman, who bred, owned and shot over Gordon setters for many years. Mr. Malcom knew Gordon setter pedigrees and had studied their type from every angle. He was of the opinion that the correct weight of the Gordon was from forty-five to fifty pounds. One of his most celebrated dogs, Malcom Whip, in hunting condition weighed a scant forty-five pounds.

Years ago the present Editor of this paper, Dr. Bruette, was interested in Gordon setters. He won the field trials in England with pointers and later brought to this country two great Gordons whose names are frequently to be met with in sporting journals of to-day, Devon Grouse and Devon Mona. Devon Mona was undoubtedly the handsomest Gordon of her day. She had a great reputation as a field dog on the Moor, and although she weighed only a trifle over forty pounds, her conformation was so perfect and her style and action so attractive that she had no difficulty in winning the highest bench show honors. This bitch mated to the Malcom dogs laid the foundation of the family of the working Gordon that Dr. Rowe, the founder of the American Field, pronounced the equal of the best field trial setters of that day.

As a sportsman's companion at home and in the field the Gordon has no superior. They have perfect dispositions, but do not make up with strangers as readily as English setters or pointers and they will not go off hunting with any man that carries a gun. They are easily trained but do not accustom themselves to a change of masters as easily as some of the other sporting breeds and it usually takes several weeks for them to become thoroughly acquainted with strange

masters. This has something to do with their popularity with public trainers. The sportsman, however, who can find time to train his own dog will find the Gordon an apt and entertaining pupil as they take to hunting naturally. Most of them are natural pointers and they do not require harsh treatment.

For many years Gordons have not been numerous either in the United States or Great Britain. In France and Germany, however, they were to be found in considerable numbers. Several years ago Mr. F. A. Burke imported a very good Gordon, called Stylish Ben, which was mated with American bitches and produced several good litters of sound little dogs of a type which proved very good in the field. In recent years, Mr. Charles T. Inglee, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has given a great deal of attention to the breed, and in his Inglehurst kennels are gathered some of the best specimens in America which we have illustrated herewith.

ADVENTURES IN COMRADESHIP

(*Continued from page* 487)

Here was his schoolroom. We were the teachers. And it was Mister Chip's outfit he used instead of his own—a plug casting rod. As a sop to our case of flies, a Hildebrandt spinner was decided upon. The large white and red fly attached made Sonnyboy's eyes dance.

The Creek was reasonably wide at the point selected by Chip, and with here and there a submerged rock, or a floating mass of weeds. We both saw that there was not room enough for a cast of more than 15 feet. Chip removed the leader, fastened a piece of elongated stone within several inches of the end of the line and then, in his clumsy but efficient manner, attached the lure directly to the line.

I stood, sheltered by a clump of birches—and watched. Chip said never a word but was deft at pantomime. He was showing Sonnyboy how to cast with this improvised rig, and Sonnyboy was as tense as tightened muscles and nerves could make him. There—beyond that floating island of weeds—a tranquil surface of dark water, alluring, filled with the shadow of great promise! Chip's hand was guiding the expectant fisherman—"Go!"

There was real drama in that second!

Chip took a quick step backward, up the bank. The rod quivered and vibrated in Sonnyboy's hand! I saw him start as the impact came—like a thunderbolt! It was a strike—a wonderful STRIKE!

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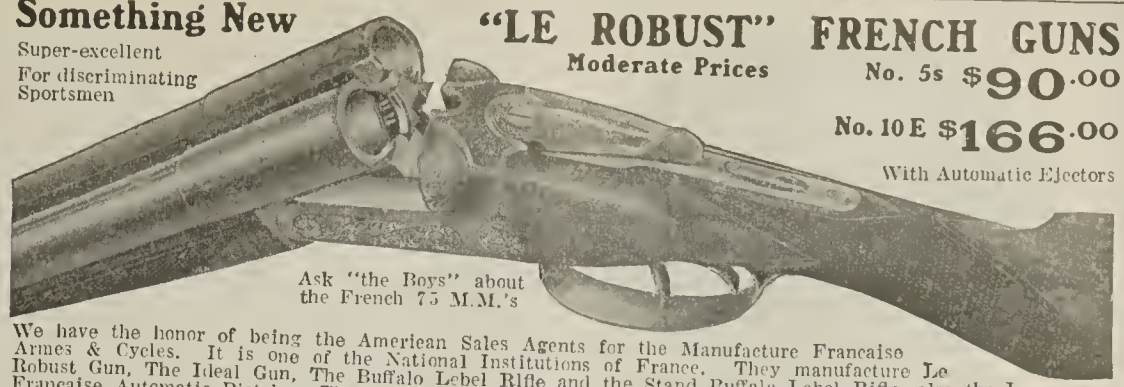

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Send for catalogue illustrated in colors.

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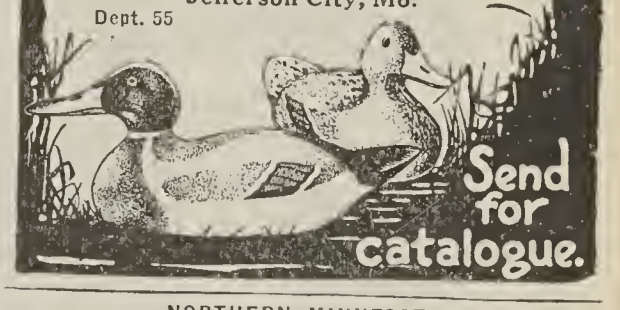

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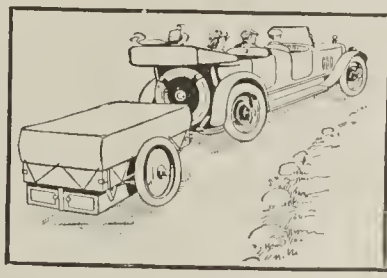

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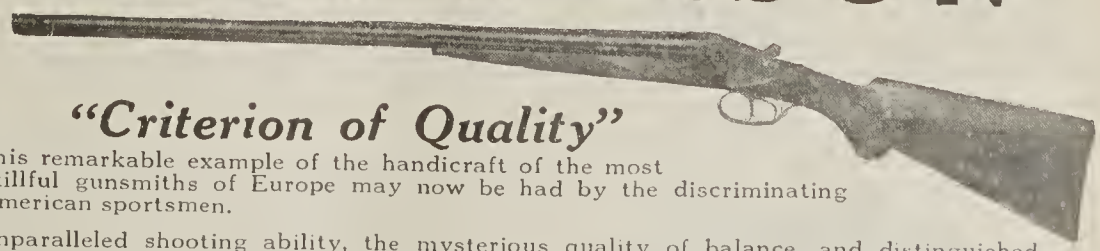

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Unparalleled shooting ability, the mysterious quality of balance, and distinguished appearance throughout, make up a gun that marks the owner as a connoisseur.

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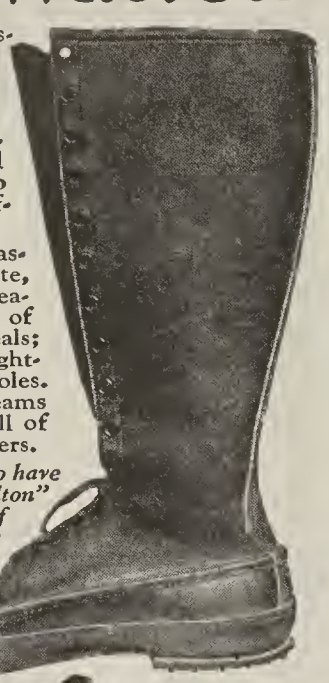
Four layers—three of waterproofed and one of sole leather--between foot and ground.

RUSSELL'S "Ike Walton"



Lightest of Sportsman's boots, yet offering remarkable resistance to wear. Molded to foot-shape so perfectly that you'll find comfort to the end of the stiffest day's trail.

Made to your measure from chocolate, chrome-tanned leathers a selection of waterproofed veals; Flexible wear-fighting Maple-pac soles. The Never-rip seams embody the skill of expert boot makers.

Ask sportsmen who have worn the "Ike Walton" what they think of them—then follow their advice.

The "SCOUT SPECIAL"

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Your dealer should be able to show Russell footwear. If he can't produce, write for catalog.

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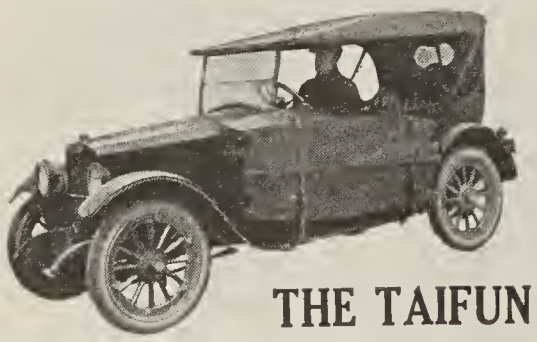

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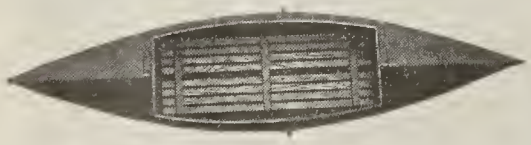
Will fit on running-board of your auto
Also built for Outboard Motor



THE ALFRED C. GOETHEL CO.
829-31 31st Street Milwaukee, Wis.

The line whizzed and complained on the reel. Fifty feet of well-nigh invisible thread spun, web-like, into space, straight away! Then came the reverse action—with the fish hell-bent-for-election, as if aimed at the youngster on the bank—a direct challenge!

Again I saw Chip's silent, unflinching movements . . . the expressions of an ever-changing face, explaining what to do . . . better than with words . . . the flash of an old, wrinkled hand . . . guiding . . . showing how . . . Sonnyboy reeling in the line as might a professional . . . the quadruple multiplier working like a charm . . . then a momentary lull . . . a sort of tiny whirlpool in the water, surrounded by great, graceful ripples . . . a whipping of spray . . . and, against the grey light, color of unmistakable fins.

"Lord! Trout! Luck never giv' ME one like that."

It was Mister Chip, breaking faith with quiet.

And Sonnyboy, feet planted firmly, neck as stiff as if wired . . . body atremble even in its rigidity . . . a heroic little figure, hewn from imputability, standing his ground although it was an experience the like of which he had never dreamed of before . . . perhaps never will again in this life. Because it was the FIRST!

Now the old hand settled over the young one, as the fish began a darting, fighting, acutely clever series of manoeuvres to free itself. Perhaps the nearby weed clump suggested freedom . . . or a great boulder, curving inward as it disappeared under the water . . . or the invitation of a phantom cubbyhole beneath the dark earth of the opposite bank. I was as thrilled as if the contest had been mine. I think I prayed a little—a prayer that my boy might land his fish. The rain trickled down my face.

And now the trout made the line sing again as fifty feet of it zipped into distance! I could see, from Chip's face, that he shared my sudden apprehension. That 5½ foot plug casting rod was the last choice for a trout of this size. It WAS a big one! Chip was screwing up his mouth under his shaggy beard.

Ten minutes of suspenseful playing. Ten minutes of keen-eyed attention to business, broken only by Chip's now-and-again forward-thrust hand . . . of reassurance. Five times Sonnyboy's rugged wrist had been called upon to bring that trout back from either the root-clogged shore or the weed clumps. It was beginning to tell on him. There was perspiration mixed with the rain!

Ten minutes more! The pattering downpour, heavier and more insistent now, sounded thunderously in my ears. Every leaf was a kettle-drum! I

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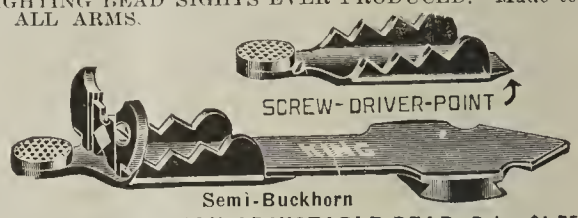

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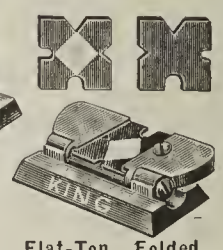

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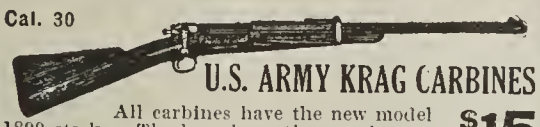

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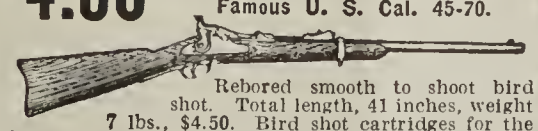

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marvelled that rain could make such a noise. Back and forth the trout raced, but the speed was lessening. He had tired.

There was ten feet of line out!

I saw Chip turn back to the trees and brush. He was trying to locate the landing net. I remembered where it was and thrust it into his groping fingers! The next ten minutes lasted ten hours! And Sonnyboy never winced! He was a lad after his father's heart, bless him! It was the longest drawn-out play I had ever seen.

The final supreme effort—Chip's insistance that the boy himself net his own catch. And there we all three stood, looking down upon a 15-inch trout . . . flecked with spots that must have been painted there by fairies . . . the light of the gladiator, the brave warrior, in its eyes!

* * *

We kept at it until darkness closed down over Sluice Creek, and the woods began to dance with fireflies, but it availed us nothing. The charm had been broken. Even Chip's tin of worms brought him no luck. I firmly believe, to this day, that Providence gave that brook trout to my boy . . . as a reward for the something which was born in him on the fern-covered bank of the mountain stream—a something which is not given to all men who fish . . . an abiding, heart-deep resolve to play fair, then and forevermore, until the last cast was made.

On the rickety steps of Mister Chip's cabin home, we sat and talked and made plans for the next day. By the quick flicker of my brimming pipe-bowl, I could mark Sonnyboy's face. Oh, the pride of that expression—the happiness . . . the joy! And as if to add benediction, the grey clouds parted far overhead, and there were smiling stars.

Rusty, free from his leash, snuggled up to my son, and rested a cold but grateful nose of chumship in the palm of his hand. My own arm was about his waist, there in the darkness, although with a cautious clasp, that he might not know the intrusion of a tumult of love which possessed me. My boy! My boy!

"You see," observed Chip, "it's a habit they has . . . trout stay above rocks an' then agin below 'em, with th' current pettin' 'em . . . watchin' an' awaitin' fer grub. Now you take a native brown, an' where it's nice an' quiet clos't under a big rock, an' th' water sort uv splits up . . . he stays mostly.

"Get after th' biggest pools FIRST, m'lad. After which, you move on slowly-like, to th' upper end. Common sense, ain't it? Because why, if you do THAT, it's likely you c'n work BOTH ends . . . th' fish not bein' dis-

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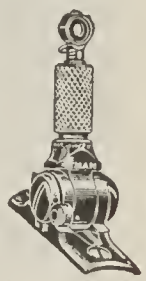

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turbed. It ain't no sport fer song an' dance, I'll travel with trout-grumblers THAT fur. Let leaves keep you hid as much as possible. Them creek banks is cushions an' a fish c'n hear and feel you, when you step heavy-footed. Mebbe I'd better walk up t' th' lane with you folks . . . purty dark, if you don't know these woods . . . an' you DON'T."

We soon reached the turn and the open path, a gutter of stars above us, between those walls of impenetrable forest.

Chip was speaking to me, now.

"Say," he declared, "say. God! You got a right to be real proud uv that kid uv yourn. If he'd been trout fishin' ever sinct he was weaned frum th' bottle, he couldn't have done better. That fish'll taste prime tonight fer your supper. Must be a lot uv sat-is-faction t' you t' chum around with such a boy, Good night."

Trudging along the lane, wet but happy, we had said nothing for a few minutes. Sonny broke the silence.

"Father," he said, "I was glad I got one . . . just because you was along and you could see. Do you think I'll ever be a wonderful trout fisherman . . . like YOU?"

"Son," was the answer, "you have me beaten NOW. I'm going to take lessons from YOU. Did you hear what Mister Chip said? He thought I should be proud to have you as a chum on trips like this. Well . . . I'm more proud than I'll ever be able to tell you!"

His answer was enigmatic.

What do YOU think . . . you Fathers of boys?

"Yes, but it's not like having a friend . . . or somebody from your office . . . or . . . or a real grown-up man. I'm just—just a kid. I'm only your—well . . . you know what I mean . . . your son."

* * *

Opportunity was accorded on the following day to visit Dan Beard's camp for boys in Lackawaxen township, and we put off our proposed trout expedition, in order to take advantage of what I knew to be a fruitful jaunt.

We walked to the village and then drove over, there to have the privilege of meeting men whose characters, ideals and life works, were invaluable for the growing boy. It was an "Old home week" for celebrities, with special emphasis on lovable Dan Beard himself, dean of them all. We chatted with John Phillips, the State Game Commissioner, Rev. Jesse Dodd, who had come all the way up from a town in Georgia to mingle with the lads and give them a Sabbath talk . . . and Dr. Parker Syms, a noted New York Surgeon—and last, but certainly not least,

David Abercombie, of the well known sporting goods store of New York.

There was much agreeable conversation relative to the modern movement in camps for boys, with everyone agreeing that they would eventually revolutionize the moods, morals and physical condition of generations to come.

Beneath the friendly trees of the place, these men were talking, back and forth. Sonnyboy had gone for a frolic with some of the boys. I remained with the grown-ups.

"Every time I visit one of these splendid camps," said a man of forty-five, whose hair had greyed at the temples, and in whose clear, smiling face a spiritual character was reflected, "I think of the reclaiming work they do . . . bringing fathers and sons together on a basis of comradeship. The boys learn woodcraft, fishing, hunting, love of outdoor life in general. They take their enthusiasms home with them —to their fathers. A boy becomes a better companion for his Dad. And it's a big, a necessary, a vital work.

"See these grey hairs—they came almost overnight three years ago. I had never played around with my son. I was either too busy or too much interested in men of my own age—and my golf. We were virtually strangers.

"Scarlet fever nipped the lad. We almost lost him. I went in one evening and, in my sudden fear, tried to take him in my arms as I felt him departing this earth. I knew then what a terrible, selfish mistake I had made, and it had come to me too late! I wanted the good Lord to take ME instead. I had nothing else to offer.

"But he would have none of me . . . pushed me away . . . in his delirium, I presume. It was almost revulsion. The moment his mother appeared, however, his little pale, damp face was turned to hers—like a bird's. He did his best to reach up to her and pull her cheek down to his. Delirium or no, he knew HER . . . WANTED her . . . was eager for her caress. Love was stronger and more enduring than fever. Love cleared away the delirium for that beautiful moment. And with her first kiss, he began to mend. Gentlemen—that cured ME! I have given half my life to the boy ever since and we are the best pals you ever saw. Maybe he loves me a little in the way he loves his mother. See that youngster in khaki over yonder—with a canoe paddle, that's Jim." He waved an enthusiastic hand high in air.

The boy with the paddle waved back.

"Hello, Dad!" came the cheery call down the green aisles of the camp.

Can you imagine My thoughts?

* * *

Just before twilight, on the same day, after we had returned to our mountain home, several young men came up the road from the Forestry Camp. Their mission was soon made known to us.

Two or three hundred feet out from the farmhouse, on the highest point of land, stood a venerable white pine. Sonnyboy had referred to it more than once, because of its strangely gnarled and twisted limbs and the quaintly beautiful character of its outflung plumage of shimmering green. As sunset came on, and the burnt-orange globe became snagged on the white steeples of the valley, this old tree seemed to become wistfully animate, as if to reach down to the very edge of the Delaware and cool its tired brow in the flowing waters. Silhouetted against various moods of sky, and when night sifted across fields and little lanes and into a hundred thickets, alive with bird and beast, its austere outline was even more impressive. For more than one hundred years its faithful vigil had been kept.

But long winter snows heaped upon the flattened masses of pine; and boughs snapped, and snarling winds blew, and the White Pine, imperiously proud, nevertheless showed its age. It was not unlike some splendid Grand Dame, silver-haired, and unwilling to admit the enfeebling touch of the years—brave under the gaze of daylight—a little bowed as twilight approached.

Insidiously, a more subtle thing than age nibbled at its vitals. Ants came up from the earth and bore into the noble trunk, and deposited their eggs in the once sturdy form. The Forestry Camp boys, as a part of both their homage to conscience and their scientific studies, had decided to prolong the life of the White Pine.

Sonnyboy stood for two hours, watching—speechless and reverent, as the experts went at their affectionate task. The rotted and defiled wood was cut away, bit by bit; the ants and their eggs destroyed, and, finally, bared to air and sun, we saw the gaping wound, cruelly larger than we had ever imagined. But it was a sweet, clean wound, free of infection. Then came chemicals, painted on with a brush—and cement, shrewdly modelled into place and made symmetrically even with the uncontaminated trunk.

Sonnyboy, during these processes, seemed scarcely to breathe, so profound was his interest. It did not escape him that the hands of the Forestry Camp boys were sympathetic, tender; as solicitous as might have been the hands of a mother with her child.

It had come to him that trees were "human"; that they suffered, as people suffer and that they are the prey of both disease and powerful enemies. It

(*Continued on page* 542)

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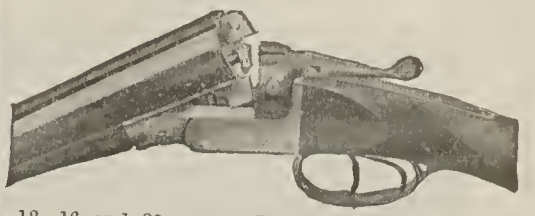

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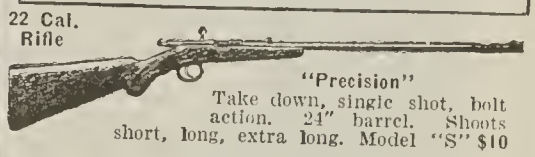

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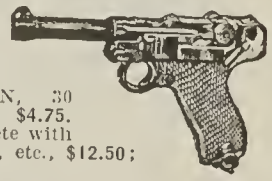

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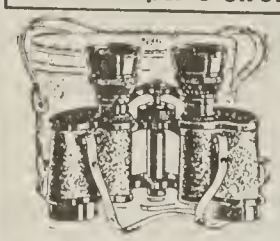

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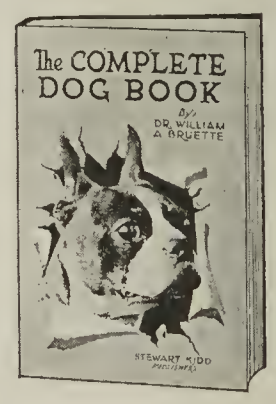

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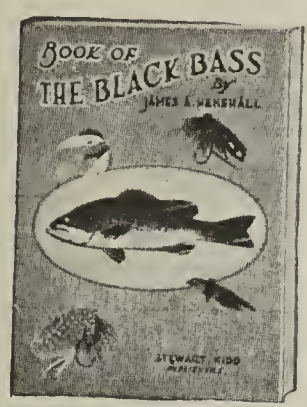

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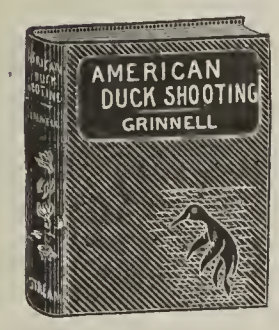

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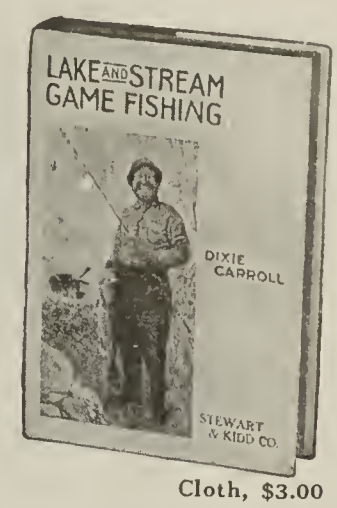

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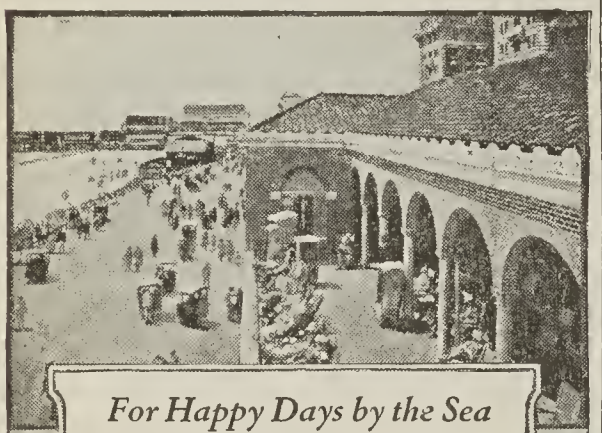

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ADVENTURES IN COMRADESHIP

(*Continued from page* 537)

was a day or so after this that I came upon him, standing very close to the old White Pine, caressing the poor wound, as his eyes wandered upward, into those dark green boughs which had witnessed the coming and the going of generations. Forever afterward, he would think differently of trees. And this was good!

* * *

The week's close came all too quickly, what with long walks, and meals to cook, and nature-study, and chats with Chip, on matters which had always to do with the woods and waters and fowls of the air. Of trout fishing, we had aplenty, trying it of mornings when the air seemed colored like the heart of a shell, and during the heavy, drowsy hours of those magic afternoons.

Sonnyboy became more adept by the minute, and we whipped the streams side by side, or tried it on separate tacks, Fortune nearly always favoring us. German Browns were in the majority, but they were fighters and the great beauty of Sluice Creek as it rambled on, deeper and deeper into strange silences, atoned for much. Uninterrupted, sometimes for a day at a time, I sat with the lad up under the recuperating White Pine, and taught him to create usable flies, from such feathers and odds and ends as were lurking in the old barn.

Mother's letters were unfailing. Some I could read to Sonnyboy, while others brought reflections and ghosts of thoughts which it were better he did not hear, since they were but prayers of one who had come almost to the gates of an earthly paradise, through the comradeship of a neglectful father —and his son. HER boys were chums at last!

Mister Chip, a human ledger of vital facts, bound in modesty and unostentation, read aloud to us, under those same high stars from the indellible pages of his memory. Now it was the day, not long since, when a fine deer, routed from its lair by forest fires, entered the village streets, trotted past stores and startled citizens, gained the river and swam across to the Jersey shore. Now it was the pitiful story of how woodsmen, during the winter just gone, had come upon 15 young deer, dead from starvation, in the bed of the creek which courses through a ravine at the base of Indian Head promontory.

Had not Daniel Meinweiser, caretaker for the Bright Creek Hunting and Fishing Club in Pike County, near Canadensis found 10 dead bucks within a radius of a mile of the place, their gaunt bodies telling the mute tragedy of snow and sleet and high winds and —no food! And in both cases, the pretty brown bodies were horribly mangled and torn by the savage teeth of wild beasts! Oh, this was no child's playground! It held a hidden side, snarling and snapping with the struggle for existence! Theories for the cause of this wholesale slaying of the deer by the elements appeared to vary.

Said Chip: "Jest plain star-vation. They get hungry and wade down the creek, from their homes, fer th' moss along th' base uv th' rocks. But it was too rough fer 'em. No chant t' git th' buds uv th' mountain laurel, which same is their chief winter grub, because uv th' powerful bad drifts uv snow. But Jeem Oldercraft was atellin' me that it's wild cats—always chasing 'em. One uv them deer—a buck—wuz froze solid, an' standin' life-like near th' bank, agin a tree. Pore things! I ain't never had th' heart t' shoot a deer, an' me livin' where I c'n pop 'em off frum my own doorstep—almost. Fire too, is terrible! Fire!" And he paused a moment—"Young Mister Trout-Fisherman—mebbe I won't see you never no more. Won't you jes' keep always in yer mind when you are out in th' woods, t' be as keerful uv matches an' camp fires er enything like that, as if you was in yer own home—on a thousand dollar im-ported rug!

"This here forest fire business is goin' t' play hell with them as lives termorrer an' a thousand termorrers. It's not only killing birds an' animals, but it's powderin' down ter ashes one uv man's best friends—th' tree. Lord! When I seen whut them Forestry Camp boys did, I felt like partin' my beard in th' middle and kissin' 'em, one after 'tother.

"There's just ONE way ter salvation uv forests—you youngsters, you comers. Ef somethin' c'n be done t' make you careful an' cautious an' tree-lovin', when you grow up and shoulder yer gun er grab yer fishin' outfit, we'll save th' woods despite whuts been done by th' dunderheads already. Everything rests with YOU — you little fellers."

Sonnyboy walked over to Mister Chip and thrust out his hand. The old man took it in a firm grasp.

"Mister Chip," said Sonnyboy, "you have my promise; I'll be THAT sort of hunter and fisherman." And I knew that he would keep his word.

* * *

The early morning we started for home—jogging down the tree-lined road, in the shadowy, chill dawn, Chip's talk came back to us in ragged pillars of red flame!

Miles and miles away, across the mist-wrapped valley we saw what we at first took to be an uneven flare of morning sun upon a fringe of cloud.

Then . . . suddenly . . . we knew the truth!

It was a forest fire—a terrible conflagration, as sinister as death itself, running along the crest of a mountain range for many miles!

Trees—a lifetime in the growing—swept to destruction momentarily! Back to mind came the faded clipping we had found in the garret of the old farmhouse. What had it said?:

"The air was livid with red heat . . . great rolling waves of smoke, in sullen billows . . . the crackle and the crashing of falling tree trunks. . . . Birds in alarmed flight doing their best to wing ahead of the danger, small game—squirrels, chipmunks, rabbits, groundhogs stumbling blindly a few feet ahead of the liquid rain of fire . . . an ever increasing activity and excitement among the bugs, insect life thrust into a seething inferno . . . swarms of Camberwell beauties, banded purples, swallow tails and dog-faced sulphurs in an utterly helpless combat against the inevitable, tortoise shells . . . angel-wings beating at the bars of their own little eternity . . . deer headed for open water!"

And then the Warden, frowning as he spoke, finger uplifted, an image of Retribution:

"The main fire front was over two miles long. It would take an ocean of water to conquer it. And now it had come upon a helpless green alder swamp. There was the hissing of a million serpents' tongues, and then a frying, sizzling sound as of the broiling of countless earth demons, and the alder swamp became blackish ashes on the ground. On came the fire! It consumed every particle of the covering of the ground, leaving it as bare, except for ashes, as when it left the bosom of the glacier that bore it. Only ONE thing can prevent forest fires: Education of the people!"

Sonnyboy sat very close to me on the wagon seat, his gaze turned afar, to the smoke and the malignant jaws of that hideous mountain tragedy. His eyes were a little damp from parting with Rusty, the dog. They had become inseparable friends.

And Sonnyboy had himself ordered Rusty back—a peremptory reprimand, else the mongrel would have followed his chum to the uttermost ends of the world. And the last we saw of Rusty was a huddled, disconsolate figure on the brow of the hill—broken hearted!

Now Sonnyboy's eyes were glistening with the stern sorrow of the sight he was called upon to witness. In that great forest fire there must be old trees, tired trees, majestic, proud trees—just like our own Old White Pine! And trees—trees were human, and suffered! He was thinking of it all in THAT way.

(To Be Continued)

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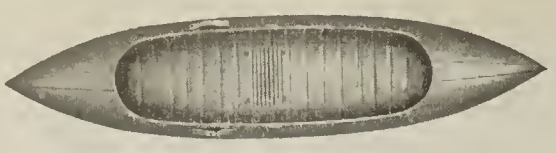

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THE MASCALONGE

(Continued from page 485)

heavy stick on the head, to stun the creature. Each of these methods has its advantages, but none of them is always sure unless a calm, business-like way is pursued.

It is hardly fair to compare the mascalonge with the salmon, by reason of the difference in mode of capture and the tackle used. True salmon fishing with a fly and a sixteen foot rod is very different to trolling a lure fifty feet from a boat, and using a short, stout rod not more than seven feet long, with wire leaders in place of gut. To my mind it is a question if a large mascalonge could be brought to gaff at all by any other method or tackle than that now used. The extraordinary strength of the tackle to capture a big mascalonge can be imagined from the fact that I saw a thirty four-pound fish hooked by the tail. The fish evidently had struck, missing the lure, and, turning aside, got hooked foul, just under the dorsal fin. The plucky angler had fought the monster alone, having no assistance at the oars. There is no doubt his statement was true, that it had given him the time of his life in angling experience, because the fish had double the resisting power when hooked in this manner. In addition, after this fish had been gaffed, it escaped with the gaff hanging down by its side, making it necessary to tow it ashore to subdue it. No angler, however expert and possessing the calmest nerves, can be sure his prize is safe until it is lying dead at the bottom of the boat. But the glorious sport afforded by the mascalonge is apparent. Yet it is so varied, for every fish caught plays a different tune. All try, however, to remove the offending hook by slapping their jaws by their powerful tails; these tantrums are often performed on the surface of the water in the plain sight of the angler. The writer has never gaffed a mascalonge larger than sixteen pounds. He does not pine to meet a fish his own weight, especially when fishing with no assistance at the oars. Without shame be it said, he is never quite at ease, and has no desire to catch a very big one. Though blessed with plenty of nerve, it would be necessary to be provided with more physical strength than he possesses.

A few words may be said concerning the excessive number of treble hooks now commonly used. A double hook at most is quite sufficient to securely hold a fish, be it ever so large.

I have seen a device perfected by a practical angler which might with advantage be copied by the large manufacturers. It is the most humane, best killing spoon I have used. It has simply a powerful double hook (no gangs), spoon either of bronze, silver, or brass, trimmed in buck tail, scarlet feather and peacock's herl. Therefore if a single hook is sufficient to hold a ninety-pound salmon, the same would be safe to hold a ninety-pound mascalonge.

The drawings accompanying this article are done from the much more beautiful unspotted mascalonge caught by the writer in the Chautauqua Lake, N. Y. It was through the kindness of the State fish culturist, Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, that the writer was able to secure the assistance of Mr. Brown, the superintendent of the State hatchery, in getting fine specimens. Dr. Bean states, "Not only is the opiensis more beautiful in form and color, but more gamey than the common species known as the spotted mascalonge." The latter species has been heretofore oftener described both in book and magazine articles; for that reason the unspotted species is here described.

MASCALONGE WATER

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The Thousand Islands section of the St. Lawrence is a natural breeding ground for not only mascalonge, but bass and great northern pike as well.

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Due to its northern location, the Thousand Islands country offers to anglers the finest mascalonge fishing in America, and the angler who really wants results can make no mistake in going there.

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NOTES ON MEDINA LAKE

(Continued from page 496)

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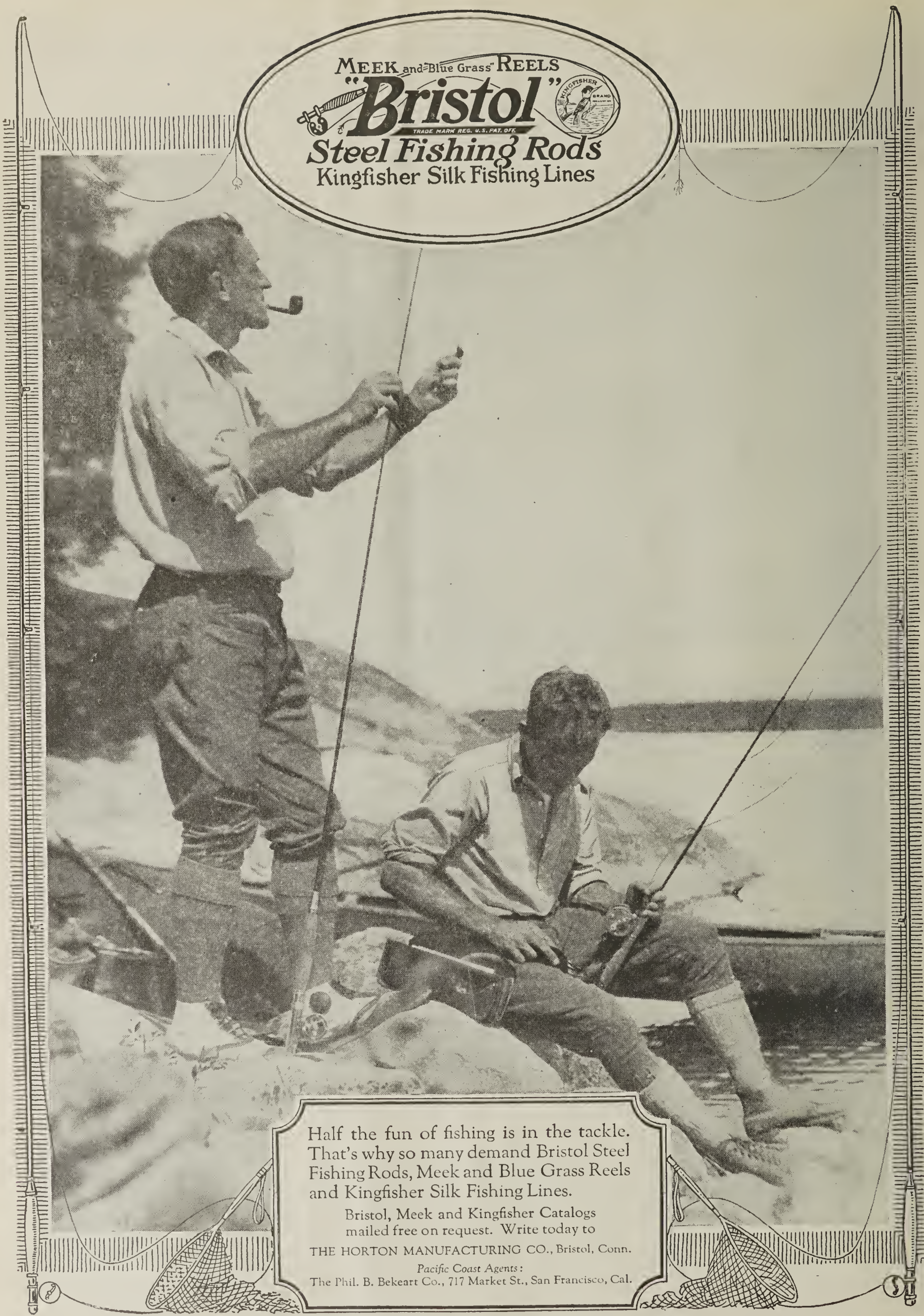
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HUNTING THE WHITETAIL

Long may he live to grace our forests

By PAUL BRANDRETH

This interesting and practical narrative by one of the most skillful of the Forest and Stream family of hunter naturalists will interest all who love to hunt that phantom of the woodlands, the white-tail deer.

THERE is no doubt that the whitetail deer is endowed above other wild creatures in the art of self-preservation. Clever as a fox, testing the wind with sensitive nostrils, conscious of the faintest crack of a twig he succeeds in maintaining a livelihood where his larger confréres would soon be exterminated. He is not too big and therefore avoids attracting too great attention. He can slip about like a shadow, lurk noiseless and unseen in a thicket, and vanish like a phantom at the approach of danger. Small wonder that his trail is a stimulating one to follow. He is more than a match for us at every turn. Nine times out of ten he plays the game so well that we grow confident in the belief that he will survive to grace our forests where many other species of American fauna have long become extinct.

In the State of New York the Adirondack Mountains afford an ideal stronghold for the whitetail. Lumbering operations instead of proving hurtful to deer, have greatly assisted in increasing their numbers. You will find ten deer in lumbered territory where you will find one in virgin timber. This is due, of course, to the fact that after the first year or two, an abundance of feed in the way of witch-hazel, saplings, and briars, grow up on cut-over lands. Virgin forest, you will notice, has but a scattering of undergrowth compared to lumbered districts. Hence, the benefit. The same holds true with regard to burnt country, but here the whitetail has no winter protection and although he waxes fat during the equable months of the year he must necessarily be driven out of such localities when cold weather sets in.

Thus, although man is his acknowledged chief enemy, man has also in many respects proved his best friend. The axe of the lumberjack has brought him prosperity and under the protection afforded by private game preserves, the whitetail finds an environment which in every way assists him in the battle for existence. During very severe winters he is fed and cared for. Never is he hunted with a reckless disregard for the future. And to private parks indeed, do those who shoot on public lands owe a debt of gratitude, for it is the overflow from these breeding sanctuaries which keeps up and insures the supply of deer in the Adirondacks today. People, who are loud in advocating the "free for all" policy with relation to wild game should take particular note of this fact.

Although it is safe to say that still-hunting is practiced almost exclusively in certain sections of the north woods, there are other methods employed, by which your big buck of the season may be successfully brought to bag. Even as late as October on some secluded lake or navigable stream the chance of obtaining a shot at a good animal is not infrequently offered. Or, if owing to sharp weather conditions hunting from

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a boat does not appear feasible, you can spend your time watching a "runway" or some old clearing where deer come to feed towards nightfall. Both of these methods are more or less popular according to locality, and in following them you will never know that distracting sagacity of the whitetail which so often completely baffles the still-hunter. But, neither will you ever experience the tax on nerve, muscle and eyesight which leaves you tired out but content at the close of a day's hunting in the woods.

THERE is a charm about still-hunting that no method of circumventing the wiles of the whitetail can compete with. It requires patience, skill, forethought, good judgment and often a sort of subtle intuition that brings into play the ancestral hunter that is in you. It is an active red-blooded game with the odds greatly in favor of the hunted. Time and again you will suffer disappointment, or be done out of a good shot by some infinitesimal slip, or lack of proper foresight. Yet, the difficulties encountered—an ill chosen gust of wind, a branch cracked underfoot, a trail on freshly fallen snow lost in a maze of other tracks—only serve to increase your energies and add fuel to your enthusiasm. And sooner or later, the desired opportunity will present itself and another ten or twelve pointer be added to your collection.

SHE WAS NOT LOOKING IN OUR DIRECTION BUT EVIDENTLY HAD EITHER HEARD OR WINDED US, FOR HER BIG EARS WERE THRUST FORWARD WHILE HER WHOLE ATTITUDE SPOKE ALERTNESS AND TENSION

The first important thing to be thought about when you are going still-hunting is proper foot-gear. Boots or shoes, good for tramping and general knocking around the woods, are useless in this line. You must have something soft and pliable through which you can feel the twigs and branches, that crack so treacherously underfoot. For still-hunting naturally signifies going "still." Bucks, especially big ones, are ever on the alert, and although occasionally you may run across a "fool deer," or one whose curiosity overcomes his habitual shyness, the rule of silent travel is paramount and absolutely necessary to ultimate success.

For wet or dry weather there is nothing better than moccasins and a light pair of galoshes. Besides the comfort of dryness afforded by the latter, they are a great protection against stone bruises, for unless you have been walking a great deal in moccasins, and so hardened up the soles of your feet, you are liable to suffer considerably during a long tiresome tramp with the above rig, however, you will never go lame, and except under trying conditions, your feet will keep dry. A number of firms are putting out an excellent rubber hunting shoe with a canvas top that has proved satisfactory for a great many people. But, personally, I have never found anything easier or lighter to hunt in than the moccasin-rubber combination.

NOW, a few hints in regard to the practice of walking quietly. If two are out together it is the rule always to hunt single file. Let the man behind step as nearly as possible in the tracks of the one who goes ahead. Lift your feet a trifle higher than in ordinary walking, and plant them firmly and carefully at every step, the pressure being equalized on ball and heel. If you happen to be accompanied by an old hand at the game, observe his methods of getting over a brush pile without sound and of avoiding the cracking of a twig by constantly watching where he places his feet while at the same time his eyes are ever busy scanning the woods on every

IN THE WINTER THE DEER OFTEN BECOME SO TAME THAT THEY MAY BE EASILY CAPTURED. THEY ARE AMENABLE TO KIND TREATMENT AND WILL FEED FROM A MAN'S HAND

FINE WHITE-TAIL TROPHIES, THE RESULT OF A SPORTSMANLIKE WAY OF HUNTING—STALKING WITH A HIGH-POWER RIFLE

side. After a while you will learn to handle yourself the way he does, and subconsciously shun any careless or clumsy movement.

IT is a safe rule to hunt slowly. Better indeed to cover a mile carefully than to travel twice that distance without caution. If there are any deer in the vicinity, you are just as likely to strike them within the radius of a mile as within five or six.

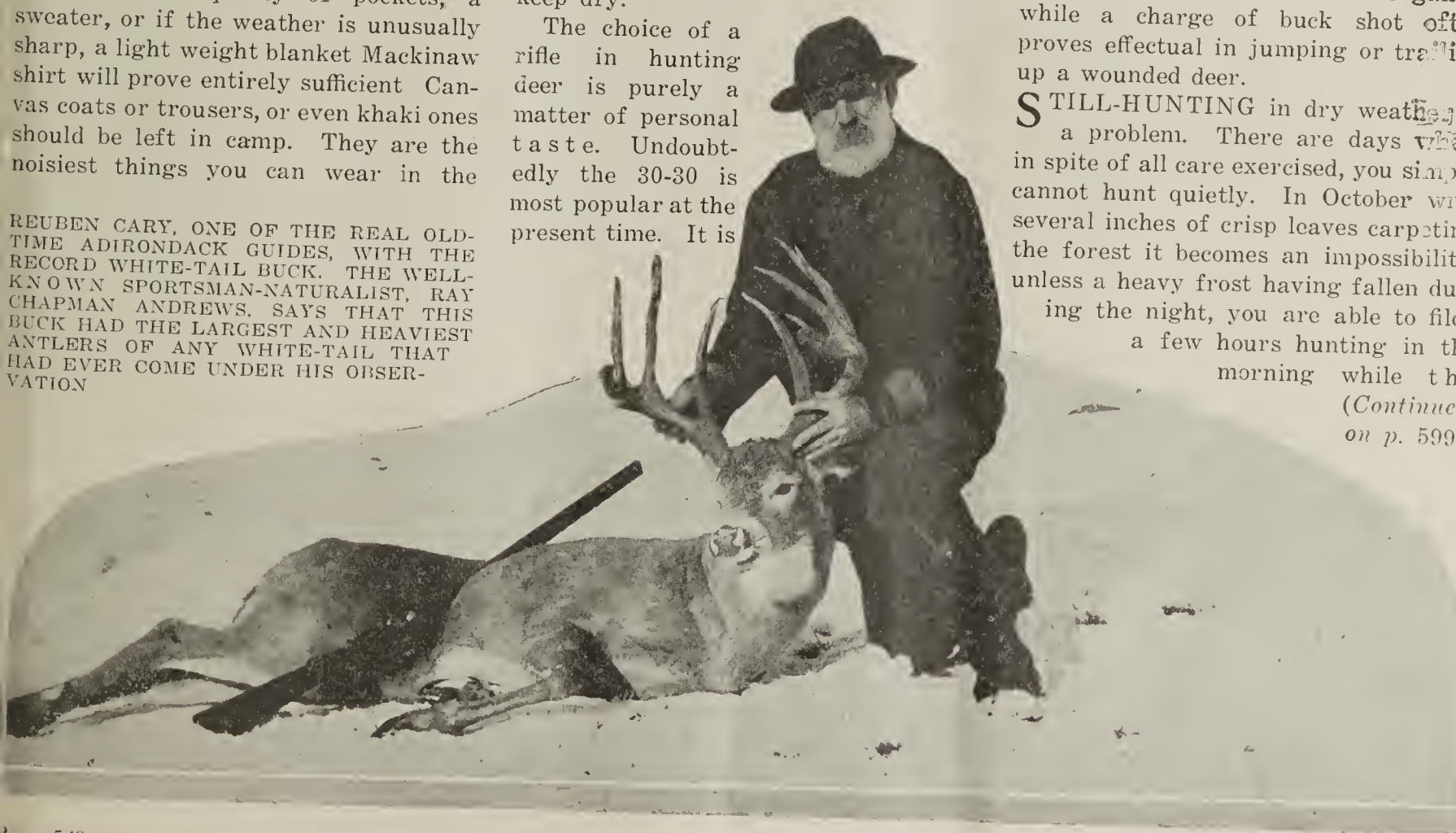
As far as clothes are concerned, take Stewart Edward White's advice and never wear a coat. A flannel shirt, an old vest with plenty of pockets, a sweater, or if the weather is unusually sharp, a light weight blanket Mackinaw shirt will prove entirely sufficient Canvas coats or trousers, or even khaki ones should be left in camp. They are the noisiest things you can wear in the woods, and greatly lessen your chance of obtaining a shot.

When out for an all day hunt I usually carry a small waterproof pack. Into this I put compass, matches, camera films, extra cartridges, sandwiches, and a cake of sweet chocolate. Thus, equipped, I am ready to travel from sunrise to dark. It can rain buckets, and you yourself be soaked to the skin, but these necessary articles will always keep dry.

The choice of a rifle in hunting deer is purely a matter of personal taste. Undoubtedly the 30-30 is most popular at the present time. It is safe to say that nine out of every ten hunters going into the woods in the fall carry one. A very serviceable weapon for general use is the three-barreled gun, the rifle barrel being set below and between the shot barrels. It is manufactured by several firearms companies, and the standard rifle caliber 38-55 is usually fitted with 12 gauge shot barrels, although smaller gauges are of course obtainable. With it you are always prepared to meet anything that comes along—deer, bear, partridges, and all kinds of small game; while a charge of buck shot often proves effectual in jumping or trailing up a wounded deer.

STILL-HUNTING in dry weather is a problem. There are days when, in spite of all care exercised, you simply cannot hunt quietly. In October with several inches of crisp leaves carpeting the forest it becomes an impossibility, unless a heavy frost having fallen during the night, you are able to filch a few hours hunting in the morning while the

(*Continued on p. 599*)



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PHEASANTS AND FIELD DOGS

Bird Dog Breaking, Handling and Upland Shooting

By G. F. HAMILTON

TALK about nuts; we were so anxious to go that we started the night before. The party consisted of Percy, Jim Eldee, and your humble servant with his two English setters, Reproducer and Philagene Eden, but called for short Skip and Peggy. We generally hunt to the west, around Phelps or Canandagua, but as there are always a great many hunters up that way, decided to go east about thirty miles to Sippio and Sippio Center. To be on the job early in the morning we spent the night with a farmer friend right on the hunting ground. As the dogs were both used to sleeping out, they were put in the barn with plenty of straw for beds. They gave us a little music at first, but were quiet and evidently asleep long before we were. We played cards and talked over previous hunts till about midnight, then turned in.

A half hour before daybreak we were up, and after a good breakfast were off to spend one of the happiest days of the year: a pheasant day. I love a dog and most of all a good setter or pointer; one that is a real bird dog. My dog Skip was pretty well broken, though had not been shot over afield, while Peggy was untrained. I therefore decided to take Skip out alone for two or three hours, then take Peggy alone; and in the afternoon hunt them together.

As the chain was unsnapped the big blue belton was off like a ghost in the uncertain light of early morning. He flitted through a pasture, made a couple of long casts into a corn field, and then swung to the best cover of all, a clover patch. If there are any birds around, one will find them in clover in the early morning or evening. Ten rods in the clover and Skip had 'em. There he stood with his head and tail up, and what a picture it is to one who loves a bird dog. I called point and we came up behind the dog. The tip of his tail was wagging, which told me the bird was moving or else there were more than one and they had begun to scatter.

I called to Percy to get up close, and when I was twenty feet behind the dog up they went. There were six or seven and pretty well scattered, but the only cock in the bunch was right in front of the dog and I brought him down with the first shot. Skip made a couple of jumps for him as he fell, but stopped at command. I let him stay down a little while, then ordered him to retrieve. The beautiful big bird was dead when the dog reached him and after I had repeated the command "Fetch" several times, Skip picked him up and brought him to me. The photo showing him in the act was taken later in the day, after he had had some practice. I afterwards thought there were a couple of young cocks in that first bunch, but as it was not real light yet, nobody took a chance as we are not allowed to shoot the hens. Anybody who has educated a young dog, will know how I felt when Skip brought that first bird to me. There had been only one shot fired, and the bird fell dead not fifty feet from the dog. His first opportunity had been a perfect one and he had made good.

We had laid out a course that would bring us back to the house in two or three hours. On this course Skip made several nice points and every time the bird was right in front of him. I made a clean miss on one of these occasions. The dog was a hundred yards or so ahead of us and as he came to the corner of the woods he froze. There he stood with his eyes popping right out of his head he was so intent on his bird. I walked up to the dog and watched him a minute, then started into the brush to put up the pheasant. It was a very heavy corner and I turned back to try for a more open place when out he went from behind me. I swung around and snapped at him, missed, and before I could line him up again he was around the point of woods and away. I think we killed two more birds before we reached the house, but cannot say for sure, as I was really paying more attention to my big pup and seeing that he did right, than to hunting. It was about nine o'clock when we reached the house.

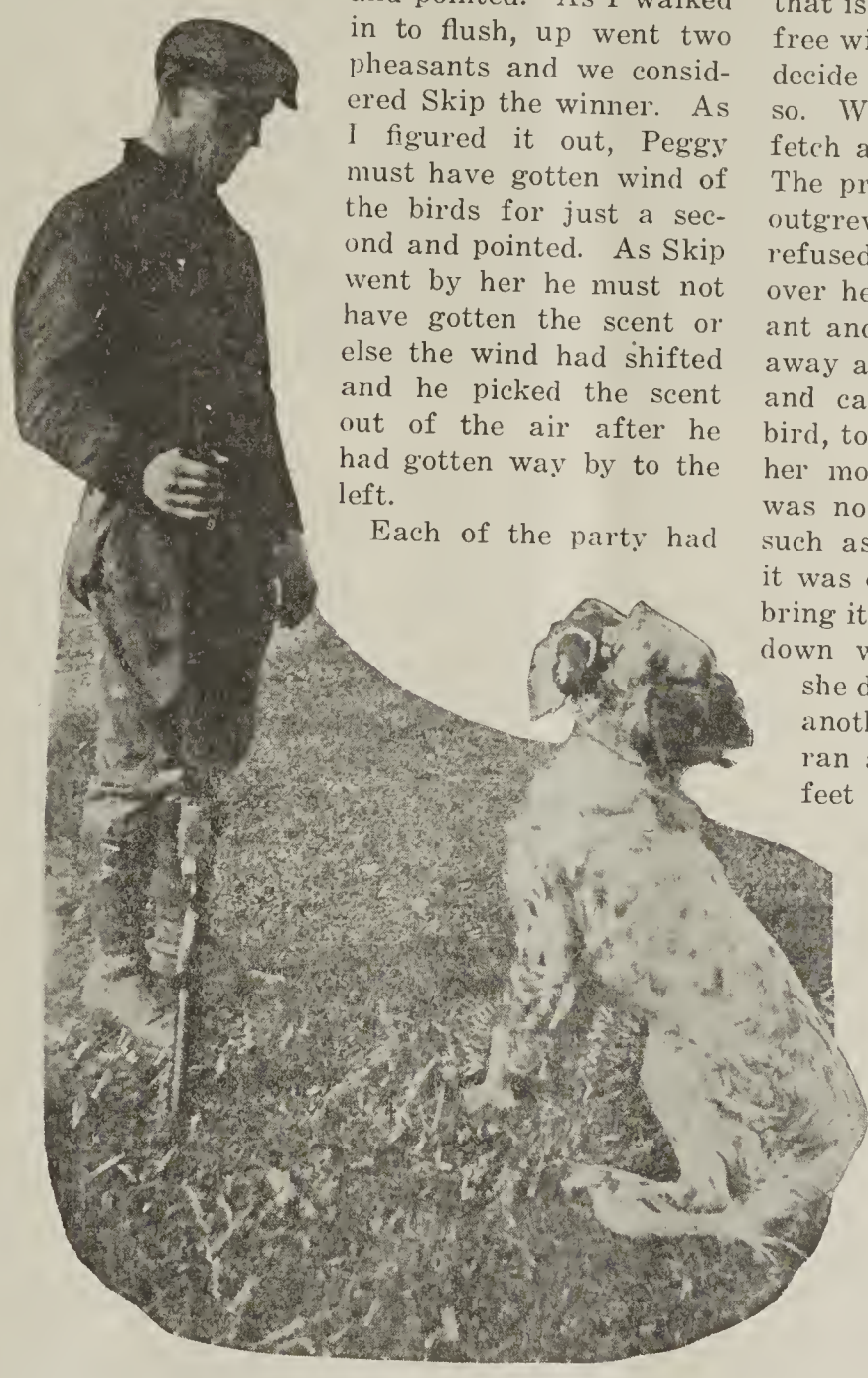
We shut Skip up and turned Peggy loose. When I say loose, I guess I said the right word as she certainly was not tied to anything. She went away fast and wide, but had hardly got started when she dropped into a point. Jim walked in and flushed a hen and

Peggy promptly chased it out of that part of the country. I tried to whistle her back but it was no use. She came back when she decided that to try to catch that hen was folly. After that one attempt to handle her, I let her go her own sweet way, and it was not such a bad way either, as she gave us some good shooting. Peggy was soon on point again and as Percy walked in to flush the bird, she drew on for five or six rods and stiffened again. Her points were not very stylish, but they meant birds ahead; and as this one flushed, Percy knocked him down. He was only winged and ran away as only a pheasant or a turkey can run. Peggy is a small dog and this bird gave her a merry chase. She finally caught and shook the life out of him, but would not retrieve. Peggy was out and going good when we returned to the house about twelve o'clock for lunch.

After lunch we started out with both dogs. Skip had rested several hours and Peggy about one, so they both went out with good speed and range. Peggy put up two cocks while trying to out-run her big brace mate, but as both were down wind from her, she could not be blamed too much. Birds were not any too numerous, but there were enough so that the dogs gave us a thrill every now and then as they pointed and a hen was flushed and we had shot a cock once in a while.

Jim said the little bitch had the better nose and I promptly disagreed with him. So we had a regular field trial the rest of the afternoon. There was no comparison between the two dogs as far as training went, so the judging was on nose alone. As both ranged quite independent of the other, we did not call the other in to back when one was on point. A couple of times Skip was close to Peggy however and backed fairly well.

Each dog made several finds during the rest of the day and the score was about equal. Peggy really had the long range nose, but quite often would false point, while Skip always had his birds right in front of him. There was one piece of work by both dogs that stood out above the rest. Peggy came to a stanch point, while Skip was about two hundred yards to the right. While she was pointing Skip went up to her, crossed over to her left, going just a few feet in front of her, yet paying no attention to the fact that she was pointing. Here is where Jim gave me the ha, ha, and walked in to flush the bird. As he stepped in front of Peggy she broke her point, drew ahead for a couple of yards, then cast off to the right as if she had not scented a bird at all. I thought it very strange that Skip had not honored the point or at least have showed some signs of game when he ran in front of Peggy, so kept my eye on him. He continued to the left of Peggy, as she stood pointing, for about one hundred feet, then swung out ahead for about two hundred feet and pointed. As I walked in to flush, up went two pheasants and we considered Skip the winner. As I figured it out, Peggy must have gotten wind of the birds for just a second and pointed. As Skip went by her he must not have gotten the scent or else the wind had shifted and he picked the scent out of the air after he had gotten way by to the left.



THE FINISHED SPORTSMAN'S DOG MUST BE A GOOD RETRIEVER. TRAIN YOUR DOG BY THE FORCE SYSTEM AND YOU WILL HAVE A RETRIEVER YOU CAN DEPEND UPON

Each of the party had scored one or more birds and we were all happy. My dogs are always in pretty good condition and they finished the afternoon tired but strong. Too much importance cannot be attached to condition. Bird dogs cannot be expected to do good work in the field unless they are physically fit.

In sizing up either a setter or pointer, bird sense and keenness of scenting powers properly come first. Stanchness on point and steadiness to the gun are merely matters of training.

Ever since field trials came into fashion retrieving has been neglected. Field trial rules do not call for it and most professional field trial trainers urge against it on the grounds that it makes a dog unsteady. With these conclusions I do not agree. To my mind no dog is a finished shooting dog unless he is a good retriever. Some dogs are natural retrievers and do very good work afield, but if they do not feel in the right mood, often refuse and no amount of persuasion will make them fetch.

The writer has a little setter bitch that is retrieving nicely now of her own free will, yet who can tell when she may decide that she doesn't feel like doing so. When she was a puppie she would fetch a ball or stick when thrown out. The practice was not kept up and she outgrew her playful stage of life and refused to fetch. The first bird killed over her points was a big cock pheasant and as he was only winged he ran away at a lively pace. The dog chased and caught him. She picked up the bird, took a couple of steps with him in her mouth then dropped him. There was no command that she understood, such as "Fetch" or "Bring It In" so it was of little use to try to get her to bring it in. The next few birds brought down were unable to run away, and she did not even pick them up. Then another bird was only winged and ran away. This bird fell about ten feet from a woven wire fence. The dog followed and after considerable trouble getting through the fence trailed the bird across a field for several hundred feet, caught it and proudly brought it in. She has retrieved all birds killed over her since, and may continue to do so, but on the other hand she may refuse on the very next bird and there is no command that she understands by which she can be made to do so.

A big pointer had been hunted for nearly two years and never retrieved a feather. During the second season a pheasant was knocked down and fell in the river. The bird immediately swam to the middle of the stream and might have gotten clear across if it hadn't been for the fact that another batch of number seven and one-half chilled was spread over him. During this performance the big pointer was tearing up and down the shore.

He wanted to go and get the bird, yet he hesitated to plung into the cold water. Persuasion and coaxing on the part of his owner was of no avail. The dog still showed a desire to retrieve the

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THE FRIEND OF MAN

Little Stories of Bird Dogs in the Field

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

Illustrations from Paintings by Percival Rosseau

THE sun was nearly down; we were tired; and we were ready to call it a day. Through the brown cottonfield we went toward the old plantation house where we were staying for our outing. Somewhere in the cotton behind us was Max, our English setter. As the house was now in sight, we gave no further attention to the dog. We took it for granted that he would simply follow us in.

An hour later we had finished dinner and, in the afterglow of the mild winter's evening, we had come out on the porch to have cigars and—sarsaparilla. Incidentally we called Max. He was not to be found. It then occurred to us that he might be still in the cottonfield. To it we repaired.

Near its ten-acre center there was a thicket of wild plums. Toward this I drifted in the twilight. Just as I reached it, I saw a glimmering shape ahead of me. Then I heard the unmistakable sound of the running of quail on dry dead leaves. Then I watched—though the light was almost gone—the kind of a scene that makes a man feel like tossing clear overboard all this business of a dog's having instinct but no reasoning power. Max had the birds cornered in the thicket. They would not, of course, roost there; quail, probably from those far-off times when foxes, wildcats, and the like were very much more common than they are now, avoid sleeping in thickets and woods. Even the so-called "woodbirds" will emerge toward the end of the day from any dense copse into which they have gone to roost in the comparatively open and grassy woodland, or in the marshes of some swampy margin. Max probably knew

that the little birds wanted to leave the thicket. But he considered it wise to keep them there. Hence as they circled, he did likewise; whenever they would come to the edge, they would find him there, serenely alert, always the necessary jump ahead of them. And this thing had been going on, I believe, for the better part of an hour. It illustrates the power of the bird-dog, while working alone, to do considerable figuring on his own account. Indeed, the average intelligent setter or pointer in the field is talked to and called at too much. A dog that has breeding and some degree of breaking, hunts best when permitted to "have his head." Many a time a good dog has been whistled off a perfectly good scent in an unpromising piece of cover by a hunter who thought the cover a little farther ahead looked better.

This incident happened down in North Carolina, in a deep mountain pass where through surged a wild little river. There were plenty of quail there; but they had a way of leaving the narrow fields and of heading straight for the laurel-sided hills. Any man who can, while climbing those miniature Matterhorns, shoot quail in the rhododendrons that darken their slopes, can qualify as a sniper of spirits. Our dog had trailed a covey of quail along the edge of one of these hills; had followed it through an acre of brown wet stubble, and had come ahalt on the creek-bank. We got ready to shoot, thinking that the pointer whose nose seldom lies had brought the covey to stand. But ere we reached him, he began to edge up, and soon was running back and forth quickly in that distressed way of a good dog which has been badly baffled. We stood there beside a group of huge sycamores to watch Ned work the business out for himself. This he proceeded to do in the following manner:

Edging his way gingerly down the steep bank of the broad and deep stream he walked about fifteen feet up one edge, stepping now and then in the clear water that lipped the margin. Then he turned and walked downstream. He looked like a circus-horse going through his paces. Then he walked out into the stream (the creek was here about fifteen yards wide) and there stood with his head held high. Once he turned and looked back at us. Then he took the plunge. The current bore him down somewhat, but he soon reached footing. Yet he did not rush out on the bank and shake himself; a bird-dog when he is hot after game never acts like a regular dog: he has become for the moment a specialist. Ned waded upstream deliberately, the water being almost to his knees. When he came opposite us, he froze to a stand.

"Reaching the pile of sedge, after a hard swim, the dog climbed about on it in an attempt to locate the quail"—but read it yourself; you cannot help but enjoy this story whether you follow the dogs afield or not.

"Well," I said to my companion, "there they are. If we are game, we must follow the dog across. He did a pretty piece of work. The covey is likely in that patch of blackberry-canes just off the larboard of Ned's nose. We'll find them." We did.

Mention has been made of the long trail that this pointer brought these birds. It is generally conceded that the pointer, being far-back probably of hound strain, is superior in the power of scenting to the setter, likely sprung anciently from dogs akin to spaniels. However it may be, these two great breeds have some very clearly marked distinctions: the pointer is all for business, is a slashing, tireless, bold, soldierly sort of a dog; the setter is far gentler, more easily handled, is sensitive, and is so anxious to please as to be positively obliging. It strikes me that, in the field, there is not a great deal of choice; but at home the setter is the better dog to keep. As a matter of fact, the setter appears to be distinguished by having what we call good manners; the pointer is usually a rough-and-ready customer, milling through his work in arrogant style; the setter is deferential, dainty, and I think it is not too much to say that this grand breed of dogs has in it a high artistic strain. Men who know and love setters understand what I mean.

But as of men, so of dogs: there are kinds and kinds. Nor do some dog-dealers exercise what we might call a chivalric sense of honor in recommending those bird-dogs that they sell. In my experience with dogs, I have bought several that were, if their credentials were to be believed, champions; yet one was gun-shy; one had a mighty passion for digging up field-mice (of course, had I been compromising and changed my game from quail to field-mice, I should have been properly equipped for hunting); one chased the birds and gave tongue while so doing; one seemed to believe that we were out vermin-hunting, for every stray field-cat, skunk, mole, rat, terrapin, and other wastrel creature that we encountered was assailed with joyous enthusiasm. I've a friend that bought a dog after seeing a dim photograph. He was told that he was purchasing "Champion Leglow." He was after a pointer; but when the creature emerged from the crate he seemed to appear to be a collie, with a strong strain of beagle in him. As a matter of fact, it is a harder thing to buy a first-class bird-dog than one would sup-

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MOSQUITO, MOOSE AND MASCALONGE

A Canoe Trip Thru the Quebec Country

By HERBERT G. FOOTE

THERE'S no doubt but that I'd have made a lot more "dough" if I had stayed in the States last summer and ranged the country-side, giving credulous farmers "the latest, most complete and authentic edition of the History of the World War with over 1,000 pages and 500 wonderful illusrations (deep breath) bound in genuine waterproof and wear resisting Russian Keratol, for only ten-fifty—a mere song, considering the value, y'understand.". In other words, selling books.

And I'd probably have slept in feather beds instead of on rocks, and eaten from the sumptuous red linen and clean white china of our American farmer, may Allah bless him, instead of from the depths of the tin pan, the aluminum kettle and the black frying pan of camp.

But then Jerry writes me, a few days after I begin tearing the numbers off of April, that "he's going to break away from this artificial life of civilization — to fare forth into the wilderness—to breathe the sweet, pine scented air from the mountain tops"—and on he raves till I wonder who pays for his stationery. Well, what can you do with a man in that critical condition.

"Entrez, m'sieur, Entrez, Entrez!" he beamed an enthusiastic French welcome . . . the hospitality of the Canadian woodsman is proverbial. The writer takes us into the heart of the Hudson's Bay Country. Who can read tales of white water and wilderness campfires without himself desiring to become a voyager of the North?

Of course we had been in the pines and burnt the bacon before, but the old wanderlust seems to return as often, as new, as strong and insistent as the bursting of spring floods. We're all in the same boat; do you remember last spring when the first fresh warm breezes came calling through the window? You get out your fishing tackle, go over your camping outfit and begin to study timetables and the Atlas.

He wanted to go to Canada. Surely now, that's nothing unusual or abnormal, I write him. Everybody who has a car and a few extra dollars goes to Canada along that nice new boulevard up to Montreal—and they all stop at Montreal to spend their two weeks changing "silver solids" into "red liquids" and putting the "r. ls" under their belts. But he writes back that's just what he wants to get away from—

THRU THE LOG-CHUTE AND INTO THE BOIL OF WHITE WATER

"all this artificiality." He's going to "gaze" out over the forested hills from the mountain tops—to go to the river's end and when he gets there to keep on going—etc., etc. . . . ad infinitum.

Well I begin to get the spirit and we mortgage our past and our future and cook up a trip up into Quebec—up to Hudson's Bay. We'd cover 1,000 miles by canoe before we got down to Montreal—up three rivers and down three others and through about 100 lakes. Routes, maps, schedules, lists of grub and equipment, flies, guns, and things pass back and forth 'til the guy that brings me my pink letters asks me if I've gone into the mail order business.

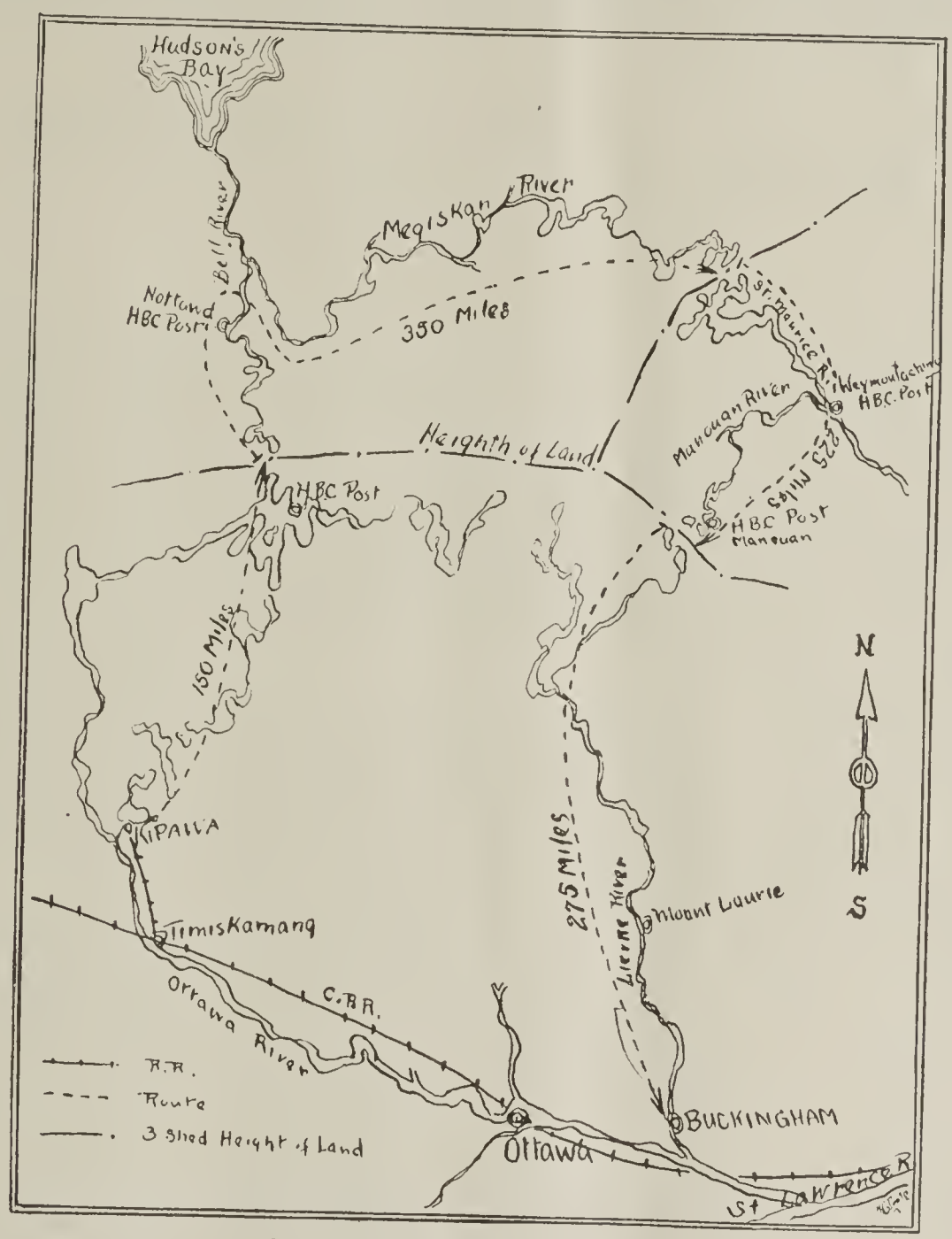
Well, time drags along like a truck going up hill with sticky valves, 'til the middle of the month where you begin to spoil a shirt and a couple of collars every day—June, they call it.

Anyway, I spent the days buying canvas and sewing up a waterproof pack, and the evenings studying the old issues of FOREST AND STREAM for suggestions on "going light" from the great old clan of master woodsman who keep the traditions of Nessmuk alive.

Then Friday morning three of us hit the state road headed north. By the way, did you know that no more rapid, inexpensive and interesting mode of travel can be found than "bumming?" Just doll up in a white negligee shirt open at the throat, a pair of breeches and golf socks—yes, and a pair of shoes, of course, and all the usuals—then even the Queen of Sheba herself will stop her chariot and ask you to sit upon the leather throne with her. Speedy? Indeed! Aristocratic? Well, rather! Interesting? Say!

We raced through Albany, and on the outside of Schenectady a Franklin steamed up behind us with five young engineers who had their names on the pay-roll of the General Electric at Schenectady. They spent their week-ends at Balston Lake, and a mile later we were invited to spend the night with them at the lake. A refreshing swim, a humdinger supper, a bully session about camps and trips, hunting and fishing—and then the sheets, the last for over two months.

The next morning the world looked bright and the road inviting. Time and space flew by and at noon we blew into Saratoga in an open Hudson. We found it a city of imposing hotels and foul tasting springs. We sampled them all and then bought some cheese and sardines, and sped out of town.



MAP SHOWING ROUTE TAKEN

Evening caught us up near Paul Smith's Inn, outside of Saranac Lake. Expensive? Wow! So we passed the night very comfortably on the folded aisle runners of a little white church on the hill, and left "four bits" in the collection plate to ease our consciences and to start the collection for the morrow.

On the road we met a Federal truck carrying a piano to Lake Placid. Up on top we made ourselves at home—it was like a ride to Coney Island or Chinatown on a "rubberneck" bus. Miles flew past as we plunged into valleys and climbed hills along the smooth ribbon of asphalt, threading its way through the Adirondacks. Wonderful roads—wonderful country. Thundering down into some of those thickly pined gorges was like sinking into a bed of balsam pillows—only more so. You have felt that heavy perfume of the pines fill your lungs; you breathe deeper and deeper, only breathing out that you may breathe in again.

We invade the Royal Domains without trouble. Two summers before we had been held up by the immigration Officials and asked the exorbitant entry bond of 100 iron men each. At the end of that summer we had written to Ottawa in complaint. This time we slid through like lard on a hot frying pan. No trouble at all, I assure you. The St. Lawrence waters were of an emerald pureness which lay in an unbroken, transparent sheet ahead and piled in delicately green tinted waves in the wake of the ferry.

We pulled into Ottawa that evening, just three days from New York, having ridden in everything from the luxurious Packard to the determined little Ford—with everybody from a bricklayer going home from work to a patent medicine millionaire of Buffalo, just out for the ride.

Next day we looked up the wholesale groceries, and bought 500 pounds of proteins, carbohydrates fats, and BEANS. The menu figured up like this: flour, 75 lbs.; cornmeal, 40; oatmeal, 40; barley, 15; rice, 50; beans, 65; peas, 50; that was our larder. Then we stocked up on dried fruits that proved to be as good as a doctor in the crowd—besides making very acceptable desserts until we got into the huckleberry season. We had raisins, 20; prunes, 25; apricots, 20; peaches, 15; apples, 20; then we lined up 30 pounds of bacon, 25 of salt pork, 15 of lard, 8 of salt, 10 of Klim, chocolate, 20; baking powder, 5; a dozen cans of Mazola, a small bottle of vanila, a box of allspice, coffee, tea, and ten pounds of dried vegetables, including potatoes,

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ON BIRDS RISING, HOLD THE GUN WELL OVER AND KEEP IT SWINGING WHILE TRIGGER IS PRESSED.

The Art of Wing Shooting

By DR. WILL AM A. BRUETTE

Author of "Guncraft"

THE first principle that the beginners in wing shooting have to grasp is that the apparently instantaneous passage of shot from a gun to the object aimed at, in reality requires a distinct interval of time, during which a rapidly flying game bird will have passed from the position it was in when the trigger was pulled and would thereby escape being hit. Therefore, in shooting on the wing it is necessary to aim a sufficient distance in front of a flying bird to allow for the time the shot will occupy in traversing that distance, this allowance, of course, depending on the speed of the bird and the angle of its flight. At first, the beginner will have to make a mental estimate as to the amount of lead it will be necessary to give each bird to insure its coming within the circle of shot, but as he practises and progresses, this will require less and less conscious mental effort, and eventually he will be able to throw up his gun, make the necessary allowances and pull the trigger by what is generally termed second nature, but which is in reality the rapid working of the subconscious mind.

INCOMER

Cover the bird, then swing the gun forward until bird disappears, then press the trigger, keeping the gun moving.

N shooting at flying birds some good shots simply bring the gun up quickly and fire into the air ahead of the bird. This is what is known as the pitch-forward system and is practical for men whose mind and finger require but the briefest interval of time for action. The great majority of good shots, however, have adopted what is known as the swing-on system, whereby the shooter keeps his gun moving with the object as he presses the trigger. As a rule, shooters cannot explain just how they swing on a bird, simply because they do not realize what they really do between the time they determine to pull the trigger and the explosion of the cartridge. Some men say they come up from behind a bird and swing ahead, others that they throw onto the b rd and then swing ahead, but all agree that to achieve good results the gun must be kept moving.

It has been stated frequently that the mere swinging of the gun is sufficient allowance in the case of a crossing bird, but as a matter of fact, if the bird is in the line of sight at the moment the trigger is pulled, there is a virtual certainty of its being shot behind and missed. If the swing of the gun is arrested at the moment of fire, then it must be pointed considerably in front of the object, but if the swing of the gun is continued after the trigger is pulled and until the shot leaves the barrels, only a very small allowance is required, barely sufficient for the shots to traverse the distance to the object, for the swing of the gun communicates a slight lateral flight to the shot, just as a heavy object thrown from a rapidly moving train does not fly at right angles to the train, but has the train's forward motion communicated to it, as well as the motion of throwing, and therefore assumes the direction of the result of these two forces, outward and onward. So far as accuracy is concerned the swinging-on method has everything in its favor, it also permitting the use of the second barrel without interruption. A great many men who imagine they simple pitch forward and shoot, in reality swing the gun into position in front of the flying object and pull the trigger, unconscious of the fact they had not checked the gun until after they had shot. A procedure of this kind necessarily reduces the allowance in distance materially, as it would be necessary only to consider the time required for the shot to reach the object. The man, however, who shoots by the pitch-forward system, simply selecting some spot ahead in the bird's flight at which to fire, and doing so without any swing, must allow, first, for the time required by the shot to traverse that distance, then for the time required by his mind to determine how far forward to shoot as well as the time occupied in raising his gun and pulling the trigger, all of which necessitates firing in front a most impractical distance. Another reason for recommending the sportsman to swing the gun in the act of shooting is that it produces a truer alignment on the course covered by the bird, and not only prevents dwelling on the aim with the

WHEN SHOOTING AT DUCKS DROPPING TO DECOYS, GUN MUST BE HELD WELL UNDER.

barrels stationary, but assits unconsciously in estimating the allowance the bird requires.

Clay Bird Practice

THE invention of the clay bird has facilitated practice at moving objects and although objected to by some, it is noticeable that the men who condemn it on the ground that it ruins field shooting are as a rule neither good shots at the trap nor in the field, whereas we are unable to recall one good trap shot who is not also a good game shot. We do not mean by this that simply practicing at clay birds will make a man a good game shot, for it will not, as skill in the field and control of the nerves at the sudden flush or rapid flight of game birds can be acquired only by experience. Practice at clay bird shooting, however, will enable a man to acquire a complete and ready control of his gun, so that he can handle it with safety to himself and his friends. It will educate his eye and brain and hand until they work together, giving him a clear insight into the theory of wing shooting and affording him valuable experience in judging speed and distance and estimating the lead it is necessary to give moving objects.

The weak point about clay bird shooting, from a fixed trap as ordinarily conducted, is that the shooter stands in an unnatural position with his gun fast at his shoulder and usually pointed at the edge of the trap where he knows the bird will appear, the moment he gives the word. These conditions never exist in the field, for there the sportsman does not know from what patch of cover the snipe, grouse or quail he is pursuing may flush, nor has he anything but a general idea as to the speed and direction of its flight, and it is only after the bird is in the air that the gun is raised to the shoulder.

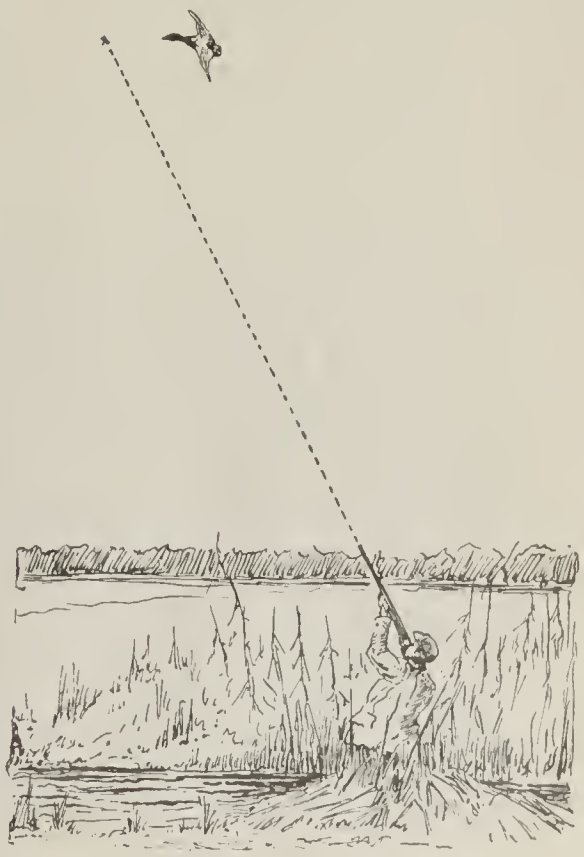
The objections that have been raised to clay bird shooting from the fixed trap are all eliminated by using a hand trap. With one of these inexpensive and handy affairs the different shots that are met with in the field can be simulated under quite natural conditions, as with it birds can be thrown in any conceivable direction. The shooter can walk around a field carrying his gun in a natural position, as if he were out after game, the man with the hand trap following behind or at one side, and from time to time, without warning—other than the noise made by the trap—throw birds either high or low over the shooter's head, quartering to the right or left or at various angles across his front and skimming along the ground. Valuable practice can be obtained also by selecting some open spot in the timber, across which birds can be thrown so that they are only visible for a short interval of time, or the assistant can take up a position on one side of a wall and throw birds over it at various speeds and angles toward the shooter who stands on the other side.

Shooting on the wing is a mechanical art like billiard playing or boxing. There will, of course, be degrees of excellence; but anyone with the full use of his faculties and the ambition necessary to attain success can acquire it.

THE beauty of clay bird shooting is that it enables a difficult shot to be repeated often until it is mastered and in the course of an hour more practice can be obtained and more experience acquired in handling a gun than could be gathered by spending a week in the field, for there a difficult shot is seldom repeated and the actual number of shots fired comparatively limited.

The approximate speed of game birds has been determined as sixty feet a second, and singularly, this is also the speed of the clay bird when the spring of the trap is working at full strength and the line of flight approaches the horizontal. The average pace of the clay bird for the first ten feet after leaving a trap is sixty-eight feet per second, this agreeing closely with the speed of fast game birds, but as the clay bird proceeds on its course the velocity falls off, though curiously enough, during the first thirty-five feet of travel the pace is very nearly uniform, the clay bird averaging about sixty-four feet per second. The average velocity of a load of shot with standard ammunition is approximately one thousand feet a second, so that in one-tenth of a second a load of shot will traverse one hundred feet. In one-tenth of a second a game bird or clay target flying at the rate of sixty-four feet a second will traverse six and four-tenths feet and thus would be quite outside the circle of pellets at the time of their arrival. It is therefore evident that in shooting at crossing birds at a distance of from thirty to thirty-five yards, it is necessary to lead a bird

(*Continued on page* 573)



CROSSING SHOT

Swing along with and past the bird until proper amount of lead has been taken, then still keeping the gun moving, press trigger.

The Louisiana Gulf Coast Club

Photo © Underwood & Underwood
EDWARD AVERY McILHENNY

The Winter Home of Wild Fowl

MANY weapons and methods have been used in the long campaign for conservation of game and wild fowl in America. Law, politics, advertising and public sentiment—these and other agenices have been employed in the protection of wild life from exploitation and devastation. It remains for Edward Avery McIlhenny, of Louisiana, the pioneer conservationist, to come forward with the newest and most revolutionary means of advancing the cause of game conservation. Mr. McIlhenny is adopting—and thoughtless sportsmen may shudder at the notion—a great fishing and hunting club as his weapon with which to fight the battle of conservation. He is preparing to form the Louisiana Gulf Coast Club, in a territory of 160 square miles in southwest Louisiana.

But the object of a fish and game club is to kill game, you say? True, and Mr. McIlhenny's idea is therefore in the nature of paradox. But, being a scientist, he can demonstrate beyond dispute that life itself is a paradox, and that his club idea is therefore as logical as life. The story is a long one, albeit of intense interest to every true lover of game in the United States.

Some time ago, Mr. McIlhenny acquired a tract of 100,000 acres of valuable farming and grazing land on the southwest gulf coast of Louisiana. The tract is in the heart of the winter resting grounds of the American wild fowl. The land is extremely fertile, comprised of old alluvial soil from the prehistoric flow of the Mississippi. It is a section that could be developed agriculturally, but if it should be put under cultivation, the last great open haunt for birds and game would be lost.

The McIlhennys live at Avery Island, La., about 125 miles southwest of New Orleans, in the Bayou Teche region several miles from the gulf coast. Years ago Mr. McIlhenny gave his attention to the problem of game conservation. He saw the supply of wild ducks, geese and other game birds in the United States growing smaller year by year and realized that industry and intensive farming were cutting down the territories in which the birds used to winter.

He went to work at once to stem the tide of destruction. Prodigal of his own time and his own means, he has since that day been instrumental in creating for the State of Louisiana the great Rockefeller Game Refuge, of 88,000 acres; the Sage Foundation, of 78,000 acres; the Louisiana State Wild Life Refuge, and the Rainey-McIlhenny Refuge of 56,000 acres. It was he who first interested the Rockefeller, Sage and Rainey families in contributing to the cause of wild life conservation.

TEAL, WIDGEON, MALLARD, WOOD DUCK, FEEDING IN SAFETY, FREE FROM MOLESTATION. WILD FOWL NEED THE SHELTER AFFORDED BY SANCTUARIES, IN ORDER THAT THEY MAY BE SAFE FROM THE LAWBREAKER. THESE REFUGES SHOULD BE SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY, NOT MERELY CONCENTRATED IN ONE LOCALITY, IN ORDER THAT THE FULLNESS OF THE WORD "CONSERVATION" MAY BE REALIZED.

WILD DUCKS ARE GOOD MIXERS; MR. MALLARD AND MR. BUFFLEHEAD MAY OFTEN BE SEEN, WING IN WING, ALONGSIDE OF MEMBERS OF THE TEAL FAMILY. THEIR PURPOSE IS A COMMON ONE, THE SEARCH FOR FOOD; THEIR ENEMIES ARE FEW. DUCKS ARE PROLIFIC TO A MARKED DEGREE. BY ESTABLISHING REFUGES WHERE THEY MAY BREED IN SPRING AND REST IN WINTER, THE WILD-FOWL SHOOTING IN THIS COUNTRY WILL BE UNSURPASSED ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD.

While acting as informal overseer and adviser for the State, Mr. McIlhenny discovered the weak link in the chain he had helped to forge for Louisiana and American conservation. A wild costal area of some 100,000 acres lay in the very heart of the game refuge region, and open to all the hunters and game hogs that might appear. If this territory were left open, and the game exposed to the ravages of indiscriminate shooting, the good to be accomplished by the establishment of the great refuges would be largely set at nought. He at once started to acquire title to this 100,000 acre tract, which includes many ridges, much marsh land, a great deal of very fertile farm territory, and thousands of acres of small ponds and lakes.

Recently he completed this task, and inserted the following advertisement in southern papers:

"Dredging—to be cut, 17 miles of canal 40 feet wide, 8 feet deep. About 90 miles of canal 18 feet wide, 5 feet deep, all on marsh land, Address E. A. McIlhenny, Avery Island, La."

This work, a monumental task in itself, is only a part of the program he has laid out for the development of what promises to be the greatest conservation feat the world has ever known. The region, which centuries ago was the lower Mississippi Delta but which since has been deserted by the Father of Waters, is almost without water ways. These new canals, added to the natural streams and ponds, will give the tract adequate drainage. All the new water territory, which the seven large lakes and many ponds, will be sown with banana water lily, coontail, wild celery and widgeon grass to attract and hold the millions of birds that throng the region in the winter months. Mr. McIlhenny has a force of men at work now improving the tract from the standpoint of wild life, and maintains a staff of seven wardens to keep out game pirates of every ilk.

In the formation of great game preserves the fact must not be lost sight of that the man who is unable to be a member of some shooting club has rights as a sportsman which must not be violated.

Forest & Stream.

The territory lies between White Lake and the rice fields on the north, and the gulf of Mexico on the south. It is surrounded, east and west, by the already established Rockefeller, Sage, Rainey-McIlhenny and State refuges. By the creation of this last preserve, there is now a game paradise amounting to approximately 700 square miles wherein wild life is protected. The area has a frontage of seventy-five miles on the gulf coast. All kinds of fishing, fresh and salt water, may be enjoyed in the new 100,000 acre tract, and practically every kind of wild duck and goose known to central North America is found there in winter. It is said there are more black bear in this part of Louisiana than in any other region of the United States, and deer also are to be found. This is to say nothing of smaller game, such as coons, rabbits, squirrel, possum, mink, otter and muskrat.

A tour of the property convinces one that Mr. McIlhenny's project is vital to the cause of conservation. Traveling by horseback, motor and motorboat, a number of sportsmen and conservationists have been over this territory and seen enough to convince them that the project is as feasible as it is desirable, and the readers of this magazine will be interested to know that Mr. McIlhenny intends to see the project through to success and permanent establishment.

Some of his friends, among them John Burnam, President of the American Game Protective Association, and others known for their efforts in behalf of conservation, advised the formation of a fishing and hunting club, composed of men interested in conservation. Members of the club to be permitted to take game well within the legal limits laid down elsewhere.

The first announced, and definitely planned detail of the organization, is the setting aside of a 100,000 acre tract wherein the public may hunt, under Louisiana legal restrictions. And the second is that a two mile wide strip across the territory will be set aside as a connecting link between the great state game refuges which Mr. McIlhenny did so much to help create. In this way the public interest in game will be conserved.

THE WHITE EGRET, MUCH SOUGHT BY PLUME HUNTERS, NEEDS THE PROTECTION AFFORDED BY BIRD SANCTUARIES IN ORDER THAT ITS FUTURE MAY BE ASSURED.

TOURING WITH RAYMOND SPEARS

From coast to coast with the most experienced auto-camper of the day

AUTOMOBILE troubles, break downs and all other varied difficulties from mere rattles and squeaks to the serious disasters that require the wrecking crane, are generally—I was going to say invariably—states of mind. Fear and dread as much as recklessness and actual folly lead to mechanical difficulty. For lack of a burr the bolt is lost, for lack of the bolt the springs fall out, and for lack of the springs the car breaks down.

There are things the driver and his companions cannot help. The scoundrel speedster or road hog can only be guarded against by giving every other car, coming or going, not only the due half, but, where feasible, all the road. Mere courtesy demands that the stranger conforms to local highway customs. But safety requires that no least known chance ever be taken unnecessarily.

Chances that lead to trouble are failure to tighten up all burrs, clamps, saddles, and parts. Looseness anywhere is disclosed by jars, rattles and squeaks, and those who do overmuch remedying with the oil can, unaccompanied by wrench, pliers and screwdriver may pave their way to difficulties. First tighten up, and then oil.

A mixture of gasoline in cylinder oil squirted on springs and into joints quiets a car marvelously. Gasoline thins the oil, and carries it deeply in the crevices and through contacts. Oiled springs mean a car at least a half more comfortable on rough highways, and they save trouble of breakage. The theory is that the gasoline carries the heavier oil globules into the rubbing places. Old crankcase oil, when filtered, is excellent for this purpose. A gallon can full carried along into arid lands will perhaps save the car. Tourists commonly carry an extra gallon of motor oil on the running board, and when the engine heats, pour in a quart or two immediately—but making sure that the oil pump feed is working, that one or other cylinder is not burning out, that there is plenty of water in the radiator, and that the spark is not retarded.

Two things are necessary to be a successful auto-camper—equipment and knowledge of how to go about it. The former is readily obtainable. The latter is admirably supplied in these articles by Mr. Spears.

My own practice is, in case of anything out of the normal, to look after it. Literally, twenty seconds work with a monkey wrench, in time, may save the balance of the trip. If the difficulty is beyond my own abilities or equipment, the first service station has a trouble-hunting and repairing job. This means finickiness. Often one overdoes the keeping in order—apparently. Trouble comes anyhow—so what's the use? But mechanical difficulty follows neglect sooner or later, and generally sooner, if one does not spend a half day twice a week under and inside of his machinery at some favorable camp ground. And during the long dinner hour, at noon—two hours, really—a few minutes with the oil can and tools have a reward out of all proportion. This meticulous care may not wholly avail, but there is nothing on the road that pays a higher sure-thing dividend in troubles escaped.

Every car, they say, has some weakness, some particular trouble. Mine has one of the worst, a weak rear end which tears out occasionally, and I add greatly to the axle trade, in proportion to my mileage. No garage ever worked over my motor that its power wasn't remarked—and that power is a wonderfully soothing, nerve-quieting possession when we confront the pitches, the long grades, the hard going of deserts and mountains. Just the knowledge that one can get himself out, if he gets in, is one of the surest preventatives of troubles.

A placid, even-tempered, unhurried driver has far and away less trouble than the jumpy, nervous, pestered and speed-making driver. Nearly all troubles happen in afternoon, or toward the end of a day's run. I am almost inclined to say, any kind of automobile trouble is a state of mind. Tourists will do well to go into camp just before anything happens, a suggestion not so much of a paradox as it seems.

When, toward the close of a long drive, or when one has gone too far, or when the nerves begin to break—temper shortens, the machine seems about to fall to pieces, the motor heats, the running parts begin to knock—the thing to do is stop. Go into camp. At least pull out beside the road and throwing down a tarpaulin, hang up

(*Continued on page* 595)

Photo courtesy Wenzel Tent Co.

AT THE END OF THE DAY

At the end of the day's drive the roadside camp with its promise of a warm supper and a good night's rest is a pleasant anticipation.

The Antelope Jack-rabbit of Arizona

By KIRK BRYAN

Photo by Kirk Bryan

SEATED
Note the large, almost hairless, ears with a full of white hair, long hind legs and lack of white patch on the back and rump.

Largest rabbit of the United States is rarely seen, tho common along desert roads

SPORTSMEN who travel the long trails to California by automobile meet the ubiquitous jack-rabbit in the Great Plains west of the Mississippi and find him again in every open plain to the Pacific Coast. Few however, realize that down in the desert country of Arizona, along the Borderland Route, can be found the antelope jack-rabbit. He is the giant among "jacks," and an animal with characteristics and habits that are most interesting to the observant traveler.

Southern Arizona is ordinarily considered a desert, but in spite of low rainfall, it has many strange trees and fantastic cacti that give to the lower and warmer valleys a strange and deceptive greenness. The higher valleys are grassy or covered with small shrubs. At intervals the steep-sided mountains rise out of the valleys—the lower ones as ragged rocky masses, the higher ranges dark with their covering of live oak and pine.

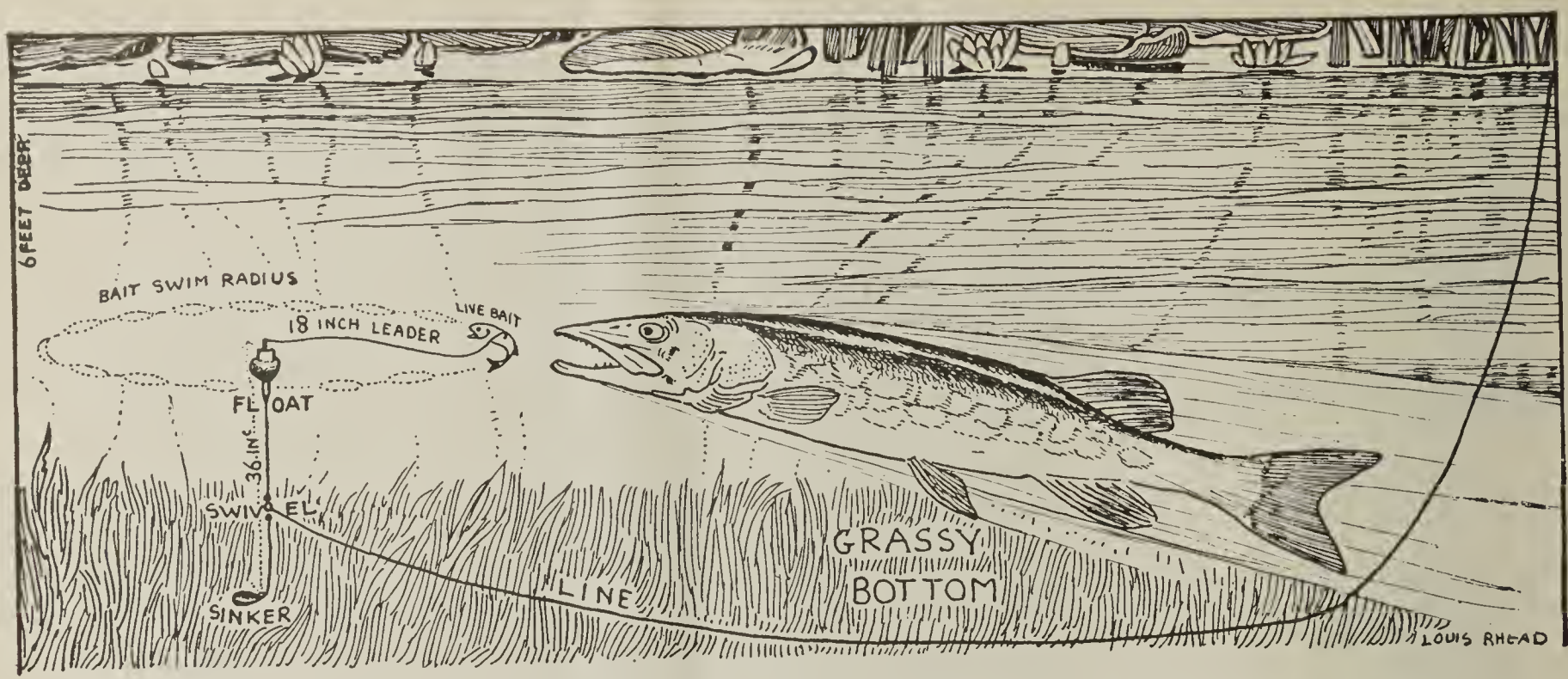
In the wide plains of the valleys lives the antelope jack-rabbit, called by the scientists *Lepus alleni* to distinguish him from common jack-rabbits of which there are several varieties grouped under the name *Lepus californicus*. The antelope jack-rabbit is taller, more slender and wilder than the ordinary jack-rabbit. The body is gray, and the ears, very large and rounded at the top, are bright shell pink with a fringe of white hairs. Even at a distance the antelope jack-rabbit can be distinguished by his running gait which is a series of long, high leaps taken at a rate that makes the ordinary jack-rabbit seem slow. Moreover, there is a peculiar sinuous movement of the rump and body that is characteristic. This movement is related to an unusual habit. The white parts of the belly and side are pulled up on the rump, first on one side and then on the other, and thus there is a white patch on the rump while the animal is running that disappears when motion ceases. In flight the white patch is usually drawn up from the side nearest the observer, and with a slight change in direction, the patch may be drawn up from the other side so as to keep the white patch continuously visible. The animals are usually seen in pairs and occasionally even several pairs together. The antelope jack is not so stupidly curious as the ordinary jack-rabbit, and although interested in travelers, usually watches them from a distance of 50 to 100 yards. On the slightest alarm he takes flight, often running some distance, nor will he stop for a whistle or cry, as the jack-rabbit does.

Photo by Kirk Bryan

IN FULL FLIGHT
The white signal is flying. The white skin of the under parts is pulled up from the left side.

Shy as the antelope jack ordinarily is, one windy morning in March, I found two in a little swale so busy love making or too fearful of the wind to want to move. "Tying my horse to his reins," I approached one of them on foot and took the accompanying photograph of the jack sitting gravely under a bush. The large ears with their fringe of white hairs show plainly, but the sitting position largely conceals the

(*Continued on page* 593)



STILL FISHING FOR PICKEREL

For the Amateur, General Angler, Auto-Camper and Vacation Family Man

By LOUIS RHEAD

Here is a simple method of using live bait for pickerel fishing, that will obviate the old time difficulty associated with live minnow fishing as ordinarily practiced, viz.: the bait swimming into the weeds on the bottom of the pond and hiding. Pickerel bite well in October and the late season angler will find this method very useful and interesting.

THE pickerel is the most abundant game fish of the northern continent and furnishes good sport and succulent food for a host of anglers. The simple methods here laid down are sporty as well as efficient, and by following them the vacationist, the picknicker and the occasional angler will be able to pass many a pleasant and successful hour near lake or stream.

In order to assist and attain the object desired, I shall describe an entirely new rig and method invented by my friend, Edwin Patten, of Rockville Centre, L. I., who spent several years in study how to master a difficult problem, viz.: effectually to stop minnows, frogs and other live bait from hiding in grass or under stones and force the bait to act lively in full view of the fish you desire to capture.

The most characteristic habit of the pickerel is to lie among lily pads and grass, quiet as a stone, with his long nose just peeping out, watching for his prey. It is only to a moving object that he bestirs, and darts out. He will not wander from place to place in search of food; what he does get, is that which comes in sight of his abode. While feeding he has two places of vantage, one is in from six to eight feet of water, where the bottom curves up sharply towards the bank. Here he lies quite close to the bottom, to strike in at any small fish that passes above near the shore; the other place is in the weeds, out of which he springs like lightning, keeping his jaws closed tightly until within a few inches of his prey, then opening them wide and shutting them together with a violent snap. He immediately returns with the capture to his haunt, and then works it around from the cross ways; he always strikes, and swallows it head foremost.

If the reader will glance at the diagram he will see the minnow has a swimming radius of thirty-six inches. It cannot pull down the float nor can it entangle the line. Its continued play in trying to get free of the hook will attract pickerel from a considerable distance.

The connection from sinker to float can be either line or gut, the leader from float to bait must be of good stout gut. The float must be an inch and half in circumference, painted red and white. The sinker should be at least half ounce or more, if you want to cast any distance. A very good substantial rig can be made up at the cost of about seventy-five cents—more or less according to what you want. I do believe it wise to procure and use the best Spanish silk worm gut of heavy test for the leader. I have lately found a most excellent twisted wire leader, which is extremely thin, of different strength up to eighteen pounds pull. Made by McMasters, Portland, Oregon. The proper size hook is the 2/0 or 3/0 sproat.

When fishing from an anchored boat about 20 feet from shore, if no strikes are made within a reasonable time another spot should be tried till you do get strikes. For this kind of rig, casting out from the shore is by far the best method, but if the angler is not expert in casting then get a boat. After the pickerel takes the minnow let him run some distance, play a waiting game; he has only got the bait as yet in his mouth sideways. After he has stopped to kill and gorge it he will start away again, and then it is the right time to strike hard and sharp; he will be hooked. If you strike before, the hook will come back without bait or fish. When hooked, keep him from the weeds and let him run until tired. This is always wise, if the fish is a good size, but never let the line be slack, if you do, he will surely unhook himself.

The necessary bait is best procured from the same water by the angler him-

(*Continued on page* 594)

Real Sport

By FRANK J. KAHRS

WINNERS OF THE TWO-MAN TEAM MATCH. CORSA OF BROOKLYN AND JOHNSON OF PHILADELPHIA

Small Bore Rifle Shooting

DID you ever lie down on a real rifle range with a real .22 caliber rifle and a box of .22 Long Rifle Cartridges and shoot shoulder to shoulder with about one hundred of the best small bore riflemen in the country, at standard targets 200 yards in the distance?

If you have never enjoyed the experience of a shooting competition of this nature then you have missed a rare treat. You have not tasted the joy of a real shooting nor have you had the opportunity to measure your skill as a rifle shot with that of others.

In order that the readers of FOREST AND STREAM may know something about small bore rifle shooting, I shall tell them of the eastern small bore championship matches which were held at the New Jersey State Rifle Range, Sea Girt, N. J., from June 30th to July 4th inclusive, but before doing so it is necessary for me to give a brief description of the shooting itself, how and at what distances, and something about the targets and equipment

The small bore rifle game is a good one. It satisfies that typically American desire to shoot—it steadies the hand and nerves and develops keen perception and judgment . . . and it does this at a minimum of cost. In this article, Mr. Kahrs gives us a good insight into a typical small bore rifle match.

Indoors the standard distance is 75 feet, though college and rifle clubs shoot at 50 feet. Outdoors the shooting is done at all ranges up to 200 yards, though the most popular ranges are those of 100 and 200 yards.

All the targets used are printed on ordinary cardboard paper. All but the 200 yard target are on the decimal system. The 200 yard target is a reduction of the regulation 1,000 yard military target. The 1,000 yard target measured 10 ft. by 6 ft. over all and the bullseye measures 36 inches in diameter. Therefore, reduced four-fifths so as to bring it down to the proper 200 yard size, it measures 2 ft. wide by 1 ft. 2 in. high and the bullseye is 7.2 inches in diameter.

The idea is that small bore riflemen, shooting at 200 yards, will shoot scores that correspond very closely with those made by military marksmen with the army Springfield rifle at 1,000 yards. Therefore, this military target is used on all ranges over 100 yards, which includes 150 yards and 175 yards, as well as the 200 yards distance in what is known as the Palma Course. This course to the small bore marksman is what the historic Palma Course with the military rifle is to the military rifleman. In

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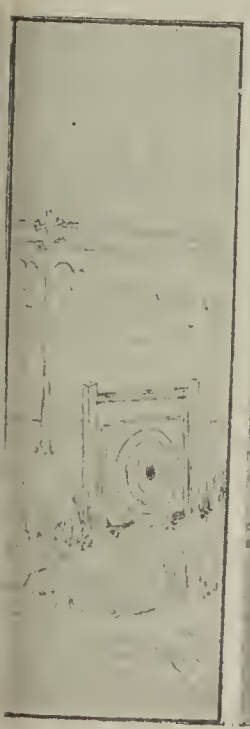
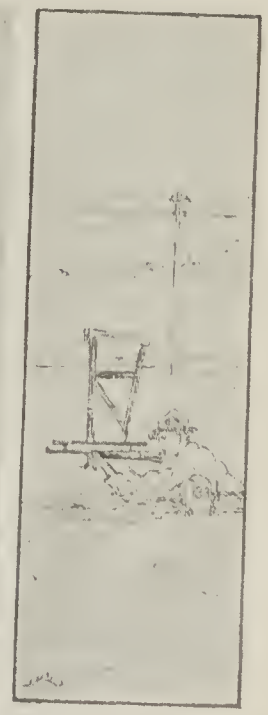




THE FIRING LINE AT SEA GIRT. CLUB HOUSE OF NEW JERSEY STATE RIFLE ASSOCIATION IN BACKGROUND

FOUNDERS OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY

Dr. WILLIAM BRUETTE, Editor

Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation

THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL WILL BE TO studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and a refined taste for natural objects.
August 14, 1873.

THE GULF COAST CLUB

THE most characteristic action of Edward McIlhenny in his organization of the Louisiana Gulf Coast Club on a 100,000 acre tract in the old Bayou Teche region is his determination that 10,000 acres of the ground shall be open to the public. His arrangement that a strip of land 2 miles wide across the heart of the club property to connect the great State Game Refuges with the club property is in line with the public interest Mr. McIlhenny has always shown in all his work for the conservation of game and wild life.

In the organization of the Rockefeller, Sage, Rainey, McIlhenny and Louisiana State Game Refuges, great tracts, approximately 540 square miles, where wild fowl and all game are protected during the winter months, Mr. McIlhenny rendered national service and he will undoubtedly receive, as he deserves, the support and cooperation of sportsmen and conservationists in his present project.

The story of the plan for the Louisiana Gulf Coast Preserve is set forth in this issue. Briefly, summing up, 160 square miles of ground is to be saved from commercial development, which would ultimately drive out the wild fowl and game. Vast sums of money will necessarily be spent, but it is a work well worth while. All sportsmen and conservationists who contribute to the upbuilding, and supporters of this great preserve will be entitled to limited hunting privileges. Mr. McIlhenny has made it clear that the game that may be killed, will in all probability be less than the legal limit.

Without sportsmanship there can be no true conservation, and without conservation there can be no sport. These two facts have been clearly apparent to Mr. McIlhenny in all his work. He has been successful in all of his other projects. No man has displayed broader vision in the cause of conservation, and the Louisiana Gulf Coast Club, we believe, will be a great factor in the campaign for conservation.

INDIAN SUMMER FOR BASS

INDIAN Summer is a fine time for black bass. The cool waters of autumn put a kick in the bronze backers, despite the fact that they are carrying more weight—getting ready for the lean winter when food is not so abundant. Like the bear, they hibernate when winter comes.

Frogs and crawfish "dig in" early into the mud and when the favorite food of Mr. and Mrs. Bass disappears, then is the time when the bait caster gets in his best moves.

Bass anglers should remember that when frogs grow scarce, that is the time to tempt Mr. Bass—and his wife and growing sons and daughters—with a frog. Cast along shore with your live bait or your plug and don't forget that the early morning and the early evening should be held for bass fishing regardless of the lure of other pleasures.

FALL MAKES MUSKY BETTER FIGHTER

THE fall makes the musky a better fighter. That is the experience of those who like to fish for this strenuous and agile freebooter of the fresh waters.

When the musky breaks water and makes his wonderful shake to throw out the spoon bait, his trick results in his liberty or the angler's triumph. All the musky needs then is a bit of slack.

At this time of the year the musky is found in the shallows, lying back of the weed beds. When the musky makes his strike, finds his liberty restrained, he rushes to the weeds, or underwater refuges, where he can hide or get aid in tearing out the hook. If he has a chance for deep water, he will take it.

Until you land your musky, you hardly ever can tell what he will do next. And this is true when the frost is on the pumpkin—a time when he feels at his best.

LOOK BEFORE YOU SHOOT

THROUGHOUT roads in the big woods of our country, where big game is found, particularly deer—and almost three-quarters of the states that comprise the United States of America have an open season for this animal—Conservation Commissioners, or Commissioners of Game, call them what you will, are tacking up cloth posters: "Look before you shoot! Save human life!"

The warnings cannot be too frequent. Several years ago I was in the winter woods, writes Mr. Alexander Stoddart, and one of the party had killed a deer. It was in such a wilderness fastness that it had to be toted out by the men by pulling and tugging, the men harnessing themselves with ropes.

The guides, as the opportunity presented itself, laid out the course and my job was to lead the way in as straight a line as possible. The others bent their backs and pulled hard. We thought we were alone in that part of the country. As we came to an opening, just before we struck the trail, I saw a gunner drop his gun from his shoulder.

We halloed and his first words to me were: "I've had my gun on your head for five minutes. I couldn't make out at first what it was. We thought we were the only ones here and I thought it was a deer browsing around in the tall shrubbery until you came into the open. I am glad I waited to see before I shot."

"So am I," I replied.

Gentlemen gunners and ladies, too, now that you are joining our ranks in numbers: Save human life—look before you shoot!

THE COVERED WAGON

ONLY yesterday there came the slow, steady, covered wagon. . . .

Only yesterday was the onward march of men, women and children into the vast unknown. Over barren deserts, into endless forests, over shimmering streams they rode . . . carrying with them the outposts of America, pushing the frontiers back . . . back . . . until a continent was won. . . .

Today the milestones of this march live in every city and hamlet of America. . . .

Today towering structures stand where these men built crude shacks and huts. Here their purpose and their courage founded a nation.

And today another covered wagon moves on. The soul of the entire nation is being reborn once more. Where the horse and wagon marched yesterday—today steel and oil plunge into the forest and rush forward to lake and stream. And as those pioneers in the covered wagon found strength and courage and understanding in the open spaces, so today all humanity goes to bathe its soul in the great outdoors and finds itself once more.

Here with nature and all her living things a new covered wagon comes and makes new furrows in the warm, soft soil. . . .

Here comes an endless march of tired humanity to play and to forget its sorrows. Here it learns the true vastness of God's universe. Here it listens to the song of birds. Here it sees life—clean, unblemished, preserved for them and for their children. . . .

And millions of growing men and growing children find here new hope and new resolve. They find here under the living sun, peace and understanding. They find the glorious joys of nature. They find the beauties of comradeship. They find simple and honest purpose. They find reborn strength and greater vision. . . .

For America has always been the land of a covered wagon. The land of endless marches. The land of constant seeking for the better and the greater. And today this covered wagon finds in the great outdoors the rest it needs . . . and the hope it needs to carry on the work of those early pioneers who first marched here.

LEST WE FORGET

WHEN the world war was in progress, the United States Government, through the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture, urged gunners to conserve the food supply in the way of killing big game, particularly deer.

Sportsmen then were urged to try for full-grown bucks; not to kill the spiked buck. Also not to shoot deer when weather conditions or difficulties of transportation prevented saving of meat. In states where the law permitted the killing of both bucks and does, the Government desired that the breeders of the race should be preserved so as to insure the future supply.

Each year usually sees one or more states falling into the buck line, which conserves the supply of deer for future years and the generation of hunters that is coming on.

The season for big game is upon us again and what the United States advocated during the world war is just as true today regarding the conservation of our big game as when the appeal was first written.

FULL OF PEP

WHEREVER there are bays, or horseshoes of land jutting into the ocean, weakfish are now gathering to school, also croakers, members of the same family and the young of bluefish, are gathering to take their southward journey together in families.

October is the month of their yellow hue, which results in their being called yellowfish, and they are fat and hardy. The croakers have grown in weight and in wisdom and the young blues, the snappers, are full of pep for their last performance of taking the hook in the North.

This is their first journey southward and when the equinoxial storm—although we are told by weather men there is no such thing—breaks, they are off for a visit South.

This gives them pleasure and the angler the opportunity of telling his favorite story of that big one that got away, a story ever new to him and one that grows in the telling.

DELIGHT OF THE HANDLINE BRIGADE

BLACKFISH, "the bulldogs of the sea," as they have been termed by anglers who have not had the time or the opportunity or the money to seek bigger fish that lurk in the ocean, come close in shore as autumn approaches to take the place of sea bass, porgies and fluke that leave their summer haunts and start far away for other more comfortable habitations.

Up Rhode Island way, the blackfish is called "tautog," where it is the delight of the Handline Brigade. The tautog prefers rocks and reefs, and as a result much tackle is lost in seeking to curry favor with this strong, sturdy fighter.

The blackfish is strong, has a thin, deep body and has and displays powers of endurance and resistance. It is stubborn of disposition and obstinate in its character, but it comes at a time when other better fish are absent and thus fills a long-felt want.

MIGRATORY FISH MOVING

NOW is the time along the Atlantic coast, as the migrants move southward, for the anglers of the North to take a last crack at the channel bass, weakfish and porgies. It is the opportunity also for the striped-bass rodster to wet his line for the last time this season.

Along the Jersey coast, the channel bass and weakfish, as well as bluefish, school, and in great numbers move southward to spend the winter, many of them willing to take a last fling at the angler's hook for the sport of the thing.

If you happen to be on the ground when the fish are there—and you failed to hook 'em earlier in the season—you are more or less induced—usually more so—to gather them in; and if you believe in conservation and hitting the high-cost figures, you salt them down for winter use.

A Combination Sleeping Bag and Pack

By HARRY IRWIN

THAT can be built to any of its various stages, but which—in its entirety—I have adopted as interchangeable with several of my tents, is easily constructed.

As a Stretcher-Bed:

Take a simple strip of light-weight "khaki" canvas, 6 ft. 8 in. long, make a 1-in. hem at each end, add a 6-in. pocket down each side, and the bed is completed. "A" of Fig. 1. The pockets are for the "bed-poles," either to extend through the walls of the tent, at one end, by means of "sleeves," having a draw-string at their outer end, while the other end of the poles rest on the tent floor, or to be used as an ordinary "stretcher-bed." For material I prefer No. 1 brown denium.

As a Stretcher-Bed Mattress:

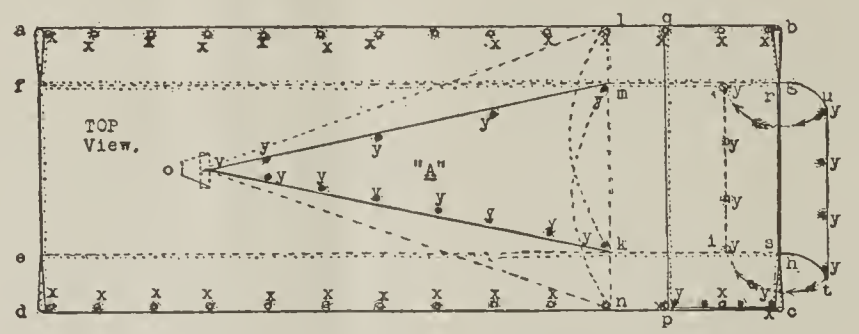
Add another strip of your material the length of your bed, and sew it to under side, at one end (foot) and both sides of the bed. "A," Fig. 1. Attach "tie-tapes" 6 in. apart and a like distance down from the open end, with a flap (g-u-i-j, B., Fig. 1), 2 ft. 6 in. by 6 in., to match and close when mattress is filled.

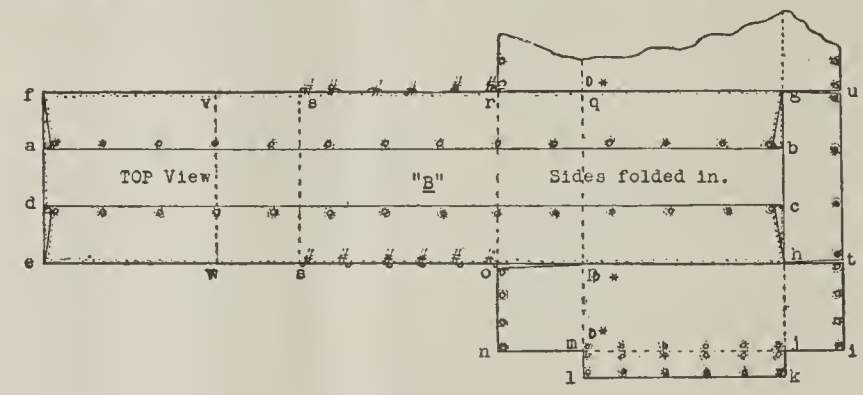
As Stretcher-Bed, Mattress, Pillow:

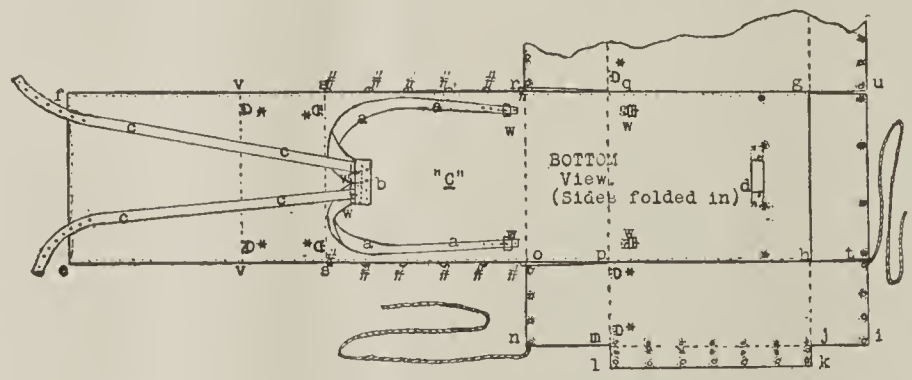
Add to the above a strip 1 ft. wide and 2 ft. 6 in. long, having one end open, at the head of the bed, "p-c-b-q," "A," Fig. 1., which snaps or ties shut.

As Stretcher-Bed, Mattress, Pillow, Sleeping-Bag:

Add to the above two "flaps," "l-o-k," and "m-o-n," of "A" Fig. 1, which snaps "y" across the body. This is sewn at the foot and up both sides for a distance of 3 ft. The opening of the "bag," "o", starts 1 ft. 6 in. from the center of the foot of the bed. Put stiffening pieces of cloth on the under side at all points of strain.







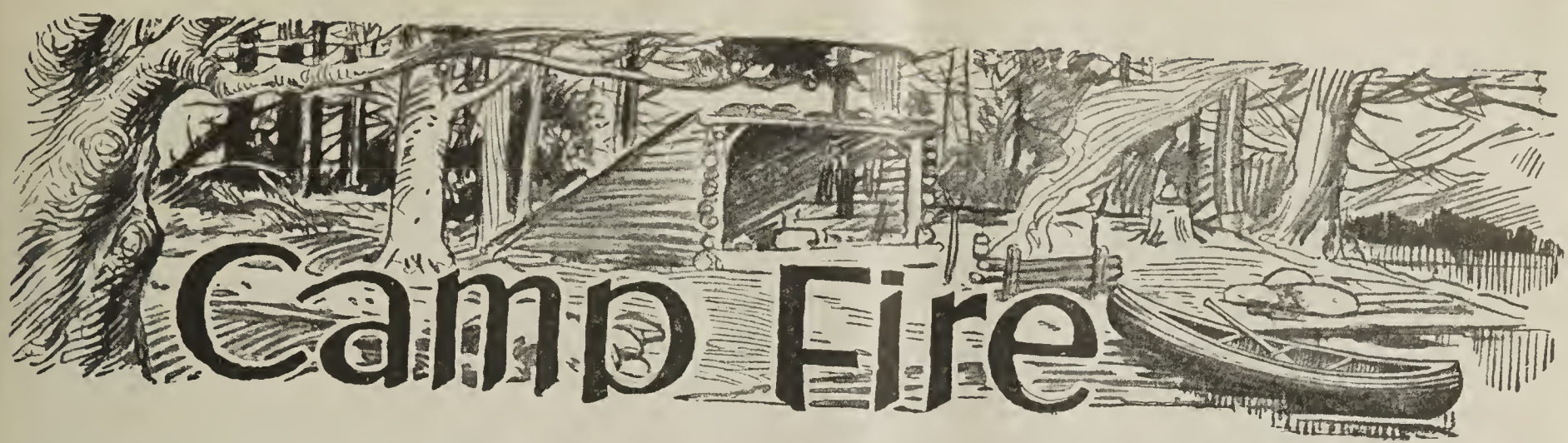
Add No. "O" gromets (or dee rings) down each side of the bed, spaced 6 in. apart. "A" of Fig. 1. These "hammock-tie" to corresponding gromets, attached to a strip of web-tape, which in turn is sewn to the wall of the tent. Stretching all taunt.

As a Stretcher-Tent-Bed, Mattress, Pillow, Sleeping-Bag and Pack:

To the above add, at the time that the pole sleeves are sewn in for the stretcher-bed, "flaps" (as indicated by "o-n-m-l-k-j-i-t-h," of "B," Fig. 1., in which "o-t" is 3 ft., "o-n" 6 in., "n-l" 3 in., "n-m" and "j-i" are 6 in.), with eyelets set as shown along line "m-j" and corresponding line on opposite side, fold at center and make a "French seam." (Ask your wife what that is.) This will make one row of eyelets.

Before Attaching Mattress Attach Your Pack Straps:

For the straps take two strips of leather 2 in. wide and 2 ft. 3 in. long. Trim down one end for 5 in. from the end of the leather to a taper of 1 and 1½ in. at its end. Work down the opposite end of the strap to a width of 1 in. at its end, as indicated by "a-a," "C," Fig. 1; or, a better way, and one that I prefer, is to take a strip of leather, 4 in. wide and 2 ft. 3 in. long. This I split from one end through the center, to within 8 in. of the opposite end of the strap. Each of these two long split pieces I taper to 1 in. at their end. the opposite (or unsplit end) I split back for 4 in., and each of these two short split pieces I taper to fit the 1 and 1½ in. buckle, leaving a solid piece of 4 in. sq. in the strap. To this square I attach, on the top side, two 1 in. straps, 2 ft. 9 in. long. This keeps the "pack straps" all in one "chunk," and saves mislaying them when detached from the bed-pack. It is all a matter of preference and each long



strap may be attached to the "pack-strap," separately if desired.

To Fold:

Follow "A" and "B", Fig. 1 and "A", "B", "C" and "D" of Fig. 2.

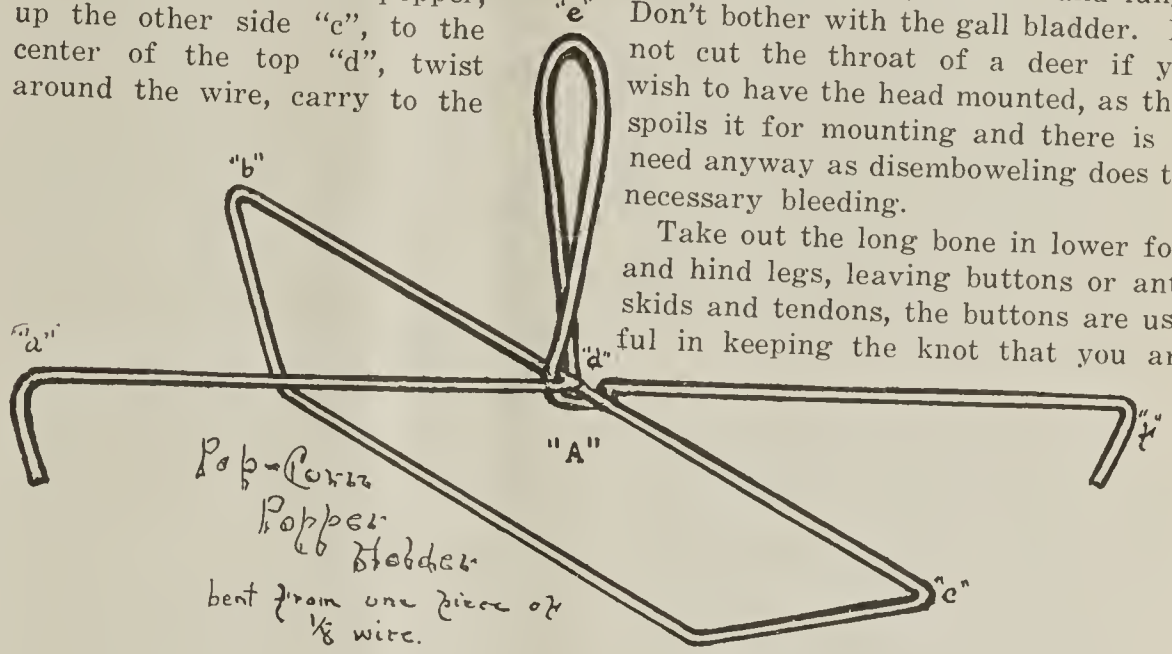
POP-CORN POPPER HOLDER

By Harry Irwin

OF course "pop-corn" is hardly a steady diet for the ordinary outer; still there are at times, when the "kiddies" are along, and the "time is ripe," that pop-corn comes into it's own, over the camp fire.

Having burnt the handles of a pair or so of poppers, and shaken the rheumatism out of my shoulders, I decided to find a way where the youngsters could have all the fun, or pop-corn was "out." The result is shown in the sketch.

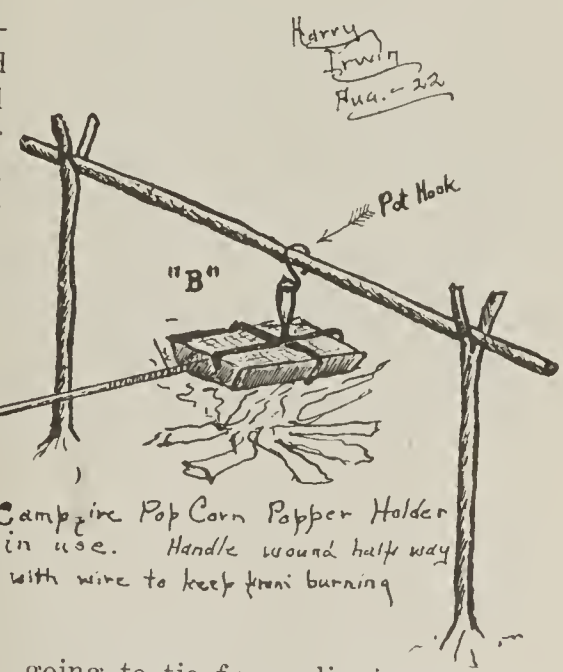
Take a piece of heavy wire (I used that of a "lineman") about 3 ft. long. "A". Bend a hook to go down over the back of the popper, "a" carry long end to the middle of the popper, bend at right angles, across, "b" down and around the body of the popper, up the other side "c", to the center of the top "d", twist around the wire, carry to the front of the popper and bend down the end "f", to hook over as in the rear. Have the "rear hook" a little longer than the front, or it will shake loose, in use.



Wire the handle of the popper half way it's length to keep from burning.

To operate:

Put in the corn, close the lid, lift the "rear hook" enough to allow the "body" to slip through the "case," and snap the "front hook" down over the front of the popper. Hang the popper by it's "loop" in a "pot hook" "B", and turn the popper over to the younger generation,



HOW TO CARRY A BUCK

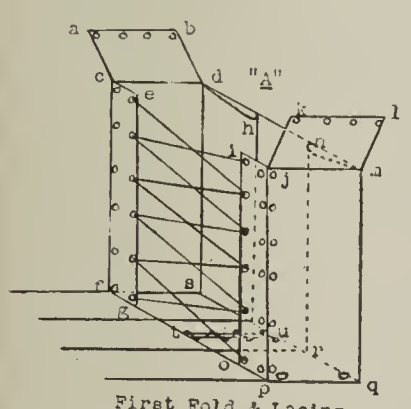
MAKE a cut in abdomen and remove entrails, bladder and lungs. Don't bother with the gall bladder. Do not cut the throat of a deer if you wish to have the head mounted, as that spoils it for mounting and there is no need anyway as disemboweling does the necessary bleeding.

Take out the long bone in lower fore and hind legs, leaving buttons or anti-skids and tendons, the buttons are useful in keeping the knot that you are going to tie from slipping.

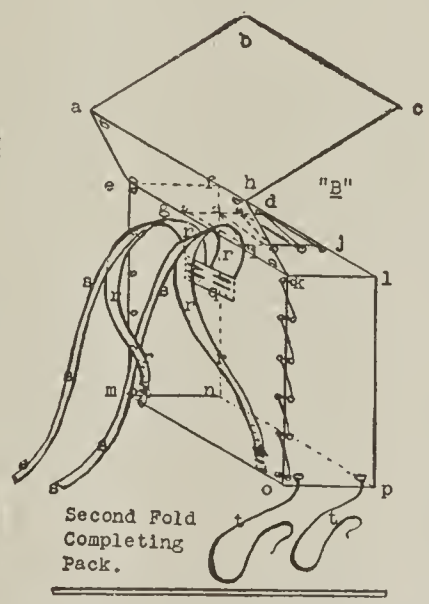
Now tie the right fore to the left hind leg, using the tendons as straps also the left fore to the right hind; now yo uhave the legs crossed.

Put your left arm between the fore legs, with the body of the deer on the ground behind you and put your right arm through the hind legs. Take the left horn in the left hand, your gun in the right and arise and go on your way rejoicing.

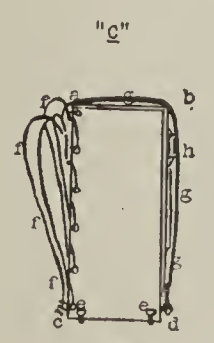
A. A. MUTCHMOR, California



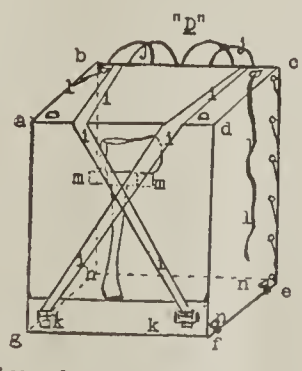
First Fold & Lacing



Second Fold Completing Pack.



Side View of Pack Complete



Rear View of Pack Complete.

FOREST AND STREAM LETTERS

BIG GAME RIFLES

"DON'T send a boy to do a man's work" is a saying common on New England farms. This can be applied to a gun as much as to anything else.

I love a good gun. At the same time I realize that although my big forty-five may be my favorite, it is hardly the gun that I would take with me on a rabbit hunt. Nowadays the tendency of the large manufacturing concerns seems to be to try to turn out an all-around gun, one that can be used for every kind of shooting. Frankly I do not believe that this can be done.

When one goes big game hunting it is usually with the definite purpose of killing a moose, caribou, bear, or elk. It is sure to be hard work and when finally, after careful stalking a chance for a shot comes, how seldom it is of a spot which we know to be vital. Generally it is at a spot of fur or hair showing between the trees. Whether it is the shoulder or the rump you do not know. You do not dare move to that stump from which you could perhaps see. It is a choice of shoot or wait perhaps days for another chance.

No one wants to shoot at and wound a big animal without securing it. There should be a severe penalty for that kind of hunting. No true sportsman would ever think of doing it. It is here that we have the advantages of the big calibers. A big bullet, wherever it hits, whether it is a vital spot or not, makes a big hole. A big hole means the loss of a quantity of blood and blood is the surest tracking sign that there is. Loss of blood also weakens the animal so that it will travel slower and for a shorter distance. If, on the other hand, the bullet had been small, no matter how fast it might be traveling, it would not make a large hole. True, the bullet itself might travel farther into the flesh, but if it were the rump it would make very little difference.

The advocates of the small bores will tell you that these high speed bullets will penetrate to a vital spot no matter where they hit. This is true, and it is one of their worst faults. I shall quote from two articles published in the same number of a certain sporting magazine. There are similar facts recorded in any such magazine you might happen to pick up. It is their repeated occurrence which emphasized this fact to me. Big game is big game and should be treated as such. The animals themselves are not usually dangerous but they are generally hard to kill. So, when hunting big animals, take a big rifle and not a pea shooter. If this doctrine were followed there would be fewer stories that end in that really tragic statement, "I hit him, but he got away."

"I have shot a six-point bull elk, four shots which a dinner plate would cover all passing through the elk's lungs, yet he lived an hour and had to be shot again."

"After waiting about half an hour I heard a noise some distance to my right and saw a buck emerge from the timber, running swiftly, but in my direction." He ran up to within a hundred yards of me and stopped, looking back in the direction he had come. I took careful aim and fired. One bound took him behind some bush out of sight. As he did not appear on the other side I ran over there and found him dead, shot through first back of the shoulders."

The writer of the first quotation was using a rifle of the 256 calibre and the second one of the 44-40. Some will say that these are picked cases. They are, but they can be duplicated out of any magazine which has stories of hunting.

I was once talking with a man who was extremely interested in guns. He had never done much real hunting, but he had his ideas and a great number of rifles. We talked for quite a while and then he brought me a small calibre, high velocity gun and said that it would be his choice for moose. I told him what I thought and he tried to convince me by quoting ballistics. They meant and still mean nothing to me. He said that he could prove to me that his gun did more damage than mine by shooting into a cake of laundry soap. It was the nearest thing to flesh which you could get, he said. We went out with two cakes. He fired into his at fifty yards and certainly made a nasty hole in it at the back. Then I fired into mine and we went to look. There was no cake to be found. There was no more argument, although some explanations were attempted.

Of course you can kill a caribou with a .22, if you are lucky. But that does not mean that it is the best caribou gun. Neither does the fact that a 45-90 will kill a rabbit make it a rabbit gun.

No man can tell another what gun he is going to make his choice. Each has his favorite. But in picking out your big game rifle don't forget that old saying with which we started, "Don't send a boy to do a man's work."

HUNTING PYTHONS IN THE PHILIPPINES

A FEW years ago while floating down a great river of the Philippines I came upon a gorged python lying on the bank. Before the python has entirely digested its kill it is in a stupor and helpless; a hunter is due little credit for a kill while the snake is in that condition. My boatmen were anxious to secure the bile, believed to be a most efficacious remedy for all ills; so I fired a couple of shots into the reptile, causing it to roll into the water, where its head was severed by a swift stroke of a sharp machet. Inside the snake we found the body of a four-pronged buck, weighing at least one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

It might be well to mention that a python, no difference how large, does not really swallow an object but pulls itself over its meal, an act requiring hours or even days if the kill be large.

When I returned to my station I related my experience in the officers' mess, to become the butt of every snake story my comrades could devise.

Later when I was transferred to another island, I found that my captain possessed a python in captivity

about thirty-two feet long, ten feet longer than mine.

Ten years after I returned to Samar to find that I could buy many pythons up to thirty feet in length at the rate of about fifty cents a foot. The Filipino hunters had little difficulty in locating and catching specimens whenever they wished. Once the reptile was forced into a coil, the hunters had no difficulty in slipping him into a large bag.

I have never seen a python attack a man, although I have seen many in the jungle. This reptile is a coward, escaping with lightning speed.

Some time after the python incident I chanced to be in the interior of Samar again. The forest around my camp seemed to be alive with hornbill, a bird about the size of a turkey-hen. They appeared to sense the presence of a gun. I heard a number above me in the branches of dense foliage. I fired into a clump of shaking leaves, hoping to hit a bird. Think of my astonishment when through the cracking branches fell an eagle weighing fully seventy-five pounds. The bird was different from any I had ever seen. I decided to save the claws; I was too far into the interior to carry out the entire carcass.

When I returned to my station I was to receive another surprise. An English naturalist had come to Samar to search for a specimen of a species found only in Samar island. After having examined the claws, he informed me that if I had brought in the entire carcass he would have been pleased to reward me with two thousand English pounds, the price his patron had offered, there being only one specimen preserved and that was in the Museum of Berlin.

In the tropics there is little hunting as the term is understood in the United States. Hunting may be better described as killing game driven before the guns. Long tramps in the tropic sun would kill the average white man; it is only the trained naturalist who ever gets an opportunity for real sport, hunting with the wildmen and peasants.

The nearest approach to hunting is found in the rice fields surrounding Manila. During the spring months the Manchurian snipe invade the lowlands. It is not a difficult feat to bag one hundred in a single morning. Of course, the hunter must be provided with a native boy retriever who, almost naked, wades into the flooded paddies, the hunter keeping to the paths between.

The tamarao is an animal resembling the water-buffalo but only one-half its size, found in no other place in the world except Mindoro. It is a brush animal whose pursuit is both dangerous and exciting. Experienced hunters seldom if ever pursue the tamarao into the jungle, for it has an ugly habit of charging from its hiding. Those Americans who have pursued the treacherous little beast into its hiding have been injured or killed. It is safer to kill the tamarao from ambush while he feeds in the open.

I have heard many Americans tell of the "royal sport" of hunting the wild water buffalo in the Philippines, commonly called carabao. When I hear such stories I can hardly suppress a smile. The wild buffalo is the humble carabao strayed into the mountains.

Several years ago a Filipino politician invited a gullible American of high official rank to join in a wild buffalo hunt. Now the truth of the matter was that the part of the Philippines chosen for the hunt contained no unclaimed animals.

The grand day came. The party rode into the interior about ten miles, where strong, high shooting boxes had been erected in a dry river about two miles wide. Four or five hundred peasants were sent to drive the "wild" animals out of the jungle into the dry river past the hunters. More than a dozen were killed and their heads taken to be mounted as trophies. Two months after this famous hunt I visited, in an official capacity, the town where lived the owners of the animals that had been slaughtered. They came to see me to enter complaints to recover from the government, the value of the animals killed by the visitors.

Three years after the hunt I saw some of its trophies in a New York club. I was tempted to point out to admirers the rope marks on the horns of the old animal that had, no doubt, spent the better part of its life drawing a plow through a ricepaddy.

On the headwaters of the Cayagan I found a number of unclaimed buffaloes. They had been free many years. I was invited to participate in a killing. My host took with our equipment a female caribao and her calf. After we had made camp, he tied the female animal in a clump of trees and the calf in another about five hundred yards away. We "hunters" took stations in trees. The wild animals, hearing the lowing of the female and the cry of the calf, left their hiding in the nearby jungle to investigate. Whenever a jungle animal came within range the hunters fired. We were able to bring down three before night. Upon returning to camp, we found one of our number missing. A guide sent out to bring him in reported him treed by a wounded animal. He had exhausted his ammunition; he had to remain in the tree until morning, when the sentinel at the foot of the tree was dispatched by a shot from a long-range rifle.

On the great plains of the island of Negros the undomesticated buffaloes were killed in a manner no less interesting although unsportsmanlike. The hunter reclined in a hammock swung beneath a tame buffalo guided to where the wild animals were feeding. When the wild animal approached to fight the intruder, the man reached out from beneath the tame animal with a razor-like machet to hamstring the attacker. From a reading this would appear dangerous, while, when watched from a distance, it is really a commonplace. The man riding in the hammock is in little danger. Should he be thrown from his hammock he would only let go his guiding line and avoid the hoofs of the fighting animals, too much engaged in watching or fighting to pursue a man.

By George Ballard Bowers.

Dear Forest and Stream:

JUST to show you that I have not forgotten how to handle a line in the surf, I am enclosing a picture that will explain itself.

The victim was a shark, taken in the Atlantic surf near Palm Beach, Florida. Time, one hour and ten minutes. Weight, three hundred and one pounds. Length, eight feet two inches. Over a hundred persons witnessed this battle.

Tackle: Light surf rod, tip six ft. long eight ounces, one guide and tip top. Spring butt. Meisselbach surf reel. Line No. 21 thread (Ashaway Line and Twine Co.). Regular slip sinker rig and No. 6-0 hook.

This is a record for this section for

surf fishing and light surf tackle. I am in hopes of landing a bigger fish shortly and make some of my friends in North Carolina take notice.

There are plenty of big fish here at this season as my tackle has been ripped up several times lately by fish of considerably larger size.

I might further state that this fish was not shot or gaffed in landing, although the latter was tried and it was found impossible to accomplish on account of the thickness of his hide. So it was finally accomplished, after the fish was well spent and well up in the break, by two of my companions grabbing him by the tail and slipping a rope over this part of his anatomy.

I thought this might be of interest to FOREST AND STREAM readers.

G. HORTON GLOVER.

AN INTERESTING SIGHT

Dear FOREST AND STREAM:

Recently it was my good fortune to witness a very unusual sight.

A short time ago while riding down a steep, rocky slope, my horse suddenly shied and snorted, very nearly throwing me.

Looking down I saw a Texas Prairie Snake some six feet long, devouring a

GOOD WORK

water moccasin fully four feet in length.

This I thought might be of interest to FOREST AND STREAM readers as it is a good example of the beneficial destroying the harmful. The water moccasin being deadly poisonous while the Prairie Snake is no man's enemy.

A. D. SMITH,
New Braunkels, Texas.

BAIT FOR CISCOS

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

POSSIBLY you can give me some information that I have been unable to obtain by local inquiry.

What is the proper lure for ciscos? As you know, they appear for about two weeks in the Spring and then are not seen to feed again throughout the year. I wish this information for fishing a northern Wisconsin lake, where the ciscos appear in May.

ANS.—The cisco is a small fresh-water fish, found in the Great Lake region. It seldom attains a greater length than ten inches. During the period that it feeds near the surface, it is in search of small insects. It is often taken with a small white pearl button slipped over the barb and onto the bend of a fine, sharp Carlisle hook, about No. 8. This is trailed through the water or cast from a fly rod.

While we have never heard of its having been done, we believe it would be possible to take ciscos with a fine light-colored artificial fly. At any rate, it would be worth trying. [Ed.]

DUCKS AND THE FIRST MORNING

By Frank Linwood Bailey

Oh, the joy of preparation
When you wind that night-alarm,
And the keen anticipation—
Wouldn't miss it for a farm;
The old gun is oiled and ready
From the stock unto the sight,
As you swing it sure and steady—
'Bout a thousand times that night.

"Whir!"—alarm goes in the morning
Somewhere round 3-3 A. M.,
Up you jump with stifled yawning—
No man's every sleepy then;
Just a hurried cup of coffee
And perhaps a bite of pie,
Drink, may taste a little "sloppy"—
You'll have better, by and by.

Out into the dark, you bustle
As you hurry on your way,
And you know you've got to hustle—
Soon will come the break of day;
Now a breeze is smartly blowing,
Cooler flows the morning air,
While anticipation's growing—
Just a moment, and you're there.

Now you're in the "blind," and waiting,
No confusion, fuss or noise
Save the morning in the making,
And the murmur of decoys.
Soon the East is growing brighter
Over hill and far behind,
And you hold the old gun tighter
As you snuggle in the "blind."

What was that familiar "whistle"?
There it comes again—once more—
And that dark swift-flying missle?
Sure you've read those signs before;
Once again, those shapes are coming
Swift and sure on blue-barred wing,
All at once, your blood is humming
And your pulse begins to sing.

Now, you're up and at 'em—shooting,
Swiftly blazing, left and right,
While those feathered-forms are scooting
Mid the "crack" of Ballistite;
Drops another, and another—
There they go—bang! bang! hooray!!
Honest Injun, tell me, brother,
What can beat that opening-day?

SOUTHERN READER REGISTERS PROTEST TO NORTHERN FOX HUNT METHODS

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

BEING a new subscriber but an old hunter, I kind of feel a little hesitancy in introducing myself to FOREST AND STREAM family with a criticism; so here it goes. You can publish what I say if you like, if not, let her slip.

"Reynard of the River Swamp" in your August number hit me with a push as all fox hunting tales do.

The article is well written and interesting. But what I wish to say is this: I am 60 years old and have hunted fox ever since I was a young man, but never in my life did I ever hear of two old fox hunters carrying their guns along and making desperate efforts to kill poor reynard without even giving him a running show-down. They remind me of deer hunting, they even selected out their stands in order to get a good shot, and as one of them expressed it, "I ought to be kicked full of holes for leaving the road," or in other words this was the stand he had taken.

My! My! In my part of the country, Alabama, Tennessee and Mississippi, if a man had been caught with a gun on him in a fox chase it would have been taken away from him and he strapped to his horse and the bridle taken off.

I should not be harsh though, for every country has its customs (?), so I will close.

Respectfully,

B. T. JONES.

Geiger, Ala.

IRISH SPORT OF YESTERDAY

A NEW book for sportsmen has just been issued by the Houghton Mifflin Co., 2 Park St., Boston, Mass., entitled "Irish Sport of Yesterday," by Major A. W. Long, a competent and delightful spokesman. It treats in a fascinating way of days spent with guns and dogs among the Irish hills, leisurely fishing excursions up sparkling Irish rivers and rides to hounds across the famous green fields and tremendous ditches. Price is $4.50.

By Major A. W. Long

HUBERT GARDINER

President of Gardiner's Binding and Mailing Company

Snapshot of the first four-pound small-mouth bass, caught on the opening day for bass fishing, August 1st, on Lake George, near his country home at Huletts Landing, N. Y.

HONEY DUCK

By Peggy Poe

HATTIE was a call duck. That is, to outer appearances she was a duck, but as to her deportment, jealousness, her vengeance, one wonders if some speck of Cleopatria's dust had not been wafted across the sea and been incarnated in Hattie. More than this, Hattie was a vampire, with all the vanity smirking advances of that sort of a person, with the exception that instead of wearing someone else's feathers to enhance her beauty she wore her own glued to her back by nature. Like many another vampire, Hattie spurned the admiration of the males in her own pound, though the drakes bobbed glittering green heads at her and called with mellowed small voices after her. Hattie turned a leaden eye upon their fancies and waddled away, which was something as Cleopatria scorned the swains of her native Nile. Yet there was a pronounced lesson in Hattie's conduct, in that she never waited for Opportunity to call; in fact, she sought out the gracious lady and locked her behind her own door, until the time came for Hattie to play the fiddle for her merry dance, which is generally the task allotted the "vamp" while the male is gone to make the atonement or seek other game.

To begin with, Hattie started life in the back yard at the old Jeems Bayou Club House, on the shores of Caddo Lake, at a point where it received Jeems Bayou. This club, noted for its exclusiveness, was composed of some fifty rare old hunters of the South. It was necessary that these aristocratic nimrods have trained live decoys under their guns when they went forth to portray their skill on the fertile bosom of Lake Caddo.

Hattie was one among some fifty little ducklings hatched for the purpose of call ducks, from the eggs of the domestic mallard ducks which are so true in coloring as to make it an almost exact copy of the wild brethren, that is, all the fifty were exact except Hattie. Here nature had been fanciful. Hattie, instead of light and dark browns and the greenish moltly bill, had blossomed forth with three huge white spots on her back, a brilliant yellow bill and almost white head.

At first, while in the downy stage, Hattie's off markings were not noticed, but when the young ducks began to outgrow their green feathers Hattie's white spots proclaimed her an outlaw. The club house manager first noticed Hattie when the young ducks were taken in a boat to an island in the lake to be gun-trained. They were about half grown at this stage and very awkward.

The task of gun-breaking the ducks consumes some time, and requires much patience. In the first place, the ducks had been petted from the first day that they waddled forth from the mother nest to be adopted by the manager. This was to install confidence in men, in their ducky minds; yet with all their confidence youthful ducks dislike to have a string tied to their legs and fastened to a stake, though this is done on the edge of some willow-rimmed island in a quiet cypress brake, where the water is shallow and the lake bed very smooth, yet young ducks will flop about and even drown themselves if not watched.

In a few days the young ducks become reconciled to their stakes and begin to search for the corn beneath them which their trainer has strewn bountifully on the lake bed. Back and forth among them goes the trainer, in his high boots, petting and talking to the decoys as if they were children. When their confidence is keen and they seem to be enjoying life in the water, the hunter teaches them to "call." He will call "Ducky," "Ducky," repeatedly. When they answer, which they do very quickly, he tosses them bits of bread. Soon he conceals himself in the willows and calls. In a very short time the young ducks will answer readily, some very loudly, some rather indifferently. Of course, the calling is left chiefly to the hens, as the drakes have little voice, but a flock of mallard decoys without the bright colors of the drakes would be very dull-looking indeed, and the drakes serve also to instill confidence in their noisy female companions.

It is most comical the way the ducks act the first few times the young trainer shoots over them. Of all quacking, flopping, diving, tangling, but as nothing comes of the noise except a handful of corn, the ducks soon allow the trainer to pump his gun empty over them and not so much as turn an eye from their fishing after tit-bits from the lake.

Of course, this training is done in the summer, and by the time that summer has waned into the sparkle of golden autumn and one is thrilled by the thousands of wild ducks sounding a glad and continuous refrain on the early morning air, the decoy ducks are so docile and well behaved as to act as a soothing balm to the most feverish hunter.

Now all this training concerned Hattie by chance and not by intentions and shows that it pays to ensnare Chance. In the first place, the trainer had noted Hattie's off-marks and branded her an outlaw. He had voiced his disapproval, saying her white spots would proclaim her as a fake a mile off, but Hattie turned inquiring eyes upon him and made plans to vamp him or plans to that effect.

In the first place, Hattie was put in the crates with the other ducks when they were taken to their training places, because she was not yet large enough for a roast, and if she was left behind she waddled up and down the lake shore with an endless quack, or put out to follow the boat, thus offering herself as a dainty bit for some eager turtle or gar. So it was that Hattie was tumbled in with her companions and dumped at the training point without the ceremony of a stake or string, as she was intended for a roast and not a decoy at the seasonable time.

But it wasn't very long until plans concerning Hattie began to change. The trainer soon noticed that while the other ducks plunged about, Hattie at all times remained as serene as a finished débutante under shot and wind. If he called ever so softly, Hattie answered back with far-reaching notes which must have pierced the skies. If he failed to call, Hattie became concerned and called, anyway, piercing the air with her "quacks," until every duck in the flock joined her. Being free to go at her will, the trainer, siting behind willow clumps, was apt to find Hattie waddling up to him to share his sandwich. She would waddle over his lap or stretch a lazy wing at his

side to rest and then proceed back to her companions with endless quacking. She seemed to love the distant echo of her voice, and what notes are sweeter to the hunter's ear than the unsolicited calling of his decoys?

Hattie further endeared herself to her trainer when she made it unnecessary for him to load her into the crate. The minute she saw him paddle his boat from the "brake" in preparation for gathering the decoys, Hattie met him, lifted herself on her wings and squatted at his feet or on the seat in the bow of the boat. When the boat reached the home shore Hattie flopped out and waddled to the poultry yard; thus the trainer ceased to bother about Hattie. When he went duck training she loaded herself, led the other ducks in their calling, shared his lunches and took her place in the boat for the homeward trip without a bit of trouble to the trainer. Such a companion was Hattie that the trainer (being a Southerner) named her Honey Duck.

Instead of the roasting pan, Hattie vamped herself into such favor that by the time the hunting season opened she was the adored chum of her trainer.

But it was in actual hunting that Hattie won her laurels. No matter how dull the morning, how heavy the mists over Caddo Lake, the hunter had only to call very softly, "Honey Duck," "Honey Duck," and Hattie would answer back until all the ducks would take up the refrain, with the result that many a wedged-shaped line in the sky caught the distant echo, sought it out and met its doom.

But Hattie's heart must have been as black as her off feathers were white. Not content to swim among the dead bodies of her species, that had come to answer her call, she set forth to seek those that might be unable to hear her in the "brake." Whether she looked upon the perfect coloring of her mates and smarted at her own ill-marking and sought vegeance for her jealousness, is not known; anyway, she went forth to add to her gory laurels. Being free and not tied to a ball and chain, as were the other decoys, Hattie wandered further away from the shelter of the island where the hunter was hiding. She would go so far, be gone so long, that often the master would fear that some gar might have feasted, but not on Hattie. She would swim far away from the island, into open water where timid ducks were wont to rest, feeling sure of safety out of gunshot of the willows. Hattie would eye the sky-line for a distant speck and then call her thrilling, assuring call. The flock would drop about her; then Hattie would begin the murderous task of swimming back to the island. Unconcerned, friendly, feeding, she would move those unsuspecting ducks to the very edge of the willows; then she herself, as if suddenly tired, would waddle onto the island and turn an indifferent eye at the roar of the hunter's gun above her head. As the gleeful hunter oared home, she plumbed her feather on the pile of dead bodies and seemed to pride herself in the number of glazed eyes beneath her.

Thus Hattie established such a reputation that the hunters bid for her to be put at the head of their decoys. Hattie was rented out to the club members. Often telegrams were hurried forth to keep Hattie for such and such a member; a governor, a money king—Hattie had won the affections of them all. She was petted, feted. She was cheap at any price to a hunter. Her cunning, her voice made her ill-marking as nothing.

Then came the doom. A very influential man, though being skilled in the markets, was dull as to the art of hunting. His money hired Hattie to head his decoys. As Hattie came swimming in from the distant waters, a large flock of wild mallards in tow, green heads and brown heads bobbing along in her wake, the unskilled hunter, the thoughtless, eager man in the "blind," fired before the wild part of the flock had winged high enough. One of the shots caught Hattie in the head. Her reign was over. Never again would her shrill call echo over the wavelets of Caddo Lake, with its melodious clearness bringing other ducks to their doom. Her white-feathered body lay with her last winnings. When her old trainer looked at her soiled white spots he said:

"Honey Duck, we cannot eat you."

So Hattie was buried in the garden where the white and yellow honeysuckle makes a snook over the white fence.

Dear Forest and Stream:

From many happy experiences with rod and fly three stand out as rare and fortunate.

One was on Willow River, in western Wisconsin, that flows into the Mississippi between Hudson and St. Paul. Just below a high fall, a group of springs flowed into the river, making it from that point onward for several miles an ideal trout stream. A St. Paul club had rented the river for five miles, built a club house and hired glides to patrol the banks against all poaching. It was not a popular act with the natives who had fished the stream from boyhood. Spending a sumer in St. Paul as the acting pastor of the House of Hope Church, and fishing a number of streams in Wisconsin with indifferent success, I was one day made rich by the gift of two tickets by a member of the church who was also a member of the Willow River Club.

I thought of an old ministerial friend not far from the river who had never felt happy at his exclusion from his favorite stream. And very early one hot August morning my friend and I made our way to the Willow River Club. That day we had the stream to ourselves. My friend was an excellent bait-fisherman, and though the day was bright and warm, succeeded in making a fair catch by sinking his bait under banks and in the shadow of logs and rocks. In spite of the day I kept to my flies, and had to rejoice only at the success of another. But after sunset I had my turn. I happened to be at a long pool with pebbly bottom, not far from the cluster of springs. At the first cast the water boiled. And I had fun at every cast. I waded into the water pool to cast and then drew my fish upon a gravelly point, not using my landing net for fear of disturbing the water. I cast and landed speckled trout and rainbow until my arm fairly ached with the constant strain. I kept casting after it was too dark to see the fly, and only heard the "cling" of the strike and felt the struggle of the victim. It was nine o'clock and the weight of my creel told me I had enough, twelve pounds being the limit to a day's catch. When the basket was weighed at the club house it showed exactly eleven pounds and seventeen trout, the largest a rainbow of one and one-half pounds.

One year I took three of my nephews and two of their friends, boys from thirteen to eighteen, into the northern peak of Maine, for their first experience of the wilderness. We left the Aroostoock railroad at Ashland and had a buck-board ride of twenty miles, and then by canoe pulled up a rapid river for ten miles more to a little lake where we made our camp. We found deer in abundance and now and then caught sight of a moose. Though again it was August we had no difficulty in providing trout for the table. I insisted that the boys should start right by using the fly, though the catch should not satisfy their ambition. But the lucky day came at last. It had rained and a long inlet was bringing fresh water and food into the lake. We knew the mouth of the inlet was a good fishing place and had tried it before. Now both guides were eager. I took one guide, Jacob Hess, well known to Adirondackers, and one of my nephews took the other. The fish were eager for the fly. I caught several beautiful trout from one to two pounds. My nephew kept casting without success, the flies often striking the water in a bunch. At last, with a great wake

through the water, a big trout struck his tail fly, a Parmachene Belle. The fish hooked itself, and then a real fight began. It first tried to sulk in the bottom among the lily pads, and was at last roused from this mood. Then it started for a stake some fifty feet away and was happily snubbed before reaching the fatal point. My nephew had a new outfit and strong. A good rod, a new line and leader, first-class flies. He was a quiet, unexcitable lad, with the habit of obedience, and he did just what the guide told him to do, and after twenty or thirty minutes he had the triumph of seeing the big trout in the bottom of the canoe. His jaws were black with age and scarred with other contests, and he weighed just five pounds, the largest speckled trout known to be taken in those waters, and by a lad of fifteen and his first trout with a fly. We stayed just an hour and brought to camp seventeen pounds of trout.

The third story—and a real fisherman, especially if he uses a fly, is known for his truthfulness—is from the western Adirondacks where a little company of friends, known as "the Clerical Anglers," have whipped the same river for the last twenty-six years. It is a stream of wonderful beauty and variety, but it is not preserved; it has seen much lumbering, and more than once we have said in disgust, after a poor day's catch, "The river is fished out." That's what I said on a recent May morning, when I had been casting till eleven o'clock without a rise or as much as a sign of a trout. It was on a still-water made by an old dam, the river winding with a sluggish current through an old beaver meadow. I was casting from the bow of a canoe, not a manly sight in a fisherman, but to be accepted by an old man whose legs have gone back on him. That particular morning I had yielded myself to no luck and the beauty of the scene, when about eleven there was a sudden hatch of May flies on the water, and everything was changed. Dead water was alive; trout were rising on all sides, and they were quite as eager for my flies. Almost every cast brought a good trout to my creel. It was this way for an hour before lunch and for an hour after. We cooked our coffee by a cold spring where the river runs through a gorge between arches of trees and banks of ferns. The fishing after lunch stopped as suddenly as it began. But forty-seven beautiful trout were in my basket and it was sport for a Walton.

"Ash."

Dear Forest and Stream:

From the time when the Adirondacks teemed with Indians down to the present day, "Pleasant Valley,'" as Elizabethtown was anciently termed, has been a veritable Mecca for devotees of the piscatorial art, the local ponds, Boquet River and its tributaries, as well as the Black River and its branches, yielding in early times bountiful supplies of speckled trout, generally acknowledged to be the most delicious pan-fish; later other fish were put into the ponds, especially pickerel, perch, black bass and bull pont. It often happened that men working through the week would arrange to go fishing for bull pont Saturday night. Thus it happened one Saturday night that C. E. Daniels and his cousin, the late Arthur H. Horton, of Elizabethtown, went fishing for bull pont. They had a good catch and they fished late, so that it was well into Sunday morning when Mr. Daniels returned tired and sleepy. He decided to dump his bull pont and the grass into which he had put the fish into a dishpan. He then conceived the idea of putting the dishpan in the sink and turning the faucet so that fresh water would run on to the fish during the night. This worked all right up to a certain point, and then the grass washed over the top of the dishpan and clogged the drain so that the dishpan and sink both ran over and flooded the kitchen, dining-room and the hall with several inches of water. When "Carl" got up late Sunday morning he found the bull pont swimming around the kitchen apparently as happy as when in their native waters.

George L. Brown.

Dear Forest and Stream:

SEVERAL years ago Mr. H. E. West opened up the Lost Soldier Dome, north of Rawlins, Wyoming, by drilling in a large producing oil well. The oil was run into a broad pit dug into the earth. When he went over the next morning he found about seventy-five sage hens arranged about the sump and all talking at once. He walked to within fifty feet of them and they paid no attention to him. They were intent on discussing what manner of fluid was before them, for none had ever seen or smelled anything like it. The older birds would lower their heads sideways in close examination of the oil and then chatter and tell their opinion. They were holding a regular convention and Mr. West is positive that these birds have a language and a definite means of communication. The older birds apparently were the main spokesmen and that is the same custom that prevails in Indian confabs.

Thos. M. Galey,
Independence, Kan.

THE ART OF WING SHOOTING

(*Continued from page* 557)

about six feet to insure its coming within the circle of pellets.

The Second Barrel

The best way to increase your control over the second barrel is to use it at every opportunity. If you kill a bird dead in the air with your first shot, try and hit it again before it strikes the water or the ground. One of the principal secrets in developing facility with the second barrel is the practice of continuing the swing of the gun even after the trigger has been pulled, for the man who does this methodically finds that, after shooting the first barrel, his gun continues mechanically, along its course and by the time he has steadied himself, it is practically in the right position to be fired again. The man who checks his gun immediately he has fired the first shot finds himself so far behind, when he is ready to fire again, that the only way he can get his gun up is with a jerk so rapid that he is unable to point accurately.

Allowance for Crossing Birds

The following table has been calculated on the basis of the table of velocities of shot and shows the space traversed by a bird moving at the rate of sixty feet a second in the brief interval that elapses from the fall of the hammer to the arrival of the shot at the various distances mentioned. It is, of course, understood that with slower birds approximately smaller distances must be adopted, and when the faster birds are encountered the figures must be correspondingly adjusted. These allowances are only absolutely correct for crossing birds.

For a bird distant 20 yards, lead 3 ft. 6 in.

For a bird distant 25 yards, lead 4 ft. 9 in.

For a bird distant 30 yards, lead 5 ft. 11 in.

For a bird distant 35 yards, lead 7 ft. 2 in.

For a bird distant 40 yards, lead 8 ft. 6 in.

In the case of going-away birds, the time occupied by the shot in reaching thirty-five yards is such as to allow the bird to have moved further seven or eight inches and the shot must cover the extra distance before overtaking the bird. This does not, however, exercise much influence on the aim taken by the shooter, because a bird going away is more or less in the nature of a stationary object as viewed by the

shooter. Where the angle of flight of a going-away bird is inclined to the right or the left it represents something between a true going-away bird and a crossing bird and the actual displacement of the true line of aim, due to the causes mentioned, necessarily must be small. The shooter may thus accept the above table of allowances as satisfying all requirements.

HOW TO MAKE VARIOUS SHOTS

Rising Shots

Don't try to shoot on the drop. Train yourself to bring the muzzle of your gun up to your bird. Dropping on your bird will never make you a good shot; most birds are rising and you want to catch their line of flight so as to swing your gun ahead of them and lay down a barrage of shot into which they will fly. If you try dropping onto them it simply means that your gun is falling while the bird is rising and the chances are twenty to one against you picking out a point where the bird and th eshot will connect, therefore always bring the muzzle of your gun up on your bird from below if rising shots— and they almost all are.

Ground Shots

The shots usually presented in ground shooting are either a straight away or a crossing rabbit dodging through the brush where you get only a brief glimpse of his passing form. If the rabbit is jumped from the brush pile or close under feet it will usually take a straight away course. Do not shoot to quickly, let it get straightened out and also give the pattern of your gun time to open; aim four or five inches above his ears. In the case of a crossing shot, swing your gun a few inches in front of him and press the trigger. Do not be in too great a hurry, even in thick cover there are usually openings where you can catch sight of him long enough to shoot.

Straightaway Shots

When a grouse starts, nine times out of ten he will start from the ground. If he is going straightaway from you, throw up your gun so as to shoot a little over where you see him, and by the time your gun gets up and discharged, he will have flown right into the shower of shot.

Crossing Shots

If a bird starts toward the right or left, throw up your gun so as to shoot a little high and in advance of him, say from 1 to 3 feet; you must use your judgment about this, and be governed by the speed of the bird and the surroundings, etc. Follow the bird with your eyes, and your hands will unconsciously follow your eyes with the gun. A "right-handed" hunter has to make more allowance for speed when a bird is flying to the right, generally, and *vice versa*.

Old shooters declare that a crossing bird is never missed by being lead too much. In the case of a fast flying bird it is almost impossible to shoot too far ahead. A charge of shot does not move in a solid mass but strings out for several yards and success depends upon placing this barrage well ahead of the flying bird. This particularly applies to duck shooting, therefore bring your gun up along the bird's line of flight and as you pass it swing well ahead and press the trigger without checking the movement of the gun in the slightest degree.

Incomers

This common shot bothers many old duck shooters as well as beginners. To negotiate the overhead incomer, bring the gun up with a steady swing beneath the flying bird and continue the swing until the bird is hidden from view by the barrels, then press the trigger without checking the swing of the gun and the bird comes down. It all depends upon pressing the trigger while the bird is out of sight. The misses come in from a reluctance to do so. If as the bird disappeared from view you slow up your swing until the bird is in view again you are sure to miss.

Birds Coming Head On

If a bird is flying toward you get onto it as quickly as possible and press the trigger, for there is danger of its getting in so close that your charge of shot will not have time to open up, and you will either score a complete miss or tear your bird to pieces. If a bird gets very close in sometimes it is best to allow it to pass by and turn and take a shot at it going away. On the whole, however, it is better to accept these shots coming on. It is in ducking that they are most likely to occur. If you are in a small boat there is always danger of turning too quickly.

Doubles

There is no particular rule for making a double. Different conditions call for different procedures. There is one thing, however, to bear in mind. If two birds are coming in to you and one is closer than the other, first shoot the one that is farthest out so that the one close in will not have so much time to get out of range. If the one closest in is killed first those farther out will have a better chance of climbing out of the reach of your gun. The Double calls for a great deal of skill and shooting judgment.

Flock Shooting

In shooting at a number of birds flying together, always select one bird for the aim, as near the head of the flight as possible, unless shooting in company, when each hunter aims at the position of the flock nearest his station.

Never shoot into a flock. This is the first principle of all experienced gunners. Do so and nine times out of ten you will miss. If you get a bird it will be by a scratch. Always pick out a particular bird to shoot at, and having decided on your bird do not allow your mind or eye to wander from it. If you are shooting alone select a bird as near the head of the flock as possible. If shooting in company, each hunter selects a bird whose position in the flock is nearest to his station.

Birds Rising to Flight

Birds rise to flight against the wind. Shoot when the bird is just on the turn or is steadying itself in the air after rising.

Birds About to Alight

A bird about to alight on the ground is falling, and at such time your aim should be under.

Variation in Flight

Not all game birds fly at the same speed, nor in the same manner. Consequently, it is impossible to set down any hard and fast rules governing the amount of lead to be given a bird under all conditions.

Ruffed grouse ordinarily rise suddenly into the air, following a short run. They rarely ascend more than thirty feet from the ground, and in reaching this height they travel from ten to twenty yards. As most upland game is killed under forty yards, the gun must be held high in order that the shooter may score. Grouse flushed in comparatively open cover, passing the shooter at right angles, are generally flying at a maximum speed and seldom deviate from a line parallel with the ground. On such shots, the gun must be held well forward, and a steady swing persisted in until after the cartridge has exploded.

In heavy cover such as a cedar swamp, grouse will often flush from

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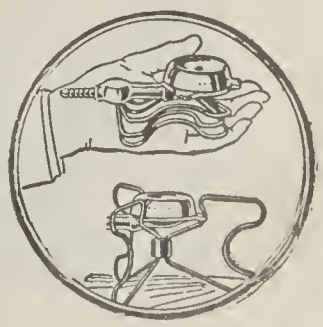

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the top limbs of a tree. They invariably fly downward with great speed. This is probably the most difficult shot encountered in the whole range of field shooting. In attempting a shot of this kind, it must be remembered that what takes place is the reverse of a rising shot, except that the bird's flight describes more of an arc and he gets straightened out more quickly on a level course. The gun must be held well under, and the shot executed quickly.

The ruffed grouse is probably the trickiest of upland birds and no two shots are ever exactly alike.

Quail (Bob White) are more even in their tactics. They rise suddenly from the ground as does the grouse and fly evenly with little dodging. Here too, the gun must be held well above, and forward on crossing shots. After the bird has straightened out, however, and is above the eye level, the gun must be held well under and ahead.

Woodcock usually bounce from the ground just ahead of the dog's nose and rise suddenly to the height of the alders or birches of the cover; when above the thickest cover, they maintain a fairly straight line. It is essential to hold well over the bird and shoot quickly for once he has reached the top of his flight, he disappears rapidly into the cover.

The flight of the Jack Snipe (Wilson's snipe) is said to resemble a corkscrew by some writers. It is really a series of zig-zags or long laps similar to the course taken by a sail boat "tacking." This flight is maintained for a short distance, and then the bird straightens out. By constant observation and practice one gets to learn just when the turn will come, and he can bag his bird within a few yards of the flush. Some prefer to wait until the snipe has ceased his erratic course, but unless one is shooting a heavy gun, this often does not happen until the bird is out of range.

On stormy days in late autumn, snipe are apt to be "cranky." They rise just within range and shots must be taken quickly. The shooter then must rely on snap judgment, and he is a good man who can make a presentable showing.

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STANDARD LOADS of DU PONT SHOTGUN POWDERS

Kind of Game	DUPONT (Bulk) SMOKELESS						
	12 GAUGE DRAMS	12 GAUGE OZ SHOT	16 GAUGE DRAMS	16 GAUGE OZ SHOT	20 GAUGE DRAMS	20 GAUGE OZ SHOT	SHOT SIZES ALL GAUGES
Turkey Geese	3½	1-⅛	2¾	1	2½	⅞	★ 2 & 4
Brant Large Ducks	3¼	1-⅛	2¾	1	2½	⅞	4 in flight 6 over decoys
Medium Ducks Grouse Prairie Chicken	3¼	1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	6
Squirrels Rabbits	3	1 or 1⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	6
Small Ducks Pheasants Pigeons Doves	3¼	1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	7½
Quail Snipe Woodcock Shore Birds	3	1 or 1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	8
Reed & Rail Birds	3	1	2½	1	2¼	⅞	10
Trapshooting	3	1¼	2½	1	2¼	⅞	7½

BALLISTITE (Dense) SMOKELESS

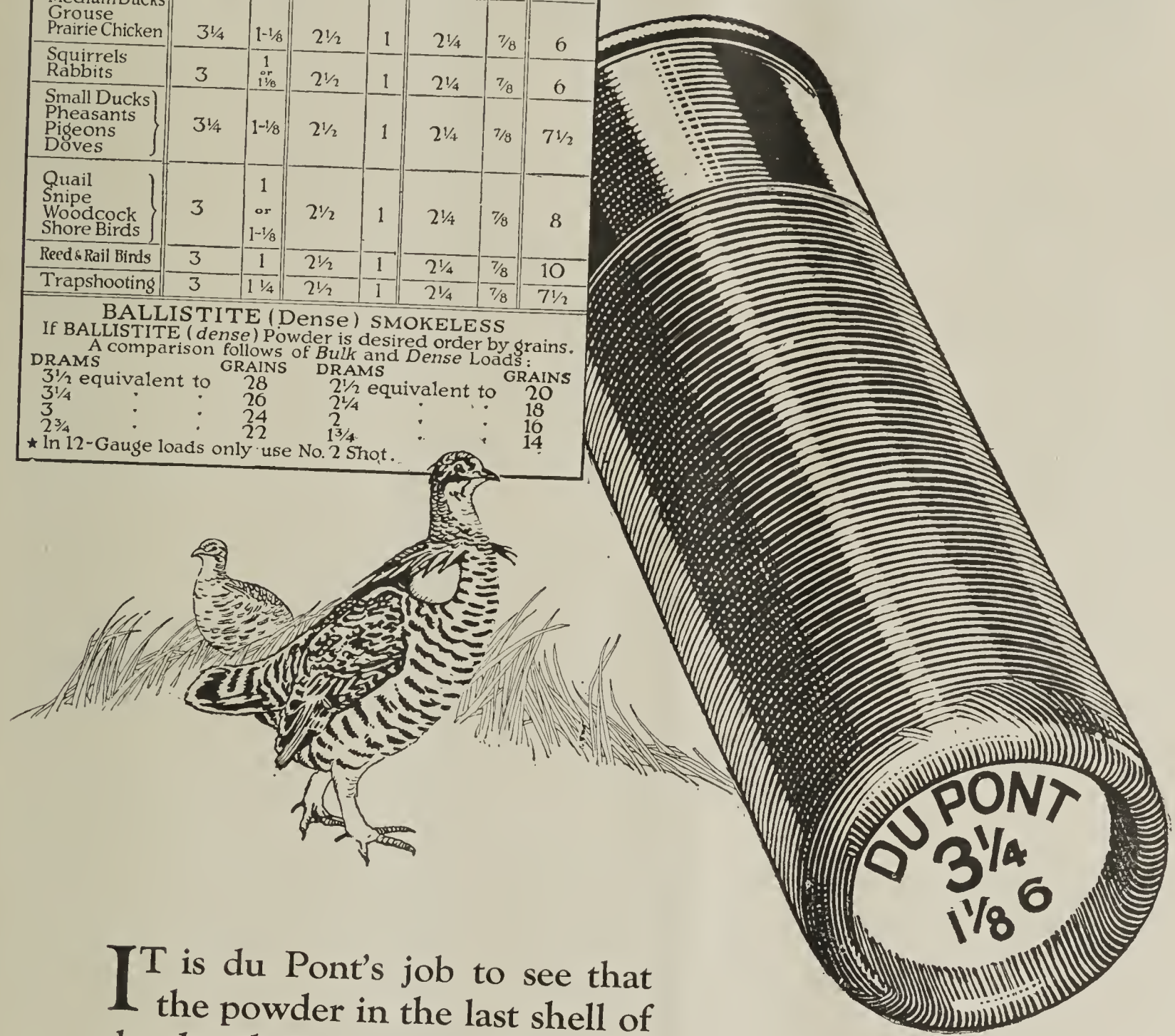
If BALLISTITE (*dense*) Powder is desired order by grains. A comparison follows of *Bulk* and *Dense* Loads:

DRAMS		GRAINS	DRAMS		GRAINS
3½	equivalent to	28	2½	equivalent to	20
3¼	" "	26	2¼	" "	18
3	" "	24	2	" "	16
2¾	" "	22	1¾	" "	14

★ In 12-Gauge loads only use No. 2 Shot.

IN TESTS of millions of loads, du Pont Powder averages 4 per cent. greater velocity (greater effective range), 6 per cent. better pattern (more even spread of shot), and 10 per cent. less breech pressure (greater margin of safety).

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc.
Sporting Powders Division
Wilmington, Delaware



IT is du Pont's job to see that the powder in the last shell of the day shoots the same as in the first shell. This uniformity in powders is based upon rigid control in production and 121 years of powder-making experience.

SHOOT DU PONT POWDERS

DU PONT

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

NOTE—Remington Game Loads are loaded exclusively in "Nitro Club" *Wetproof* Shells. *Wetproof* means just what it says.

Supplied with choice of No. 4, No. 5 or No. 6 Shot.

The Facts about Loaded Shells are here for any man to read

LAST year Remington announced the Remington Game Loads—*a brand new principle.*

Game Loads are shells loaded to get *specific* game.

Now the sportsman can go to his dealer—call for Remington Game Loads by the *name of the game* he is hunting—and get the *right* load.

* * *

The first thing you will note about Remington Game Loads is that *Remington* is the only name that appears on them or on the box.

No make of powder is indicated. Nor is *any* weight of powder shown.

The reasons for this you are entitled to know.

Remington Game Loads are the result of the *important discoveries about powder* which are described in the panel at the right.

The *weight* of powder is not indicated — because Remington Game Loads *are not loaded to specified weights.*

They are loaded to specified and predetermined *velocity, pattern and penetration*—the *right* shooting quality for the specific game.

* * *

Remington Game Loads are *not* marked with the name of the powder, because *Remington* takes the sole and entire responsibility for the action of the shell *complete.*

Remington chooses the powder (from the highest quality American smokeless powders) just as it chooses all the other parts of the shell *to get the game.*

* * *

The result is *uniformity* far beyond anything you have ever before known. Powder varies—*Remington Game Loads do not.*

These are the *facts* about loaded shells — presented here for any man to read and *act on.*

These are the Facts disclosed by Remington's Ballistic Tests

A—A given weight of the same kind of powder doesn't always give the same velocity, pattern or penetration.

B—Powder varies batch by batch—even the same kind and make. One batch, for instance, gives a velocity of 925 feet per second. Another may fall as low as 840 feet per second.

C—This is nobody's fault. Powder comes that way.

D—The man who buys his shells by the weight and kind of powder—often misses a lot of game, and never knows why.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
25 Broadway, New York
Established 1816

Remington

THE AUTHORITY IN FIRE ARMS, AMMUNITION AND CUTLERY

Write for Booklet A—
"*The Complete Story of Remington Game Loads.*"

MOSQUITO, MOOSE AND MASCALONGE

(*Continued from page* 555)

turnips, carrots, onions and cabbages. About two-thirds of this bunch of fodder we had shipped to Nottaway, 200 miles north of our starting point, Kipawa. Then we staggered over to the CPR station under 115-lb. packs.

We left Ottawa at midnight on the CPR. Blue veils of smoke hung low in the smoker. The roll and churn, the rhythmic click-a-click-a-click-a-click of the wheels over the rail joints soon lulled us to sleep, and it seemed but a moment that the same roll threw us into wakefulness and early morning sunlight—in a new country.

And a new country it was. The broad, square-shouldered fields and prosperous farmhouses had changed to ranks of pines toeing the mark at the right-of-way. Now an opening in the ranks as we came out on the side of a hill, and the heavily forested hills stretched away to an irregular blue horizon. Another opening and we skirted the edge of a small lake whose mirror-like surface was edged with cat-tails and lily pads and whose broken bushy banks were backed by tall standing pines. Then a stretch of burnt lands—the curse of the north woods—a few scattered blackened spars, monuments to the network of their fallen comrades cluttered about their feet. Ferns and young bush struggled to cover them with a blanket of optimistic green. Will men never learn to put their fires out?

We came down to the banks of the Ottawa, its waters brown from the drain of the broken forest floor and the millions of logs borne upon its bosom. A rapids showed its teeth and, piled up at the side, was the inevitable line of logs, stopped at high water by some kingpin obstruction and piled back up the river like the tail of a kite.

Log booms, long lines of logs chained end on end, kept the floating logs from drifting back into the bays and marshes, like sheep fences keeping the minute-minded animals in the right path to the fold.

A wild, foamy stream dashed under a trestle and burst out into the broad bosomed Ottawa carrying a churning mass of logs out into the already crowded river. A dam crossed the Ottawa, holding its waters behind its strong concrete back, except where it charged like a pack of white demons over a single broad spillway. A huge pulp mill and acres of logs corralled by long log booms edging in toward the mill—we were at Temiskaming.

We switched toward the north along

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Gordon Creek, and slowly crawled upward, seven hundred feet in a distance of eight miles, to Kipawa. As we dropped off the train four rusty, unshaven individuals raised themselves quickly from a bundle of peaveys and came forward as though expecting us. After careful examination they proved to be our four pardners, and we welcomed them accordingly despite their already perceptible growth of beard and general uncouth appearance.

Having left New York before us, they had been at Kipawa for three days, and so knew everything about the town—as we did five minutes later. We could see all of it from where we stood—the station, the Company store, the Company "Hotel," a house, the dam, and Lake Kipawa stretching in a blue, island cut expanse between shores broken by hundreds of points and bays. Man, what a summer resort it would be if it were not for the "flies!"

We bought some final supplies, inventoried our packs, sent home about ten pounds from each, leaving a balance averaging 110 pounds, asked about the "country," found that the boom gang might be up near Turtle Portage, but beyond that nothing. Then we went to the express office to get the canoes that were to carry us into the "bush." up river and down river, for a thousand miles. We got them, and christened them by running the log chute.

A low, squat dam, extending across the lake, hold the waters of Kipawa and hundreds of smaller lakes lying to the north. When the log boom comes in with its raft of thousands of logs, they are corralled near the spillway and gradually passed through the gateway over an initial plunge and then they dash off into the foamy race down the seven-mile drive of Gordon Creek to the mill at Temiskaming.

We found the canoes fast and fickle because of their cutting bow, narrow beam and rounded, racing bottom. Over the first small drop of the spillway the canoe shot, water pouring in as it struck the foam and tear of the boil in the steep confined race to a small widening of the channel where defeated waters lazily whirled and eddied before slipping into the next of the series of drops and dashes in its white way down to Temiskaming. It was our first taste of white water and it made us want to be going—north to the height of land and north on down the Bell River.

Fifteen foot painted basswood they were, gray, brown and green—all good woods colors, but when we put them on the scales they balanced eighty pounds—and the company had given us specifications of fifty pounds. Never

Mazola Salutes the Bass

TO the Bass says Mazola: "Of all fish you have the greatest attraction for the experienced Angler."

Answers the Bass: "Mazola, you do me the greatest justice out of the water! In the frying pan we are the warmest of friends."

Be sure to bring along a can of Mazola with your Bass Tackle.

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

Why Trap Shooters Prefer This Wad

IN trapshooting, success depends upon continued and constant effort; but the ammunition used should facilitate such effort by providing the greatest possible uniformity.

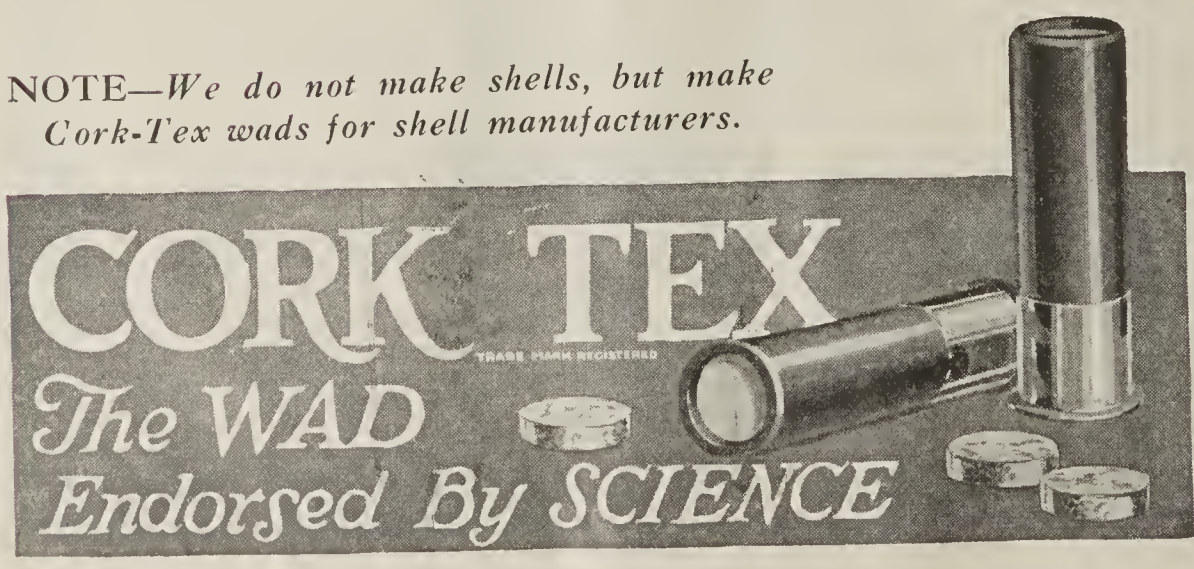
On the ballistic range it is possible to secure indications of shell performance. Velocities can be measured in foot seconds, pressure and recoil in pounds, and patterns accurately spaced and counted. However, the expectation from these tests must be confirmed by the results in actual use.

Entirely aside from hundreds of satisfactory tests on the ballistic range, the all round superiority of Cork-Tex wads has been proven in actual use by the experience of thousands of sportsmen in all parts of the United States. Further, Cork-Tex wads are very resilient—and are so strongly constructed that they do not blow to pieces in firing; also the recoil of charge is noticeably diminished. This freedom from annoyance and shock has proven to be a very definite advantage wherever continued and constant effort is required.

Trapshooters have welcomed Cork-Tex wadded shells.

BOND MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
513 Monroe Street Wilmington, Delaware

NOTE—*We do not make shells, but make Cork-Tex wads for shell manufacturers.*



again will I have a boat shipped to the "jumping off place" before I have had a chance to swing it to my shoulders. At the time it was a black disappointment. Later, although we swore at them on the portage, we swore by them on the water. They were fast in the open lakes and strong in the tearing work of rocky rapids.

After a square meal at the company "hotel" a last inventory was taken and seven canoes pointed north and raced for the first point. The canoes seemed to glide forward without effort and the point was quickly reached and rounded; Kipawa sank back toward civilization, disappeared and the wilderness seemed to draw in upon us and urge us forward.

A four-mile bay opened before us and we cut directly across it toward a seemingly unbroken line of wooded hills. Gradually a sligh break in the hills began to promise and then opened as the portals of a castle to a friendly knight. We passed through a narrow gap and another broad-bosomed lake spread out before us. The same long line of hills bordered the lake into the distance. Great, long vistaed bays extended in three directions; we took the one to the north.

Night fell quickly, as it always does when one works hard at a pleasant occupation, and as the long shafts of orange and crimson light slowly touched the tops of the pines and flashed among the silvery aspens and slanted across the unbroken mirror of the lake's surface, we rounded a point and a subdued murmur of waters came in a continuous undertone down a narrow bay that wound between brush-lined banks. A breeze seemed to spring up with the sinking of the sun and the aspens whispered and rustled like children hustling into cold beds and pulling the sheets high.

A steady current coming from the inlet, waved the long lace-like water cress. The trees closed in, and rounding another bend we looked across a narrow bay to the low dam at Turtle Portage. A freshening breeze bore the coolness of evening upon our faces.

Through the drooping shades of night we made out the forms of two low squat cabins and a light in the window of one. A burst of laughter echoed across the darkening bay; it was the "boom gang"; we had not yet left civilization. Crossing the bay we drew up the canoes and entered the low doorway of a twenty by twenty-five cabin. A clatter of dishes and a shuffling of feet, a call of "'enri, du pain" all the good natured uproar of a lumberman's mess shack at grub time. A dozen men sat on long benches about a long table loaded with stackes of bread, pans of pork, pots of beans

and pails of jam. We were noticed and suddenly the congenial "bruit" ceased. A quick moving little Frenchman with sparkling black eyes and curly black hair set a steaming pot of coffee in the middle of the table and came toward us: "Entrez m'sieurs, Entrez, Entrez!" he beamed an enthusiastic French welcome, and motioned us into the room which was rapidly becoming lined with thin clouds of blue smoke as pipe after pipe began to add blueness to the atmosphere and warmth and good humor to the "fireman."

The supper was about over and the men were leaning back with deep sighs of contentment and pipy chuckles. Did you ever hear a man chuckle with a pipe in his mouth? You should; he's your friend on the spot—you feel like giving him your shirt and telling him about your history and your ambitions.

More plates were set and we "drew up" or, rather, we "slid in on" to the benches wherever there was room. The capacity of the lumberman's table is never less than ten more than expected. The talking and laughter grew again to it's former congenial hub-bub. Some of the men spoke English poorly, and Frank and Cleve spoke French quite as poorly. We felt like lumbermen; we clattered dishes and ate like lumbermen. And I doubt not that if seven more weary canoeists had shown up in the doorway it would have been —a moment's pause, then, "Entrez, M'sieurs! Entrez, entrez!"—a shoving over—more plates—a few questions such as, "Which way?"—"How far?"—and then, "Oui, Burnt Portage very bad—t'ree mile," and so on.

It was unusual for Americans, and they knew us at a glance for "foreigners," to come into the country, especially in the summer. In fall tired business men run away from their desks for a week in the "bush." They "take a guide"—the guide takes them —he shows them a moose—they shoot it — the guide butchers it, trims the head and takes the hunter and the hunted back to Kipawa. But in the summer—and past Grand Lake! And no guide!!! Mon Dieu!

We were full—not another prune, not another bean could find room behind seven American belts, and the table was still loaded. Oh, ye starving cities—be lumbermen and live! The pipes were done and one by one the men drifted over to the bunk house. Lumbermen don't linger long after supper. They are up early—they talk at meals, four a day—they laugh and sing and swear at their work. After supper—a pipe—then the blankets.

We turned in quickly. All the magic

Super-X
Snapped in the act!

A REMARKABLE snapshot! And a remarkable shotgun load that can make a clean kill at 79 yards. Wise old ducks and geese, joy-riding outside the range of ordinary loads, are no longer safe!

Something like twenty yards greater range has given Super-X an extraordinary sale. Dealers find their stocks all gone before the demand is satisfied. Hunters know this—and are ordering now.

For all kinds of shooting, the Western "Field" has the endorsement of veteran sportsmen. It is the shell that was used by the American team in winning the World's Trap-shooting Championship at the last Olympic games in Antwerp, Belgium.

THIS COUPON WILL BRING FREE BOOKLETS

Ask for "Better Bullets," which describes the improvements that Western has made in rifle and revolver cartridges. It tells about the ***Boat-Tail*** and ***Openpoint Expanding*** bullets, the ***Marksman*** L. R. .22, and also ***Lubaloy***, the bullet jacket metal which prevents metal fouling. These features can be obtained only in Western rifle cartridges. Ask for the "Secret of Super-X," or for any information or advice that our staff of experts can give you. This service is free. Write Dept. Y-10 today.

WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY
EAST ALTON, ILLINOIS

Western
AMMUNITION

This very unusual photograph was taken with a speed camera. The hunter was in one blind while his wife in another caught the picture at the exact moment that the duck was hit. Knowing the distance between the two blinds—and the angle of elevation of both the gun and the camera, the distance of the bird was accurately determined to be 79 yards.

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

A DOLLAR'S WORTH FOR SEVEN AND A HALF CENTS

LATEST "MODEL E" U. S. GOVT. MARCHING COMPASS

Cost Government $24.50

Costs You $2.00

Brand new. A precision instrument. Easy to use. Solid bronze. Day and night Luminous dial with jeweled bearing. Focusing lens. Complete with full instructions, in plush-lined leather case with belt loop. Inspected and guaranteed. Postpaid in U. S. $2.00.

If you prefer the old model D, with scale on dial, $1.75 postpaid.

8-Power French Prism Binocular

25 MM. Objective

A $50 Value for **$23.50**

Highest grade French day and night achromatic lenses; rack and pinion adjustment; weighs only 19 oz. Right eyepiece individual focus. Brand new, not a war glass. Complete with leather case, postpaid in U. S., or will ship parcel post C.O.D. **$23.50**

De Luxe 12-Power, 45 MM. Prism Binocular **$59.50** by same maker. An extremely powerful glass. postpaid

Our glasses sold on absolute money-back guarantee.

BAKER & KIMBALL, Inc.
38B South Street BOSTON, MASS.

Rubber-All

The Perfect Waterproof Suit

Guaranteed Absolutely Waterproof

DUCK - HUNTERS and other Sportsmen

Keep dry in the worst rain. This one-piece Suit slips over your regular clothes. The Hood-Collar protects the neck and head.

NO BUTTONS OR HOOKS

Pull the string of the Hookless Fastener up or down to open or close. Cloth is made of a sheet of pure rubber vulcanized between two layers of cloth. Weight 3 lbs.

If your dealer does not stock the ***RUBBER-ALL*** yet, order direct from us. Send check or money order for $12.50. State **chest** and **height** measurements and we will ship at once, parcel post prepaid.

Booklet free upon request.

THE *RUBBER-ALL* CO.
821-825 Broadway, New York

Get Posted on Furs!

FREE Trapper's Guide
How to Grade Furs; game laws; trapping secrets; supply catalog. Also Market Reports all season.

WRITE TO

FUNSTEN

Bargains in Supplies

We can save you money on smokers, baits, traps—everything you need! Get ready NOW for a BIG year. Get your name on our list to keep posted. Write TODAY for valuable helps—FREE!

FUNSTEN BROS. & CO.
890 Funsten Bldg. ST. LOUIS, MO.

FOR EVERY HOUR IN THE OPEN

You Can Depend On

MARBLE'S

Rifle Sights

The selection of a gun sight is of as great importance as the selection of a gun. For quality and accuracy there is none better than Marble's Sights. In the Marble range you will find a sight for every need.

Marble's Flexible Rear Sight

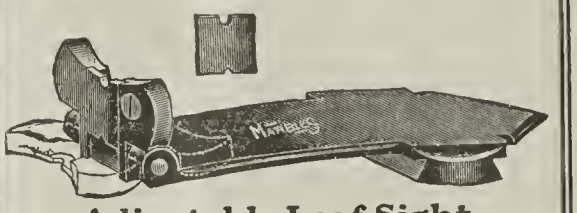
Does not lock up but is held up by a double-acting spring. Sight yields when struck and automatically flies back into position. Can't be injured by shocks or blows. Always ready for accurate shooting. Suits all American rifles. Furnished with two discs with different apertures. Be careful to state make, model and caliber, and whether or not rifle has pistol grip stock. $4.00.

Sheard Sights

Guaranteed to show up well in the darkest timber, under any circumstances and will not "blur". Will show same color on different colored objects. Made for nearly all sporting and military rifles, carbines, target pistols and revolvers. When ordering, send old front sight as sample. With medium bead, each, $1.50.

Marble's Standard Sights

The lustrous convex surface of the Pope's Island Gold Bead instantly reflects the faintest ray of light. Adds precious moments in the early dawn or evening twilight—the most favorable time for getting shots at big game. Made for all American rifles. Ivory or gold bead, 1-16, 3-32 and ⅛ in. $1.00 each.



Adjustable Leaf Sight

The leaf is held firmly in position by the spring of the long flat part, when either up or down, and can be instantly put in either position. $1.25 each.

If your dealer can't supply you, we will fill your order direct. Send for 1923 catalog

Marble Arms & Mfg. Co.
526 Delta Avenue - Gladstone, Michigan

683

FOR EVERY HOUR IN THE OPEN

of the first night out was turned into an overwhelming desire for sleep. I found a soft, grassy spot—rolled into my blanket and pulled a canoe over me. For a moment the peepers played silvery tones through the dark silence and then into my dreams.

We divided the seven men into two groups—four men in one and three in the other, a tent to each group and each group having a separate equipment and their own grub—practically two outfits traveling together. This arrangement may at first appear cumbersome and unnecessary, but from the experience of six summers of such work in the bush I can without hesitation advise it to any gang of over five men. One outstanding reason is that of safety in case of separation. Another perhaps less evident one is that you can get cooperation in groups of three or four where it is difficult or impossible with more where each is his own boss. They tumble over each other trying to do the same thing or go to the opposite extreme and figure that "someone else ought to do it, not me." Then with two smaller groups there always seems to be a natural and healthy atmosphere of competition to excel in the work of the camps—in making the stews, doing the baking, cutting wood and even in washing dishes. There is a certain satisfaction and pride when everything works smoothly, camp is made quickly and well, the canoes drawn up, the fire made, the pots started, a place for beds cleared down and maybe some little convenience made, such as a couple of logs cut and piled against two trees as a back rest facing the fire—and a corresponding respect for the other gang when their camp goes up easily and well. There was also a high degree of cooperation between camps. The big cooking fire was used in common, the tents were placed close together; to the outsider the camp was one—to us, two in one.

Our cooking outfit (speaking of the three man camp) consisted of four nesting aluminum pots, the largest holding four quarts and having a ten-inch diameter, an iron frying pan two inches deep and twelve inches diameter, three nesting tin cups, three nesting tin pans, of seven-inch diameter and two inches deep, capable of holding everything from soup to fish. Then there were three high-speed large capacity soup spoons and three five-inch bladed pocket knives.

Both camps cooked on one fire made beneath a pole swung between two forked sticks driven into the ground from four to six feet apart. The fire was made long in order to accommo-

date six or seven pots at one time. Coals can be drawn out at either end of the fire for the frying pan. Some may at first condemn this as a "bon fire," but for a large party we found it necessary, convenient and efficient. A luxury which we now consider a necessity was a set of five pot hooks, which were made of pieces of telephone wire about twelve inches long, by which we swung the pots at any desired height from the fire pole. The wire should be strong enough so that the bend will hold a full kettle and still be pliable enough so that it can be bent when necessary for a new height. They saved us much burnt, spilled and uncooked food. When you must sit down to your own cooking for two months in the "bush" you must see to it that you have good food and plenty of it.

Each camp carried an axe weighing two and a half pounds. A long slim handle of ash is advisable, rather than the short handle of the scout axe. Toy axes have their advantages, but in the stern work of making camp in new unbroken country the toy axe has no place. One has to rely on his axe for more than neatly clipping kindling wood. In making camp the axe is always in demand—it should be single-bitted and of comparatively soft steel. Of course this steel will not keep its edge as long as one of high temper, but it will not chip when it comes up against a rock. Grubbing and clearing down for a camp site in new country is necessary; there are few pleasant clearings with lawn grass carpets. The edge will dull with its all around work, but it is an easy matter quickly to renew its edge with a three or four-inch section of light weight file which can be carried for the purpose.

The axe should have a leather casing. We used one made of two strips of heavy-weight harness leather one inch wide and long enough to include the edge of the blade. The strips were riveted together at each end. Shoe strings from top and bottom of the guard tie together behind the head. This forms a light, serviceable, quickly removed and replaced guard. Slipped up to the head under a wire loop fastened in the bottom of the canoe, and the handle tied close with a light rope which is fastened permanently to the ribs in the canoe bottom, the axe will ride securely through rapids and over the portage.

The men were out with the sun. Some were at the lakes edge, splashing water over frozzled heads; others had washed and were swinging through the crisp dewy grass toward the mess shack. The whole world seemed new, fresh and vigorous. We rolled out and hurried from the lake to the mess shack

The Ideal Outdoor Breakfast

Add only water or milk

You don't know how good pancakes can taste till you eat them in the great outdoors. They're easily made with Pillsbury's Pancake Flour—so do not miss this treat.

All necessary ingredients are included in Pillsbury's Pancake Flour—there's nothing to add except water or milk. In six minutes you can serve a tempting meal of fluffy, golden-brown pancakes.

They're as wholesome, substantial and satisfying as they are delicious—an ideal food for campers—for breakfast or other meals.

Pillsbury's pancakes are *better* pancakes because Pillsbury's Pancake Flour is a better flour, containing only highest-grade ingredients mixed and sifted with scrupulous care.

The durable Pillsbury package fits compactly into your equipment. It's easy to carry along—always ready to use.

Pillsbury's Buckwheat Pancake Flour makes equally delicious cakes with a real old-fashioned buckwheat flavor.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS, U. S. A.

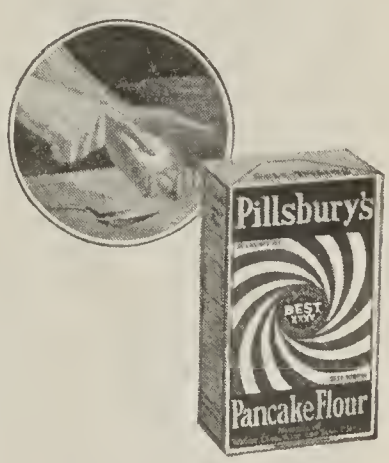
Pillsbury's Family of Foods

Pillsbury's Best Flour Pancake Flour
Buckwheat Pancake Flour Health Bran Wheat Cereal
Rye Flour Graham Flour Farina

Eat More Wheat

Make this test yourself

Pour a little Pillsbury's Pancake Flour into your hand and rub it—see its fine, velvety texture—its creamy-white color, due to Pillsbury's high-grade flours. That's why Pillsbury's makes such perfect pancakes.



Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

One of the family

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

Model 330 Stevens. *Retail price—including tax $27.50,* latest 1923 double-barrel hammerless shotgun, accurate and durable—with all the Stevens 59 years behind it. Stevens also makes a splendid line of single-barrel guns.

Always accurate and durable

Look through a Stevens barrel—shotgun or rifle. Pretty smooth, isn't it?

And no wonder. When a Stevens barrel is bored or drilled, the final reaming cuts away *less than one-half of a thousandth of an inch.*

Takes a long time—but it has kept Stevens a leader in *accuracy* for the last 59 years.

The same painstaking care throughout

To getting a handsome—a lasting—finish; to striking just the right balance. Once you get the feel of a Stevens you'll never give it up.

And just do this: match a Stevens—rifle or shotgun—for accuracy, good looks, *and* price against any firearms you like.

We rest our case on the outcome.

Ask at your dealer's or write direct for our interesting catalog.

J. STEVENS ARMS COMPANY
Dept. 443 Chicapee Falls, Mass.
Owned and Operated by the Savage Arms Corporation

Stevens single barrel gun. Model 107. Compressed forged steel barrel, full choke, automatic ejector. Made in 12, 16, 20, 28 and .410-gauge.

Stevens "Favorite" Retail price, including tax $9.75. 24-in. take-down, .22 long rifle, .22 short, .25 Stevens and .32 long rim-fire. A favorite for three generations.

Stevens

59th year—largest manufacturer of shotguns in the world

where the usual lumber jack's breakfast was taking rapid place. Mountains of crisp brown toast and buckets of heavy black tea and the inevitable pail of prunes.

Breakfast for the lumberman is a quick affair, and before we had reached the shack they were filing out to the boom. Some were still chewing toast; some singing snatches of songs in French; some cursing, some laughing. Lady! How they can laugh. Man, man! How they can cuss.

Well, we filled up to the neck with prunes, tea and toast—topped off with some beans from the perpetually filled bean pot; tried to explain to Magnon that we had stowed away enough grub to last us at least a week, and then staggered down to the canoes with our packs.

Magnon stuffed the corner of his apron under his belt and came down to the shore. "Bon Voyage a Vous M'sieurs, but I tink," grinning and squinting an eye judiciously, "I tink you be back to Kipawa — two week maybe."

As we slanted down the lake, seven abreast in an irregular line, we must have looked like a covey of Racers, that plentiful type of duck which can fly but which prefers to leave their feet in the water and so steam away in front of you, their feet kicking the water in long strides while their wings holding the body just above the water like a hydroplane "getting away."

We had already analyzed the broken virgin shores with their rocky coves and dark log retreats shaded by overhanging bushes, as "dam' good fishin." The other men had told some pretty wild tales of the size and fierceness of the fighting muskies they had landed and the monsters they had lost before our arrival. We had humored them and frankly doubted by turns. Now came proof against us that set our reel thumbs to itching and our breath back about ten notches.

(*To be continued*)

SALT WATER GAME FISHING

By Charles Frederick Holder

A NEW reprinted edition of this book has just been issued by the MacMillan Co., 64 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. It describes the fishes found in each, the bait used, and the tackle to be employed, so that the angler can go to the region knowing what to expect and what equipment to take. Price $1.00.

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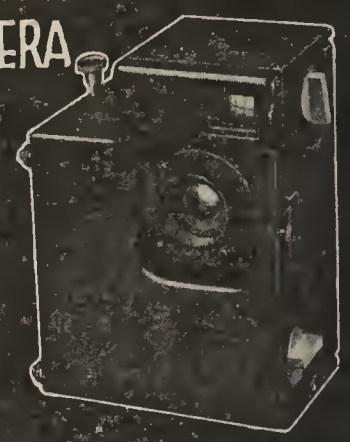

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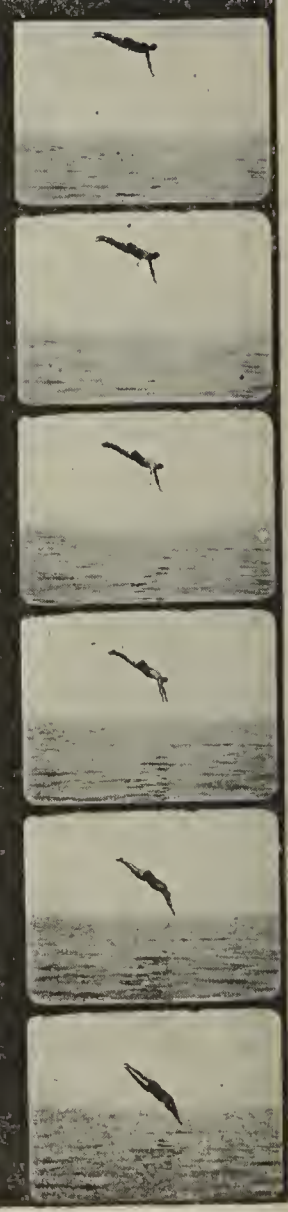

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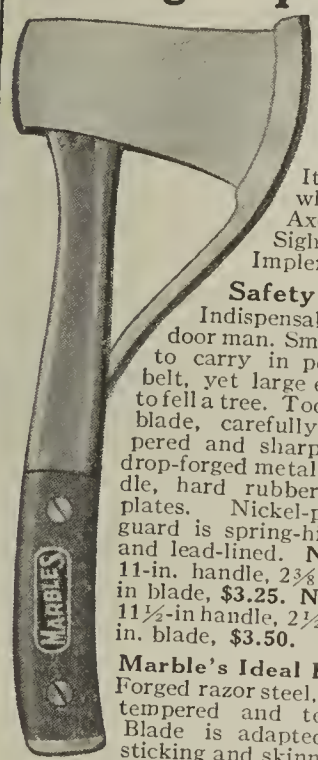

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Safety Pocket Axe
Indispensable to every outdoor man. Small enough to carry in pocket or belt, yet large enough to fell a tree. Tool steel blade, carefully tempered and sharpened; drop-forged metal handle, hard rubber side plates. Nickel-plated guard is spring-hinged and lead-lined. **No. 2,** 11-in. handle, 2⅜ x 4-in blade, **$3.25. No. 3,** 11½-in handle, 2½x4⅜ in. blade, **$3.50.**

Marble's Ideal Knife
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	No. 41	No. 42
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6-in. blade, with sheath,	3.00	3.75
7-in. blade, with sheath,	3.25	4.00
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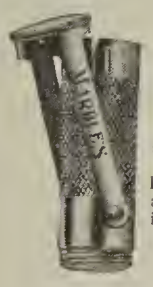

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If you can't get Marble's Outing Equipment from your dealer's, we will fill your order direct.

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Marble Arms & Mfg. Co.
526 Delta Ave., Gladstone, Mich.
681

Wild Bill's Mate in the November issue is not a tale of Western Frontier days, but a corking duck story from the pen of Frank Linwood Bailey. If you are a duck hunter, you will enjoy it—if you are not, you will enjoy it, too, because while not outside of the realm of the possible, it is still fictional in character and holds in store for its readers a thrill that one does not look for in a tale of duck hunting.

REAL SPORT — SMALL BORE RIFLE SHOOTING

(*Continued from page* 563)

order to appreciate the similarity between these two courses it may be stated that the scores made by the small bore riflemen and the military marksmen over their respective distances are almost identical.

As already stated, the decimal system target is used at all distances up to 100 yards. The present style of target has ten concentric rings. On the 100 yard target each ring is one inch apart. The bullseye includes the 9 and 10 rings. The 10 ring therefore is 2 inches in diameter and this makes the bullseye 4 inches. In order to score the possible, the shooter must place all ten shots in the 10 ring or 2-inch circle. This has all been figured out very closely, and while ammunition will make 2-inch groups from machine-rest at the factory, it is seldom that the possible is made in competition.

The rifles used by small bore riflemen consist of the heavy type variety, and repeaters and other light rifles are almost unknown on the rifle range. The rifles used at present are, in the order of their popularity, the Stevens, models 404 and 414; the Winchester, model 52 bolt action; the Savage bolt action; the B.S.A., model 12, which is the lever type Martini action, and last but not least, the U. S. rifle, model 1922, Springfield.

At all distances of 100 yards and under, the system of arranging the targets is to use frames hung on two posts. The posts are set about 8 feet apart, the frame being suspended from a nail driven in each post. Ten targets are usually placed on the 50 yard frame and five targets on the 100 yard frame. Ten shots are fired on each target. At 200 yards the targets are pasted on the regular military frame which is operated much after the fashion of an ordinary window-sash.

At the short distances, when the shooter has completed his ten shots, the frame is brought back at the same

(35)

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Dardevle may look uninteresting to you—but believe me it does attract the fish. Hundreds of thousands in use. You try it too—on the word of one fisherman to another. If your dealer hasn't got Dardevle send direct to me.

$2.35 Brings 3 sizes of Dardevle in Red and White Chunk Pattern —one for every weight of rod and line. Charges Prepaid.
Dardevle, 3½ in. long 85 cents each
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Dardevle's Imp, 2⅛ in long, 65 cents each.

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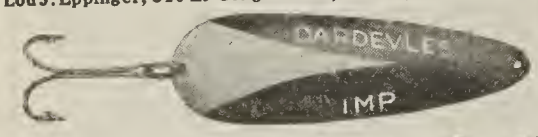

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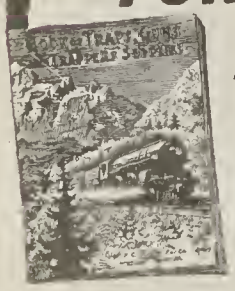

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time that a new frame is hung. At 200 yards the target is pulled down after each shot. A one or two-inch spotter is placed in the bullet hole, the target is again raised and a marking disc is used to signal the value of the shot. If it is a bullseye, the disc is all white. If the shot counts but 4, the red disc is flashed. If it is a 3, the maltese cross is used. If it is a 2, a black disc is used. Anything less is a miss and the red flag is waved across the target. This, of course, has pretty much the same effect on the riflemen as the red flag has on a bull—it makes him mad.

Practically all shooting at all distances is done prone, although the kneeling and standing positions are used sometimes to vary the monotony.

It is quite a rare performance for any marksman to record the possible score of 100 in a match when shooting at 100 yards. During the eastern small bore championship matches at Sea Girt, N. J., from June 30th to July 4th, this year, only five possibles were made during the entire shoot. There were nearly 100 marksmen and probably 50,000 shots were fired during the five days of shooting.

On the other hand, at 50 yards the possible is frequently made. At that range the 10 ring in the bullseye is one inch in diameter and the 9 ring being one-half inch, makes the bullseye 2 inches. Something like fifty possibles were made at 50 yards during the same shoot.

At the short distances, that is, 50 and 100 yards, marksmen do their own spotting, the target being the score card. A shooter may use a low or high power spotting scope, depending on his judgment as to which will give the best results. Regardless of whether the shooter uses the ordinary iron sights or the telescope, a spotting scope is quite necessary, as it enables him to follow the shots and make corrections either for windage or elevation. Some shooters prefer iron sights and this depends too on their vision. The man who has good vision and uses iron sights is not handicapped but really has an advantage over the man with a telescope for the principal reason that the telescope is a delicate instrument and has a bad habit of causing wild shots for no apparent reason.

For the rifle club of modest means and not possessing much ground space, it is best that the shooting be confined to the 50 and 100 yard distances, because as no pit is used, it is not necessary to employ pit boys and one boy can handle a frame which takes care of five shooters at one time. For 200 yard shooting, a pit is necessary and one boy to operate each target. A score

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Red blooded sportsmen from the Maine Woods to Alaska say "Some Boot!"—you'll say so too when you've once put it to the test in hunting, fishing, cruising or hiking.

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Soft, easy-fitting and as near water repellent as leather can be. The boot for sturdy strength and for solid comfort.

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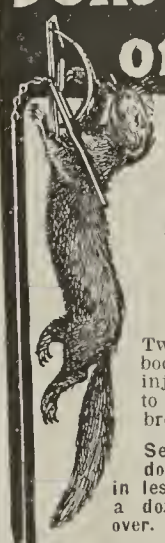

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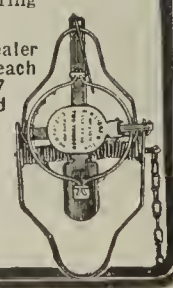

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boy is also required for each shooter at the firing point.

From the foregoing it ought to be possible for anyone to visualize such a scene as was witnessed at the Sea Girt rifle range the morning of June 30th, with the 50, 100 and 200 yard ranges of that range in full operation. It usually requires five days to run the eastern small bore championship matches, the first day, June 30th, being devoted to practice.

The first important individual match on the program was the Palma small bore, which is shot at 150, 175 and 200 yards, with two sighting shots and fifteen for record at each distance. This match was won in 1922 by Mr. R. V. Reynolds, of Washington, D. C., with a score of 222 out of a possible 225. Sixty-six of the very best small bore riflemen in the east were on the firing line when the command "commence firing" was given. There were many distinguished visitors to witness the opening of the match, including the governor of New Jersey and his staff. Among the competitors were several riflemen with international reputations as military marksmen of the first rank. These included Mr. H. H. Leizear, Mr. K. T. Frederick, International Pistol Team man, and Mr. John W. Hession. The Director of Civilian Marksmanship, Col. C. E. Stodter, of Washington, D. C., was also a competitor and demonstrated his ability to practice what he preaches, by winning this important match with a score of 224 out of the possible 225, tying the existing record over the course. The shooting throughout this match was of a very high order and as the weather was good, with nothing more than a gentle breeze blowing, it was expected that the scores would run high.

On the completion of the Palma individual match, the small bore Spencer match was shot at 200 yards. The course of this match consists of two sighting shots and twenty for record, and it must be observed that as the possibility of making the possible score exists, it is understood beforehand that should any competitor run twenty bullseyes, he shall continue shooting until he goes out of the bullseye. Therefore, the competitor who scores the largest number of bullseyes after he has made the possible is declared the winner. Last year this match was won by Mr. S. W. Case, of Bayonne, N. J., with a score of 99.

When the shooting was completed late in the afternoon of July 1st, this year, it was found that five of the competi-

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tors had scored the possible 100, but C. S. Neary, of Bridgeport, Conn., a member of the champion Remington rifle team, which won the N. R. A. championship this year, had scored 14 bullseyes in excess of the possible against 10 registered by Mr. E. B. Rice, of Mahwah, N. J., and Mr. Neary was therefore declared the winner of the match. Mr. Donald Baker, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Mr. R. H. McGarity, of Washington, D. C., each scored the possible with 7 extra bullseyes, both having missed on their eighth shot. Capt. Roy L. Bowlin, of the Frankford Arsenal registered the possible, but missed on the next shot and so took fifth place.

On Monday, July 2nd, another individual competition of importance, the Camp Perry special match, consisting of 20 shots at 50 yards and 20 shots at 100 yards, was shot under very favorable weather conditions. The prize for the winner of this match consists of a free trip to the international and national matches held at Camp Perry, Ohio, this year. The winner was Capt. C. M. Brown, U. S. A., who will be statistical officer for the national matches this year, and to Capt. Brown, therefore, was awarded the prize, his score of 389 out of the possible 400 being the highest recorded in this match. Second place was won by Mr. H. H. Leizear, of Washington, D. C., with a score of 386.

The first of the team matches was fired in the afternoon, the eastern two-man teach match. This is a very interesting competition and is open to teams of any two men who may elect to pair up together. Each competitor fires twenty shots at 100 yards, and twenty shots at 200 yards, which makes forty shots for each man on the team, or a possible score of 600 for the team. The winning team of 1922 was composed of Mr. C. S. Landis and Mr. J. B. Grier, both of Wilmington, Del., who made a score of 778 out of a possible 800, but under different conditions. This year the team of L. J. Corsa, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Chas. H. Johnson, Philadelphia, won with the excellent score of 579. Mr. Corsa made the high individual score for the match, 293, a very exceptional performance and which included the possible at 100 yards.

On Tuesday, July 3d, the big individual match of the meeting began in the morning. This is the eastern small bore championship match. There were sixty-five competitors on the firing line when this match began, each competitor firing ten shots at 50, 100 and 200 yards. A comparatively new shooter, Mr. W. O. Webster, of Wilmington, Del., scored 99 at 50 yards, 98 at 100 yards and the possible 50 at 200 yards, or a total of 247 out of the possible 250,

tying with Mr. L. J. Miller, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who scored 100 at 50 yards, 98 at 100 yards and 49 at 200 yards. However, Mr. Webster won the tie by virtue of the fact that he had the possible score at the longest distance, which is the rule for deciding ties in a competition where there is more than one distance. The 1922 winner was Mr. John W. Hession, of New York, with a score of 247.

In the afternoon of July 3d the eastern small bore team championship match was fired over the same course as the individual match. There are four competitors to each team, the team possible score being 1,000. This competition produced some excellent shooting and it was not until the last shot was fired that the winner was known. The combination of excellent shooting and team work enabled the Mahwah Rifle Club, of Mahwah, N. J., to score a total of 976 out of the 1,000 points. The team to make second place was the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Club, of New York City, Team No. 1, with a score of 970. The University of Pennsylvania team was third with 963. The 1922 winner was the National Capital Rifle & Revolver Club, Washington, D. C., with the score of 972.

The entire day of the Fourth of July was reserved for the Palma small bore team match, and the occasion was celebrated in the good old-fashioned style by the Frankford Arsenal Rifle Club winning the match with a record score of 888 out of the possible 1,000. The Arlington Rifle and Pistol Club was second with 884, and the Remington Rifle Club team third with 878. The high score last year was 882, made by the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Assn., New York City.

It remained with Mr. H. J. Wood, captain of the Remington team to record a new world's record for the Palma course by placing all of his forty-five record shots and all but one of his sighting shots in the bullseye, clean across the range. This gave him a score of 225x225, which constitutes a new record in the small bore rifle shooting and a record which, of course, can never be beaten.

The individual grand aggregate, which is composed of the Palma individual, the eastern small bore individual and the Spencer matches, was won by Mr. R. H. McGarity, of Washington, D. C., with a score of 563 out of a possible 575. Mr. L. Theo. Everett, of Mahwah, N. J., made the same score but was outranked. The winner of last year's grand aggregate was Mr. John W. Hession, of New York, with a score of 559.

From the foregoing the average man or the close student of rifle shooting

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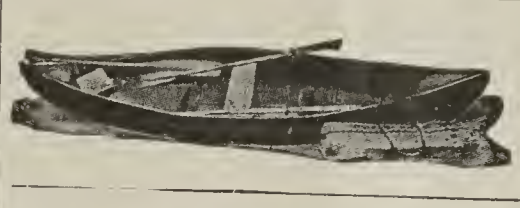

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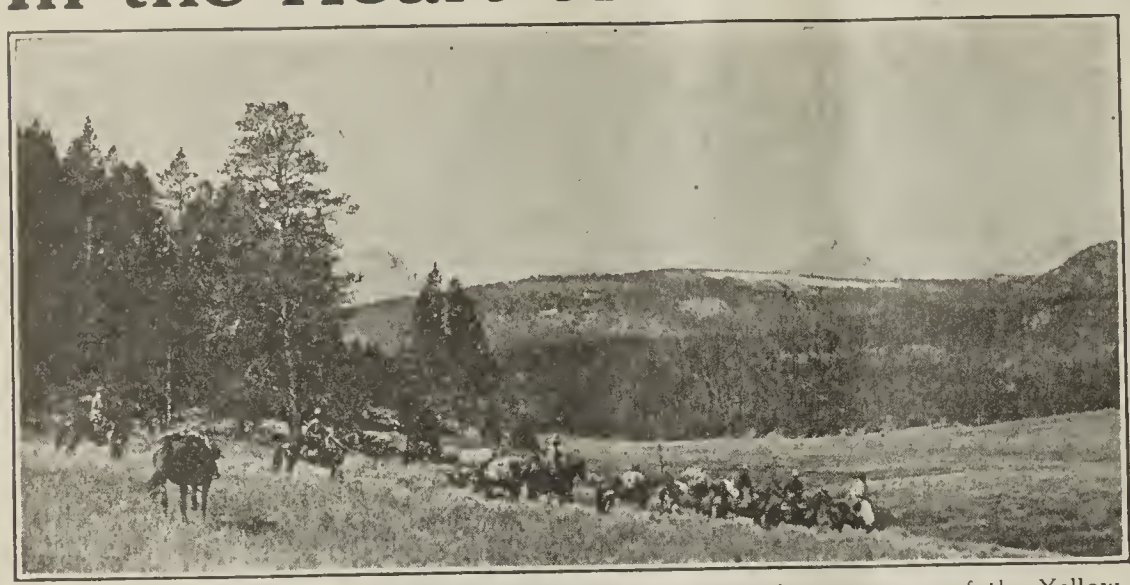

The Elkhorn Ranch is located four miles from the northwest corner of the Yellowstone Park and sixty miles from Bozeman, Montana. It is reached by an auto trail that follows the west branch of the Gallatan River.

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will easily understand the high order of shooting which is necessary in a competition of this kind in order to be a winner. These large, shoulder-to-shoulder contests are necessary for the exchange of ideas, the formulation of rules and regulations to govern future contests, as well as a better understanding between competitors. There is nothing like shoulder-to-shoulder contests in rifle shooting to bring out a competitive spirit and to definitely determine the relative skill of the contestants.

There is also the reward which comes to the small bore rifleman in the form of medals of distinctive design as well as merchandise prizes of excellent quality and value. There were nearly $1,500 in merchandise prizes distributed to the winners during the eastern small bore championships, as well as trophies and medals to teams and individuals.

It is only a matter of a few years before this country will have as many or more rifle clubs than are now actively operating in England, where there are something like 2,500 such clubs. It is interesting to observe that despite the comparatively small number of small bore marksmen in this country actively interested at the present time, the annual Dewar team match between England, Australia, Canada and the United States, has been won successively since 1919 by the American team, composed of twenty of the best marksmen in the country.

NEXT MONTH

Dr. Henshall tells, in his usual charming manner, about his canine friends. Those who have associated the "Dean of American Anglers" with the black bass alone will be glad to know that the doctor is an enthusiastic sportsman who enjoys his days afield with a good dog.

THE FRIEND OF MAN

(*Continued from page* 553)

pose. A man who has a high-grade dog and knows his worth is not commonly willing to part with him. As a general thing, most sport is had over dogs which their owners themselves have broken.

Nor should it take much trouble to break a well-bred pup. Get his trust and affection first; exact implicit obedience from him at home; handle him yourself, and don't encourage him to make up too much with friends and

neighbors. In short, make him your dog, and you yourself can break him. Anyhow, most breaking is done at home. A bird-dog pup that is trustful and obedient will likely do in the hunting-field what you ask him to do. And if he does, why, he's broken.

A friend of mine told me of the behavior of a setter of his in retrieving a quail. He was hunting on a river-bank. Off about fifty yards an old snag had caught some trash, and as more collected there, a big pile had accumulated. As the river was affected by tides, the trash-heap was deepened as the tide ebbed and flowed, alternately letting it down and lifting it up, though but slightly. The hunter in question shot a quail as it rose out of some bushes on the bank. It was crippled; and in that condition it headed across the river. The setter happened at the moment to have fixed her eyes upon the bird. The dog saw it, as the hunter did, come down on the pile of trash, far out in the stream. Immediately the setter plunged in to retrieve the bird.

Reaching the pile of sedge, after a hard swim, she climbed about on it in an attempt to locate the quail. She got the scent but not the bird. It evidently had crawled deep under the bed of trash. Then the dog did a remarkable thing; apparently she located the bird, but decided that she could not reach it from above. She therefore re-entered the water on the leeward side of the trash, swam a few yards, her head far out-thrust as if scenting, and then crawled in under a dense and dripping canopy of the heavy sedge. When she emerged, she had the quail; and when she dropped it in her owner's hand, who had watched and understood the whole performance, the bird was still alive. Even granting that a man has had left out of him the power to scent game, would he have handled the situation so delicately as that, even though he had known exactly where the bird was hiding? Surely it takes more than instinct to do what that setter did.

Whenever we examine the things that bird-dogs do, we are reminded of the differences between pointer and setter already mentioned. The behavior of these two strains on the point will illustrate both these distinctions and the main point that I am trying to make—the extraordinary intelligence of these grand creatures of the chase. I used to hunt a good deal with an old Llewellyn; his pedigree was obscure, but it must have been good. This dog was a quail specialist. I never knew him to lie. Field-sparrows and meadow-larks never fooled him. His actions on winding quail were most extraordinary. Slowly, very slowly he would circle with a strange, waltz-like motion, his head high and on one side, his haunches low,

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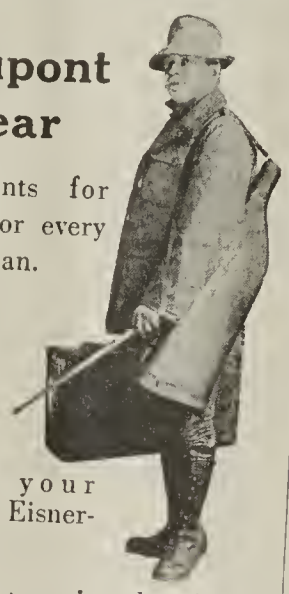

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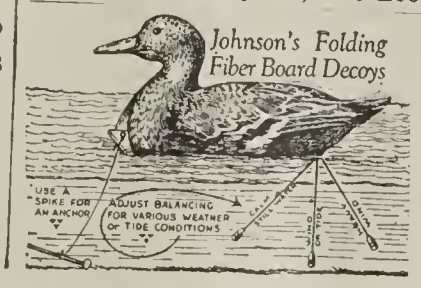

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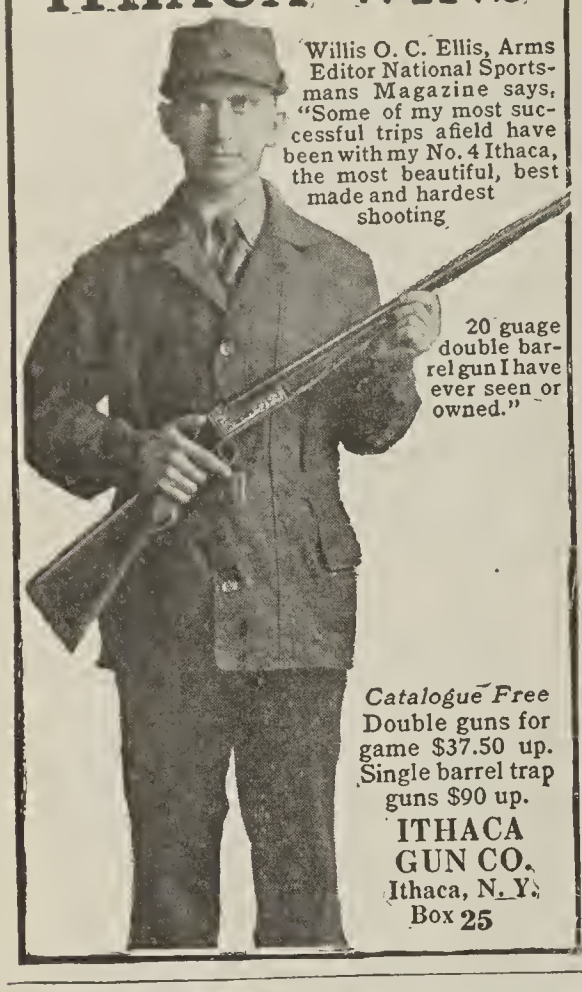

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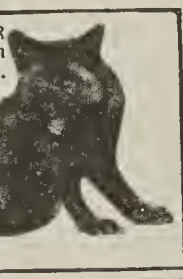

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but his tail straight up. I believe his circling prevented the birds from running. When he was satisfied that he had the covey in position, he would simply sit down. But at such a time his head would rock slowly and slightly, and there would be in his eye that unmistakably strange light which a bird-dog shows when he is sealed to a point. Another setter had a habit of crawling back to find me, and then walking forward again as gingerly as if he were stepping on eggs. Once I had a nervous little English setter that had a peculiar way of whining when she pointed. This, of course, was an eccentricity due to suppressed excitement. All these fashions in points, however, illustrate high intelligence, generous understanding. They are more likely to be found in the setter than in the pointer. When the latter finds birds, he turns statue; and his whole attitude seems to express something like this: "Come on, now; here are your birds. Make your work as businesslike as you can."

Once going through some very heavy brush with my pointer I saw him come to a stand. At the moment both ears were thrown across his head, and his lip at the side had been caught up—his whole dishevelment having been done by the briars and vines. He made a very savage-looking fellow thus pointing. Had he had a heavy coat, he might have been taken for a wolf snarling. This little picture illustrates the point that a bird-dog, when he does stand, pays no attention to any personal inconvenience. Only this last autumn one of my pointers ran between an oak and a sapling, standing about eight inches apart. There he stopped. I thought he was caught; but as he seemed ready to stay, I approached carefully. A covey of quail was right ahead of him. After the birds had flushed, I had to help the pointer out of his difficulty.

From far-off boyhood comes the memory of a thing that a Gordon setter did for me. Barefooted and hatless, I was shooting ducks on an old ricefield bank at twilight. The setter had come along simply because we were inseparable companions. As there was deep water in the morasses on either side of the bank, I could not hope to get the ducks that fell clear of hard ground. My object was to shoot them so that they would fall on the bank. However, as every sportsman knows, it is something to kill an old green-head mallard, let alone suggesting to him where he shall take his seat. Like a boy, I shot wildly and excitedly. I saw a good many ducks fall. To the dog I paid no attention. One duck I secured. And when the flight was over, and darkness suddenly fell, one duck appeared to be all that I would take home. Calling the dog, I turned down the bank. But I stepped on something warm and

feathery. Then I made out the Gordon, standing guard over seven mallards that she had retrieved and brought to the bank as fast as I had killed them. And all this had been done without a word from me. Intelligence? The dog showed more than the man on that occasion. Nor is that kind of experience with a good dog exceptional.

A hunter is known to me who sold an English setter that he had had for five years. The purchaser lived in a town in the same state, but seventy-three miles away. The dog went by express. Three days later the seller had word from the buyer that the dog had escaped; four days after the sale, the dog was in his master's yard. I can't tell you how the dog knew the way home. But he got there. And the owner, whose heart had been sore over the selling business, made an arrangement to cancel the sale. His decision was wise. If a hunter may be permitted to moralize, I would say, Don't sell your favorite dog any more than you would sell your favorite child.

THE ANTELOPE JACK-RABBIT OF ARIZONA

(*Continued from page* 563)

long slender legs and the light buff and white under parts of the body. To get a view of the white patch was more difficult because on close approach he hopped gently away and even went once around the bush without showing the patch. Evidently the patch is only shown during a quick and startled run. With more urging he ran about 100 feet and showed the white patch several times. The movement was slow enough so that the skin could be seen to move, but, unfortunately, a bush intercepted my view and prevented my taking a photograph. After many false starts and much maneuvering, I finally risked giving him a real scare and snapped him in full flight with the white patch flaunting its defiant signal. Frightened or disgusted by these harmless but unusual happenings, he and his mate left the little valley and were seen no more.

The habitat of the antelope jack is in the broad open spaces of the valleys of southern Arizona. I have seen them from the eastern border of San Pedro Valley west to Ajo and from Gila River

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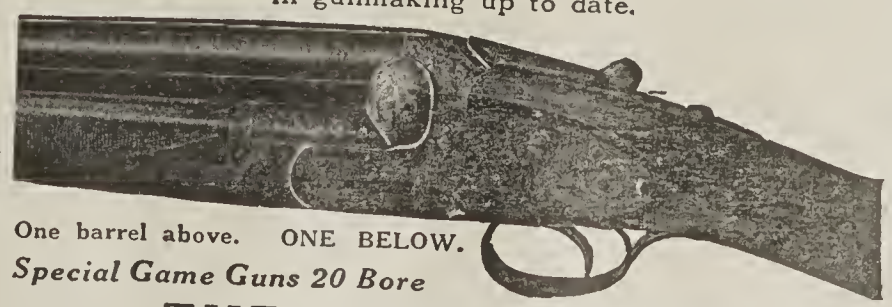

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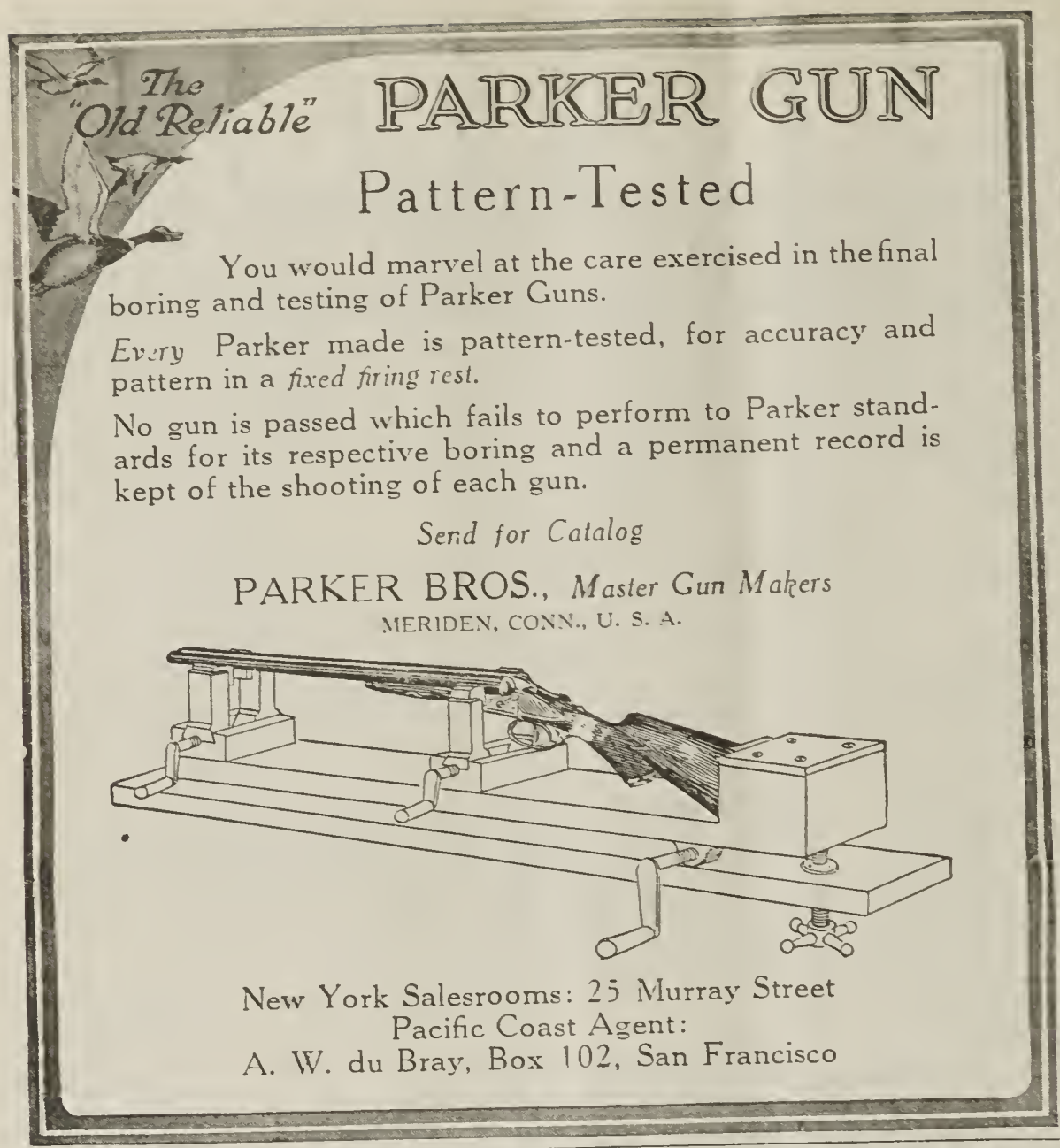

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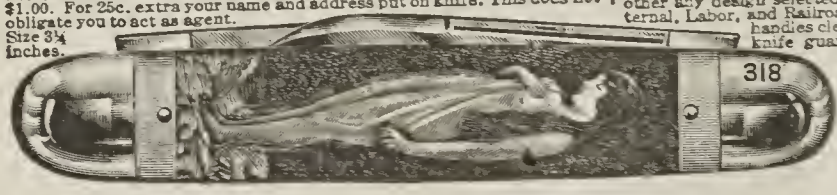

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They have the direct pull from point to end of shank, also evenly balanced, does not tear the gill, pierces a hole only the width of barb. The principal feature is they will "twist" automatically, the fish having very little chance of escape. The snell will not break at the connections, having no "hinge" effect, which causes other hooks to break. It is the only open hook that has weedless action, yet nothing to obstruct the fish from getting caught. It is the surest and deadliest hook known.

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south to the Mexican boundary. In Mexico the same and kindred species inhabit a large area.

The antelope jack-rabbit is not hunted as game, for he seems to suffer from the same diseases that make the ordinary jack-rabbit unpalatable to civilized man. However, the sportsman in search of desert quail, on topping a ridge in the rolling plains, will rarely see a more beautiful sight than two or three pairs of these rabbits in full flight before him. With the grace of a herd of deer, they run at a furious pace, making leaps 3 to 4 feet high and 6 to 8 feet long, and flashing the white patch first on one side and then on the other.

To be sure of seeing antelope jacks the traveler should take some of the little used roads north of Oracle, Ariz., or between Tucson and Ajo. Sometimes the careful observer will see a few along the Tucson to Florence highway, or other main roads. For travel on the minor roads, the other rewards are good quail shooting, and the most interesting and impressive desert landscapes in America.

STILL FISHING FOR PICKEREL

(*Continued from page* 562)

self, or better still by a younger member of the family, preferably a boy of 7 to 14 years. A girl or wifey will suffice, if they are not afraid to hook a small wriggling worm by the skin on a very small hook. All around, close in shore of every pickerel lake small fish abide, such as perch, catfish, chub, various minnows, and young pickerel—the latter quite as serviceable, for the wicked adult father or mother pickerel take them just as readily as other fish. These little fishes will readily take a small worm, not larger than 1½ inches long, impaled by the skin only on a small No. 12 hook attached to fine gut and tied to a short workable line which you fasten to the tip of a six foot willow withe. To be more up to date, use a light 8 foot trout rod, no reel is necessary. A good plan to keep the bait alive is to scrape out a little pool at edge of the lake, dam the prisoners in where they will live in the same water till required. Perch and catfish require that the spine fins be cut off with scissors which does not in the least impair their vitality as baits.

Of course there are other methods to get pickerel, such as skittering the surface and trolling live or artificial baits—which will require a separate chapter. The foregoing remarks are in direct opposition to my own methods and theory in using artificial nature lures of my own invention. I am broad enough to consider the varied opinions

and wishes of my readers and I frankly confess, having seen Friend Patten succeed in getting fish, though he himself does not consider the method a high order of fishing, yet it covers the wants of many who just fish for the fun of it, then perhaps provide a palatable dish for the frying pan. When fried in good thick slices, the pickerel is transformed into a white flaky delicacy encrusted in a brown coat that will tickle the stomach of the most fastidious gourmet to be found in forest or by stream. This is more especially true if the feast is in the open, in a shady dell, no matter at noon or night. Like Oliver Twist, every one present at the banquet will repeatedly "ask for more."

Should I be accused by envious or malicious parties of giving a new deadly method of a too rapid depletion of this voracious and gamy fish, my conscience is perfectly at rest because I know it will take a lot of success to overcome the remarkable fecundity of this popular hero of the north, of the south, the east or the west.

I forgot to mention this rig will also be found invaluable in those locations where pickerel lie under the submerged root of trees where the lake bed is thick with dead leaves and mud six to eighteen inches deep where live minnows and frogs would be sure to dive in and hide, consequently to defeat the angler's object in attracting the pickerel to the doom intended or hoped for.

TOURING WITH RAYMOND SPEARS

(*Continued from page* 560)

hammocks, go into real resting. Read a few pages of Heroes and Hero Worship, of Walden Pond, of Homer, or Byron or of any favorite author. Genuine psychology lies behind this suggestion. Long since, it was observed, when soldiers are in deadliest peril, a bit of diversion, a flash of wit, relieves the tension.

The weakness of one's car will dictate foresight in the matter of what one carries to overcome the trouble when it occurs. Worry about possible trouble is about the worst thing one can do. Concentrating too much attention on a car's weakness is apt to make it self-conscious, I suppose. Anyhow, in trying to relieve the steering

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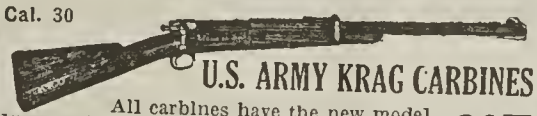

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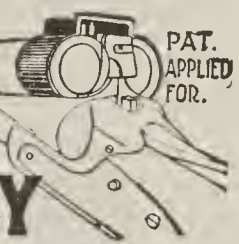

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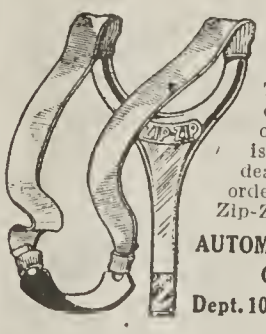

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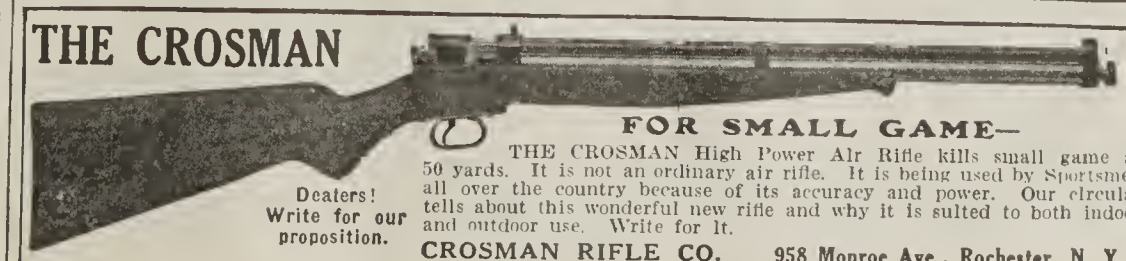

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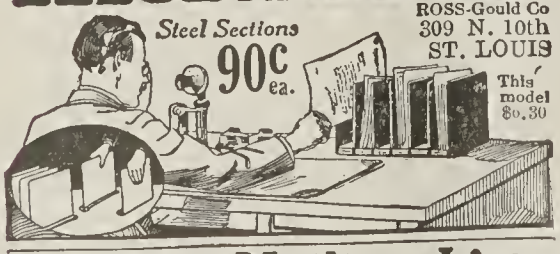

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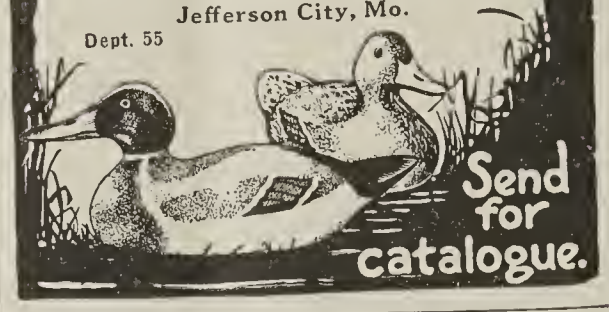
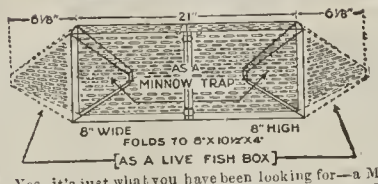


Selects 'Em

Minnow Trap and Live Fish Box



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gear, or the axles, or the motor one is apt to apply a constant hammering on the parts that are thus brought into extra play—and difficulties appears in the other part. Thus favoring a certain threadbare tire on the front left wheel may expose the right front and rear tires to glass or other attacks. Better throw the old tire, and be done with it.

New tires all around will probably save more exasperation than any other like expenditure of money on a long journey. I have on old tires, within a few days, spent more than half the cost of a new tire—and then bought new tires, anyhow. Those old tires would have served me for hundreds of miles around home, on familiar highways. But in strange country, on different kinds of roads, whose peculiarities I could not instinctively meet, I had puncture after puncture, and blow outs. In putting in a reliner, it should be remembered that a size smaller inner tube should be used, for otherwise the full-sized, old inner tube will pinch and blow out, anyhow.

Peculiarities of tires, rims and wheels prevent much discussion by me of the care and foresight that may be exercised. Spare plugs, a good pump, an extra tire, extra tubes, extra needle valves, a pressure gauge, patches and liquid cement, tire tape—what is often neglected around home may well be regarded from the view-point, not theoretical, of miles distance from garages and all succor but what is in one's own toolbox.

The car should always contain a diagram of the ignition, and all the ramifications of the electric system. Without being sure as regards the majority of cars, I suggest that most of the minor troubles will be had with the electrical features—perhaps 75% of all troubles are in the wires and battery and plugs, lights, starter, horns, etc. I know that on my way from Hermosa Beach, on the Pacific, to Little Falls, N. Y., a dead tail light and tire trouble comprised our vexations, and fearing laws and consequences, I spent at least $6 on the tail light, and not till we fairly dismounted the wiring did we find that the cause was a cable conductor which had worn through where it rested on an axle, which a few turns of tire tape remedied.

Finding the causes of troubles is generally the costly thing about car electrical apparatus. Within this month, months of starter difficulty was traced, at last, in my car. Where the brushes came to the cylinder, they at times hung exactly plumb-center, and all clear. The electricity couldn't jump the space. By turning down the copper, and readjusting the brushes the fault was partly remedied. Four or five garages had hunted for this fault. Often the car

would work all right under scrutiny, only to go dead out in the open spaces, compelling resort to the humiliating starting crank.

When the battery is weak, it is advisable always to use the starting crank, to save the great drain of the starter on the stored electricity. The generator feeding the battery should always be on the job, and if it is, and the battery plates are right, the tourist is not apt to have a weak battery, unless he is careless about leaving the motor switch on, or burns his lights too much. Day driving with few stops and few drains on the battery for starter, or lights, is almost sure to overload the battery, and tourists must always remember that in arid regions, anywhere west of the Missouri River, beyond the Mississippi and Gulf humidity belts, the battery requires two or three times as much distilled water as east of the Mississippi.

In fact, a tourist will do well to have his battery filled with distilled water not twice a month according to directions, but even as often as twice a week, and certainly every week, regularly, anywhere west of the Colorado-Nebraska line. In actual deserts, water evaporates with incredible rapidity. We put five gallons into our radiator one day in the Great Salt Lake desert, starting with it full. Ample supplies of oil, water and gasoline save trouble.

Where clutches are leatherfaced, the leather should frequently be doused with Neatsfoot oil, otherwise the dried-out leather will "grab." In sand and alkali, the clutch is sure to accumulate grit, and an occasional washing with gasoline will save the leather, and also save the wracking which is entailed by the instantaneous thrust of the motor's full power through the shafts and gears to the wheels.

A tow line is a double boon. It may enable one to tow in the other fellow, in his hour of need; or it may enable one to reach town through the courtesy of a fellow tourist; a tow line, too, may serve for many purposes from tent hanging to tying up a loose spring, whose saddle bolts are broken. My own preference is for a fifty foot length of manilla half inch rope, or even an inch rope. I once used rope wrapped around a rim to come in on, when I had no tire repairs or pump with me.

Hay wire, or as it is called haybale or haytie wire, is soft, strong iron wire of great tensile strength. This is a universal repair fastener in the West, and in farm countries. It serves a hundred purposes. When one of my springs weakened, we put a block of wood on the axle, and made it fast with haywire. It will serve to lash several thicknesses of tire shoes over the axles, to make bumpers instead of blocks of wood. It will tie up springs, or a

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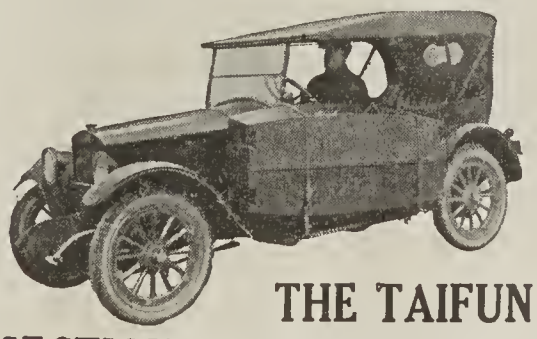

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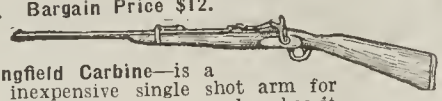
Krag Rifle—was standard for many years in the U. S. Army. Known and appreciated everywhere. Specifications: Length, 49 inches; barrel length, 29 inches; weight, 9 lbs.; ammunition, Krag .30-.40, magazine holds 5 cartridges, bolt action, leather sling. **Bargain Price $12.**



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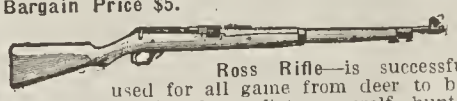

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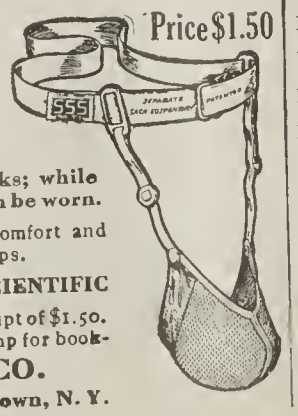

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broken chassis reach, better than a towline. It ties on mudhooks. It takes the place of insulated wire as a conduit, especially if wrapped with tire tape. A broken top frame, a dried out steering wheel rim, a sagging fender, any of countless breaks and unfastens can well be studied to see if a haywire length or two (or even a piece of wire fence) will not serve.

The driver who has just learned finds himself nonplussed and helpless on many a short run close to home. The same man, after he has driven 30,000 miles and has been obliged to meet a hundred emergencies, is hard to keep stalled. Even in the event of trouble, he can save a tow-in by telling the service station what is the matter, and what parts to bring out. On a tour, merely being able to diagnose a car's ailment, will perhaps be of utmost importance. One should know his car, the more intimately the better. Nothing else is as important as understanding the mechanism.

The truly expert driver, who has a few tools, and a few bits of metal, some simple spares and a bit of mechanical ingenuity, coupled with familiarity with his particular car, is mighty hard to keep stalled. Makeshift repairs are often feasible. Certainly, anything that goes into a car can be taken out and replaced. It may be a long job—but what one man can do, another man should not find impossible, even if he must attempt it for the first time. One learns, for example, to make a foundation for the jack of wood or stone or even folded canvas after he has had to lift a car in soft ground, in mud, or sand or humus. By and by, he will block his car up, and work himself out of a ditch by using a jack—two jacks are worth five times as much as one in a ditch or muck or when there is rear-end trouble. It is worth the cost, to have two jacks in a car.

On occasion, trouble seems heartbreaking. Perhaps a storm is coming, or raging, perhaps one is in a long, miserable stretch of highway, camp only a few miles distant, night coming on, and even recognized and repairable difficulty is irksome. On such an occasion, probably the best thing to do is to spare a precious minute or two, first of all, to go into the proper frame of mind.

I mean exactly what I say when remarking that automobile or other trouble on an automobile tour is a frame of mind. I hate to think how many scores of times I have confronted the problem of a stalled motor, a mysterious light abnormality, a most inopportune flat tire, or a twisted axle, a grouch in the gears, a skip in the motor. Enumeration of all the things that may disturb the serenity of rolling over even a beautiful highway is of small assistance to the tourist about to venture forth for the first time, going to far states and distant playgrounds.

What I conceive to be the most important thing is that a party of tourists should, from the very beginning, make up their minds to enjoy even the discomforts, the unexpected setbacks, and any so-called troubles that may arise. From my own experience, I can truthfully say that I do not begrudge any of the time, the embarrassments, the worries, the efforts that I have met on long journeys.

At the time, I have made mistakes, lost my temper, and perhaps lost my head. But more and more I feel that we cannot at the moment tell what is the best of the trip, nor what is the worst. One moment of dire peril, on a slick clay mountain road, coming down out of Rabbit Ear, lives now in my memory as indicating the double meaning of a trip.

I was in a grim desperation, holding the car, knowing that any failure on my part meant a plunge into the depths. My family was in a nervous rigidity, realizing the situation. We rolled down breathlessly into the valley far below. Right there, in that intensity of dread, I glanced over my shoulder and saw the majesty of the Rockies, the Continental Divide, I saw thunder storms on three different levels, one of them below us, and the serene sunlit beauty of the mackerel-bone lacery in the upper skies. I saw the chromatic scale—all the colors—and if that terror slope did nothing else for me than make unforgetably impressive the wonderful immensity of the western slope of the Rockies, I may well revel in the fact all my life. The very misery and dread of that grade makes it one of the most valuable of all my experiences.

So it often proves. A dirty spark plug may prove the cheap introduction to the unexpected, undreamed-of treasure-experience, not merely of a day's drive, but a life-time. Necessity, because of mechanical trouble, forcing a camp in the midst of wilderness or desert, at the time dreadful to contemplate, may after all introduce one intimately to the best the earth has to offer its adventurers.

Nature, a thousand times, baits its visitors into the cathedral places of the earth by some trifling diversion. As I reckon back in my own experience, I know the best things that ever happened to me on a tour often were introduced by what at first seemed to be a vexatious delay, or trouble, or even break. Perhaps I should suggest that in case of trouble in the far places, the tourist might well, first of all, take a look around and try and see why the playful gods should want the party to stop just there.

Perhaps there is a mountain that needs a long and deliberate survey, or at least inspection. Perhaps a valley, the most beautiful, is close at hand. Possibly, some noble tree stands by, waiting the appreciative observation—a lone nymph starved for lack of understanding, as the spirit of a maple, or an elm, or an oak, or a lone pine on a mountain.

Accidents seem often, as one remembers them, to be a part of some great design. Every one has its lesson; perhaps careless driving was responsible, perhaps carelessness in failing to tighten burrs, or oil contacts; perhaps poor judgment in selecting ruts, or changing ruts in a bad highway. Study of conditions paves the way toward avoiding future difficulties—that at least is the lesson of any result of violated highway rules or mechanical demands.

But I feel sure, when one has exercised every reasonable precaution, and performed his own part throughout, and all have made the most and the best of crisis, emergencies and opportunities, keeping in good spirits and glad, at least, nothing is worse—if one has done his best, and something happens, by all means make sure that the mishap is not, after all, a hint to make the most of the event, by seeing what is generally there or close at hand, some special glory of the countless splendors of our country.

Often, it is well to stop, even if there is nothing the matter, making the excuse of trying to find something loose or going astray—right where all hands can see what there is to see, as a vista of lane between fields of tall corn, or along the enormous east-slope of the Rocky Mountain range.

PHEASANTS AND FIELD DOGS

(*Continued from page* 551)

bird and it was decided to keep quiet and let him alone. Several attempts were made by the dog in which he would swim out four or five feet then turn around and swim back to shore. Finally he mastered his fears, swam straight out till he was directly upstream from the bird, turned with the current, and grabbing the big bird by the head, towed him to shore. It was nice work and he has continued to retrieve.

To have a real dependable retriever though, he must be force-broken. The forced retriever understands certain commands and will obey them under all circumstances. The writer has described in detail the method used in teaching forced retrieving in a previous issue of FOREST AND STREAM. The big setter shown in the photo is proudly holding a big cock pheasant in his mouth, waiting for his master to take it. To be steady to shot, hunt for and find the dead bird at command, bring it in to his master and sit down in front of him, still holding the bird, is about perfection in retrieving.

Where hunting is done on horseback as in quail hunting, the retriever is sometimes taught to stand on his hind legs and place the bird in the hunters' hand while he is still in the saddle. The dog in the photo was retrieving almost anything about the yard when he was a four months old pup. He grew tired of the job and refused. He was then put through a course in forced retrieving. He is now a master of the game. The first bird killed over him was properly handled, and every bird since has been. There is no grabbing by the head, tail, or wing, or biting and mussing the feathers. The whole bird is carefully taken in his mouth and scarcely a feather is torn. The force-broken retriever understands certain commands, and if properly trained will obey them under all conditions. A bird may be killed by a hunter while his dog is a long way off.

With the force-broken retriever, the dog is called in and told to find the dead bird. He understands whatever command is used and will hunt for and find the bird. With a natural retriever, if he did not see the bird fall, it is more or less luck if the bird is found.

Put your good bird dog through a course in forced retrieving, and you will have a retriever that you can depend on.

HUNTING THE WHITETAIL

(*Continued from page* 549)

leaves are wet under the thawing rays of the sun. And yet, directly contrary to all this, you may happen, by a stroke of good luck, to bag a large deer under conditions that seem to oppose in every way a successful hunt. A buck engrossed in digging for beech nuts may

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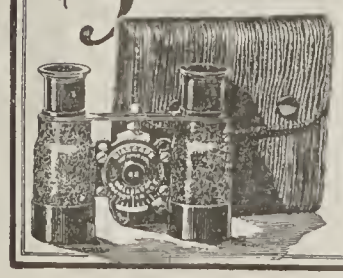

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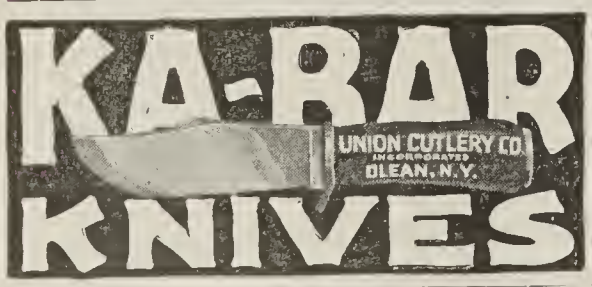

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not hear the rustling of leaves underfoot as you approach, or one on the trail of a doe may prove oblivious to sights and sounds that would ordinarily frighten him into instant flight. The golden rule to follow if you wish to bag a good trophy is to keep going every day and hunt faithfully whatever the weather conditions may be.

The very best time for still-hunting is after a rain or prolonged shower. Deer are always moving around and feeding at such a time, and you can walk soundlessly with the material assistance of the drip from leaves and undergrowth. Moreover, you will know just about where you will be likely to find them. In all probability they will be in the vicinity of low ground, or feeding on the lower slopes of the ridges. Wet weather, therefore, is always a joy to the heart of a still-hunter for it means seeing deer where otherwise you would only be witness to vanishing tails.

In the early chill of an autumn morning, bucks are frequently found feeding on high ground or near the edge of old burnings and fallows. Bear in mind that wet weather conditions make them hang to the swamps, and clear frosty days to higher prices where feed is plentiful. From considerable observation in the matter, I have found that between the hours of nine and twelve in the morning, deer are usually lying down. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule, but it holds good in most cases. If you happen to come across a knoll during the middle of the day, always approach it with the utmost caution. Bucks have a predilection for such a place, and use it as a sort of lookout when they are ruminating.

Windy weather invariably makes deer wild and nervous. They seem to appreciate the danger attached to the uproar which so effectually shuts out other suspicious sounds. If I had my choice of two evils I think I would prefer a dry, still day to one with a gale blowing.

A fascinating but less difficult method of still-hunting is practiced in November, sometimes as early as the latter part of October, with the arrival of several inches of snow. The pleasurable excitement of following a fresh track cannot be overestimated. Sometimes you will sight your deer fifteen or twenty minutes after striking his trail. Then, again you may have to follow him for hours, and if he happens to have too good a head start you may not come up with him at all. When hunting on the snow, however, you always have the satisfaction of knowing that you are on the trail of an animal that is worth while. There at your feet are the tell-tale hoof prints, and unless they greatly belie their owner's size, you know you will not be disap-

pointed when at last you see him through the sights of your rifle. It is a game full of thrills and exciting expectation, and one that keeps your interest and enthusiasm at a pleasantly high tension.

Hunting on the snow when there is a crust, usually proves futile. The crunch of every step taken announces your advance in a way that cannot be overcome, and the buck you are trailing is forewarned at a considerable distance and makes his proverbial "sneak." With very severe weather conditions you might, by good luck, obtain a shot with the snow frozen and noisy. But in most cases, the chances are that you will never even get a glimpse of the individual you are following.

Three things should be kept in mind when you are still-hunting—the direction of the wind, for this is a most vital factor; the practice of walking slowly, and never for an instant relaxing the greatest vigilance; the necessity for a certain kind of patience, without which you will not be apt to obtain the desired reward.

A great many beginners go into the woods on a hunting trip with the misguided idea that to shoot a deer is the easiest thing in the world; that he offers a big mark, and that all one has to do is to aim at any portion of his body, pull the trigger, and the trick is done. After a little experience, however, they are very soon disillusioned. The white-tail is far from being an easy animal to kill. His vitality is truly astounding, and unless hit in a mortal place he will travel endlessly before succumbing to a wound.

There are two good places to aim at on an animal standing broadside—the center of the foreshoulder, or just behind the foreshoulder at a point a trifle below the middle line of the body.

Breaking a deer's back is invariably a fluke, proving unquestionably that you have shot six inches or more too high. And very often if the bullet strikes him in the mid-ribs or farther back towards the hind leg, he will travel a long distance before lying down to die, and the probability is that you will lose him. On the other hand, if he is quartering away from the shooter when fired at, instead of standing in a broadside position, a bullet striking him anywhere in the body will rake forward into heart and lungs and kill him quickly. An animal quartering towards the hunter offers a more difficult mark. In order to get him, you must make a bull's-eye on the point of the shoulder, or else a mortal neck shot. Strange as it may seem, a bullet ranging back through the body seldom proves fatal at the time and the victim will go several miles before perishing where you cannot find him.

A head-on shot is always deadly, unless you happen to pull off and inflict only a grazing wound. When a deer is facing you, if hit squarely, you either drop him in his tracks with a broken neck or put the bullet into his heart.

In the matter of shooting as governed by the position of the animal, good judgment plays an important part. For instance—you may only be able to see his head and part of his neck. A difficult shot seems inevitable. But if on looking closer you observe from his attitude that he is standing in a broadside or head-on position, even though covered up by brush or a tangle of briars you will draw down below the visible line of his neck, and shoot into the briars with a very favorable chance of hitting him in a large and equally vital spot.

If a deer is running away from you in the open, take your snap shot at the back of his neck. I have learned this from experience. Small as the mark may be, it is a deadly one, and you stand a much better chance of knocking him over than with a bullet in the hind quarters or a broken leg. Once or twice I have fired at an animal standing tail to me, looking over its shoulder, but the shot is a wretched one, and should really never be taken. The result is always unsatisfactory. You either inflict a grazing wound, or ruin the best part of the saddle and quarters.

It is easy to lay down rules for good shooting and so difficult to put them into practice. Under the stress and excitement of the moment, people are apt to do strange things, especially those who are new to the game. Buck fever is a very real affliction. The most laughable and ridiculous incidents occur, and even persons of stolid temperament find their equilibrium upset when the time comes for them to pull up and fire at an eight or ten point buck. One college boy I knew of while on his first deer hunt frantically pumped all the shells out of his rifle, imagining in his excitement that he was firing steadily at the deer before him, When the latter had departed to other places, the guide who accompanied him, stooped down, gathered up the undischarged cartridges and restored them to the surprised and mortified young hunter; which only goes to show what the sight of a fine big buck can do to a perfectly sensible person. Yet, buck-fever is nothing to be ashamed of. Those who hunt cold bloodedly and without any thrills, are not true sportsmen at heart. If you did not experience some excitement there would be no fascination to the game, and you might better confine your sporting activities

(*Continued on page 606*)

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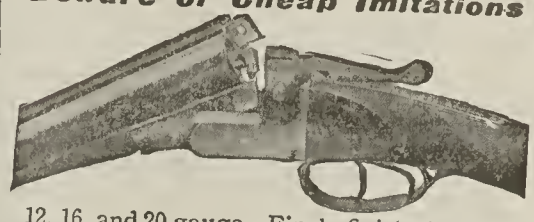

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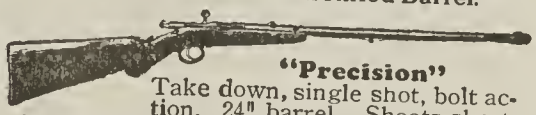

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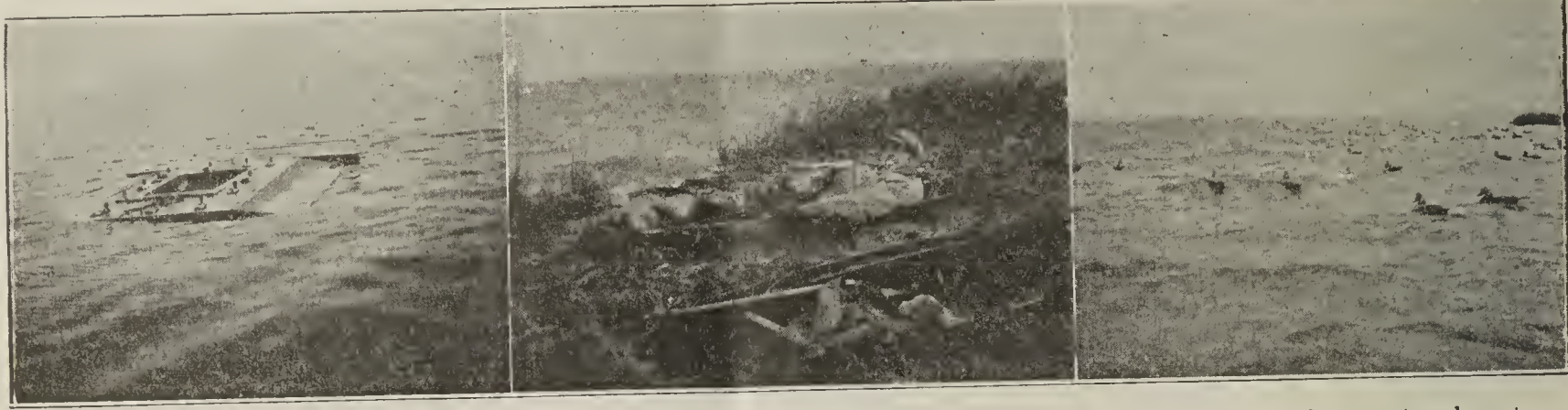

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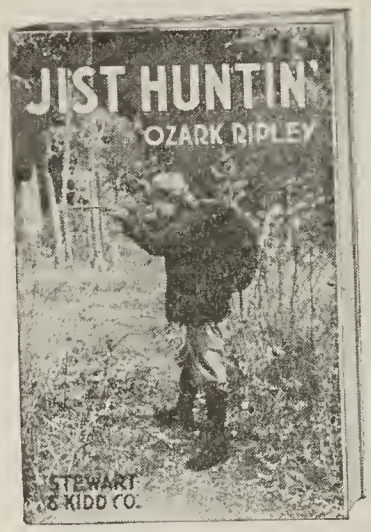

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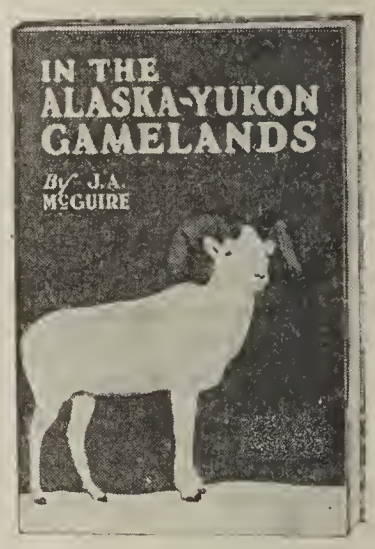

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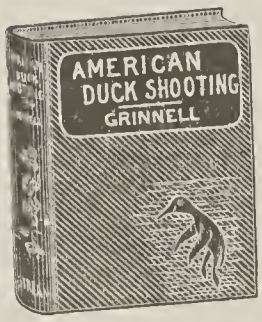

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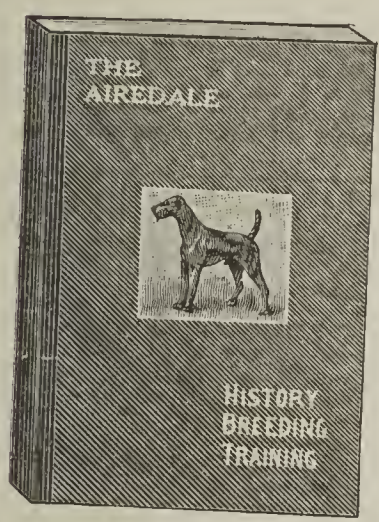

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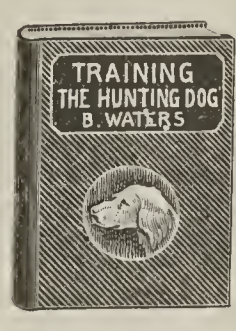

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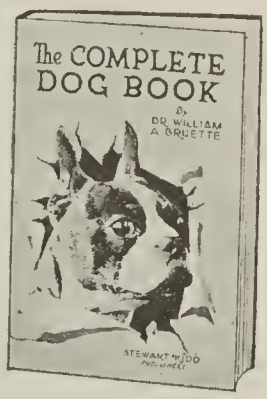

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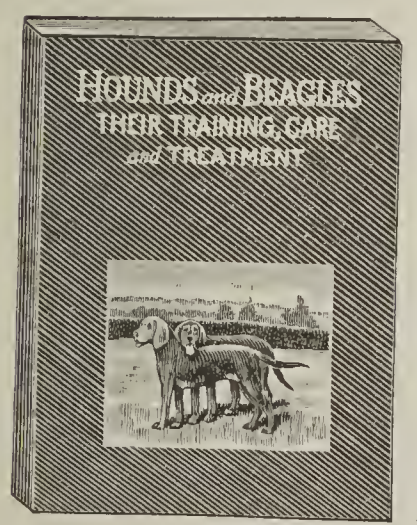

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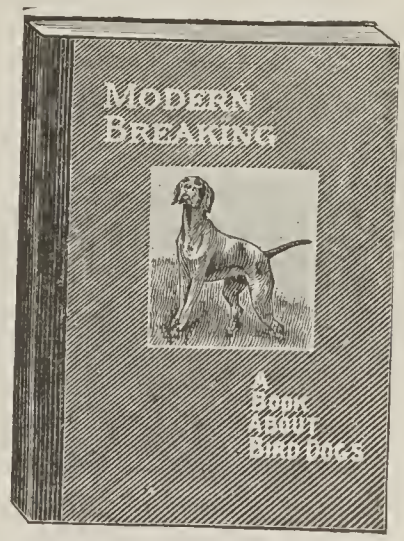

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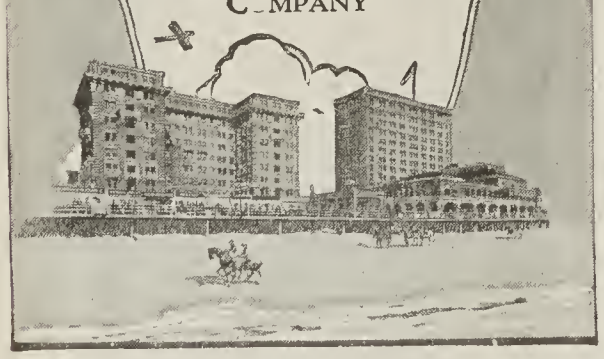

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HUNTING THE WHITETAIL

(*Continued from page* 601)

to other fields. However, it might be just as well to add that the above incident is an extreme case. Most beginners at least manage to pull the trigger!

The more one comes in intimate contact with the whitetail is more constantly does one learn to admire him. He appears indeed the living symbol of all the wild stirring influences of the forest. Truly he is a beautiful creature embodying the very spirit of the chase and adding life and charm to the solitudes of the wilderness. His princely carriage and symmetrical horns, stimulate our fancy in the belief that he is the original descendant of the stag who quickened the pulse of the divine Artemis in the golden age of mythology. Moose, elk, caribou and other species of our large mammals possess undoubtedly greater majesty, are constructed in a larger, more impressive mould, but for sheer grace and beauty and cleverness in eluding the hunter, none can equal the whitetail.

The dimensions of a deer's horns are not always regulated by his weight. I have seen very heavy bucks who could boast only slender undersized antlers, and I have seen ones considerably smaller who carried the big "rocking chair" kind. Naturally, we expect a large deer to have large horns, and as a general rule we are not disappointed. But often enough the other thing will happen, and our record head of the season be found on an animal of average proportions.

One of the largest heads I ever bagged was carried by a buck of not over two hundred and twenty-five pounds weight.

Accompanied by "Rube," an old time and famous Adirondack hunter better known to the world as Reuben Cary, I was returning one chill November afternoon from an all day hunt on the snow. We were both leg weary, and wet from the sleet and snow—squalls that had fallen at regular intervals since we had started out in the morning. Worst of all we were coming back to camp empty-handed. Nightfall was fast closing in, and the wintry gloom of the earlier afternoon had now given place to a golden twilight, as the sunset afterglow flared briefly behind the dark hurrying clouds in the west.

In silence we plodded along through the six inches of moist clinging snow. Wild, forest-bound vistas led down into the valleys and up toward the ridge summits, melting away into those unchartered distances that forever charm the woods lover. It was breathlessly still, the wind having died with the setting sun.

Presently we drew near a sheet of water known as Rock Pond. The sight of it cheered us, for it meant that we were nearing home. Throughout the day deer signs had been few and far between, but now as we came up over a long low-lying bridge commanding the pond, fresh trails and diggings became suddenly plentiful.

Rube paused and carefully scanned the ground.

"How's that fer a buck's track," he inquired.

The track he called my attention to resembled that of a heifer rather than a deer. Every imprint hit squarely and deeply into the soft snow, and from all appearances it had just been made. Hard luck, it seemed, that we could not have struck it earlier in the day; but the woods were darkening rapidly and tracking therefore was out of the question.

We went on again, feeling somewhat "down in the mouth." But Rube, the philosopher, was not half as disgruntled as I was.

"Never blame yer luck before ye git home," said he.

Along the top of the ridge we again stumbled on the buck's tracks. Then at once as we looked over and down into the sweep of another valley Rube stiffened into rigid attention.

Directly below us, under the slope of the hill, stood a doe. She was not looking in our direction, but evidently had either heard or winded us, for her big ears were thrust forward, while her whole attitude spoke alertness and tension.

"Don't let's miss the buck if he's round here," I whispered to Rube.

"We'll jist stand quiet," he breathed back at me.

Thus we remained motionless, searching every foot of ground below us for a possible patch of gray; the glimmer of a horn; or the warning flicker of a tail. But strain our eyes as we might, we could detect nothing.

Although the doe had not moved from her position, we could see she was getting uneasier by the minute. At last, after having stamped nervously, and raised her nose several times into the wind, she started off at a fast trot along the slope of the hill.

No sooner did she do this than simultaneously our eyes caught a sudden motion under the top of a fallen spruce which lay to the left, close under the ridge where we were standing. Next instant we glimpsed a pair of mighty horns, as a splendid buck burst from cover and fled up the hill in the same direction the doe had taken. He did not runs, but slipped like a shadow over the ground, his head carried low, his great dusky antlers laid back upon his

shoulders. Twice we obtained a fair view of him, and twice I vainly tried to get a snap-shot, but each time, with almost uncanny precision, he managed to put a barrier of lopped tree tops between us. Then, in a flash, he was gone!

The thing had happened so quickly that Rube and I were left literally with our mouths open. But the incident was typical of hunting the white-tail, and disappointed as we were we could not help but admire the craft and sagacity which the old buck had displayed in outwitting us.

"Going to follow up his track, Rube?" I asked.

"No, I guess not," my companion threw over his shoulder. "I'm goin' ter take a circle and see if we can't cut him off."

The next few minutes we spent in deciding what direction the buck had taken. This knowledge we acquired without difficulty owing to the tell-tale snow. Then we swung off to the left and commenced a careful and rapid detour.

Time being precious, it seemed for this very reason that twilight must close about us in a greater hurry than usual. The woodland distances suddenly grew veiled and dimmed, near objects loomed up darkly, while those farther away melted into gray uncertainties. A seam of burnished sky which had illumined the west with a transparent daylight, was now turning silver, and eastward the faint pin-point of an early star glimmered vaguely between the lacework of leafless trees.

Under these adverse conditions, however, Rube's spirits did not wane. With his keen woodsman's eyes wandering right and left he fell into a swinging gait. Coming to a log trail that led down the hillside toward Rock Pond, he halted for a moment and appeared to consider the situation.

"There ain't much use in goin' any further," he said as I came up with him. "It's getting too dark, but anyway we'll take a look up this log road before we quit and go home."

We struck the log road in question and no sooner had we done so than I caught the vogue outlines of a deer coming over the hill in our direction. The glimpse I had was momentary, nor could I distinguish any horns. I touched Rube on the arm.

"Here comes the doe," I said, and quietly we both dropped down in the snow a few feet beyond the skidway.

About half way between our position and the point at which the road broke over the ridge, stood a gnarled yellow birch. This tree most effectually shut off our outlook until Rube, who could stand the strain of uncertainty no longer, risked a motion and craning his head off to one side obtained a view of

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the approaching animal. Then he turned to me with eyes snapping.

"It isn't the doe that's comin'," he articulated softly, "It's the buck!"

The next few minutes were exciting ones. The buck had evidently no suspicion of our proximity, but at any moment a truant gust of wind might warn him of the impending danger. I had first seen him as he stepped over a fallen tree near the top of the hill. Now we had only to wait until he appeared from behind the intervening tree trunk. I might have obtained a shot sooner had I stood up, and stepped out to one side of the birch; but this, considering the circumstances, would have been taking a big risk. Therefore we possessed our souls in patience and awaited motionless the conclusion of events.

Looking back on this experience, it seems to assume always more and more an element of the ridiculous. Certainly it proves like many other similar incidents that the game of hunting is more often than anything else a game of chance. Here were we, the hunters, being literally hunted by the very animal which a short time previous we believed we had lost. In other words, we had been whisked around within fifteen minutes from the extreme of bad to the extreme of good luck.

Side by side we crouched in the snow, watching for the appearance of our quarry. The suspense was harrowing, and during those interminable seconds I was subject to a variety of thrills. Rube sat like a sphinx, his gun cocked and at his elbow. It was evident that he didn't intend to let the buck get away and therefore he was all ready with his old "trusty" in case I happened to make a mess of things.

At length, when I had almost concluded the buck had a second time given us the slip, he loomed suddenly from behind the concealing trunk of the big birch. Enough of daylight remained for us to see him in detail, and certainly he was a magnificent creature. He came at a swinging walk, his head lowered, his attitude formidable. No doubt, after thinking the matter over he had come to the decision that another buck was lurking in the vicinity and that it was this which had routed him from his hiding place under the fallen spruce. Therefore, he was returning to administer a sound thrashing to the intruder and incidentally satisfy his curiosity. But in his case, even as in that of many another wary white-tail, curiosity was to prove the evil genii that led him to his downfall.

I had seen a number of large deer heads during the seasons I have spent in the Adirondacks, but the head of this buck overshadowed all others. In fact the horns were so massive that they made their wearer appear top heavy. As he came toward us he swung them from side to side with a motion similar to that of a bull, while the muscles of his shoulders rolled and rippled under the skin, giving him an appearance of great strength and power.

When he had passed a few feet beyond the birch I gave a loud whistle. Instantly he froze to attention and threw up his head, the cradle of his horns silhouetted in dark outline against the snowy background.

He stood facing us, slightly quartering and offered a deadly shot. At the report of the rifle he plunged forward in his tracks, struggled a few paces, and just as Rube, to make sure of things, fired a second bullet into him, rolled over stone dead.

We ran up the log road rejoicing in our good fortune. Nor were our anticipations disappointed. The head proved a splendid trophy. It was quite out of the common and bore striking resemblance to that of a black-tail deer as may be seen from the picture. Several of the prongs were palmated, a formation rarely found among the white-tail species. The horns, which were unusually heavy and unique in shape, carried thirteen points.

It was now almost dark and we hurried in the business of hanging up our prize. Rube brought out his rope, block and pulley and slung the former over the stout limb of a beech. Next he cut a gamble, tied the other end of the rope around it and thrust the gamble through the deer's legs above the hock. We were now ready to haul, and haul we did with a vengeance. Quite unexpectedly came the catastrophy. I had a momentary glimpse of Rube sailing backward into a brush pile. Then the falling mass of the deer caught me a glancing blow and sent me flying.

"That dum rope busted," Rube explained as we picked ourselves out of the snow.

So in the half light we gave our tackle a thorough overhauling, tested our muscles once more on the weight of the trophy and this time were successful. Then gathering together rifles and ruck sacks we decamped hastily in the direction of the lake, for already the stars were shining and night had fallen in the woods.

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Vol. XCIII NOVEMBER, 1923 No. 11

The Stalwart Ruffed Grouse

With Notes on His Less Famous Cousins. the Canada Grouse and Ptarmigan

By CAPT. BEVERLY W. ROBINSON

WHEN the opening burrs disclose full brown skinned chestnuts and under the spreading oaks, one's steps crunch upon the newly dropped acorn; when maple, beach and birch have all donned their most brilliant October raiment, the round-tree berries hang in scarlet clusters and only the pines and firs cling to their perpetual garb of Lincoln green, sportsman, hunter or country boy each feels that same keen thrill as when, in the act of stepping over some moss-grown log—whir-r-r, whir-r, and away goes a stalwart ruffed grouse startling the woodland stillness with his strong swift beating pinions. To all who love to read nature's book and to whom the sights and sounds of northern woods or southern mountains are familiar, the ruffed grouse holds sway as one of the foremost among our game birds.

Though really a grouse, he is generally known in the middle and northern states as Partridge, in the more southern mountains as Pheasant and in Canada as Birch Partridge to distinguish him from the Canada Grouse locally referred as spruce partridge. Of all American game birds, there is probably none whose habits, and incidentally, the sport afforded by whose pursuit is so variously affected by the nearness or remoteness of his habitat from settled districts.

In the wilder parts of Canada, where he is only shot at by the trapper or big game hunter to make a change in the usual menu of fish or venison, the ruffed grouse is so tame as to afford little or no real sport to the shooter. If met with under these conditions, his negligible efforts to avoid danger are usually limited to a flutter of a few yards to the lower branches of some spruce or pine alighting upon which several members of a brood will stupidly survey the hunter and render themselves the easiest of marks for his small rifle or "game getter." Here, to give him the least bit of a sporting chance, it would seem but fair that only shots at the head should be taken. Indeed when, at times, not desiring to fire even a small caliber rifle for fear of disturbing larger game, I have not infrequently secured several of these delicious birds for the pot with some well directed stones.

BUT take him in the settled districts where he is regularly hunted each season by man and dog and he will be found to be a most sporting and wily game bird. Frequently flushing well ahead of your dog, his swift flight usually carries him behind the thickest bit of covert and quick shooting and quiet, careful hunting are essential to success. Although when first found, he does not always lay well to your dog, if marked down and flushed several times he often ends by laying close and giving a good shot.

STEADY, BOY! WHICH WAY WILL HE GO? WHAT WILL HE DO? WHAT MAN CAN SAY WHEN THE "HE" IN QUESTION IS THAT KING OF GAME BIRDS, THE RUFFED GROUSE!

He is not a bird of the open but is not infrequently found along the edges of woodlands or dry alder swamps. Late in the season, when the nuts are ripe, they often go to the ridges of beech and birch to feed and, as there is litle underbrush on such ground, the sportsman must be doubly on the alert as the birds are apt to flush wide off.

Being very fond of berries, old semi-cleared lands and deserted lumber camps, overgrown as they often are with raspberry bushes, are excellent places to look for ruffed grouse. Once the birds have been flushed and marked down, as well as can be, one should look carefully to any brushy cover or the old tops of fallen trees as these are favorite places of hiding and if your dog fails to get any trace of their scent, don't neglect to look well up on the branches of nearby trees as it is by no means unusual for them to alight there.

DURING the latter part of September the young birds are pretty fully grown and feathered, the season's brood numbering anywhere from eight to a dozen birds usually separates, after which they are more often found either singly or in pairs. By no means as sociable as Bob-white they keep farther away from the haunts of man, preferring the rough, hilly and wooded country well removed from the farm. Very strong, fast fliers, they seem also full of tricks and wiles such as stalking a flirt behind a tree just at the moment that one pulls the trigger, or pitching off and lighting considerably to one

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side of the line of flight which you have carefully marked.

Patience, thoroughness and persistence, coupled with quick, straight shooting and a fondness for rough country are essential to the making of a good average on ruffed grouse. But he is well worthy of the best efforts of both man and dog, and when from a high headed point an old cock jumps up some twenty yards ahead and goes booming through the trees, you are well repaid if a well-directed shot brings him plumping down on the leaf-strewn ground. And when finally, after duly hanging in state in the larder, the last rights having been performed by a competent chef, he appears on the dining-table, no game bird of any land can surpass and few equal the excellence of his spicy, white-meated tenderness.

A steady moderately close ranging dog is the best for these birds, and one that is not over anxious to get too near to his points. As in quail shooting many sportsmen use a pair of dogs when after ruffed grouse, but where the country is thick one dog is generally more convenient and just as serviceable. A twelve gauge with one barrel cylinder and the other modified choke, and with shells loaded with number eight shot is about the most useful armament for this kind of shooting, most of which being in woodlands, is at comparatively moderate ranges.

A FULL choke bore will carry its charge too close and will unduly tear and mutilate most of the game. I once had a very emphatic example of this. Two of us were hunting together, my friend with the dog working down through the middle of some swampy ground thickly overgrown with tall briers while I kept abreast along the edge through some open woods. My companion called to me that the dog was pointing and a moment later a fine grouse boomed up and bursting out of the thicket flew directly across and some dozen yards in front of me. Fearing that he would get out of sight in the wood I immediately threw up my gun, a full choke twelve and fired. The grouse fell very dead, but on moving forward I was disgusted to find only two wings, the head and a small bit of breast, the rest of the bird having disappeared completely before the close flying charge of shot.

When the opening burs disclose full brown-skinned chestnuts . . . only the pines and firs cling to their perpetual garb of Lincoln green. Hunter and country boy each feels that same keen thrill as when, in the act of stepping over some moss-grown log—whir-r-r, whir-r, away goes a stalwart ruffed grouse, startling the woodland stillness with strong, swift-beating pinions. . . . Is there one among the family of Forest and Stream readers who does not love the ruffed grouse?

On my last good day with the ruffed grouse, in Southern Canada, I took with me a steady old dog of none too certain pedigree and a native boy of fourteen years, and it was hard to tell which was the more useful. Our best sport we had one afternoon when we hunted over some rough overgrown hillsides that had once been cleared and through several small deserted farms bordered by wood groves of beech and pine. Working first on the brushy hillside, I got several good points and bagged four grouse. The boy was a tip top retriever and never lost a bird once it was down. Later in the afternoon we worked the edges of the woodlands by the old farms and I had a splendid hour's shooting, adding nine more birds to the bag.

Unfortunately, unlimited shooting by a constantly increasing army of guns has made such inroads into the supply of birds that it has become necessary in many states to so limit one's bag of grouse as to render their pur-

suit hardly worth while unless the legal brace or brace and a half can be picked up to fill a mixed bag of quail, pheasant or hare. Good sport is, however, still possible in certain Northern districts and in many parts of Canada.

THE nearest relative on the North, where their ranges frequently overlap, is his handsome cousin the Canada Grouse or Spruce Partridge of the silent evergreen forests. Found along our own borders and ranging well north in Labrador, this bird of the deep woods is familiar to every Canadian hunter and trapper. Though at times found among the alders and maples and on the hardwood ridges, his favorite haunts are among the quiet moss-carpeted forests of spruce, fir and juniper. Very good in the early autumn, his dark meat later in the season becomes unpleasantly bitter, due to his winter diet of the buds of spruce and other coniferous trees. The male in his full plumage of dark-mottled gray on back, crimson line over eye and black and white breast is a beautiful member of the family, and though not much pursued for sport he, however, often makes a welcome addition to the fare of the wilderness hunter. When disturbed his flight is usually a very short one to some nearby tree, and in his more lonely retreats so tame is he as to seemingly border upon imbecility.

Once while moose hunting I had a curious example of this bird's seeming inability to recognize danger. In company with an old hunter I had camped for a couple of nights in a grove of alders bordering a small lake and near a barren where we had been calling. It was a particularly lonely spot a long way from our home camp and to reach it we had considerably shortened the journey by "riding" a couple of logs across the lake, paddling and pushing with some hastily constructed setting-poles. We had traveled very "light," and on the second evening had reluctantly decided to return to the main camp next day as our provisions were about exhausted. Just as I awakened on the third morning a fluttering of wings attracted my attention and I saw seven or eight spruce partridges sitting about on the low branches of the alders nearby. We wanted some very much for the pot, but I had no desire to disturb the whole neighborhood with the report of a big-game rifle, and no stones being at hand we decided to try to snare some of the birds. Fishing a piece of a salmon leader from a pocket I tied it to the end of a long, thin pole, allowing for an open running noose of about eight inches in diameter. Thus armed, I shoved the end of my pole towards the nearest bird. As I clumsily let it touch the branch he was on, he only fluttered to another a few feet away, when with greater care I was able to get the open noose over the bird's head and with a quick jerk had him fast and brought him to the ground. Notwithstanding more or less blundering about with my somewhat awkward weapon, I was able to secure two more of these confiding creatures so that our larder was sufficiently restocked. We stayed on another night and I called up and killed a big moose, not half a mile away, just before sunrise next morning, and attributed my success partly to our care not to disturb things by firing at other game.

Photo by Ernest Miller

MOTHER GROUSE ON HER NEST

EXCEPTING the Arctic, or Rock Ptarmigan, the most northerly member of the entire grouse family is the Ptarmigan or willow grouse. He is found on the bare hills of northern Canada and on the high, rough barrens of Newfoundland and Labrador. In summer and autumn of a mottled-brown and grayish color, save his breast, which is white, he, like many other creatures of northern latitudes, changes as winter comes to a garb of snowy white, with legs completely feathered to the toe-nails and so matches in with his bleak surroundings as to more readily escape the keen eye of fox or hawk.

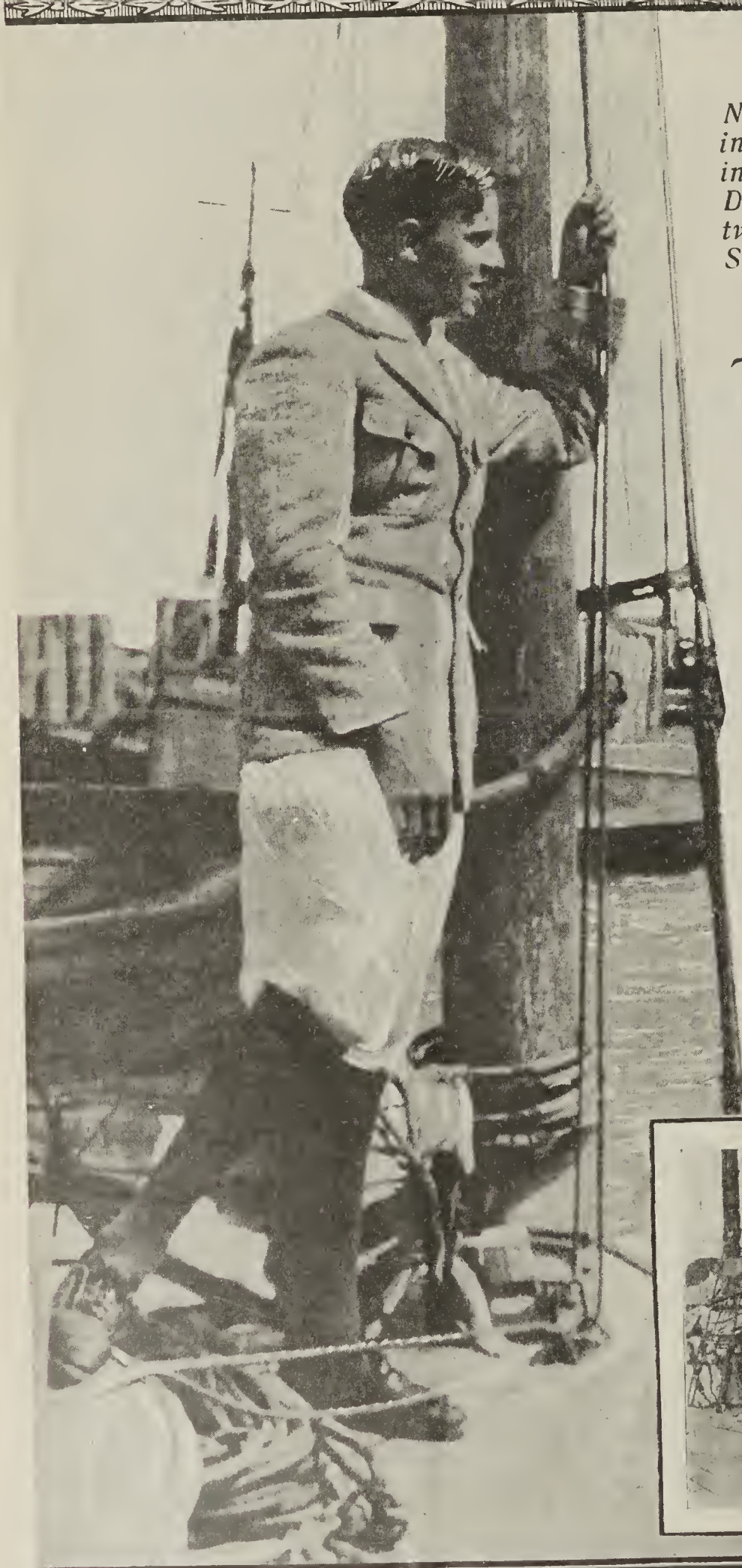
A sportsman friend of St. John's, Newfoundland, told me that he had good sport with these birds over dogs, and the rocky barrens covered here and there with low brush and berry bushes make a delightful shooting-ground to tramp over in the crisp autumn weather.

ONCE, on an extended hunting trip in the interior of Newfoundland, we had made our camp in a hollow of some high, rough barrens and coming in from stalking one day came across several coveys of Ptarmigan. I had a shotgun back at camp and so next morning walked the barrens for birds. To cover more ground, I had my guide walk abreast, but fifty yards to one side of me. We flushed two coveys and I killed fifteen birds during the morning. They would jump up in twos and threes and singles and made very nice shooting. On warm, still days they seemed much tamer than in sharp, blustery weather when, very wild, they would flush off and take long, strong flights.

All the members of the grouse family are hardy birds. Unlike quail, the ruffed grouse can withstand the most rigorous winter. Its habit of "budding" on poplars and birches is its salvation during times of heavy snow, as it is always able to have plenty of food. Lack of food, not cold weather and heavy snows, kills birds in the winter.

Grouse, like all other game birds are subject to the attack of many kinds of vermin. Chief among their enemies are foxes, crows, domestic cats (gone wild) and several species of hawks and owls. Sportsmen can do much to improve the shooting in their covers by regular and systematic vermin hunts. Crows may and should be hunted at all times of the year. They do a great amount of damage during the nesting season, frequently driving the hen birds from their nests and eating the eggs.

Adventures



PART VIII.

Nantucket—and We Live for a Transformed Hour in the Atmosphere of the Pioneers of All Fishing, the Whalers. Time, in the Meanwhile, Has Developed an Inexorable Conflict of Youth, between Profitless Pleasure and the Invigorating Sport of the Out-of-Doors. You Learn the Sequel.

By W. LIVINGSTON LARNED

THE irresponsible tinkle of Jazz!

All the night is filled with it. Several rooms of the hotel rock and reel under its spell, whilst an overflow on the broad, moonlit porches, facing Old Ocean, moves in mystic shadow to the swinging cadence of "Dirty Face, Dirty Hands."

In the supposed restraint of the parlor, where folks well past middle-age, immaculate, white-haired, decorous, rock and knit and tat and gossip and play bridge, a spirit of mischief is afloat. Nor is it altogether the summer's night . . . the romance of venerable Nantucket, reborn for this generation.

A grandfather keeps time with his feet to the jazz in another room, as he trumps his partner's ace. An austere and dignified matron places her copy of "Flaming Youth" on the table long enough to fan the air with two blue-veined hands.

Music! Jazz! the feverish gust of stringed instruments. Voice of the saxophone. Many feet, pattering! Down at the Boat Club it is much the same. Youth is having its fling. More music! More dancing! Every ice-cream parlor, every tea shop, every soda fount, bubbles and seethes with a new generation, gone wild. From the moonlit beach echo smothered gusts of giggling laughter. There is no bathing at this hour, but there is Youth triumphant.

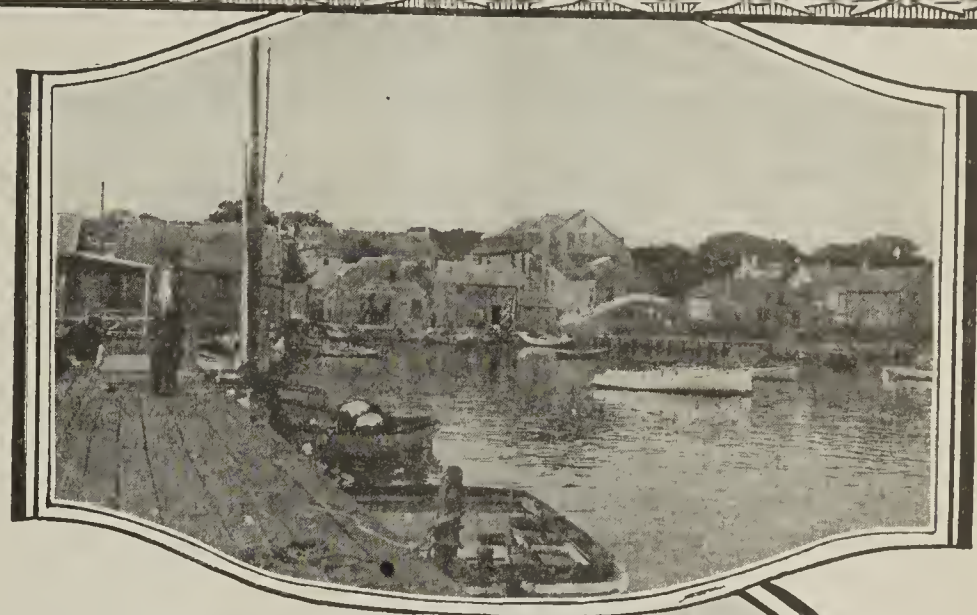
in Comradeship

Past a church, the white steeple of which points sedately up through elms one hundred years old, and along the quaint, winding village streets, boys and girls wander, snugly arm in arm. The Blacksmith's Shop is shut tight, and the ship chandler's office is dark—but every road leading out to purple moors hums with the power of gasoline. There is a faint, ever-present consciousness of cigarette smoke.

I have been talking golf with a circle of kindred souls around the nest of ash-trays in the far lobby. We are playing over again the thrills of the afternoon. That mashie doesn't seem to work right. The course is parched by relentless drouth. Hagen is slipping. Do the English really manufacture the best ball? Cigar smoke and the routine of golfer talk. There is a wisp of pink gown and the phantom of a dear presence. I can always sense HER approach. The bond between us creates a spiritual wireless. I see her looking in my direction, an appeal in her eyes, as she passes on out and to a sequestered, quiet corner of the veranda.

* * * * * *

"What is it, Mother?" I inquire, solicitously. We have taken chairs beneath the shelter of a project-



The shore line carries with it the scent of tarpaulins, old cedar chests, packets of spice from the Far East, and all the romance of those venerable days when men sailed before the mast, and "Thar She Blows" was a familiar cry.

royal ancestry, so that it took but a few lessons in the field to complete her education as a well-trained dog on quail.

In the winter of 1878-79, I took her with me to Florida. One day at the wharf in Jacksonville, a huge alligator, strapped to a plank, was being unloaded from a steamer, and Queen, after a close examination of the big saurian, never forget the scent of a 'gator. Many times afterward when near a pond or slough the hair on her back would rise as a signal to 'ware 'gators. While in Florida she became a good all-round dog on quail, turkey, deer and—rattlesnakes.

On our return to Kentucky I sent her to a kennel near Cincinnati to be bred. The kennel was owned by a friend who had two imported setters, a Llewellen (Rake) and an Irish dog (Duck). By some mischance Queen was served by the Irish setter instead, as intended, by the English dog. For

BOSS

I NAMED my puppy "Boss," owing to his size and masterful manner. I soon taught him to fetch and carry and to drop at the report of a gun. When nine months old I gave him his first lesson in the field, but as it proved he needed none. Coming suddenly on a bevy of quail, down wind, the birds rose with a great whir before Boss got the scent, but he instantly dropped to wing, of his own volition, like a veteran. I marked the bevy down on a side hill among some young oaks and followed them at once, but failed to locate them. I started to leave several times, but Boss seemed loath to give them up, not being wholly satisfied, and

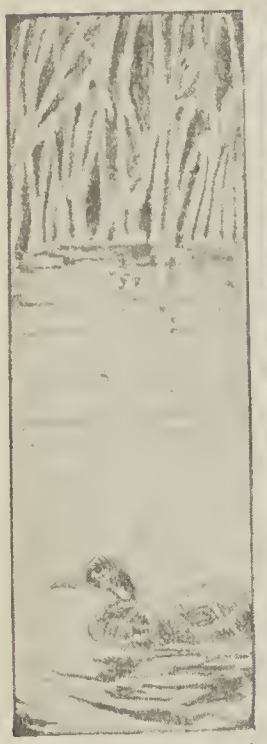
During the few days we remained in Key West it was our daily custom to go ashore in the yawl for sight-seeing and to give Boss exercise. On the day of our departure for Havana, our baggage having been deposited in the yawl, we followed, and as Boss stooped for a spring into the boat I said:

"No, Boss, you can't go ashore this time; Joe (the skipper) will take good care of you until I send for you; be a good dog."

Poor Boss, he was heartbroken, and with drooping tail and ears he laid down behind the galley—and I never saw him again.

I had arranged with Joe, the skipper, that when I returned home I would write him directions about sending Boss to me by express. It seemed that when the *Jeannette* returned to her home port her owner, a man named Lozier, took possession of Boss and would not

(*Continued on page 637*)



Photo—J. L. Darrell

THE END OF A SUCCESSFUL DAY

Wild Bill's Mate

A Thrilling Narrative of Duck Hunting

By FRANK LINWOOD BAILEY

IT was Thanksgiving Day, and as I sat by the window enjoying the contented feeling that only a turkey dinner with all the "fixings" and a good Havana can bring, I noted far off across the bay over White Flat a wedge-shaped bunch of geese. How those honkers ever run the gauntlet of gunning stands on Duxbury Beach was a mystery; either Hunt's or Brewer's usually stopped all of them. They were tired, and as they cut off the yards that separated them from the main land a plan formulated in my brain.

White Flat would be uncovered in another hour, and Tom and I had hogsheads sunk off there in the mussel-beds. We had no live geese decoys, to be sure, but we had plenty of ducks, and sometimes geese would come to the latter, especially if the big fellows were tired. Laying my cigar aside for the moment I called Tom on the 'phone and made my proposition. Tom was ready, in fact Tom is always ready when there are prospects of getting a duck or a goose. I hung up and my wife looked at me with a little of uncertainty if not disappointment in her eyes. It was Thanksgiving Day and it should have been ours together.

"Are you going?" she asked. "I think so," I said slowly, not meeting her eyes, "but we'll have next Thanksgiving together all day." She did not reply for a moment, "All right then, Frank," she said, "but there might not be another one." Then I laughed and kissed her and hurried into my gunning togs. Taking my Winchester Automatic from the cabinet, I ran hastily over its mechanism, fondled it lovingly for a moment, then slipped it into its water-proof case. The wind was blowing hard and the journey promised to be rough and wet. Tom came a few moments later, then we caught and stuffed a dozen live decoys into a crate and were soon pulling across the bay towards a flat whose mussel-bed nose was just beginning to show above the white-caps.

"The water crept slowly to our knees. Tom broke the silence: 'We'll swim for it at the last,' he ventured almost in a whisper, yet he knew there was no hope." Frank Bailey is not only a duck hunter but a story teller.

It was a hard pull, but the little dory with a stiff quartering breeze under the stern made excellent time and fifty minutes later we landed our stuff near the buried hogsheads. Tom rowed the dory a good two hundred yards away, anchored it and waded back to where I was rigging up the decoys. Already we could hear shooting from a distant flat landward, almost in line with my house. Many times my wife had asked why Tom and I did not make use of this flat nearer home, but the shooting was not as good there, so we stuck to our present location. Tom removed the water from his hogshead and placed five ducks and a drake around it, while I took a pail that we had brought and scooped the water from mine. Then I secured "Wild Bill," my best drake, behind me, his mate I placed just in front, I knew they would "talk" better if I separated them by a good margin.

"Wild Bill's Mate" had a history. Her mother was half mallard, while her father was pure black drake, and wild, I'll tell you how it happened. Her mother having quite a touch of wild in her used to feel the call of every spring migration. The man I bought her of—and I paid a fancy price—said he used to watch her every day in April. She would stand facing the ocean, her gaze directed southward watching for the first flight. Her pen was about fifty yards from the shore and many times during the spring months flight ducks could be seen and heard off in the bay. One day, late in the afternoon when the wind was blowing half a gale, a wild black drake alighted unusually near the shore. The duck saw him and quacked a welcome. He heard her and sent back three long calls. Her head came up like a flash and she stood

there as if carved from stone. In a moment she seemed to take on a something that had never been noticed in her before; she was all "wild" now. Suddenly there came a strong flaw of wind, she rose gracefully and with head stretched to its utmost extent flew swiftly out and alighted beside the drake. They swam about for a while, then the drake took wing. The duck did not follow, but called him back. Finally he tried again, flying for a short distance, then returning and circling above her until at last she arose and followed him far into the north. Her owner did not expect to see her again, but sure enough at the end of a month he found her in the pen one morning tame and friendly as ever. In due time when her eggs came and were hatched the ducklings proved to be half-strain black; thus you have the story of "Wild Bill's" mate, she was a result of her mother's northern journey. "Wild Bill" himself was a full-blooded black drake, he had been caught when young in a boy's muskrat trap, so you see the two birds naturally appealed to each other.

Tom and I dropped out of sight in our hogsheads. Presently "Wild Bill" sent forth a series of calls that would touch the heart of any wild duck; "Mate" answered and I heard the winnow of wings. I snapped the safety off my gun and crouched lower. When I saw the first long necks streaking across my line of vision I sprang to my feet and let drive. One duck collected on his life insurance policy while three others put in disability claims. By the time I had picked up my dead bird and shot over the cripples, Tom was ordering me out of sight. I fell rather than jumped into my hogshead just in time to scare away four big blacks that sheared swiftly from Tom's decoys; it's most always that way when you go out to pick up. Faintly came the "Honk-a-Honk!" of geese. I could not resist the temptation to raise my head just a little, and I saw the big fellows, rather high, but heading directly for us. I removed one shell from the magazine of my automatic, replacing it with BB's, knowing that I did not have time to do more than that. The geese would get the 4's first, with the big load on the second shot. The good old double gun is the only thing when one wants to change ones shells quickly and without noise. A loud "Honk!" warned me that the birds were over head. Tom and I opened up on them at the same time. My first shot netted no results, but at our second one big fellow near the end of the line wavered and sank lower and lower, hard hit but not sufficiently so to do the business, and recovering himself trailed along after the others—they were too far.

Our friends on the inner flat appeared to be getting plenty of sport, the out coming wind brought the sounds of their shots quite plainly to our ears, yet I doubt if they could hear ours at all. It's interesting sometimes to watch a distant gunner bring down a duck. You see him put his gun up, the bird falls, then when it hits the water you catch the report of the gun. Tom ripped out three shots, but I had been dreaming and I sprang up in time to see two sheldrakes from a bunch of five come tumbling out of the air. "Good boy, Tom!" I called, for I knew he wasn't wholly indifferent to praise. Praise a good shot now and then, fellows, it helps a lot. I used to shoot clays with a man once on the Portland Gun Club. He dropped one now and then same as we all do, but if the man next to him so much as coughed, it was all off for the remainder of the string. On the other hand, if we commended his good work, he'd turn in scores of 95 and 97 regularly.

Photo—Herbert K. Job

A FLIGHT OF PIN TAILS

Did you ever shoot on a bunch of Old Squaws coming down wind? We call them "Quandies" (or "Quandy") down here in Plymouth. They wield a wicked wing, all right, though they are not in with the Blue-winged Teal, or the Ruddy for speed. A bunch of these African dodgers came along and they weren't stopping to pick roses either. I swung on them and held, as I supposed, far enough ahead to at least get into the front ranks. I connected with the very last bird in that outfit and I shot him in the tail. A faint ha-ha came from Tom's hogshead so I threw an empty shell at his nearest decoy. Five black ducks lead by a mallard drake swung in with the wind under their tails. My! how they did sizzle along and I desired that drake very much. Mallards are few and far between around Plymouth, but of course Tom had to be looking the other way and shot on a single whistler. "Better see Bailey and get some glasses when we get ashore," I suggested. I had been threatening for some time to examine Tom's eyes. Over in range of the Myles Standish monument on Captain's Hill, Duxbury, I noted a raft of black ducks, so I fell to speculating as to just how I would hold on them in order to get the most at one shot. That reminds me. Did you ever hear the story of the man who took the ducks out of Duxbury? No? Well, here it is. In the old days of spring, fall, and night shooting, when the sky was the limit and you could use any gauge gun from a 20 to a cannon, an old "market shooter" used to dig a long trench at the end of a pond, allowing the water to flow in to a depth of nine or ten inches. Then he sprinkled in a bushel or so of corn. Next he rigged up a monster-big muzzle loader and lashed it to stakes in such a position that it would rake the length of the trench. He attached a line to the trigger and got back out of sight. On moon-light nights he would let the ducks come in until no water showed in the trench, everything was black. On dark nights he judged by

(*Continued on page* 644)

BELOW—CRUDE AS IT MAY SEEM TO THE CITY DWELLER, THE PERMANENT HOME OF THE TRAPPER IS A PALACE INDEED, COMPARED TO THE SMALL TRAP LINE TENT

George the Trapper

By ROBERT WATSON

THE NORTH COUNTRY TRAPPER, TRUE WOODSMAN THAT HE IS, MUST RELY ON HIS MEAN "YARD OF CANVAS" FOR PROTECTION AGAINST THE WEATHER. TO IT HE MUST CLING FOR HIS VERY EXISTENCE THRU THE LONG WINTER NIGHTS. . . . MOST OF THE ROMANCE OF THE TRAP LINE IS TO BE FOUND IN BOOKS ALONE. ONLY THE MOST COURAGEOUS SURVIVE THE HELL OF LONELINESS, EXPOSURE AND DANGER ACCORDED BY NATURE TO THOSE WHO INVADE HER SACRED INNER PRECINCTS

"ANYONE who says the marten trapper makes easy money, all I have to say to him is, let him have a go at it."

It was a marten trapper of eighteen years' experience in the wilds of British Columbia who made the remark to me early last fall in the little town of Vernon, in the Okanagan, Valley, British Columbia. George, for that was his name, used to pay occasional visits to the town for supplies, and I had got to know him for his splendid reputation as a trapper as well as for his own real worth. I suggested to him that I would like to go over his lines with him some time. He glanced at me from under his Stetson hat to see if I were in earnest, and left me without committing himself in any way. His appraisal, however, could not have been altogether to my discredit, for I received a letter from him some time later informing me that if I was still of the same mind, he might be able to arrange the desired trip sometime early in the month of March. And before I realized clearly what I was letting myself in for in the way of physical exertion, I had the journey arranged in detail, even to getting in touch with the various mail carriers and stage drivers in regard to conveying me by sleighs to my starting point, George's pre-emption at the head of Sugar Lake at the south end of the Shuswap Valley, fifty miles from the fruit-growing town of Vernon.

With a certain amount of internal misgiving, I started by auto stage on the first leg of my trip, for the French Canadian settlement of Lumby, sixteen miles out. The ground was still heavily covered with snow and the air had a bite of frost in it.

While awaiting the mail carrier at Lumby, I dropped over to the little, one-horse cabin which housed the town's only bank. I knew the manager and wanted to have a chat with him.

"What!—do you mean to tell me you are going out behind George the trapper? You're not scared! That's the toughest man to travel in all B. C. I would rather you than me!"

The stage driver arrived before I had time to change my mind about continuing, got his mail sorted and we started out, well tucked in robes, in his sleigh behind two good horses. We drove along for several hours in the quiet of the gathering darkness, over a narrow wagon road between almost endless stretches of forest, which opened up here and there in little outlying ranches. At almost every small steading, someone was waiting at the roadside for this ever-welcome mail-carrier, in the hope that he might have a letter or a much-sought-after newspaper.

Endless are the tales of those who go into the winter woods in quest of fur. The joys of the trap line and the rewards of the trapper are invariably depicted in high colors. This tale, however, of snow-shoes and trap lines high up in the wilds of British Columbia tells something of the hardships of a trapper's life.

Our journey for the day ended at the stage driver's home. I had arranged with him to remain there overnight, continuing with him again next morning. His wife, a quiet, open-hearted Scot like himself, met us with a lantern, helped to unhitch the horses and stable them, then hurried on ahead of us to set out the meal she had already prepared.

Their little homestead sat sheer under the shadow of a queer shaped mountain of the name of the Camel's Hump.

After supper, under the spell of the cozy parlour fire, we talked in the Doric of Stevenson, Scott and Robbie Burns. The old couple sensed that I was a lover of books, but whether or not they jaloused that I wrote them, I am not sure.

They showed me photographs and they told me of the old home town in a southern sheep-farming district in Scotland, which they hoped some day to revisit.

How the emigrant dreams and plans to wander back again to the old haunts of his childhood!

"From the lone sheiling of the misty island
Mountains divide us and the waste of seas;
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

Next morning, I got up early on hearing the others stirring below. The outlook was unpromising; the Camel's Hump was enveloped in a haze, while the trees were laden with a heavy, soft snow which had been falling steadily all night. The good lady helped to harness the horses, as she had helped to stable them the night before. She saw to the bodily comfort of her guid-man and we were off again, with Bob, his trusty old dog, racing on ahead.

FIVE THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE SEA. IN AN EGG-CUP-SHAPED SNOW GULCH BETWEEN THE MOUNTAINS, AMID THE ETERNAL SNOWS

A further twelve miles, distributing the mail as we went along, and we reached the Post Office of Cherryville, the last outpost in the direction we were heading and the nearest settlement to the gold mines at Monashee and Cherry-creek.

I had made arrangements with another settler to meet me at this point. The man was waiting for me. I climbed beside him into a sort of home-made manure wagon, on home-made bobs, behind two home-made cayuses, and we started off. The cayuses were really as home-made as they looked, for their owner told me that he had raised them himself.

After an hour or so of rough going, which got worse every mile we went, we stopped off at a wayside homestead for lunch. It seemed to be quite all right to stop off anywhere when it came to eating time. The good lady here was a big, buxom, German woman with a horde of romping children, who were shy at first but soon got more than familiar. They tumbled somersaults, cut capers and fought one another for my special entertainment and, when they thought I was not watching, came up close to me and felt the outside of my coat pockets. After a rough meal of potatoes and badly cured pork we continued on our journey. On nearing the south end of Sugar Lake, the snow was so soft and so deep that the horses went up to their bellies every time they broke through the crust, while the sleigh acted more like a snow-scraper than anything else. The beaten path was narrow and hardly afforded passage way for two horses abreast. It was amusing to watch the horses crowd each other for the good footing.

SHEER ON THE BREASTBONE OF A MOUNTAIN. AND THE FOOTHOLD PRECARIOUS

As we skirted the shoreline, we noticed some animals in commotion out on the ice. On getting closer, two coyotes scurried away, leaving a larger animal floundering helplessly. We stopped the team and hurried over. A young deer was struggling there in agony, its hind flanks paralized, several pounds of flesh having been eaten out of them by the cowardly brutes that had just left. There was a pitiful and hopeless look in the deer's eyes. We put a revolver bullet through its head and ended its misery.

It was evening before we reached George's ranch at the head of Sugar Lake. I received a warm welcome from the big, genial trapper, and his wife who was a real westerner from the word "Go!" She could ride a horse, shoot a deer, angle a breakfast from the lake, tend the cattle, throw a rope, pal it among the men; was an inveterate smoker and rolled her own cigarettes; could cook a meal in her spotless kitchen that would charm the appetite of the most fastidious and was at all times most delightfully feminine.

That night we gathered together all we required for our journey. My pack, a potato sack tied at each corner with rawhide thongs, contained my sleeping-bag, camera, and a few odds and ends weighing altogether not more than twenty-five pounds. George carried the axe and the foodstuffs, comprising chiefly of bacon, flour, cheese, beans, oatmeal, tea, coffee and sugar. His load weighed easily sixty pounds.

We made an early start next morning, crossing the Shuswap River on the ice and snow and travelling north up the Valley. The snow was very soft on top and it made the going hard. We were unable to do more than a mile and a quarter an hour in our snow-shoes, which were of the bearpaw variety,

(*Continued on page 657*)

Were You at Perry?

By

C. B. LISTER

A LONG, low, pine board shack nestling, as if out of the raw, half rain half mist, secluded under the grove of low branched apple trees. Narrow doors closed tight to the moisture laden wind. Inside on the rutty hard packed earth five men in as many board walled stalls, behind them in the run-way three, four, five score be-sweatered or raincoated figures. Close to the center stall two thirds of the spectators gathered in a hushed knot peering over the shoulder of the Marine scorer, staring fixed-eyed past the officer hunched over his spotting scope, casting covert glances, which must not disturb, at the medium statured, all unconscious, self-graven figure of the rifleman, the American Morris Fisher, who by dint of the most remarkable, the most consistent shooting the world has ever seen was establishing a new record for the Individual Free Rifle Championship of the World. In the other stalls, with smaller galleries, the other Americans, Stokes, Nuesslein, Boles, and Osburn, firing slowly or rapidly as conditions change. Pacing the runway in the conventional long, loose shooting coat of the Continental, the Frenchman, Regaud, official representative of the International Shooting Union. Pausing often behind Fisher, watching the ever lengthening row of 10's, 9's, 10's on the score pad the veteran of Europe paid compliment to the American in the latter's own language—"The man has gone crazy." Fourteen points beyond the world's record which had stood for ten years—fourteen points beyond a record established under ideal conditions with the lightning fast Martini action by Staheli of Switzerland in 1912—Fisher, the American, fought his way with an American rifle, American ammunition and American grit. For on the shot fifth from the last of the long 120 shot grind the Marine's trigger finger "froze." The strain, physical and mental for the moment paralyzed the finger which had released one hundred and fifteen history making shots. On those last five shots the record hung by a slender thread, as slender a strand as when once before an American, Stokes, in a strange country, had taken twenty minutes to fire the shot brought to him and to this country the Championship. A moments rest. A test of the trigger to show that it was the human element and not the mechanical which had become too tired to function and Fisher, too, came through. Came through on his grit to the Title and a new record. Meanwhile the others, distanced by the terrific pace set by the Champion, never-the-less drove themselves beyond acknowledged possibilities and the Team carried to a new high place the World's Team record and established beyond question the right of America to claim the Title and to retain the Argentine Trophy. Ninety-eight points beyond the previous team record, a record established by Switzerland in the banner year 1912, stands the new score established by the "men who went crazy."

The most remarkable shooting the world has ever witnessed was the daily bread of the riflemen assembled for the National Rifle Association Events at Camp Perry.

Much heralded as the National and International Matches had been this year the interest taken, the number of riflemen on hand, and the work accomplished, exceeded the expectations of those most closely in touch with the situation. The range was run to capacity at all times. The limited personnel available for handling the targets gave the firing line, during practice days, the appearance of mess hall lines of days gone by as the riflemen fell into line one behind another awaiting their turn to move up to the firing points. Eleven hundred and eighteen men faced the targets in the Presidents Match. Twelve hundred fired the first stage of the National Individual. Ninety-two teams, rifle and pistol, and three hundred unattached civilians kept the firing points filled from 7:30 A.M. till 5:30 P.M. For the first time in five years a period of raw rainy weather turned the camp into a gum-booted, rain-coated, abode of good natured grumblers. But through it all they shot. They had come to Perry after a year's preparation. They had come to advertise their States to the shooting world, they had come to learn more about the shooting game and, like the police, they had come to learn how better to protect lives and property. All of which things are matters of importance to the American who carries a gun or

wears one so they shot through it all. The brown Springfields of years past hot, dry and dusty, this year were black barreled and muddy stocked, but they shot! How they did shoot! The first long run on the new "B" target with the twelve inch "V" ring inside the twenty inch bullseye was recorded on one of these cool days when the shooting coat was a welcome addition to the wardrobe. To Sergeant F. M. Franklin, 6th Engineers goes the distinction of starting something which may be expected next year to be followed by something more remarkable. For each year it is said, "We have reached the ultimate in rifles and ammunition. Now it is up to the man." Each year the conditions are made harder. And annually someone—like this Engineer—disproves our pet theories that at last we have made so hard that ties will be unusual and long runs almost unheard of.

The School of Instruction was scheduled to start on September 3rd with the 1st and 2nd to be devoted to the arrival of teams, issue of equipment and general "shaking down" into the routine of camp life. By August 31st three full teams and probably a half hundred civilians were on hand. Just one indication of the eager enthusiasm of the Camp Perry clan this year. Monday it rained. Not that such an event was remarkable this year but ordinarily the weather has been so good that this unexpected rain suspended operations for the day. Tuesday it rained. But that shooting bunch would be denied no longer and the pellets of Frankford Arsenal mixed in the first of their series of engagements with the pellets of J. Pluvius. Through the School they went. Guardsman, Civilians, metropolitan police, and industrial police. On a range of their own to the right of the pistol firing line a school of youngsters, lads and lassies from seven to seventeen, future shooters and future mothers of shooters went through the course laid down by the W. J. R. C. Mingling with the Guardsmen and Civilians on the Service Rifle ranges the student officers of the nine corps area R. O. T. C. units and the officer candidates of the C. M. T. C. college men the former, college men, clerks, farm boys, mechanics, the latter, splendid rifle shooting material all of them, went through the course—and in the going gathered to themselves so much of the lore of the game that in the matches during the weeks following every prize bulletin was punctuated with cryptic symbols ROTC and CMTC.

The 200 yard Rapid Fire Match, 10 shots sitting from standing in one minute firing at the "A" target with a round ten-inch bulls-eye opened the match program on Monday, September 10th. Lieutenant W. R. Watson of the Infantry won the match after having tied with nineteen others on a possible in the first string, shooting all of them out on the second string except Sergeant J. J. Dyba of the Coast Artillery and finally beating the Artilleryman 50 to 49 on the third string. J. B. Grier, a civilian of Wilmington, Delaware, took the 300 yard Rapid Fire Event fired later Monday afternoon. The Delawarean tied with six rapid fire artists on the first string then outshot them with a 48 against 47 for Private G. D. White of the Marines and Lieutenant G. W. Rehm of the Cavalry the other three competitors turning in 45's. Seven hundred and seventy-two men faced the targets in these first matches before the camp was more than partially filled and gave some hint of the enormous entry lists of later events.

The Leech Cup Match. A Match of surprises since its inception in 1874, lived true to its reputation this year. It was won by Sergeant William E. Hayes of the Oregon National Guard Team. Hayes, a lightly built youngster

got away to a good start at 800 yards, the first stage of the match putting all seven record shots in the black five ring. A good many others did the same thing so there was no particular excitement among the Oregon contingent when Hayes went on the line the next morning. After the 900 yard stage was finished, however, Oregon's hopes rose because Hayes was one of the few remaining with a clean score of 5's to his credit. At 1,000 yards, the final stage the lad from the Northwest was the only one to save all seven shots and so won the match on a possible score of 105 to have his name engraved beside that of Bodine, Gildersleeve, Winder, Casey, Richard, Chesley, and those others who did their bit to make the present National Matches possible and who in doing it gained their reward through such engraving on the old shooting trophies and on the hearts of the younger generation. There were eight hundred and one entries in the Leech and of that number five pushed Hayes with 104 and fourteen more pressed close with 103 each.

This year the Navy presented a trophy to the National Rifle Association for annual competition. Typically Navy in design, it was decided to award the prize in the Off-hand Match. This match had a history of over a decade, its prestige was well established and the off-hand style of shooting seemed most appropriate to the sailor men. The Match was fired on Wednesday, the 12th and, strangely enough, of the more than seven hundred and fifty men entered a sailor, Fireman L. C. Gordon, carried back to the Navy, for the year at least, the trophy they had donated. Gordon's score of 94 was made under difficult conditions with a gusty wind and through fitful, misty streamers curling across the range. Captain D. M. Bartow of the Infantry finished close behind Gordon turning in a score of 93 and outranking Sergeant Major L. P. Cartier and Gunnery Sergeant B. E. Clary of the Marines.

As an incentive to men to outfit themselves and train for the "Free Rifle" team a new N. R. A. Individual Free Rifle Match was added to the program this year. The match was fired over the regular international range of 300 metres and called for twenty shots in each of the international positions, prone, kneeling, and standing. Carrying through with the consistent work which had marked him through the entire practice period and flinging out a "storm warning" of what was coming later in the International, Sergeant Fisher, of the Marines, won the Free Rifle Championship of the N. R. A. with a total score of 548. Sixteen points better than Major J. K. Boles, a team mate, could do.

Came then the President's Match with the unprecedented entry list of 1161 competitors. The 200 yard stage, 10 shots off-hand was fired Thursday the 13th, the 600 yard stage, 10 shots, Friday the 14th and the final stage, 20 shots at 1,000 yards Saturday the 15th. The President's carries with more of

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Tootsie, A Pet Doe

By

DR. SAXTON POPE

FEEDING FROM THE HAND

The Brief History of a Deer

HARRY VANDALL lives on a mountain ranch at Palo Colorado, Monterey County, California, and has hunted deer a good part of his life. Fourteen years ago, while out in the woods with his dog, he discovered a little fawn hardly more than a day old. It lay hidden in the dry leaves and was too young to run away. The mother, apparently, had left it and probably was killed by some animal or hunter before she could return. So, Harry carried the little deer home.

He cared for it tenderly and fed it condensed milk from a bottle. It was a little female and became gentle and affectionate, playing with the two dogs on the ranch as if they were members of its own family.

Vandall was a bachelor, and the little pet was a welcome companion in the home. She developed a liking for sweetened tea and coffee and revelled in the orchard near by. He named her "Tootsie" and she came at the call of her name like a little child. Wherever Harry went Tootsie had to go also and she demanded a great deal of petting. If this were not forthcoming, she snuggled under her master's arm, ran her nose into his coat or down his collar, till she received the attention she craved.

The two dogs were her chums and she permitted them to tease her with good nature, but, if a strange dog entered the yard where she was, she immediately attacked it, striking viciously with her forefeet till she drove it from the ranch.

Those immortals who attain to the heights—they are more than the mere result of chance and environment—for theirs is the irrepressible genius which lifts them from the throng. And so is it with all God's children—even Tootsie, a mere deer, was more than just a deer, and something more than environment made her the unique character in the remarkable exploits this tale depicts

When Harry went on his hunting trips, she followed along after her dog companions, and, if he camped out all night, she slept with them, only rising occasionally during the night to go out and browse around for a while, then returned and lay down beside them. Up to the time she was two years old she went upon these excursions, and even when another deer was shot and later cleaned in camp, she came up, smelled the body, but paid no particular attention to it and had no fear of blood.

One of her strange tastes was her liking for tobacco, and she ate cigarettes as a small boy eats sticks of candy. They were a delicacy.

She seldom ranged far from home, but at the end of her second year she suddenly disappeared and Mr. Vandall thought she was gone for good, but at the expiration of three or four days she appeared on a distant hill at sunset and with her she had a gallant buck. In a few days she returned to the ranch, her honeymoon was over, and she settled down to a life of contentment with her old friends.

THE DOE THAT LEFT HER FOREST HOME TO COME INTO THE ABODE OF MAN

For fear that hunters might kill her, Harry fastened a bell around her neck and she wore this useful ornament for years. In the spring she disappeared again, but after a couple of weeks she returned with two beautiful little fawns of her own, both bucks. She did not stay long—she only visited—for the little deer were very timid about coming close to the house.

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Touring With Raymond Spears

From Coast to Coast with the Most Experienced Auto-Camper of the Day

A FEW years ago auto tourists felt themselves to be unusual and in a class by themselves. The feeling doubtless survives among newcomers. The old comraderie was so pleasant and profitable a thing that its passing cannot fail to bring expressions of regret to the lips of those who enjoyed it. In the eastern states, the automobile tourists never did thaw out. In the West, I hope they never will freeze up. With millions of people annually rolling out into the places that are distant, the cheering wave of the hand, the shout of one's state's name, the stopping to pass the time of day on meeting another camp-outfitted car grow less and less feasible.

But the tourist, however distant or uppish or offish he may at first feel, will find himself after a time—the sooner the better—constrained to exchange his own experiences for that of others. That is, when one is going far away, along one of the Trails of the Painted Blaze, it is always worth while to hail another car for specific and general information.

The municipal camp grounds are always good places for the exchange of road information. In some states, especially in the South, contractors have a way of tearing down bridges, throwing up loose earth barriers and failing to put up either warning or detour signal. Where a bridge is torn out, the consequences of night driving may be serious. On one Arkansas highway, the contractor did not even put up a barrier at the culverts he was building, and I do not know how many cars ran into concrete frames over washways.

Anywhere west of the Missouri, especially off the main highways, the tourist who is at all timid may well make inquiry. The garages in Omaha are apt—or were apt—to throw the traveler off the Lincoln Highway toward Denver, over the Omaha-Lincoln-Denver route. Perhaps this was the better way to go at certain seasons. On the other hand, perhaps there are gentlemen's agreements between commercial organizations, groups of garages, and other local interests to send a tourist where it will be to the mutual advantage of the local interests —regardless of the tourist's natural desire.

This month Raymond Spears talks about fellow wanderers. He emphasizes the importance of co-operation on the road as well as at home. . . . On the long desert trail, the strip of mountain road, or any place where a car on tour develops trouble, there the spirit of good fellowship should be uppermost in the minds of those who overtake their less fortunate brothers of the turnpike.

The fact of the matter is, there are communities so unscrupulous and hungry for trade that they go almost to any length to mislead the tourist out of his way, off his right road, and regardless of circumstances in order to bring a casual dollar to town. Tourists cannot escape this imposition without relying on one another. And tourists unquestionably, are cutting the incomes of the conscienceless outfits. Old timers in every municipal camp ground are advertising not only the good regions to visit, but the countries where it isn't worth while to go—because of the attitude of local people who are wholly on the grab.

Take, for example, the garages along a southern route to California. Many of them are wholly responsible and careful. Others have been known to take advantage of a tourists' party in a predicament. One of these, for example, was reported in the camp at Redondo Beach, on the Pacific Coast to have charged $45 for towing a Pierce-Arrow car out of an Arizona washout and back to town, at the rate of $5 a mile. A dollar a mile is a fair towing rate. When a garage imposes on ten or fifteen tourists, those tourists want to tell about it and some do tell about it in local camp grounds.

If tourists keep to themselves, refusing to have anything to do with others, they miss all this important information. They are apt to go to towns where two prices are maintained, one for tourists, one for local people. They fall into the hands of thieves running garages. They do not learn in time that a cloudburst has closed one route for four or five hundred miles, or made it slow and difficult. They fail to learn

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EXPERIENCED TOURISTS WILL MAKE CAMP, PREPARE AND EAT A MEAL AND GO TO BED BEFORE THEIR NEIGHBORS, NEW AT THE GAME, WILL HAVE SORTED OUT THEIR DUFFLE, PREPARATORY TO PUTTING UP A TENT

Super Efficiency in Angling for Trout

By LOUIS RHEAD

IN a recent trip to the Catskill region after trout in a season abnormally dry with continued low water the high temperature of which killed many fish, after an experience of over thirty years making all kinds of experiments and tests for adverse conditions, I am still learning many new things and this last season more than ever; so I give here some points learned that trouters—be they expert or duffer—may ponder over the points which I think of great value to enhance success in getting more trout under most trying conditions. It was about the middle of June (usually a crackerjack time); our hotel was full of anglers, many were expert, using their self-tied flies admirably suited to the water they fished—water that in earlier days I might rightfully say was my exclusive stretch, for no strangers fished it and only a few natives of the village. After I let it be known to several people this particular stretch of the river contained many large trout, natives, browns, rainbows, also fine bass, and so, in one way or another the river is now fished more than the apogee of comfort.

On arrival I found conditions at their very worst—very low water, continued hot sun, no insects, strong, choppy wind seemingly from every direction—consequently the anglers all came back with empty creels or single fish of no great size. I said all; I meant all but one. Time and again—all had no success. Yet this angler came out, time and again, with large catches—sometimes chockfull creel of big fish.

How is it done, they asked one another; where did he get them, and on what fly? This preposterous superangler only laughed in a big, husky way as a response to their inquiries. They were nonplussed; as Roosevelt used to say, "Beaten to a frazzle." They hinted those large catches were captured by unsportsmanlike methods—perhaps the worm or live minnows, both of which I knew full well were not so. Others privately conversed about "reporting" these over-the-limit catches of trout. Some contented themselves by saying it's positively uncanny, because his tackle was unsuited to worm or minnow fishing. His hat was a mass of dry-flies and his fly-boxes were loaded with an unusual array of flies of every make, and his gut leaders were perfection, suited only for flies.

Two weeks later this angler cordially invited me to join him for another trip which I promptly accepted because it would furnish me with an opportunity —perhaps to be an eye-witness of his marvelous success in getting large fish in adverse conditions. On our way up the mountains we saw no rain had fallen, that we should find the rivers quite as low, if not lower. And so it proved; conditions were abominable, awful, much worse than before. Everything was as dry as a bone, and I just wondered if my friend would repeat the same old game now at the week-end when a number of anglers came up for certain failure in getting trout.

For many years Louis Rhead has devoted a great amount of time to the study of trout stream insects. During the past season he has learned a great many things that he believes will be of vast benefit to anglers. In this article he has set down some very interesting points which will help the fly fisherman to become more efficient.

Now comes my purpose in writing this paper for anglers to learn, through my experience what we all may do if we wish to learn the secret of success. Take notice, brother anglers, of what I now describe, not, if you please, brook-fishing, but the highest and best art in fishing big, rough water, deep pools after large browns and rainbows from 12 to 24 inches long. Our angler has the means to procure everything of the best in tackle; a thorough knowledge of what is best, and, through but a few years of practice in trout fishing, he has rapidly acquired how to use that "best" in the most effective way. In a nutshell, it is efficiency, determination, alertness, keen observation and downright love of working the game for all it's worth from every view-point. With the same effort expended this man would be just as successful in any other sport or business of life's endeavor. He is broad and catholic in choosing flies, both domestic and foreign, without any dogmatic theories as to color or whether they copy natural insects or otherwise. One thing is certain—they must float. The better a fly floats the more it suits his fancy. On this particular trip he was loud in praise of a fly tied very crude by an amateur who made the body of dyed olive sheep's wool taken from his car duster, with gray dominick hackle mallard wings — a nondescript fly which happened to be a good floater, and that floating and cocking he thinks is what makes his success. From my observation of his fishing I think different, at least the action of the fly was of minor importance to his efficiency and method of approach and attack: his thorough knowledge of where and how and what to do at the right time and situation. Again, take notice, brother anglers, his leaders were soaked and well tested; fly tied on, rod placed in the car ready for use before he starts for the river. When there, no delay; he walks right out in the pool to a commanding position, making the most careful casts, right over the noses where he knew for certain big trout lie; the fly comes floating gaily down stream and with repeated short casts to every good spot till he did get a rise. When he did get a rise he was sure to play it well and bound to get the fish. He does not lose big fish. If he missed a trout that by chance would rise "short," he made no further effort at that time, but the next trip on the same fly he would invariably get the fish. His determined, ceaseless effort, combined with confidence and patience was equal to the average languid endeavor of ten men. His fishing was in the very joy of doing it—it was a labor of love, and without question his entire action on, and even off the stream, seemed to be if you do a thing at all, do it well.

His after-dark fishing with a single big night-moth was conducted on the same lines, with good judgment and sound common sense, careful and observing of the peculiar habits of trout after dark. He met them in a logical and sensible way, and, of course, he won. This combination of attributes makes the perfect angler, and, as Halford says, "stamps him with the hallmark of efficiency," and makes success where others fail.

That familiar query, "What fly did you use?" does not always count. It's a factor, an important factor with most anglers, including myself, though not with this angler. I think we are fast approaching the golden age, that is, when every fly fisherman ties his own flies to imitate insects, to float or sink as nature presents them to the fish.

How About the Crow?

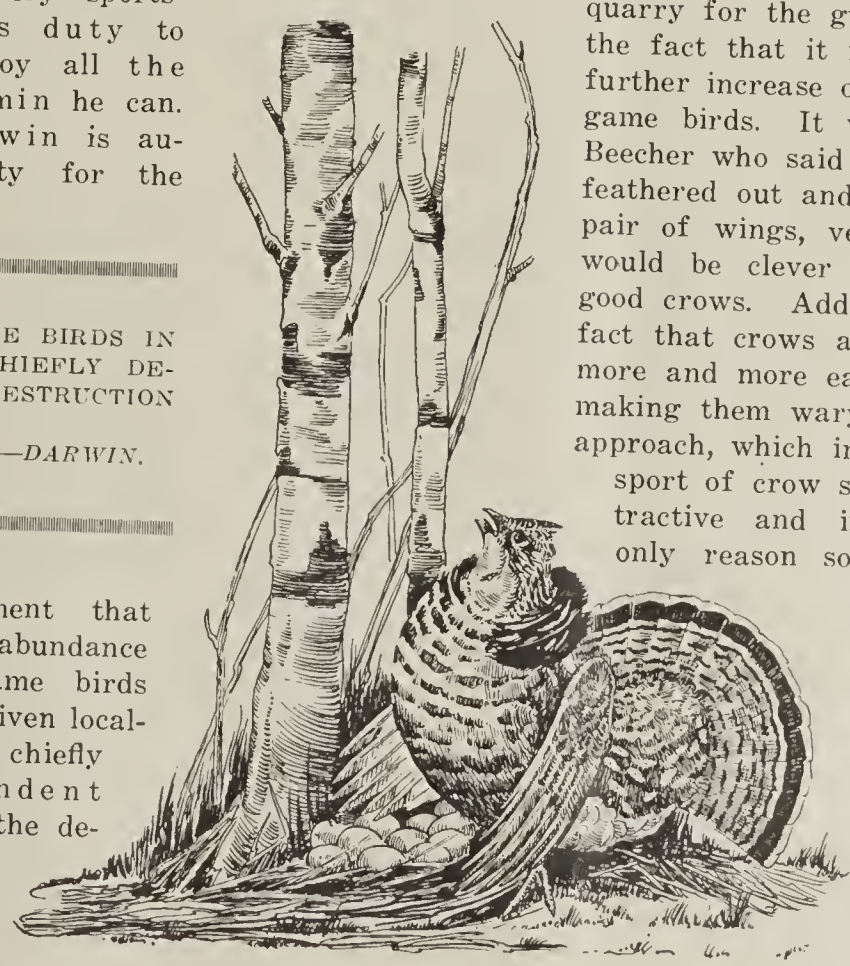
By RAYMOND SCHRENKEISEN

SHAKESPEARE said, in "Much Ado About Nothing," "I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me." Perhaps not everyone feels this strongly in the matter, but there are many who would rather see a man shoot a crow than sit around waiting for the law to tell him he can go out and shoot a partridge or a woodcock. And there are good and sufficient reasons why many people feel this way. The crow unquestionably is to be classed among the foremost enemies of the country's game conservation interests. This may sound like a broad statement, but there is ample proof to back it.

It has often been argued that the crow is a valuable adjunct to the farmer in that it destroys large numbers of the grubs and insects that are injurious to crops. This is entirely true, but when the fact is taken into consideration that every crow kills many birds and destroys the eggs of birds that eat just as many and perhaps more of these injurious pests, the crow's importance to our agricultural interests rather pales and loses its significance. Because of this fact alone, the crow is not worthy of protection.

Further than this and from the standpoint of the sportsman, the crow is the archenemy of some of our noblest game birds, such as grouse, quail, pheasants, ducks, upland plover and sandpipers. It kills great numbers of the young of these birds as well as destroying many of the eggs, and it has even been known to kill young rabbits and destroy the eggs of the turkey. For bold sagacity it has no equal, and the economic damage perpetrated by this ornithological vandal as a homewrecker of our valuable game and insectivorous birds is little short of staggering. There is no question, therefore, that the crow is worthy of being listed among the foremost members of the Hall of Fame of Vermin, and it is every sportsman's duty to destroy all the vermin he can. Darwin is authority for the statement that the abundance of game birds in a given locality is chiefly dependent upon the destruction of vermin, and further, that if not one head of game were shot within the next twenty years and no vermin destroyed during the same period, there would in all probability be less game than there is today, despite the large army of shooters that go into the field every year. This statement is worthy of the attention of all thinking sportsmen, both because of the ominous significance attached thereto as well as the unquestionable authority of its source.

> THE ABUNDANCE OF GAME BIRDS IN A GIVEN LOCALITY IS CHIEFLY DEPENDENT UPON THE DESTRUCTION OF VERMIN.
>
> —*DARWIN.*



ON the other hand, the crow is not to be despised as suitable quarry for the gunner, aside from the fact that it is inimical to the further increase of more legitimate game birds. It was Henry Ward Beecher who said that if men were feathered out and supplied with a pair of wings, very few of them would be clever enough to make good crows. Added to this is the fact that crows are being shot at more and more each year, thereby making them wary and difficult to approach, which in turn makes the sport of crow shooting more attractive and interesting. The only reason so many crows are shot is because there are so many; but it is not everyone that is good enough at handling a gun to account for very many. The sil-

(*Cont. on page 637*).

FOUNDERS OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY

Dr. WILLIAM BRUETTE, Editor

Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation

THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL WILL BE TO studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and a refined taste for natural objects. *August* 14, 1873.

NOVEMBER

IN some strange mood I come to the conclusion poets bend humbly to false gods and idols of vapor. I find wrong notes in a beautiful symphony, melancholy even when colors linger in the brown landscape, death when sun still glows and skies are blue as far seas. Prowling amid a wilderness of verse upon verse, line after line, when one desires to find the mood and spirit of November is like hunting at the foot of the rainbow. Remorse tinges every poem, sympathy for the dying year, and so, being one who holds intimate communion with nature in all the moods of the seasons, I fear the poets are not virgin interpreters. Singing of mist and phantasy, they are false prophets.

To see the eleventh month brooding in lonely contemplation, I go to the haunts of her, to the open beyond the pavement's end. Touches of October's bacchantic carnival linger in the dusky miles, splashes of red and gold thrown aside, fragments left in retreat's abandonment. An invigorating coolness rides the wind—it stings the cheeks and stirs the roadside leaves to their dance of death, it seeps up the nostrils and makes of breathing a splendid thing. If nature gave nothing else to man for a November gift, this would be a wonderful achievement.

Roads of spring had a fairy beauty, of summer a dreamy quality. Those of November are epic in their open lengths, with a sheer loneliness that entreats rather than repels, a silence that is a mood, a spirit, somber, friendly, unforgettable as a great event. The tramper abroad some old road feels a yearning and apparent restlessness. It is in the petulant song of winds and of the last leaves in the oaks, the bark of the squirrel, the hawk's scream, the bluejay's note of half-disguised surprise, the gossip of crows in sable council. Like some faint twilight, the fabric of dusk hangs over the landscape—in the shadows it is a gossamer thing, in the shafts of sunlight athwart road and sere fields a living web tempering and softening all growth, in the distance a pall hiding blue hills and horizon in a smoky curtain.

Leaves flutter in the trees, laughing at the cold caresses of rain and the strength of errant winds. The scarlet oak burns like a torch amid a grove of pines, and its isolation gives it the splendor of a mighty ruby glowing in a pool of green. In open fields an ancient white oak, buttressed of trunk, broad of arms, dense with thickets of twigs and patches of remaining leaves whose vinous reds flare in molten beauty. The pods of honey locust rattle in the passing gusts like dry bones and a few yellow leaves remain to dance among the thorns.

There is a wisp of yellow in the spectral sycamores, a bit of gold hanging in the entanglement of willows along meadow waters, and there is grace of line and harmony of delicate colors in the leafless dogwoods. Against a wall of piny green, the gleam of slender white birch reminds one of ghostly columns in some dusky-corridored temple. Elegent beech, their trunks shrouded in delicate lichens, stand in an orderly line along the river's low shore; the sun plays upon them, and their tenacious leaves shine and flicker with the heart of pure gold. To one side sets a painter with his easel and palate snaring the beauty of the trees, the shining river, the matted shore, the smoky hills—capturing the mood of November.

WORLD BIRD PROTECTION

ALTHOUGH it has proven a difficult matter to create a political League of Nations, T. Gilbert Pearson, President of the National Association of Audubon Societies, has demonstrated the possibility of creating a league for the very useful purpose of protecting the wild birds of the world. Leading scientific and conservation societies in nine countries have now organized and pledged to active endeavors for the protection of the birds in their countries, and in aiding similar movements in more benighted regions.

This movement was launched at a conference held in London in June last year. On invitation of Mr. Pearson, delegates from several countries met in the home of Hon. Reginald McKenna and determined that such action was necessary if much of the valuable bird life is to be saved from despoliation. Among the very active members of this conference were Lord Edward Grey and Lord Buxton, of England; P. G. Van Tienhoven, of Holland; and the eminent naturalist, M. Jean Delacour, of France.

Mr. Pearson, President of this International Committee, who has just returned on the U. S. Steamship *Leviathan* from a lecturing and organizing tour through seven of the countries in Europe, said today: "Europe is looking to America for leadership in some of the lines of endeavor in which we as a nation have specialized. There is no country in the world that is so thoroughly organized and has such advanced laws for bird protection as the United States, and many of our methods can and doubtless will be adopted to meet European conditions.

"Through southern Europe especially very little attention is paid to bird protection. This may be illustrated by the fact that in all of France in the year 1921 there were only sixty convictions for violation of the bird laws. During the same period in New York State alone there were more than one thousand. In Hungary I was told that during the past year with all of the thousands of bird killers in the country not one had been prosecuted. In Italy I saw nets, traps and various cages used

to catch small song birds for food. There is a vast traffic in the bodies of these little songsters in that country. In Rome I saw in cages small birds whose eyes had been blinded by red-hot irons on the theory that in their darkness they would sing better and thus prove more effective decoys in alluring other feathered friends to destruction.

"Our international organization is now in effective operation in the United States, Canada, Australia, Norway, England, Holland, Luxemburg, France and Italy. Other countries have recently been invited to unite with the movement and action by them may be expected soon. Members of the committee in the different countries are formed into National Sections which deal especially with bird-protective problems distinctly national in their scope.

"Everywhere I went in Europe our plan was received most cordially."

THE RUFFED GROUSE

WITH a soul born of the mysterious and somber depths of a great forest solitude, a raiment born of a pattern of delicate sunlight tracery on a carpet of autumn leaves, and with a spirit as wild and glorious as the brawling brook that flows by the hearthstone of its woodland home—the partridge stands foremost of America's game birds as the prototype of all that is primitive and magnificent in the great outdoors.

Its precipitous and furious flight, its mystic and elusive craftiness make it the most difficult quarry in the entire art of wing shooting. Its pursuit leads one to the inner precincts of nature's most charming sylvan solitude. Its elflike disappearance as it speeds like a rocket through the pillared aisles of hemlocks and melts into the vivid background, leaves one with a sense of awe and reverence for this feathered spirit of the wood.

It merits the admiration and protection of every sportsman to be handed into future generations in its unspoiled primeval nature as a heritage of divine beneficence.

TRAILS

WHERE the pavement ends, begins the open road, and where this rock-strewn, dust-deep thoroughfare narrows to an incongruous path it becomes a trail. And the trail is loved by men—men of the open places, of the trout stream, the long carry and the camp. It is the means of getting from one obscure place to another more secluded. It is beauty, geography, communication itself.

Originally a game trail or an Indian path, the trail appeals to the outdoorsman, be he fisherman, hunter, camper, trapper, guide, even nature lover, even poet of the outdoor world. It awakens lost memory, arouses nomad blood, and stimulates endeavor. The lure of a trail winding through the somber forest, haunted with long shadows and lances of yellow sunlight slanting earthward, is enchanting. You cannot shake its wild control. The end lays in mystery beyond the hills—you do not rest until you find it. And yet a trail may lead nowhere, but who can question its fleeting, interrogative beauty?

Let your footsteps wander at caprice some trail of old acquaintance. At any time of the year, during any display of the elements, the song of the trail is deep. And the trail is a friendly thing. It has a naive independence, is shyly confidential, and wanders off to become utterly lost as to time and place and destination. It pokes into odd corners of the woods and wanders blithely down pine needled slopes of litle valleys, prowls in a half-circle about lily-spattered blue ponds to swing away through a back pasture where it seeks and ghouls intimately the very secrets of the old rail fence, and suddenly vanishes into thin air. Such surprises it has furnished, little incidents and dramas of wild life that remain in memory like red-letter events, little views of landscapes and seasonal beauty that haunt latter days.

It matters not the day or season of the year. Something is happening in the shadows of the trees and dense shrubbery. Swift death and stark tragedy haunt the trail, even while the silence and stillness may be dripping sweetly and lavishly with the throatal outpourings of some love-stricken bird, even while the air is heavy with the odors of blossoms opening or crushed under foot, and the scene of excitement may be more lovely than a vale of fairies. Nature is cruel, is a stern and uncompromising mistress, but deep in her friendships glows a fair and beautiful spirit.

The trail must be followed with ears attuned, eyes alert to slightest movement, nose keen to snare errant scents, and he who tramps the dim path through solitude must ever be expectant. It is a path of discovery, of much treasure not born in the imagination. It is a place of beauty, beauty as nature would have us know—the beauty that is virgin and the life that is primeval.

FARM THE COVERS

NOVEMBER is the moon of the hunter's delight. He goes forth to his chosen covers, knowing that pheasant, woodcock, quail and grouse are keen of wit, full fledged and strong of pinion. October's sheltering leaves are down and lacking their friendly cover, the quarry becomes wary and is apt to flush yards ahead of the dog. The temptation to overhunt covers which birds use is often great.

When a man knows that there are a dozen grouse in a bit of woodland and is uncertain about the contents of the next patch, he is a good sportsman, indeed, who will move on after obtaining his brace. Thoughtful men cover a lot of ground in a day's shoot, taking here a bird and there another, thus "farming the covers" and leaving enough birds for seed that they and their fellows may be insured against scarcity of game through the Novembers to come.

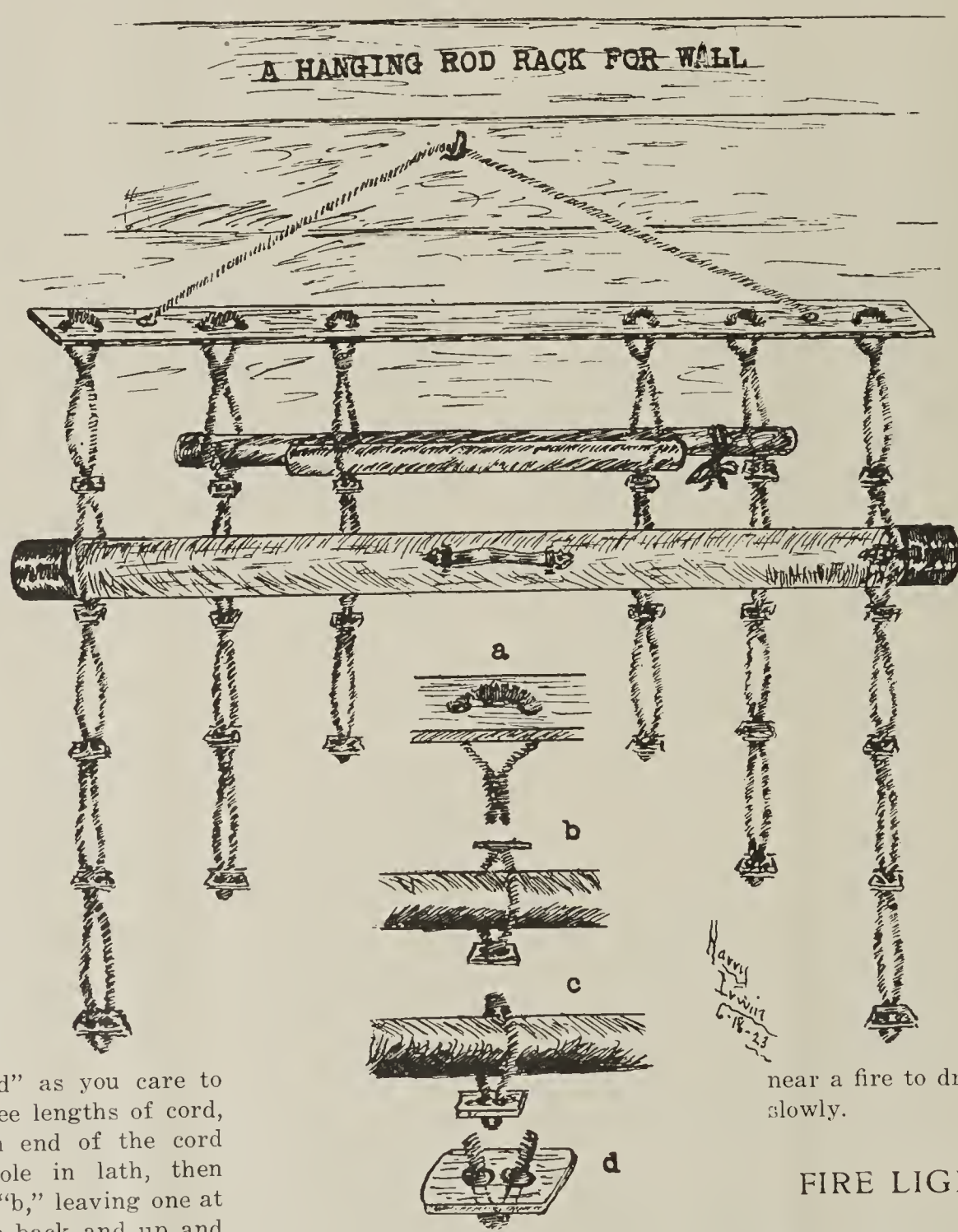
In the case of non-migratory birds, especially grouse, quail and woodcock, this unwritten law of individual conservation is a necessary measure.

A WALL ROD HANGER

By Harry Irwin

THE space in a cabin is almost always at a high premium. A "bundle of rods" is an abomination as well as almost impossible to handle. A wall case is a thing of beauty — and space. Being placed somewhat in this predicament and yet wanting my rods where they were "get-atable" the following found a grateful nook on the wall, over, but not hiding an Indian blanket and can be easily put together in a short time.

Take a good, straight grained lath, plane and cut to 2″ x 36″. Six inches from end bore a hole to fit a 3-foot length of green awning cord. Pass an end of the cord through each hole. Cut two 1″ squares of heavy leather, bore hole, slip on the end of cord, and tie a stopper knot. Next bore a PAIR of holes, 14″, 22″ and 30″ apart, or 7″, 11″ and 15″ each way from center. Cut as many buttons from leather "d" as you care to have loops. Cut three lengths of cord, as shown. Pass an end of the cord through the top hole in lath, then through the buttons "b," leaving one at the bottom "d," then back and up and through buttons and lath, where the end is "whipped" down "a." The "buttons" are adjustable in that they slide up and down on the cord to fit the size rod to be held. I use three loops on the center or shortest cord, four on the center cord and five on the outside member of the trio. Using this hanger, a "bundle" of rods are held together in their cases, and yet each can be reached without disturbing the others, which is even more than can be said of most rod wall cases on racks. The adjustability of the loops to the size of the rod case is one of the big advantages.



FIRE BED

IF you have to sleep on the ground on your over-night hikes, there is no need of being uncomfortable from the cold. Make an Indian fire bed. Scoop a hollow in the ground about eight or ten inches deep and somewhat larger than the body, being careful to bank the loose dirt at the sides. Then build a fire, covering the whole bottom of the hollow. After the fire has completely warmed the ground, remove the large sticks but leave the embers and coal. Scrope the loose dirt, which was banked along the sides, so that it, too, would be heated, down over the embers. Be sure that all are well covered with the dirt. Crawl into the hollow, pull your blanket up over you and you will not stand the least chance of being chilled. This method of heating your bed is excellent for use in the mountains where even summer nights are apt to be uncomfortably cool.

STIFF BOOTS

TO prevent wet boots from becoming stiff, rub them with a good dressing of castor oil just before they are thoroughly dry. To soften stiff boots, soak them in water and treat as above. Never put wet boots near a fire to dry; they should be dried slowly.

FIRE LIGHTING WITH A GUN

TAKE a bit of rag, the cloth lining from a hat, coat, etc. Rub powder into it well, then load it into your gun or cartridge shell. Fire it among dry leaves, and have some small dry slivers of wood ready to catch the blaze before it ceases to glow.

SAFETY RAZOR BLADE HOLDER

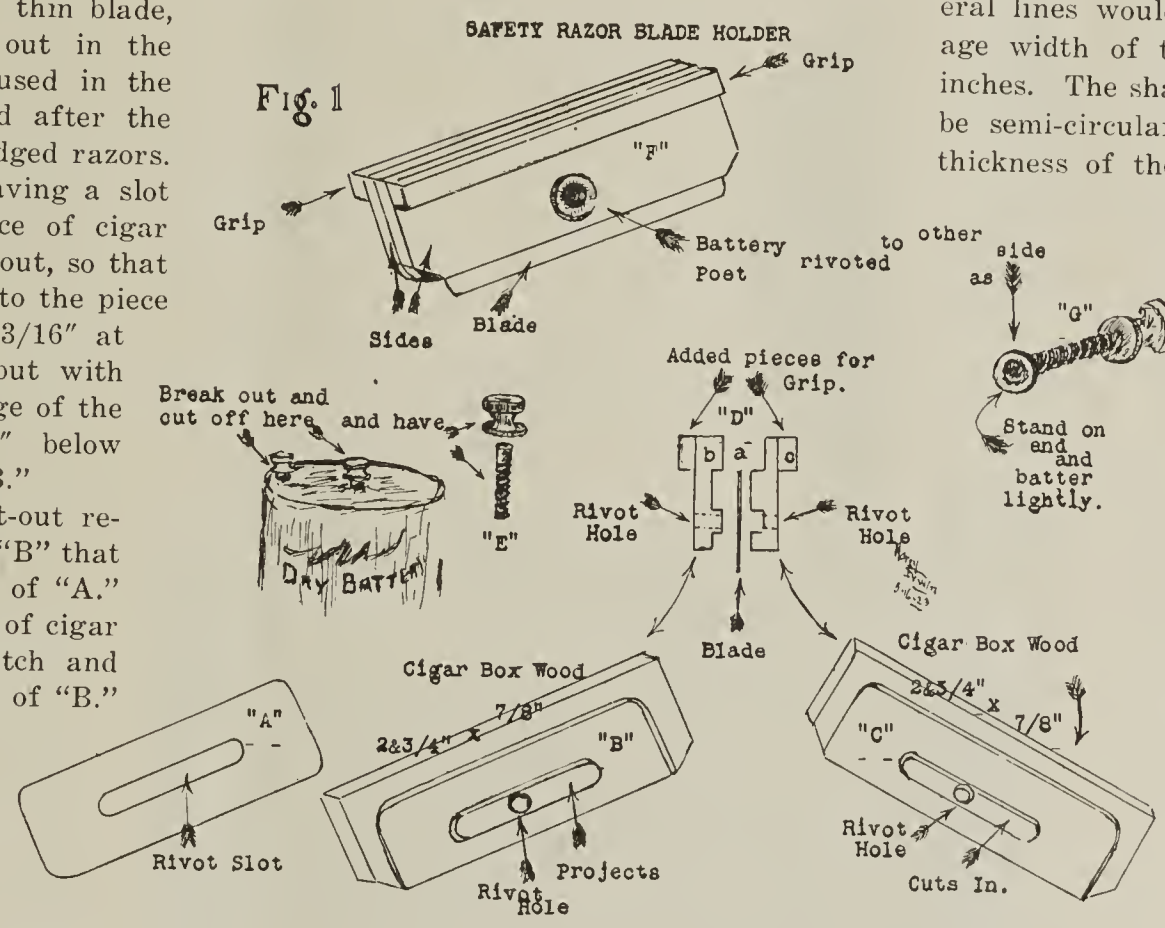
By Harry Irwin

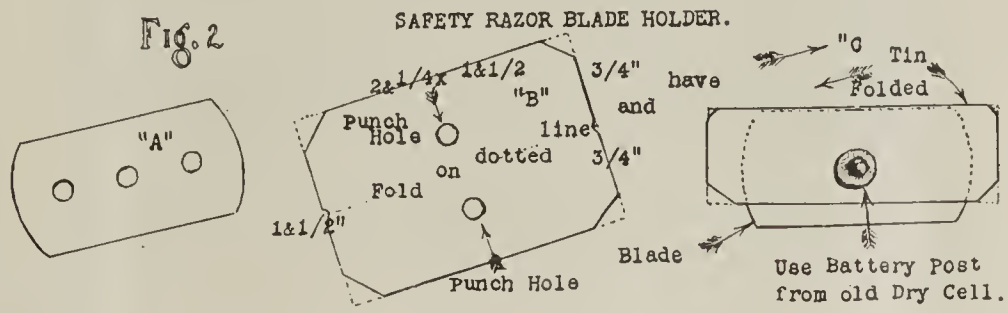
SOME months ago I offered a Safety Razor Blade Holder in NESSMUK'S CORNER; the following are variations of this idea.

Fig. 1 can be used with the ordinary "wafer-blade," but is better adapted to the long, thin blade, with the slot cut out in the center, such as is used in the safety's patterned after the good, old, straight-edged razors. "A" is the blade, having a slot "x." "B" is a piece of cigar boxwood, with a cut-out, so that the blade "A" sets into the piece "B," leaving a rim 3/16" at each end and top, but with the lower cutting-edge of the blade extending ⅛" below the lower edge of "B."

In making the cut-out retain that portion of "B" that fits into the slot "x" of "A." "C" is a second piece of cigar boxwood, cut to match and fit into the "cut-out" of "B." These are shown in cross-section "D," in which "b" corresponds with "B" and "c" with "C." "a-a" are ¼" narrow strips of wood, glued and tacked to the outer top edge of "B" and "C" to form a grip or handle; "d" is the projecting part of "B" to fit slot "x" of "A," and "e" is the hole bored to fit the setscrew "G," which is the post from an old dry-cell battery as shown by "E." Break out or cut off the binding post to the desired length, force the butt of the post into a copper washer, stand on end and batter LIGHTLY, so as not to spoil the thread, and clinch to form a head, preventing the post from being pulled through the screw-hole, on tightening the nut, which I cut in half, using only the top portion.

Fig. 2 is possibly the simplest form of holder than can be made and gives good service. "A" is a safety blade. "B" is a piece of heavy tin 2¼" x 1½", folded as indicated by dotted line and having holes punched for setscrew, which is shown as in "C." If you do not care to bother with obtaining or making a setscrew, rivet with a washer or punch holes to correspond with all three in the blade and fasten with split paper fasteners, tapping them down tight and flat on the fold over.



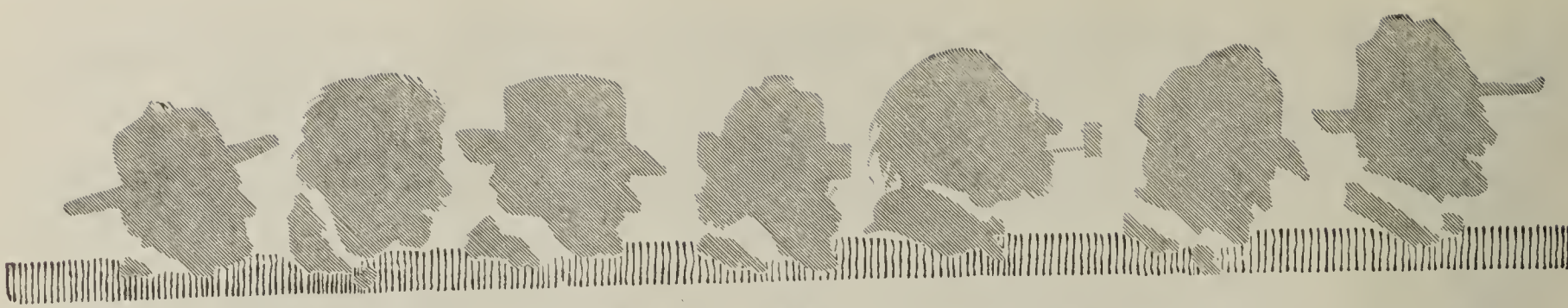


PADDLES

AN ideal modern single blade would be made of carefully selected spruce with an over-all length of five feet six inches. A comfortable grip on top of a stout haft that continued down well into the blade with a sharp "beaver tail" on one side and a rounded subtraction of this construction on the opposite side. The lower grip and the beginning of the blade would be approximately the center of the total length. The sides or outer edges of the blade would be as straight as general lines would permit and the average width of the blade would be six inches. The shape of the bottom would be semi-circular on a wide arc. The thickness of the blade would taper to a nicely sharpened edge on the bottom and on the sides. A copper tip can be well worked on to the bottom edge that greatly protects the blade against splitting and puckering when used on shores and in rapids. The blades used for hunting, fishing, racing and sailing had better be without tips. If the blade is to be decorated, it should be done before any varnish is put on the wood, as in this way the colors will be better preserved and remain richer. Only outside spar varnish should be used as a coating.

Here are a few paddle hints, and it is hoped that the reader will find at least one new one among them. A black or dark-green blade is best for trolling. It does not glisten in the sunlight nor frighten the fish, as the plain varnished wood blade does. Keep the entering edge sharpened finely with your knife. This will help you to enter the blade in the water more cleanly and effect better paddling. Be sure that the paddle dip is kept well varnished,

(*Continued on page* 672)



FOREST AND STREAM LETTERS

A RECORD JEW-FISH

(Promicrops Itaira)

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

I AM submitting for your records the picture and dimensions of a jew-fish which, according to the Bureau of Fisheries, exceeds in weight their previous record by one hundred and ninety-three pounds.

I have been fishing in the Florida waters bi-annually for many years and have seen many large jew-fish, but the one in question astonished me in its proportions as it did many others.

We had been fishing down the coast below Miami for several days, with the most wonderful luck that I have ever had. We harbored on the night of January 22, 1923, in Caesar's Creek, which is just below Co-co-lo-bo Cay Club. As usual, we set a shark line baited with the larger portion of a very large cero mackerel which a shark had seen fit to mutilate while it was on my line earlier in the day.

We had the line neatly coiled in the stern of the boat, with the free end hitched aft. This hitching of the free end aft is advisable, for should a large shark or other large fish dash off suddenly with the line it would either tear the hook out of its mouth or maybe play hob with the stern of the boat; then, too, the chance of laying down on the line is better when the length of the boat is between the coils and the aft end.

My companion, Dr. Simpson, with the guide and helper had gone below, but as the moon was shining so brightly and the night so beautiful, that after donning my pajamas I decided to remain on deck. I feel safe in saying that the brightness of the moon that night rivaled the brightness of the sun that day, as one could easily have read a paper by moonlight. The water was but a few feet deep and fish were jumping all around the boat. Some of the splashes sounded in the quietness of the night as if someone were throwing saw logs overboard.

I was tilted in my chair against the cabin door and was beginning to feel that coziness, the forerunner of sleep, when I noticed the shark line gently slipping over the stern of the boat. I thought at first that the cruiser was swinging around, but I did not have long to think, for all of a sudden the coils spiraled upwards, one loop catching in the leg of my chair, bringing me to the deck like a ton of bricks. I fell shouting, and up the companionway dashed Tommy Gifford, our guide, closely followed by Bundy and Dr. Simpson. They were too full of sleep to grasp immediately the situation or the line, which was now running fast.

CATCH OF FISH FROM SOUTHERN WATERS, SHOWING RECORD JEW-FISH

Jew-fish are not rated as game, but believe me that old bird had business elsewhere, and he was not losing any time. He had out several hundred feet of line before we could get together. How long we were bringing him in I will never know. My only recollection is of spending most of my time while we were fighting him was on the wet floor with someone else's knee or foot in my face or ribs.

The moon in the meantime had decided not to witness the fracas and had discreetly hidden behind a cloud, making the work all the harder. When we eventually hauled the old rascal to the side of the boat his opened mouth looked as large as a flour barrel. Tommy succeeded in getting a hawser through the jew's gill, and for the rest of the night he tried to tow us to Long Key.

The next day we took him up to Co-co-lo-bo Cay and started to tie him to one of the pilings of the landing, but he reared back and snapped the piling as if it were a match stem. Tommy then decided to pass another hawser through the other gill and tied him to and between both landings, where he stayed until our return, two days later, the steward of the club telling us that at frequent intervals he would start functioning and tried to tear up both piers. We used the club block and tackle to haul him on our boat. It was only then that we had the opportunity to measure him, which we did with a steel tape measure. He was ninety-six inches long, with a girth of seventy-two inches. A monster, and as stated above, nearly two hundred pounds larger than any that the Fish Commission has record of.

We had no means of weighing him even after we arrived at Miami and based our deductions on the time-honored method of calculation, which

method has been accepted from us by the Bureau of Fisheries, verified by a letter just received by us from them.

I have submitted our affidavits to the Bureau of Fisheries and they have been accepted.

These comments are only in the way of reporting an unusually large fish, the largest of its kind so far known, for even Jordan and Everman report that their largest known fish was nearly five hundred pounds, while ours, according to calculations, weighed six hundred and ninety-three pounds. Method, square the girth in inches, multiply the result by length in inches and divide total by eight hundred.

I would state, in passing, that the fish was hoisted with block and tackle on the frame at Dixie Pier, and we had the fun of seeing a great many persons, men and women, climb the frame and pose with our fish. I would like to hear some of the statements of those who, armed with the photo of themselves and fish, went back home and described how they had landed old Promicrops Itaira. However, the pictures they took will give greater advertising to the wonderful fishing in the Florida waters.

DR. J. LAWN THOMPSON,
Washington, D. C.

OLD SPORTSMEN

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

AGE is no barrier to success with the rifle and shotgun in the woods. Some of the most successful sportsmen that have entered the woods of northern New England and the maritime provinces have long since passed the Oslerizing stage. And yet they are able to emerge from the woods with trophies which many young men and men in the prime of life are unable to capture.

At eighty-seven, the late Isaac Stephenson, of Marinette, Wis., lumberman, banker, merchant and erstwhile member of the Wisconsin Legislature, and for one term a member of the United States Senate, killed a moose and a deer in the New Brunswick woods, but a few miles from his birthplace. The late "Uncle Ike," who became famous as the patriarch of the United States Senate and the donor of a presidential cow, was very fond of the New Brunswick woods. He made a visit to the East each year for the sole purpose of revisiting the scenes of his boyhood, and once again seeking the moose and deer for which the territory is widely known.

One of the oldest men to make annual pilgrimages to the Maine and New Brunswick woods is Cyrus Davis, of Belleville, Ill., president of a bank in Belleville and another in Chicago. Mr. Davis makes the long trip yearly and never fails to return to Illinois with a bull moose and a buck deer. Mr. Davis is now nearing his ninetieth year, but age has not dimmed his skill with the rifle, nor has it marred his skill with a shotgun. He is known as an excellent marksman when in quest of wild ducks, wild geese and partridge. He has left camp early in the morning and in less than an hour has returned, carrying as many birds as he can stagger under. He has kept the camp on bird meat for weeks, when big game was scarce.

One of the oldest hunters to visit the territory in Maine along the Atlantic coast between Penobscot Bay and the St. Croix River, is William R. Allen, broker, of New York City. Mr. Allen is now eighty-two years old. Each year for the past thirty-five years he has made the two trips into Maine and eastern Canada. For the past ten years he has confined his attention to Washington County and Hancock County in Maine. In all his hunting expeditions he has not failed to capture a bull moose and a buck deer. Some of his trophies have been recognized as among the biggest ever killed in the north woods, regardless of state or province. For instance, his largest moose weighed eleven hundred pounds and had a spread from tip to tip of antler across the pan of seventy-one inches.

This gigantic moose was brought to earth and killed by the venerable Mr. Allen in three shots. He still-tracked the moose without aid for seven miles through the dense woods and open spaces in the thicket. The first shot was accurate, striking the moose right over the heart. The animal was so powerful, the bullet brought him only to his knees. Equipped with superhuman strength, the big bull staggered through the woods for another half mile before Mr. Allan could get within shooting radius. The moose, weakening rapidly, glared at the aged hunter, and made a determined effort to attack the man. But two bullets from Mr. Allan's rifle went unerringly into the big animal's body. There was a shiver that shook the earth for yards, a swaying of the huge form, and a crash to the earth. The moose made a final attempt to shake off the death weakness but eventually collapsed, inert and lifeless.

Mr. Allan has also a very creditable record in bird shooting. In fact bird shooting is more in his favor than hunting the big game such as the bull moose and the buck deer. He has waited for hours in the early dawn, with the rain falling, and exhibited no ill effects following a change of apparel, and the warmth of the camp fire, plus a drink of hot lemonade.

If all huntsmen were like Mr. Allan, there would be no complaints of hunting parties starting fires in the woods from pipes, cigars and cigarettes. Although an inveterate smoker, he never smokes outside of camp when in the forests. He has established this practice after seeing damaging forest fires originating in the butt of a cigar, the remains of a cigarette and tobacco ashes from a pipe. Abstaining from his beloved cigars is self-denial, but Mr. Allan says his conscience is clear, and this is ample recompense for abstention from tobacco for about two weeks.

Donald J. Smith, of Cleveland, merchant, has not missed a visit to the north woods annually, for the past ten years. In Mr. Smith's case, he did not become a huntsman until ten years ago at the age of seventy. For some unknown reason, he had detested hunting until somebody recommended hunting moose, deer, wild geese, wild ducks, partridges and other denizens of the woods, as a remedy for insomnia. He had been a persistent sufferer from sleeplessness for fifteen years.

He journeyed to the maritime provinces and after outfitting himself joined a hunting party in central New Brunswick along the Miramichi River. On his first night in the woods he slept soundly, for the first night in many years. Since the three weeks he spent in the woods he has had but minor

trouble with insomnia. And going into the woods made of him a rabid huntsman. He is equally at home whether in quest of the feathered or furred game, and has become a crack shot. Quite a wonderful achievement when it is entered into consideration that Mr. Smith had not fired a gun twice until he was seventy.

This young-old hunter relishes a fifteen mile hike when still tracking a big bull moose. In fact many of his younger companions in the woods exhibit greater fatigue after a long and arduous tramp than the hardy old hunter from Ohio. A singular phase in the hunting experiences of Mr. Smith is, that he has been using the same rifle and shotgun ever since he made his first trip into the big game district of eastern Canada. And he avers he will continue to use the same firearms until each is lost or damaged irreparably.

When Mr. Smith made his first hunting expedition at the age of three score and ten, his wife, who is still living, expostulated with him for what she asserted was suicide. His relatives and cronies also sought to dissuade him from his intention to spend three weeks in the Canadian woods so far from home. They felt the experiment would be his undoing owing to his age. But he was adament and rejected all entreaties and was unmoved at all threats. Now he predicts that providing some disease does not carry him off or he does not meet with an accident, he will be spending several weeks in the woods seeking the moose, deer, bear, wild ducks, wild geese, partridge, etc., each year until he is ninety at least.

The oldest man to go hunting moose and deer as well as birds, in the woods of northern New England and the maritine provinces was Jeremiah McLeod, who killed a big bull moose when 101 years old. Mr. McLeod is now 102, and will apparently live some years yet, although his mental and physical faculties have deteriorated somewhat during the past year. Mr. McLeod lives on the international border in the Maine-New Brunswick section. He has been a consistent hunter for the past sixty-five years. In that period he has killed sixty-five bull moose, and the same number of buck deer. He has also killed hundreds of bears and estimates the number of his wildcat victims at a thousand. Birds by the thousands have fallen before his prowess with the shotgun.

As an illustration of the skill that still is evident in this remarkable man, he brought down a bull moose in 1922 with two shots. The moose was about forty yards away and heading for the woods. Mr. McLeod had seen the huge animal, although his eyesight is defective, and he was not wearing his eyeglasses. He is fond of saying facetiously that the moose intended to live, but when the animal struggled to its feet after dropping from the wounds inflicted by the two bullets, it immediately collapsed and died when it saw the man who fired the shots.

Mr. McLeod has had some hectic experiences in the woods. He has been attacked by wildcats and by wolves in the days of yore and in the present decade. He has been turned on by wounded bull moose, and has had a number of narrow escapes from death. He asserts he will now rest on his laurels as a huntsman, claiming he is now too feeble to continue as a hunter of moose and deer. He may once more take a fling at bird shooting, but he says he prefers the moose hunting, because of the greater risk. Although he insists on saying his marksmanship now is poor, he has been able to outshoot many young men at flying targets. And his intuition is largely responsible, for he can barely discern the flying targets in their ascent and descent.

WILLIAM J. MCNULTY,
St. Johns, N. B.

AN EXAMPLE FOR ALL STATES TO FOLLOW

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

We are making an urgent entreaty for the PROTECTION and APPRECIATION of the wonderful plant life of which we are the inheritors.

A KNOWLEDGE of the DESTRUCTION that is going on through the ruthless picking and wasting of the lovely wild flowers that are by Nature given us in such bounty MUST END this Devastation.

HELP US SPREAD THE WORD!

Some of our most cherished blossoms are rapidly becoming extinct. Realizing the havoc that our sojourners to the Country and our Automobilists, with their carloads of happy people enjoying the sunshine, air and flowers, we BEG them

To LEARN TO ENJOY AND NOT DESTROY.

No one with a love of BEAUTY in his heart can destroy anything that is BEAUTIFUL.

Help us to keep our roadsides and cornfields fringed with our NATIVE PRAIRIE BLOSSOMS and the Rural Country as primitive as possible.

The Flowers by the WAYSIDE will breathe pure and simple thoughts into the hearts of our great AMERICA.

SPARE THE WILD FLOWERS. LET THEM GLORIFY THE EARTH.

For several years the Wild Flower Preservation Society has been advocating before the State Legislature the passage of a law protecting certain wild flowers that are fast disappearing.

During the last session, a BILL was enacted which went into effect the first of July, 1923.

Thus ILLINOIS becomes the SECOND State wise enough to PROTECT her PLANT RESOURCES.

MRS. C. L. HUTCHINSON,
President Illinois Chapter
Wild Flower Preservation Society of America.

A BILL

For An Act for the Conservation of Certain Wild Plants in the State of Illinois.

Section 1. Enacted by the People of the State of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly: Any person, firm or corporation who shall, within the State of Illinois, knowingly buy, sell, offer or expose for sale any blood root (*Sanguinaria Canadensis*), lady slipper (*Cyprepedium parviflorum*, and *Cyprepedium hirsutum*), columbine (*Aquilegia Canadensis*), trillium (*Trillium grandiflorum*, and *Trillium sessile*), lotus (*Nelumbo Lutea*) or gentian (*Gentiana crinita* and *Gentiana Andrewsii*), or any part thereof, dug, pulled up or gathered from any public or private land, unless in the case of private land the owner or person lawfully occupying such land gives his consent in writing thereto, shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanor, and shall be punished by a fine of not less than $10.00 nor more than $100.00 and costs.

Section 2. All prosecutions under this act shall be commenced within six months from the time such offense was committed and not afterwards.

This became a law July 1, 1923.

NOTES ON ELK

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

The mornings are cold and frosty and the rutting season for elk is here. We can hear bull elk bugling on the ridges and we see elk and deer on every trip we make into the hills. Recently, Mrs. Miller and I were out taking pictures when we heard a bull bugle. As I was busy waiting for a certain cloud effect so that I could get a good picture, I sent her over to where I had heard this elk and she got within forty yards of nine big bulls. They were wallowing in the mud in one of those small ponds that you so often find in this country near the top of a mountain. Some of these bulls still had some of the velvet hanging to their horns.

There has been sufficient rainfall this

summer to keep the range in excellent condition, and there will be plenty of winter feed for the elk on the Gallatin when they drift down from the Park this winter.

There is certainly a lot to be done around a place like this, and I am now getting ready for the hunting season.

I am sending you a picture of a ruffed grouse setting on her eggs. This was taken about June 15th just back of the ranch-house.

Will send you some pictures of big game as soon as I can get away for a few days.

ERNEST MILLER,
Salesville, Mont.

SUGGESTED AMENDMENT A. C. A.

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

Article VI, Constitution. Section 9, Racing Board.—The Racing Board shall be composed of a chairman and twelve members elected as follows:

Each division at its annual meeting shall elect in the same manner as its regular officers two representatives of that division to serve as members of the Racing Board for the term of one year or until their successors are elected, one member to represent the sailing interests of the association and one member to represent the paddling interests of the association. The commodore shall be a member ex-officio, but shall not vote except in case of a tie.

Section 10, Duties.—It shall be the duties of the Racing Board to hold three (3) stated meetings during the year, one meeting of the sailing division of the board and one meeting of the paddling division of the board during the annual meet in August, and one combined meeting of the entire Racing Board at the annual meeting of the Executive Committee in October. A chairman and clerk, whose duties shall be as in other organizations, shall be elected for the term of one year by the members of the Racing Board at its annual meeting in October. Special meetings may be held at any other time and place at the call of the chairman. The Racing Board shall be responsible for and have power to enforce the racing regulations of the association, and shall from time to time make such changes therein as they shall deem best for the interests of the association, but no amendments to the racing regulations shall be valid unless such amendments in general terms have been published in one of the official organs of the association for at least two weeks prior to any stated meeting of the Racing Board.

A. F. SAUNDERS.

LOUIS RHEAD AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO

ATLANTIC SALMON

IN the work of setting up and painting various game fish Louis Rhead has been fortunate to acquire a magnificent Atlantic Salmon, 44 inches long, 22 inches girth and according to the usual measured scale should weigh 36½ pounds.

This most beautiful salmon, though not a "record" size fish, is unusually shapely in form and of much greater value for mounting than the uglier though larger fish.

This salmon was caught by Mr. F. Gray Griswold, a member of the Cascapedia Salmon Club, in the river of that name, in the Province of Quebec, Canada, on June 26th. Though Mr. Rhead and his assistant, Frank Oliver, used every care in the process of skinning this lordly fish, nearly all the scales came off the skin, which made it necessary to paint on each scale pure silver to get that perfect effect of a living fish—never before attained by any taxidermist here or abroad. After being thoroughly dried it will be placed on exhibition in New York and other large cities.

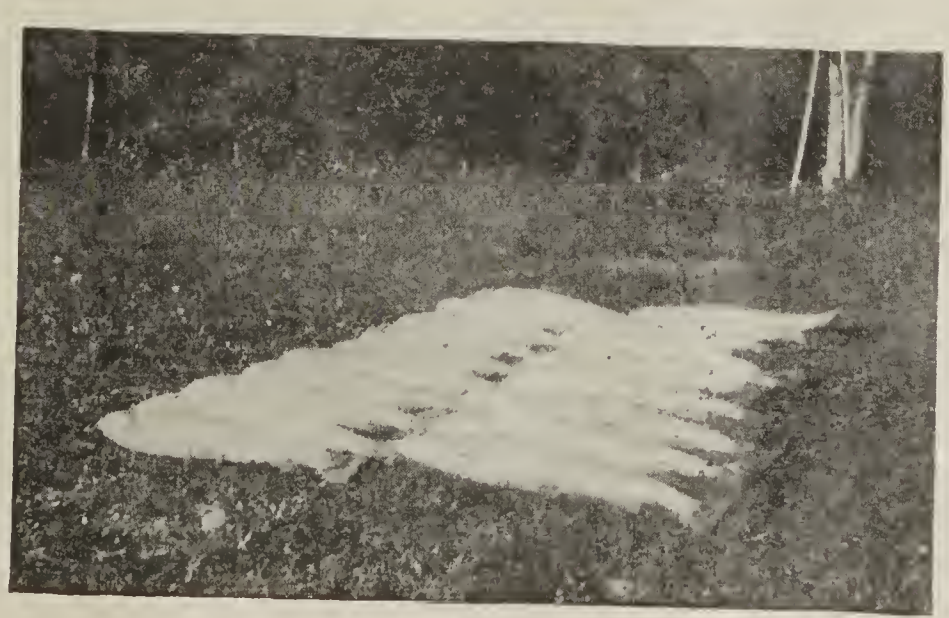
Mr. Rhead writes: "This splendid salmon was sent by Mr. Griswold to my neighbor, Fred G. Shaw, one-time British champion fly-caster who now has established a fly-casting school near Prospect Park Lake, Brooklyn."

In answer to a letter written by Mr. Rhead requesting information concerning the salmon, Mr. Griswold replied as follows:

Dear Mr. Rhead:

Your note of the 5th forwarded here. The fly was a "Griswold Gray" 2/0. A "Silver Doctor" is the nearest thing to it. Tell my friend Shaw that I took 72 salmon that weighed 1,852 pounds, and on one trip up the river I landed 20 salmon, 420½ pounds in six hours' actual fishing (two days). I have no objection to mention of name. Sorry I cannot see your good work.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) F. GRAY GRISWOLD.



A FINE CATCH OF CASCAPEDIA SALMON

Photo by F. Gray Griswold

HOW DID RAINBOWS GET TO THE "SOO"?

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

NOTING in August number article by Ben C. Robinson on "Emerson Hough's Wild Waters," it appears that the rainbow trout is found in the waters of the "Soo" rapids, and in fact he refers to those waters as "the home of the rainbow."

About twenty-five years ago I used to fish those rapids, with both fly and bait, and remember the big square tail brook trout we used to get. The same trout in fact as was to be found around the shores of Lake Superior generally, and in the streams flowing into the Lake.

Although familiar with the rainbow (which we then used to find in streams in Wisconsin, which I know), I never saw one taken from the Soo waters. So I presume to learn about this, if the facts are obtainable.

BENJ. H. BAKER, New York City.

READER DISAGREES WITH MR. JONES

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

PLEASE allow me to reply to the letter of Mr. B. T. Jones, which appeared in the October issue. It seems that Mr. Jones is more or less prejudiced against our method of fox hunting north of the Mason-Dixon. Of course, Mr. Jones, environment has a great deal to do with cases of this sort, so we'll just take a look at the country up here where Mr. Reynard is hunted. It usually consists of rather high hills, which sometimes assume the proportions of young mountains, and these are very frequently densely covered with scrub-oak, laurel and other thick vegetation. Now how under the scintillating rays of the blazing sun are you ever going to run a pack of hounds through such stuff? Answer: Yau can't do it. Therefore we must let one or two hounds ferret out the trail, and post ourselves at advantageous joints, which, in my estimation, gives Reynard (who, by the way, has a two-dollar bounty on his head in this state) a much greater chance for freedom than piling a whole mess of hounds on his trail to run him to death.

On the other hand, Mr. Jones, you'd better look to your Southern laurels of sportsmanship, for to hunt deer with dogs (such as you intimated in your letter when you stated that our fox hunting reminded you of deer hunting) is considered, and justly so, a terrible crime up here.

However, "I should not be harsh, for every country has its own customs(?)."

With all good will,

R. BAILEY, Eagleville, Pa.

FIGHTING DISTEMPER

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

I HAVE before me an advertisement containing a letter written by Mr. L. S. Worden and published in one of the weeklies on August 18th last. In this letter the writer, in speaking of prevention and cure of Distemper in Dogs, over-stresses one of the possible vehicles of the transmission of the disease.

Now we are all deeply interested in the prevention and cure of Distemper, and the gravity of the situation has been recently emphasized by the "Field" Distemper Fund in England and the American Distemper Committee here.

I need not go into the question of the communicability and history of the disease, but I might say that it is closely analogous to and as old as Influenza in man. This (under a hundred names) is as old as history, at least. It is in all probability the Plague that has been with us always, breaking out into epidemic form every now and then.

I am not at this writing touching upon the treatment of the disease, but am trying to point out the real chief sources and carriers of infection.

Until we have a certainly effective treatment of distemper we must, of course, take every precaution to guard our dogs against infection.

First, in regard to Mr. Worden's letter: Benching has less to do as a carrier of the disease than any other suspected vehicle. Probably the few owners of benching plants—and certainly the principal owner—disinfect the benching between shows, frequently painting the boards and scraping, steaming and disinfecting in various ways the unpainted parts.

Mr. Worden speaks of the chalk marks that he has seen on benching at successive shows. I understand from the aforesaid largest owner that this marking of this show outfit is a source of great annoyance and expense, the annoyance arising from a little suspected cause: *Chalk marks made on ordinary good paint cannot be washed off.*

How then is the infection carried from show to show? An analogous question would be: "How did I catch this cold?"

Given a case of low resistance, due to fatigue and exitement, and the distemper germ finds easy lodgment. If we were always in a receptive condition for the ever-present and ever-wandering disease germs, no street car, no place where people are gathered together would be safe.

Hygiene and good physical condition are the best defences. Cleanliness (in which water is the chief purifying agent and, better still, soap and water) is the next best guard.

It has long been the opinion of those that really watch these things with unprejudiced eyes, that the traveling boxes, kennels, crates, etc., that go from show to show, not always looked after by the most careful attendants in the world, carry far more infection than ever benching did.

Ask your kennelman when he disinfected his travelling crates last and if one of his dogs has come back from a show with distemper, ask him what he did with the crate that brought the dog back?

H. VANDER ROEST,
D. V. S.

READER WANTS INFORMATION ON FALCONRY

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

I AM very anxious to learn whether the sport of Falconry or Hawking is practised anywhere in the United States. Rumors have reached me of a Falconry Club recently started on Long Island, also of the existence of one somewhere on the western plains.

May I ask you to give me any exact information which you may have as to this?

I understand that an article appeared recently in one of our sporting magazines descriptive of the efforts of a certain lady in this country who indulges in Hawking as a pastime. Did your magazine contain any such article in its recent editions?

Perhaps you can tell me of some dealers who trade in Falcons and in the furniture and fittings used in the process of training Hawks.

JOHN P. S. HARRISON,
New York City.

CORRECTION

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

In my article on the General Purpose Shot Gun in the September number, the type makes me say that the 2¾ x ⅞ load in a 16-gauge is superior in velocity to the popular 2½ x 1⅛ load in a 12-gauge. This is erroneous. What was intended to be written was that the above 16-gauge load gave a higher velocity than the popular 3¼ x 1⅛ combination in a 12-gauge.

Please make the correction.

GEO. G. CLOUGH.

HOW ABOUT THE CROW?

(*Continued from page* 627)

ver lining on the cloud of game destruction would be just a bit brighter if such were only the case. It would also be a trifle brighter if the sight of a flock of crows winging their way through the purple haze of an early autumn landscape would make the average hunter thrill with excitement and emotion. The reason it doesn't do so is partly due, no doubt, to the fact that the crow is not classed as a legitimate game bird. Anyhow, shooting crows is good sport for a man who loves the outdoors, and its joys may and should be associated just as much with the autumnal blaze of golden rod, a harvest moon and ripening clusters of grapes as is grouse or woodcock shooting. True, it doesn't lend quite the thrill and excitement that these latter do, but it has a certain charm associated with perennial youth. It reminds me of "my salad days," when I was green in judgment. And then, too, the crows are with us all the year round, and there is no law on them at any time and any place; so there is no reason why the man who has an itching trigger-finger every so often can't have some good sport at any season of the year.

It is also a fact worth remembering that about the only enemy a crow has is man, and that's not enough. So it is up to man to make up for the lack of natural enemies of which about the only one of any importance is the great horned owl, and occasionally one of the hawks.

Much good may be done in reducing the ranks of the crow by a little co-operation among the shooting members of any community. Regular crow shoots may be organized on Saturday afternoons and holidays and prizes offered. June and July are particularly good months to arrange such shoots, as these are the months during which crows are particularly active in killing young birds and destroying eggs.

The bounty system has also proven effective at times. The only trouble with this system has been that the bounties offered have as a rule been too small to compensate for the amount of work and often skill required to bag a single crow.

Trapping, too, has sometimes proved effective, by slipping a No. 1 trap under the lining of a nest where eggs have been stolen and in which a few dummy eggs have been placed and the place made to look as natural as possible.

Shooting, however, has been found to be the most effective means of destroying this "black devil." A twelve-gauge gun is the most efficient weapon for this purpose, and No. 7 or No. 7½ is recommended as being the best size shot. A few decoys placed in a cornfield and the use of a crow call often help to attract the crows within easy shooting range.

All our game needs is a little practical protection, and one of the best ways to accomplish this is to start right in on getting rid of the crows.

Don't forget to let FOREST AND STREAM know how many crows you have accounted for.

"The crow is often responsible for the scarcity of ruffed grouse in certain sections."—*Game Breeder*, June, 1923.

"Success in breeding game birds depends largely upon the control of their numerous enemies. The birds will rapidly increase in numbers when they are not decimated by predacious animals, and they will become extinct on areas where their enemies are superabundant and uncontrolled. It has been proved that the shooting of only a few birds is too much on areas where vermin abounds and the birds are not properly protected, and we have learned that it is necessary to artificially breed and liberate large numbers of pheasants in order to provide any shooting on areas where the game has no practical protection."—"Game Enemies," *Game Breeder*, March, 1923.

Regarding the natural enemies of quail, the *Game Breeder* for June, 1922, says: "Crows, owls and bluejays are good seconds to the Cooper's and sharp-shinned hawks."

"The crow has been listed by the New York Conservation Commission as undesirable and classed as vermin. In a letter to officers of fish and game clubs throughout the state, Conservation Commissioner Macdonald states: "Crows, in addition to the damage that they do in the farmer's cornfields, destroy more birds of all kinds, more birds' eggs and young poultry than any other bird on the 'black list,' and the aggregate damage done by the vast army of crows in tremendous."

"In a certain locality in Manitoba observers noted that the crows killed thousands of young prairie chickens each summer."—*Game Breeder*, July, 1922.

Crows destroy very large numbers of warblers, which very valuable birds live entirely on injurious insects.

MY CANINE COMRADES

(*Continued from page* 617)

permit Joe to communicate with me. A dispicable and cowardly act. This I learned years afterward from a druggist in Tampa who at that time lived in Cedar Key and knew the facts in the case. He also said that Boss, whom he knew well, was known all over that part of Florida as a wonderful bird dog, and that he owned one of his puppies which he named "Jet," as it was as black as Boss, and he turned out to be a fine field dog.

When residing in Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, from 1868-78, I owned a number of dogs of various breeds, but mostly hunting dogs. They exhibited various phases of character and disposition, temperament and intelligence, with inherent traits and congenital instincts, some of whom I will notice more particularly.

JACK

"JACK" was a large liver and white pointer, with a good pedigree, and well broken on prairie chickens and sharp-tail grouse. He was staunch, fast and a wide ranger. Once, late in September, a shooting chum with his Gordon setter "Crip," and I with Jack, went to the oak openings of western Wisconsin for a few days with the sharp-tail grouse. We stopped with a farmer, a friend of my companion, who owned a "wonderful" bird dog, a cross between a setter and a shepherd dog, and his owner assured us that he had plenty of good bird sense, and that he would not swap him for both of our dogs.

As we were about to start afield early the morning after our arrival the farmer's dog seemed to be dazed and bewildered, and suddenly fell in a fit, frothing freely at the mouth, and after a short convulsion was on his feet again, but went blundering along with the other dogs. In the field he paid no attention to his master and did not notice our dogs who were working finely, pointing, backing and quartering the ground. My friend and I were in fine fettle and in a few hours had made a good bag, for the birds were plentiful. Although it was just a little past noon, we concluded to quit for the day, as the weather was warm and dry for the season and the dogs seemed tired.

The next morning the sick dog seemed to be quite deaf, and as he was not fit to hunt the farmer said he would stay at home to watch him. The dog was lying down, frothing freely at the mouth and snapping at flies. I spoke to him, but he took no heed. I then snapped my finger and beckoned

him to me, which he understood, and leaping up placed his paws on my chest and tried to kiss me on the cheek, his tooth scratching my face so that it bled profusely. My companion and the farmer looked aghast, for they both thought the dog was mad. I went to the pump and washed the blood and froth from my face and made light of the matter, inasmuch as I was convinced that the dog was not suffering from hydrophobia, but was sick with convulsive fits and would soon be well again. I said that a mad dog did not froth at the mouth, but that clear, viscid saliva drooled from his mouth as he started on his tramp, snapping at everything that came in his way.

My friend expressed much concern about the scratch on my face, and was glad to get away with our dogs before they were bitten. We had another good day, and by noon, after a smoke, we concluded that as we had birds enough for our friends at home we would leave on the next day. On returning to the house I asked about the dog. It appeared that after we left the dog began snapping and biting at various things, and the farmer, becoming frightened, fastened him in the workshop. Looking through the window later he became much alarmed, as the poor dog was snarling, biting and snapping at everything within reach, so his owner got his gun and killed him. Still, I was not convinced that the dog was mad. I have have been mad on some occasions afterward when seeing the work of fish-hogs and game butchers, but it was not hydrophobia.

BUTTON

"BUTTON" was a lively red and white cocker spaniel with a gilt-edged pedigree. He was at home in the tamarack swamps putting up ruffed grouse, and delighted in flushing woodcock from the hazel brush about the creek borders. As a retriever he never failed to find and fetch. He was a jolly companion and everyone loved him. One unfortunate day he was chasing a strange cat, and in making a violent reach for it he snapped the bone of a foreleg close to the socket. I fixed it as well as possible, but the leg was shortened. He walked lame, but ran as fast as ever.

Over the woodshed was a workshop, and one day Button followed me up the steep stairs. I was working on a fishing rod, and when through I descended the stairs in a hurry, and Button, following in great haste, fell down the stairs and broke the other foreleg in a similar way. When he recovered from this accident both forelegs were shortened, which let him down in front, so that to look ahead he would sit up on his haunches. This was very amusing to those who saw him do this for the first time.

One day our rector rowed over the lake to see me, and as he stepped on the landing he saw Button sitting up as usual. "Ah," said he, "an upright dog, and of such is the kingdom of Heaven." He was not far wrong. One day, in winter, my hostler came to me with tears in his eyes and said:

"I'm afraid, sir, that Button is done for."

It seemed that a stray bulldog had appeared on the premises, and that Button undertook to drive him off. When I found him one of his forelegs had been broken afresh, one eye was hanging on his cheek and frozen, while he was a mass of cuts and slashes, was bleeding profusely, more dead than alive.

"Well, Tom," I said, "he can never get well, so the best thing is to put him out of his misery by drowning. Cut a hole in the ice, put a boat-hook through the ring in his collar and hold him under the water until dead."

Then Tom, with tears in his eyes, and mine were not dry, set about the dreaded task. The snow was a foot deep on the lake and the ice a foot thick. While Tom was cutting the hole through the ice the other dogs were sitting around him in a circle watching the strange proceedings, and poor Button was, as usual, sitting upright, not knowing that he occupied the center of the stage. It was soon over.

In the meantime my gardener was digging a grave in the garden near the road fence. When Tom appeared with Button wrapped in a gunnysack under one arm and some small branches of spruce and fir under the other, the dogs following in a mournful cortège, some ladies driving by in a surrey stopped, while one said:

"Good-morning, Doctor, what are you making?"

With tears in my eyes and a lump in my throat, I said: "A button hole."

JENNY

"JENNY" was a small brown spaniel, a fine duck retriever, and just the right size for taking in a ducking skiff. She was a dainty little creature, with dark and luminous eyes, soft, silky ears and a curly brown coat. Once, late in October, I took her with me to Koshkonong Lake, Wisconsin, an expansion of Rock River, quite shallow and with a luxuriant growth of wild celery, and therefore a famous resort for canvas-back ducks and redheads. When taking my leave after a few days of royal sport, in which Jenny distinguished herself in bringing ashore many dead and wounded ducks, some nearly as big as herself, the wife of the keeper of the clubhouse began to weep bitterly, as she had taken a great fancy to Jenny, allowing her to sleep on her bed at night. Knowing that Jenny would be well cared for, I took Joe, the keeper, aside and agreed with him that if he would breed Jenny to his setter, a fine duck retriever, and train one of the puppies for me by the next fall, I would leave Jenny with his wife. This was readily agreed to, and his wife grabbed up Jenny, hugging her and took her into the house.

Early the next November I went again to the lake and found Jenny in full possession of the clubhouse and of the entire island, for as her mistress said, there was nothing too good for Jenny. I also found one of her progeny according to promise. He was called Dick.

DICK

"DICK" was one of the handsomest dogs I had even seen. He was jet-black, and looked like a small setter, with glossy hair, long, silky ears and a magnificent tail, fully feathered. Unfortunately he had not been trained, as Joe said, for lack of time, and, moreover, the puppy would not follow him unless the old dog was along; and he thought it might be better if I broke him myself.

The next morning I called the old dog and Dick and we went to a blind on the shore of the lake where some decoys had been set. Entering the blind with the dogs we waited and watched for results. While we waited, mother and son and I, Jenny came bouncing along and settled herself in the blind. At sunrise the ducks began to fly, and as I knocked them down when settling to the decoys, Jenny and the old dog were kept pretty busy bringing in the dead and wounded. Dick did not seem to be much interested, for, as Joe informed me, he would not enter the water. He never moved, but seemed to take more interest in the dead ducks as I gathered them in a sack, and smelled them repeatedly, and kept close to me on the way back to the house.

The next morning I was up at sunrise, eager for the fray, but neither the old dog nor Jenny were in sight. Blowing my whistle, Dick came bounding from the kennel and seemed overjoyed to see me, and to my surprise followed, or rather ran ahead toward the lake, and went at once into the blind. The decoys were still in position, and the other dogs not appearing, I sat in the blind with Dick, wondering what he would do. He eagerly watched a flock of ducks far down the lake and then looked at me. Some mud-hens, or coots, were flying near the decoys, and as

Dick first looked at them and then at me the thought struck me to knock one down to see what effect it would have. As one flew quite near the shore I killed it dead, and with a bound Dick entered the water and made quite a fuss trying to swim, striking the water with his paws, being much excited. When he reached the coot he tried to take it in his mouth, but it swerved away at the contact of his nose. But soon getting down to business, he succeeded in seizing a leg of the coot and swam ashore, bringing the bird to me. If ever a dog expressed exultation and gratification he certainly did, and I was not slow in praising and congratulating him. When the ducks began to fly and several were stopped over the decoys, Dick began to feel at home with them, and retrieved them in good shape and almost as well as the other dogs could have done. He also got down to the proper way of swimming, and from that single lesson, self taught, he was soon regarded as the best duck dog on the lake. I took him home with me and for several years he was my faithful ally by lake and marsh. Like my old black setter Boss he never required a lesson in the field. I have sometimes wondered if the black color had anything to do with it.

SQUIRE

"SQUIRE" was a thoroughbred Irish water spaniel, a handsome dog, with a dark brown, long and curly coat, and long, pendulous ears. My home being on the bank of a lake, he was nearly always in the water. He was a fisherman, turned over flat stones for crawfish which he caught and placed on the pier for whoever might need them for bait. One day he caught a six- or eight-pound pike in a weedy cove back of the stable which he carried to the kitchen. He was fond of children, but had an antipathy for some bronze turkeys, and killed two turkey hens with their broods and took them to the cook, but he was afraid of the big gobbler.

The gobbler was missing for a week and it was supposed that Squire had killed him; but we discovered him one day under the back steps of the stable, where he was sitting on the stolen nest of a leghorn hen, containing a dozen eggs. The eggs were taken away and the nest broken up. I have always been sorry that he was not allowed to complete the incubation. Among other fowls I had a black-breasted game cock and three hens. It happened that the rooster got out of his enclosure one day, and in a fight with Squire he was killed. I knew an English gamekeeper who was living at Waterloo, Wis., some forty miles distant, who on a recent visit to England had brought back several pairs of English pheasants. As I had read somewhere that the pheasant cocks in England sometimes strayed into barnyards and mated with chicken hens, I purchased a cock from the gamekeeper and put him with the game hens.

The next day I saw the cock walking up and down the wire fence looking for a hole to get through. He was an abject, naked and forlorn object, most of his feathers having been pulled out by the game hens, only the long, beautiful tail feathers remaining. As the unfortunate bird paced up and down along the fence, Squire lay outside watching him, and as they also serve who wait, his patience was at last rewarded, for one day the pheasant escaped through an open door and Squire bit off his head and carried him to the kitchen. The cook plucked out the long tail feathers for her hat, and had only to singe off the remaining fuzzy feathers to prepare him for the roasting pan.

When in charge of the Federal Fisheries Station at Bozeman, Montana, from 1896 to 1909, I owned quite a number of dogs, but will mention but a few of the most remarkable ones.

PHILLIPS

"PHILLIPS," or as he was usually called "Flips" for short, was a fine Irish setter, with a silky coat of mahogany-red. He was a large dog of splendid form and feather, and was well trained on mountain grouse. I never knew his pedigree, as he was grown when I bought him, but from his form, color and intelligence he was without doubt well bred and a real Irish gentleman, one of the rale owld stock.

My wife was a botanist and an excellent artist, especially in water-color sketches of flowers. On her excursions to the foothills and mountains in search of wild flowers, Flips was her regular attendant, always at her side; not even the scent or flight of a grouse could lure him away. He would not permit her to approach too near a precipituous cliff or other dangerous place, but would plant himself directly in front of her and stay her progress dangerward. So whenever she departed for a ramble with Flips at her side I knew she was safe from harm.

Once, when we were in camp at Soda Butte Lake, in the northeast portion of Yellowstone Park, collecting trout eggs, my wife was in camp with Flips, as the lake was a fourth of a mile away. Our horses were picketed with a long rope around the ankle. They were on a side hill, and one tripping over his rope fell with his head down hill and the rope taut so that he could not rise. Flips was much excited and barked vociferously. My wife wrote a note for my immediate return, fastened it to Flip's collar and sent him to me. He was out of breath when he reached us; we returned in haste and relieved the horse.

MINX

"MINX" was a puppy, just weaned, when we got her. She was born in Bozeman. Her parents were lightweight pointers, liver and white. She grew to be a small, dainty animal, as fine as silk. Her ears were almost translucent at the tips, and her tail thin and straight. She was chestnut and white in color, very evenly marked. She was proud, or rather vain. When praised or complimented she would walk on the tips of her toes, as who should say, "I know I'm handsome." She was easily trained on mountain grouse and spruce partridge. Exercising her feminine prerogative, she took charge of the poultry, and about sundown she rounded them up and drove them into the henhouse enclosure, to protect them from minks, coyotes and bob-cats. One evening a hen with a newly-hatched brood of fourteen chicks could not be found by my sister, who happened to mention the fact. "Minx," overhearing the conversation, went out to find them, and it was not long before she was seen coming down the foothill back of the stable driving the wanderers before her.

She came to me one day looking very much ashamed and foolish. I found she had been rather inquisitive regarding a young porcupine, and her nose was bristling with its spines an inch or two long. She was very glad to get rid of them, though it was a painful operation to remove the barbed objects. Whenever she heard the term "hedgehog" mentioned her ears and tail would droop in sad remembrance. Although she was self-conscious and efficient when hunting alone with me, she always deferred to "Flips" when he was along, and preferred to back him instead of pointing, but when the bird was dropped she was the first to reach it and fetch it to me. She also accompanied my wife and Flips in search of wild flowers, and would sometimes point a large and showy one. She had a feminine taste for service berries and wild strawberries, and often regaled herself with the lucious fruit when others were picking them.

SPORT

"SPORT" was a large or heavyweight pointer whom I owned in partnership with a sportsman friend. We bought him in Minnesota. He was

(*Continued on page* 642)

The Interesting Story

It is a far cry from the Sa
ered rifle of today—and fro
the modern PREST-O-LIT

DO you recall Robin Hood and his merrie men in Lincoln Green? Remember the deer poaching in Sherwood Forest? Their weapon was the historic Saxon Long Bow—but even this was so much superior to the shorter bow of their enemies that it carried the day in the battle of Crécy. Here was the first dim light of progress in firearms.

Came then the flint lock and the blunderbus as the second important stage in the story of firearms. For while the swiftly flying arrow of Robin Hood could be avoided, the blunderbus shot lead—invisible, swift, sure.

And the sportsman of today looks back on these with mild and amused toleration. Childlike, indeed, they seem in comparison to the modern high powered rifle, with its steel jacketed bullet, shooting with an accuracy over distances not dreamed of in those days.

The early fires were those of the Aborigines who coaxed their flame with the ancient bow-drill. And the needs of fire in those days were many. Tedious and tiring was the task which produced the flame that frightened wild animals from the camp and cooked the food of those primitive people.

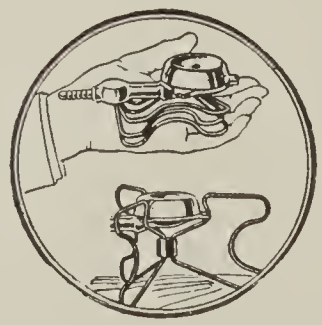
"Camp like

Prest-O

***and* PREST-O-**

For permanent camp or wayside stop, Prest-O-Stove and Prest-O-Lite Gas give instant service. No delaying, lingering or waiting. On or off at the turn of a cock. In tent—or outdoors, always dependable, unaffected by wind. No sparks, no smoke, no smell, no oil to leak, no danger of forest fires.

This is the Stove



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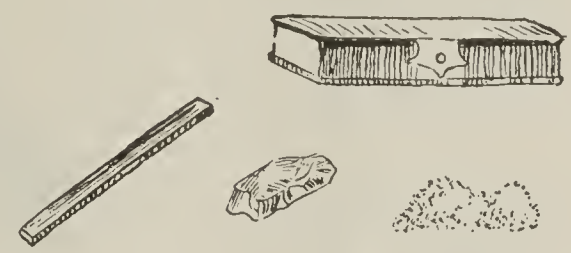
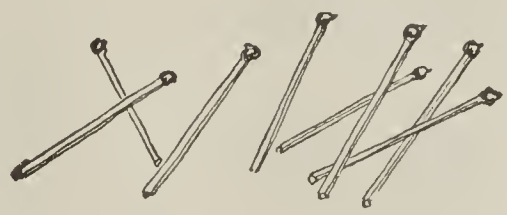
# of Fire and Firearms

**Long Bow to the high pow-
the Aborigine Bow Drill to
cooking and lighting outfit.**

Aeons it seemed before the next crude improvement came! From the compact tinder box with its flint and steel, there was fanned a flame which served its time and purpose well. And in its wake came the first old fashioned sulphur match—crackling and hissing—a flame from a stick twice as long as the modern match we know today.

Fortunate, indeed, is the outdoorsman of today for whom science has marched far away from these. In the passing parade he gazes back upon each period and its attendant fire-making. Even the smelly wood fire with its dangers of forest fire... this, too, has gone. Today cooking heat is furnished to the sportsman, and his family, in a safe copper tank, which works with a turn of a key. Here in a safe portable tank—measuring only 6 x 20 inches—are twenty-five meals for four people. And when the tank is empty there is a net-work of 22,000 distributors ready to exchange a refilled gas tank for the empty one with no cost save for the gas. The PREST-O-LITE TANK comes with a pocket stove which almost folds into the palm of the hand... The last word in cooking and lighting for the outdoors.





King" with

ite Gas

CKET STOVE

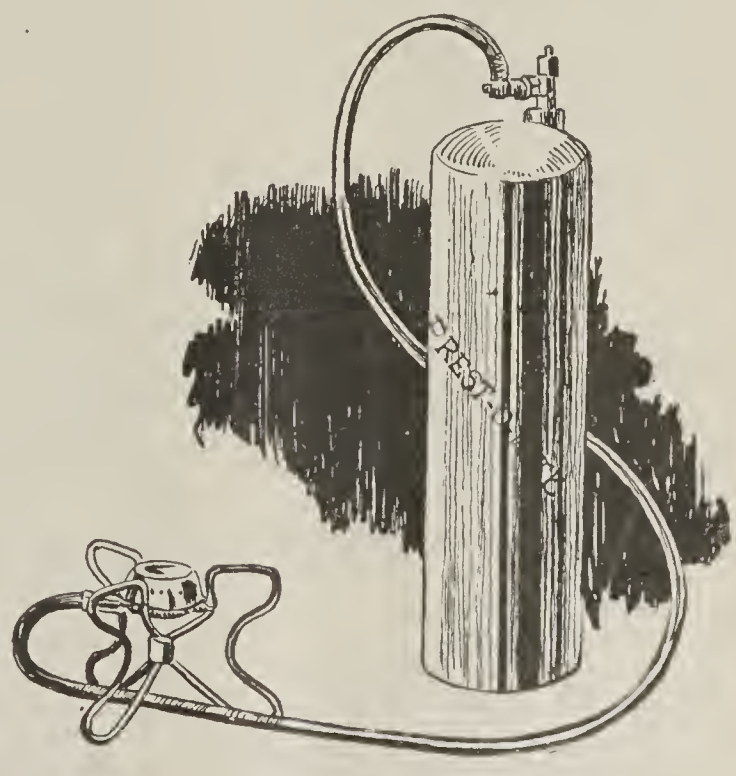
At night, plenty of light from the same little tank for playing cards, reading, cleaning guns, mending tackle—you can cook and have light at the same time if you wish.

See one of the 22,000 P-O-L Distributors before you start on a trip, or write us for a camp folder. Sporting Goods Dealers: Write for attractive proposition.

COMPANY, INC.
ent, Indianapolis, Ind.

East 42nd Street
th Street, San Francisco
Y OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO

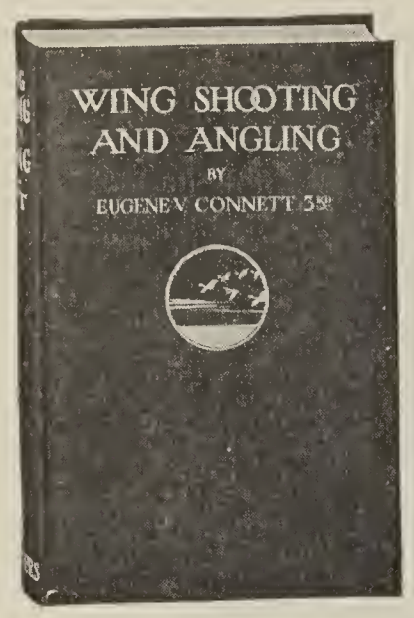
This is the Tank



In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

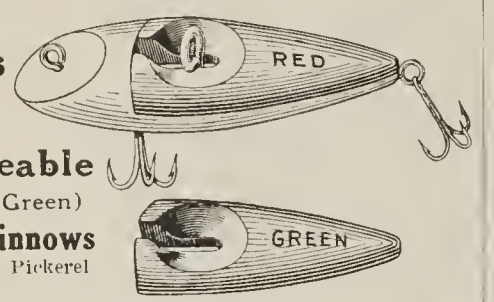
Wing Shooting and Angling

By EUGENE V. CONNETT, 3rd
"Virginius"



Here is a book by which the expert may profit as well as the beginner; a book that gives all the details of these sports carefully explained in easy, practical language; the choice in handling of guns, shooting etiquette, dogs and their training, all kinds of game birds, their habits and habitat, duck shooting, trout fishing and the outfit necessary, the use of the wet and dry fly, bass, pike, pickerel, perch, and so forth. 226 pages, illustrated with three drawings by A. B. Frost and one by Oliver Kemp. 12mo. $2.50

Bolton's A.B.C. Changeable
(Red and Green)
Back Minnows
for Bass or Pickerel



No. 100—4" long wobbling bait.....$1.00
No. 200—3" long zig-zag bait..... 1.00
DETROIT SPORTING GOODS CO., MFRS.,
186 Cortland Av., H. P., Detroit, Mich.

HUDSON GAME FARMS, HUDSON OHIO

Offers 20,000 RINGNECK PHEASANTS for fall delivery, strong, healthy, unrelated birds.

THE RINGNECK PHEASANT to beautify your lawns and estates, the great sporting bird for your coverts, the bird to destroy the insect pest on your farms, the choicest meat for the table.

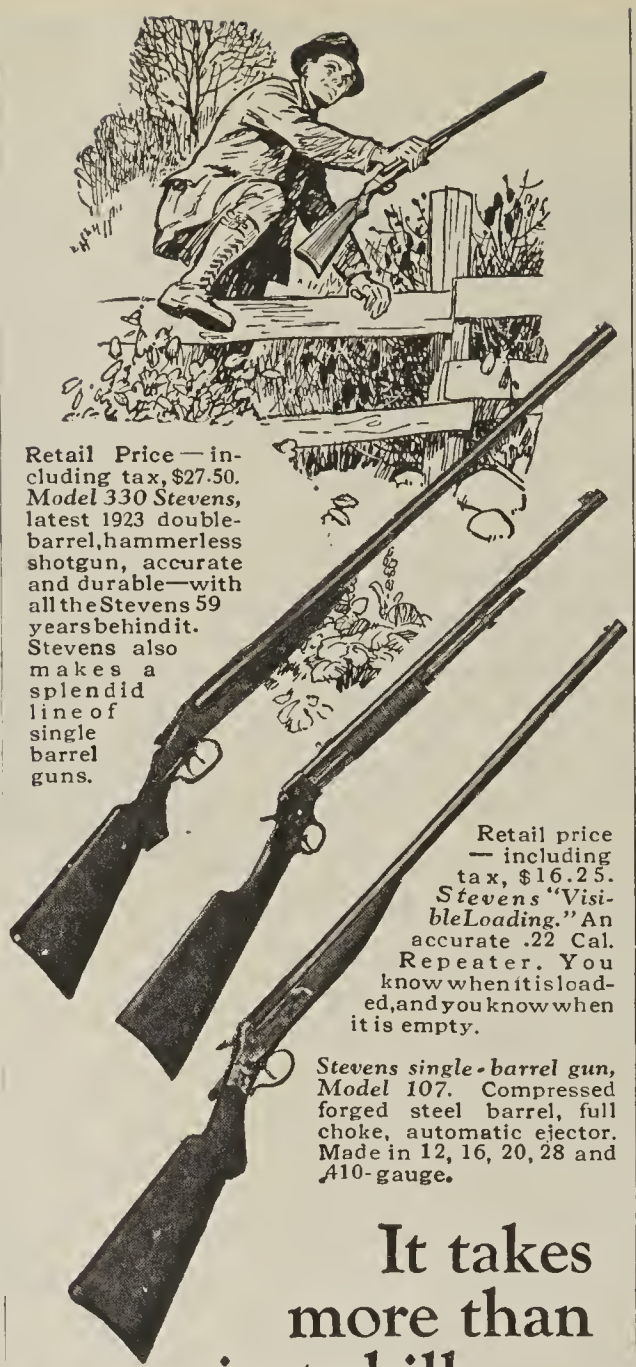
Write us for quotations.

Goin Fishin?
Use Heddon Tackle-
Rods, Reels, Lines & Baits
Then you'll have
Good Luck
JAMES HEDDON'S SONS, Dowagiac, Mich.
Wm. Croft & Sons, Ltd., Toronto, Can.
Exclusive Canadian Representatives

FISHERMEN

Autumn is here and vacations are practically over. Before putting away that rod until next spring, look it over and see if it is in need of repairs. Now is the time to have it attended to. Repairing neatly done. Estimates freely given.

CHARLES J. MOHR
9148 120th St., Richmond Hill, L. I., N. Y.



Retail Price — including tax, $27.50. *Model 330 Stevens,* latest 1923 double-barrel, hammerless shotgun, accurate and durable—with all the Stevens 59 years behind it. Stevens also makes a splendid line of single barrel guns.

Retail price — including tax, $16.25. *Stevens "Visible Loading."* An accurate .22 Cal. Repeater. You know when it is loaded, and you know when it is empty.

Stevens single-barrel gun, Model 107. Compressed forged steel barrel, full choke, automatic ejector. Made in 12, 16, 20, 28 and .410-gauge.

It takes more than just skill

It takes skill *and* an *accurate* firearm. And that's why for 59 years Stevens, first and last, has made a religion of accuracy.

Not accuracy of the moment—but accuracy that endures—lifetime accuracy.

For rifling Stevens uses a special process—at each pass the cutter shaves away less than the *thirtieth of a thousandth part of an inch.* Accurate.

And—rifle or shotgun—a Stevens is strong and husky.

A glance at any Stevens shotgun shows that. Barrel and lug all one piece of solid steel; top lever and bolt in action the same.

They *last*—these Stevens rifles and shotguns.

Finally—the prices. Little short of amazing are the Stevens prices. Note the prices of the guns shown here.

Ask at your dealer's or write direct for our interesting catalog.

J. STEVENS ARMS COMPANY
Dept. 444 Chicopee Falls, Mass.
Owned and operated by the Savage Arms Corporation

Stevens

59th year — largest manufacturer of shotguns in the world

(*Continued from page* 639)

evidently well bred of good stock. He was broken on grouse, pinnated, ruffed and sharp-tail, and was soon at home with our native mountain grouse and spruce partridge.

When he arrived in Bozeman I went to the express office for him in a light spring wagon and stopped before the door. Entering the office I saw the dog chained to his crate at the back of the room. He had seen me alight from the wagon, and as I walked toward him he wagged his tail vigorously and danced on his forefeet. I did not know his name, but said, "Hello, Sport," and he seemed delighted. Afterward I learned that Sport was his name. As soon as I unchained him he made a bee-line for the wagon and jumped in. From that hour we were old acquaintances and close friends. He was several years of age and old enough to be steady, staunch and reliable in the field, and a jolly, companionable dog. He all learned to love him.

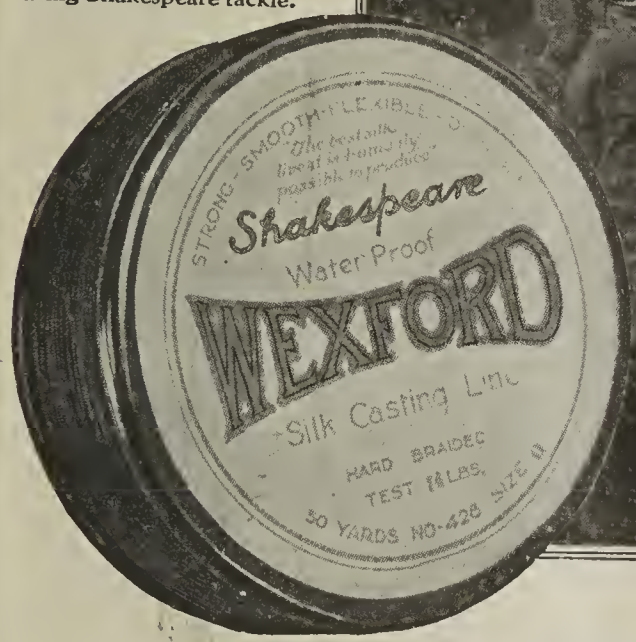
MAX

"MAX" was a Llewellen setter, born and bred in Kentucky from imported parentage. He was an unusually handsome dog, black and white, evenly marked and ticked, but with no tan. He was less than a year old when I got him, but was well grown and eventually became quite a large dog. He had been carefully broken on quail in Kentucky, but he was soon on familiar terms with mountain grouse.

A few months before the advent of Max I lost, by a strange fatality, my three dogs, Flips, Minx and Sport, all of whom succumbed to pneumonia in its worst form; also with three house and stable cats. They all now lie buried in a row in the garden near the road fence, their graves overgrown with myrtle and dog roses. Soon after this bereavement, in 1909, I was transferred from the Bozeman station to the Federal Station at Tupelo, Mississippi. Max was here introduced to his first love and became renowned as a wonderful dog on quail, though there was nothing wonderful about it, as he had been trained by a pastmaster in Kentucky; and added to this was an unusual amount of bird sense, with a congenital instinct and intelligence. He was very companionable, and everyone was fond of Max, especially the children, for there was scarcely a child in town who did not love him.

Very often family parties would resort to the hatchery grounds for a picnic supper, *al fresco,* and Max was always on the lookout for them, especially by the time they were finishing their repast, when they took great delight in tossing him bits of meat, cake, or what not, on the fly, which he

An 18 lb. Muskie, length 39½ inches taken by John Schneider of Marion, Ohio, using Shakespeare tackle.



Coaxing the Silkworm to do a better job has resulted in the production of Shakespeare Super-Silk Lines—that will stand the severest tests—that will resist to the utmost pull of the strongest fish.

"Fish and Fishermen I have known" is a delightfully informative booklet by Wm. Shakespeare Jr. It will be sent on request. Write for your copy. It's FREE.

Shakespeare Company
Fine Fishing Tackle
Kalamazoo, U.S.A.

Shakespeare Super-Silk Lines

Determined to make a superior silk fishing line, we searched the markets of the world for a super silk with which to build the best silk line obtainable, and we have found it.

* * *

Into every Shakespeare Super-Silk Line, the maximum quantity of this superior silk is closely braided to form the finest, strongest and best silk line possible to produce.

* * *

Then it is finished by a new and special water-proofing process which actually adds to the strength of the line, preserving its smooth, flexible texture, and rendering it absolutely impervious to water under all conditions.

And finally—the price of Shakespeare Super-Silk Lines is not high—it is in fact, comparatively low, and when you take into consideration the long life which its lasting wearing quality insures, it is by far the most economical line to buy.

SHAKESPEARE COMPANY, *Kalamazoo, Michigan*

Dealers in fishing tackle, interested in a line of reliable and highest grade tackle, selling at very moderate and reasonable prices, are invited to send for the new Shakespeare Catalog of Fine Fishing Tackle, showing the full line of Rods, Reels, Lines and Lures specialized in by more than 5000 dealers and used by more than a million discriminating anglers.

Shakespeare

FINE FISHING TACKLE

Honor Built

REELS, RODS
LINES, LURES

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

Weighs ONLY 35 Pounds Complete (36)

Johnson "WATER-BUG"

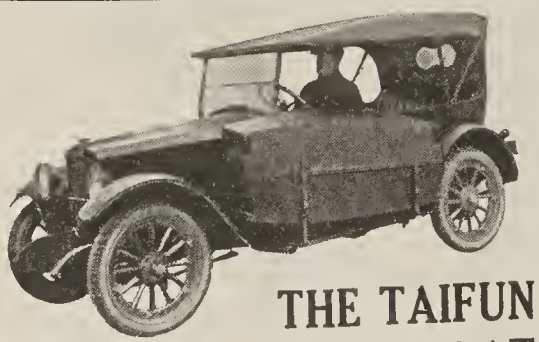
THE LIGHTEST, LIVELIEST BOAT MOTOR ON THE WATER

Carries easily in one hand. Balanced so propeller don't drag. No batteries or other extras to lug. Fits any boat or canoe. Twin cylinders deliver 2 full H. P. Runs smoothly and quietly. Spark and throttle control like automobile—gives all speeds. Real float feed carburetor. Built-in, Quick-action, Hot spark magneto.

Self-Tilting—Easy Starting

One easy pull of starter cord spins motor. Universal steering and instant reverse. Stops boat at full speed in half its own length. No grease or oil cups. Beautifully finished in polished lynite and nickel. Write for FREE folder today.

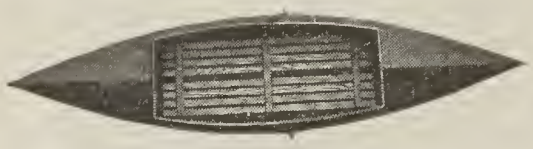
JOHNSON MOTOR CO. 852 Sample St., South Bend, Ind.



THE TAIFUN SECTIONAL STEEL BOAT

NON-SINKABLE

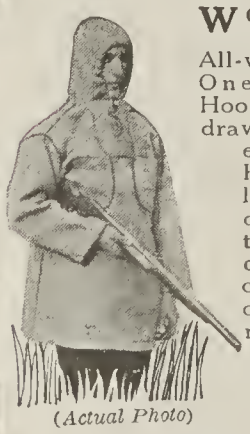
Length 12 ft. Nested 69 inches
Will fit on running-board of your auto
Also built for Outboard Motor



THE ALFRED C. GOETHEL CO.
829-31 31st Street Milwaukee, Wis.

Duckshooters & Outdoor Men KEEP WARM

GET A WEATHERJACKET
Warm, Comfortable and Cold-Proof


(Actual Photo)

WONDERFUL Weather Protection. All-wool knitted cloth. One-piece garment. Hood equipped with drawstring. Two pockets. Gray drab. Heavily made. Allows perfect freedom. Thoroughly tested by U. S. Govt. on North Sea. Give chest measurement only. Sent postpaid receipt.

$5.90

Money Back if Not Satisfied

WEATHERJACKET DISTRIBUTING CO.
323 L Street S. W. Washington, D. C.

Fox Guns are "Hand-Made" by Experts

THE Fox Gun is not a product of hurry-up, large-quantity machine production; Fox methods of manufacturing are in sharp contrast to the speed-at-any-price systems of many present-day factories.

Every Fox Gun represents not days, but *weeks* of patient, painstaking craftsmanship—weeks wherein each minutest operation is the subject of devoted attention from gunsmiths skilled in their tasks by many years of experience. There are in the Fox shops many craftsmen who have devoted their whole lives to the making of fine guns—men with twenty, thirty and forty years' training in their chosen work.

Although the most highly perfected machinery is used in its manufacture, the Fox is not a "machine-made" gun, for each gun receives many hours of expert hand work in fitting and finishing—the only way to produce a truly accurate and high-grade gun. No amount of labor is spared to make the Fox "The Finest Gun in the World." To the connoisseur, the results are immediately apparent in the performance, appearance and durability of the finished gun.

You will be interested in the Fox catalogue of fine guns. Tell us where to send your copy.

A. H. FOX GUN CO.
4674 N. 18th STREET
PHILADELPHIA

THE SUPER-FOX—
America's Greatest Duck Gun
is fully described in an interesting booklet. Ask for your copy.

FOX GUNS

seldom missed. It was a custom of the children of the Episcopal Sunday School, on Easter Mondays, to have an egg hunt on the hatchery grounds, The teachers would hide the eggs in the morning, and the children would hunt them in the afternoon. This was Max's busy day. He would follow the teachers in the morning and notice where each egg was hidden. When the children arrived in the afternoon he joined them in the sport and raced around with them. He let the older ones look for themselves, but if a "tot" failed to locate an egg he would point it.

Out of love and respect for my former dogs I would not say that Max was the best dog I ever owned, but he was surely the equal of them all. At the end of ten years at Tupelo I resigned from the Bureau of Fisheries as my sight had become seriously impaired. I knew Max would be unhappy in a city, so I left him with a lady who loved him dearly, but I do not think he ever became reconciled to our separation, and especially from the unceasing care of my wife. In his new home he had the best care and attention and lived out his alloted span of dog days within two years after my departure for Cincinnatti. I have not owned a dog since, but often think and dream of my former canine friends and comrades.

WILD BILL'S MATE

(*Continued from page* 619)

sound. They say the most he ever got on one shot was two flour-barrels full.

The tide rose slowly, driving many ducks from the lower feeding grounds, numbers of which came our way and provided excellent shooting. Far in the distance over Clark's Island a small black spot took shape. As it drew nearer and loomed larger I sat it down for geese. It proved, however, to be a bunch of seven brant. They came steadily on, spurning the end of Plymouth Beach—brant dislike the idea of crossing land if it can be avoided—and in a few moments they were headed directly for our mud flat. Swinging slowly over the easterly end they wheeled and came surging over. It was a long shot and I knew I had nothing in my gun that would stop them; however, I opened up with three shots as their black bodies proved far too tempting to resist; not a feather dropped. Then Tom saluted them with both barels, and much to my amazement two brant wavered for a moment, lost interest completely and down they came, one with wings folded and the other describing a long arc. "What kind of a gun have you got there?" I shouted at Tom. "Sears Roebuck," he

answered with a laugh. I learned later that he used two deer loads of buck shot that he happened to find in his pocket.

One of our friends on the other flat was shooting a 10-gauge with black powder, and from occassional watching through my field glasses I could see that he was making some mighty long shots.

Suddenly a lone whistler tearing down wind swung by Tom to the right. I knew this to be Tom's weak angle, so I watched with a smile to note the result. He let go with both barrels and then said words that I won't repeat.

"Time to go home," I suggested casually, starting to climb out of my hogshead. "My God!" cried Tom, "Look there!" For a moment my eyes followed foolishly the direction of his pointing finger; then as the awful significance of the situation dawned upon me the blood froze in my veins. Our boat had in some manner broken away from its anchor and was drifting rapidly out to sea. We were trapped upon this small mud flat, no help at hand, with a rising tide and night coming on. Earlier in the season there would have been a chance of being taken off by some pleasure craft, but now not even a fisherman was in sight. Our nearest help was the two gunners on the other flat; they were a mile to windward, however, and could not hear our guns, much less our cries for assistance. I looked at Tom; a grim smile played around his white lips. "What's our chances?" I asked. He answered by removing his coat and boots. "Stop that, Tom!" I commanded, "You can't make it in a thousand years." Tom seemed to realize the force of my wisdom, for he slowly replaced his discarded clothing. "That's all right," he argued lamely, "but it doesn't make so much difference about me." I knew he was thinking of my wife. I, too, was thinking of her; of her words: "There may not be another Thanksgiving." I removed my coat, swinging it again and again over my head hoping that the other gunners might see it, but as I watched them through my glasses I could see they had no inkling of our predicament. Meantime the tide had gained another foot, reducing our area of safety to frightfully small proportions. I judged that we had, at the most, an hour before the water would lift us off our feet, beyond that, I did not care to think. Our chances of reaching land by swimming were extremely negative. A small black rock a few feet distant held a horrible fascination for me as it became smaller and smaller and finally disappeared altogether beneath the tide. The little pail that we had used to scoop the water from our hogsheads

NOTE: Remington Game Loads are loaded exclusively in "Nitro Club" *Wetproof* Shells. *Wetproof* means just what it says.

Supplied with choice of No. 4, No. 5 or No. 6 Shot.

Why you do *not* find the *name* of the powder or the *weight* on Remington Game Loads

As the result of the discoveries about powder made in Bridgeport (see the panel at the right) Remington produced *Remington Game Loads* and presented them to American sportsmen in 1922.

These shells mark two important advances in loaded shells—

For the first time shells are made to get *specific game* —and relieve the sportsman of the burden of choosing from among hundreds of combinations.

But even more important: *for the first time,* the weight of powder is adjusted to give predetermined *velocity, pattern and penetration.*

* * *

There is a Remington Game Load specifically made for every kind of small game hunted in America.

Remington chooses the powder—from the highest quality American Smokeless Powders.

Remington determines the surest and safest velocity, pattern and penetration for *the particular game you are going out after.*

Remington tests the powder and loads the *right amount* to give that uniform velocity, pattern and penetration.

Powder varies—*Remington Game Loads do not.*

Remington takes the sole responsibility for the shell *complete*—the *powder* as well as the rest.

These are the Facts disclosed by Remington's Ballistic Tests

A—A given weight of the samekind of powder doesn't always give the same velocity, pattern or penetration.

B—Powder varies batch by batch—even the same kind and make. One batch, for instance, gives a velocity of 925 feet per second. Another may fall as low as 840 feet per second.

C—This is nobody's fault. Powder comes that way.

D—The man who buys his shells by the weight and kind of powder, often misses a lot of game, and never knows why.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
25 Broadway, New York
Established 1816

Remington

THE AUTHORITY IN FIRE ARMS, AMMUNITION AND CUTLERY

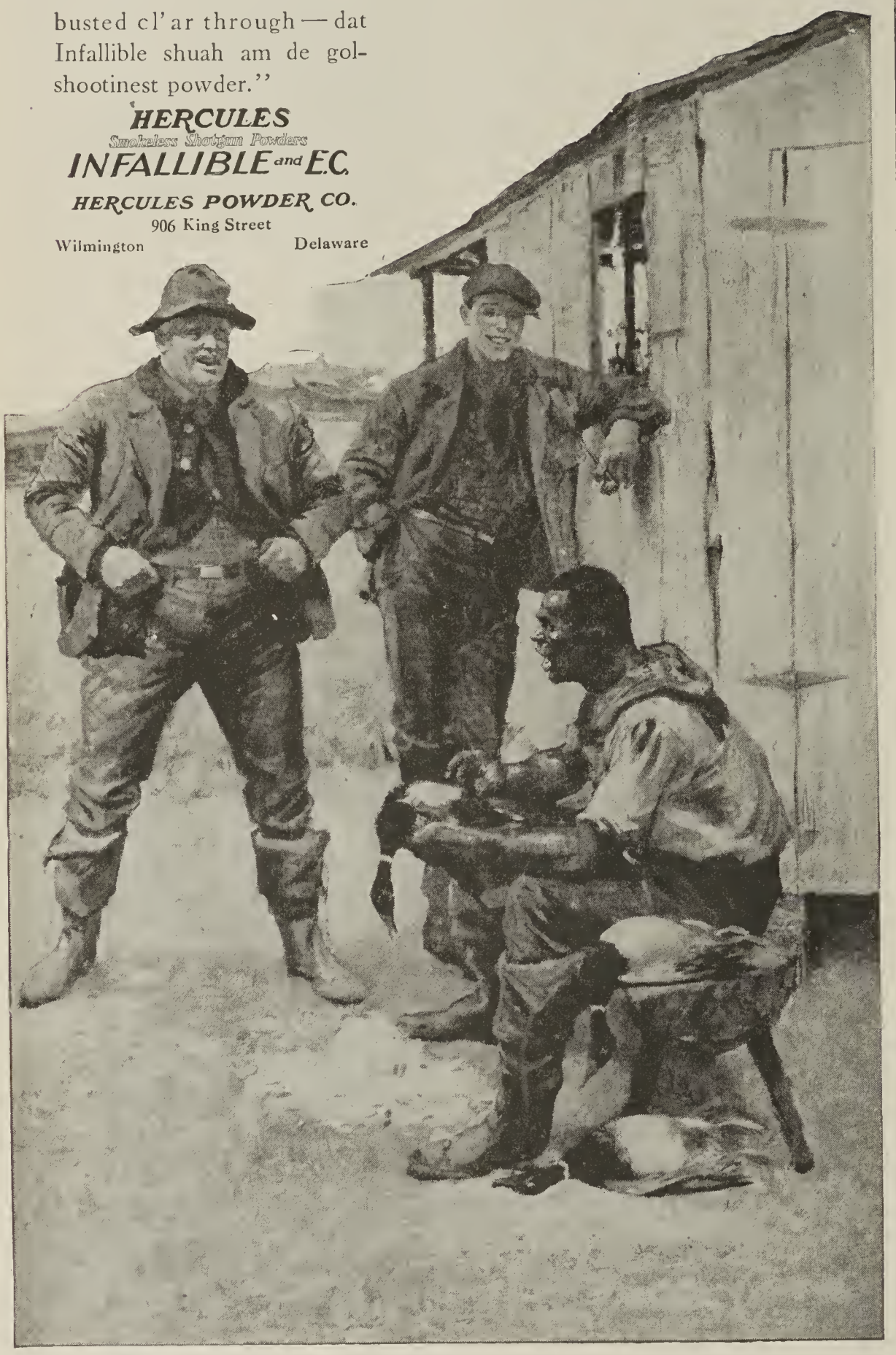
Write for Booklet A—"*The Complete Story of Remington Game Loads.*"

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

PICKIN' DUCKS

"Golly! Look at dis, Mistah Bill! Dose 6's done busted cl'ar through — dat Infallible shuah am de gol-shootinest powder."

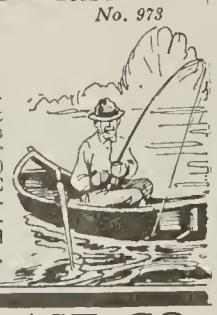
HERCULES
Smokeless Shotgun Powders
INFALLIBLE and E.C.
HERCULES POWDER CO.
906 King Street
Wilmington Delaware



FREE Send for this BOOK

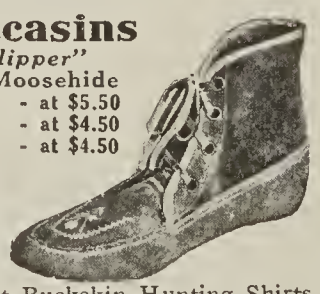
The BASS-ORENO No. 973

The Bass-Oreno (above) acknowledged the "greatest fish-getter made." Catches Bass, Muskie and other game-fish. Over 1,000,000 sold. Write for FREE book giving expert fishing data. Shows, describes other South Bend baits. *A postal gets it.*



SOUTH BEND BAIT CO.
10245 High Street South Bend, Ind. 16

Indian Moccasins
"Both Lace or Slipper"
Made of Genuine Moosehide
Men's lace - - - - - at $5.50
Ladies' or Boys' lace - - at $4.50
Slippers, Men's - - - - at $4.50
Ladies' or Boys' Slippers at $3.75



Sent prepaid on receipt of price. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

We make the finest Buckskin Hunting Shirts in America. Carry in stock the largest assortment of Snow Shoes in the country. Also hand-made Genuine Buckskin and Horsehide Gloves and Mittens. Our Wisconsin Cruising Shoes have no superior as a hunting shoe. Send for Free Catalog to-day.

Metz & Schloerb, Box C Oshkosh, Wis.

floated slowly away with the current. Something must be done at once; but what?

Suddenly my fingers which had been wandering aimlessly through my pocket, came in contact with the stub of a pencil. "A message," I thought, "but how to get it ashore?" Then from the darkness of my despair flashed a gleam of hope. I tore the end from a shell-box and feverishly wrote:

"White Flat, boat gone, help at once, Bailey."

It was one chance in a million. "Wild Bill's" mate might fly home with it. Time and again I had proven her "homing" proclivities by throwing her in the air when I left my gunning stand at Billington Sea, and I always found her in the back yard when I arrived home. Would my wife notice her return and find the note? That was the question. I pulled in "Mate's" line and removed her from the "strands." "Tie the note to her leg, Tom," I ordered, handing him a bit of string. She lay perfectly quiet, her heart beating swiftly against the palm of my hand while Tom secured the note firmly. "Oh, little duck," I prayed mentally, "go through for my sake and for Tom's for my wife," then I threw her into the air. Up she went, climbing swiftly to some thirty or forty feet when "Wild Bill's" keen eye perceived her. The old rascal gave three long calls and in a moment "Mate" had alighted beside him and was clucking contentedly. "Grab that drake," I told Tom, "and stick his head into your pocket." Tom did so and I threw her into the air again. For a moment she circled us, quacking loudly, then as if sure of her bearings, sped off straight as a bullet for home. I watched her anxiously through my glasses noting that her course would take her directly over the gunners on the inner flat. Suddenly a white puff of smoke flattened itself against the hazy-blue shore-line. "My God!" I cried, "they are shooting at her!" Again the white puffs, but she kept bravely on. I breathed a prayer of thanksgiving. But no! she collapsed in mid-air and pitched into the sea; the deadly 10-gauge had got in its work. "We are either lost or saved now," I exclaimed, "depends on whether she is crippled and gets away, or whether they pick her up." "Maybe they killed her," Tom suggested hopefully, "can't you see?" "It's too far to make out," I replied, straining my eyes through the creeping dusk, "but they are not putting out any boat." Tom's eyes avoided mine and he pulled up his hip boots a little farther, the flat was awash. Without a word he reached down and freed the decoys, our dead ducks had

long since departed with the rising tide. The faint boom of the pounding surf on Plymouth Beach beat dreamily against my ear-drums, the light faded and dusk settled. At home my wife would be turning on the lights and preparing supper. It seemed more lonely than ever since the decoys had gone, and neither Tom or I were in any mood for conversation. The guns in our hands mocked us; how useless they were now. The water crept slowly to our knees. Tom broke the silence: "We'll swim for it at the last," he ventured almost in a whisper, yet he knew there was no hope. Darkness came, but a big moon shed a faint light through the heavy cloud banks. We loaded and fired our guns in rapid succession hoping against hope that it might be of some avail. Tom removed his heavy hip boots, I did the same. When the water reached waist-high Tom began to mutter something under his breath. My eyes filled with tears, I knew he was praying. Good old Tom, he cared more about me than he did himself. "God, Frank!" he exclaimed, "I can't stand this!" and he began swimming away. I caught him by the shoulder and pulled him back. "Oh, don't, don't, Tom!" I begged, "wait just a minute more," the words dying with a sob in my throat. "Hark!" THE SOUND OF OARS, and in another moment we were being pulled into a boat, the two gunners had received our message after all.

WERE YOU AT PERRY?

(*Continued from page* 623)

sentiment than any match on the program. To the winner in addition to the customary medal goes a personal letter from the President of the United States. The high rifleman from each branch of the service and to the high civilian go special trophies presented by the various organizations represented and to the high 100 men "The President's Hundred" go special bronze brassards carrying the President's four-starred flag in enamel and the embossed lettering, "U. S. President's Hundred, 1923." The Match was won by Lieutenant Conradt of the Marines.

Emulating the example set by Gordon of the Navy in winning the Navy Match earlier in the program Sergeant E. J. Blade of the Marines won the Marine Corps Match on Friday. The Match calls for 2 sighters and 20 record shots at 600 yards and the same number at 1,000 yards. It represents a hard grind calling for the closest holding and crafty wind-doping. Blade dropped but two shots out of the black in the entire course. Sergeant O. R. Marvin of the Engineers was the only one to approach Blade's 198. Marvin

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Made from selected Idaho cedar—guaranteed not to split. Paint stays on. Hollow (Grand Prix) solid (Superior) models.

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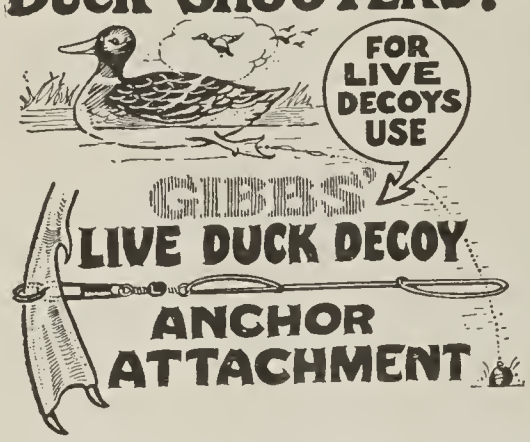

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Your chance to have the finest European pistol—the equal of any similar American gun—at about ½ the price. Order direct at these special prices.

$7.75	25 calibre—7 shot—C. O. Q. Automatic.
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9.95	25 calibre Astra with triple safety.
10.95	32 calibre—10 shot Astra, extra magazine.
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We **guarantee** every gun against defective workmanship; brand new; of **Drop Forged Steel Throughout.** Before buying any weapon **INSIST** on this guarantee. **SEND NO MONEY** unless you wish. State model desired—pay postman on delivery plus postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Write for new firearms catalogue.

CALIFORNIA TRADING CO.
Dept. 2111, Terminal Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

turned in a score of 197, the next closest being another Marine, Doyle, with 195.

The last big individual event on the regular N. R. A. schedule was the Wimbledon fired Monday the 17th. There were just a score less than 1,000 competitors entered in this thirty-eight year old event. Brother to the Leech Cup and representing the Long Range Championship of the United States the Wimbledon has always called out a tremendous entry list but never anything approaching the field of this year. Once more the Marine, Blade, demonstrated his close holding, quick calculating ability, winning the match with the remarkable score of a possible 100 in which were included 18 "V" shots. The bulls-eye at 1,000 yards is thirty-six inches in diameter. Inside this has been placed a smaller circle but twenty inches in diameter. *It required eighteen of the twenty shots to be within this invisible twenty inch circle, at 1,000 yards, to win the match.* C. J. Van Ambergh placing seventeen shots in the "V", J. W. Hession sixteen, two men fifteen, one thirteen, two twelve, and two eleven shots in the "V" making a total of ten possible scores with the heavy barreled telescopic sighted rifles. Two years ago it became advisable to divide the Wimbledon into classes. In one class was placed the heavy barreled, telescopic sighted match rifles and in the other the regular issued Springfield. The Wimbledon Cup is awarded the winner of the match and the Farr Trophy to the high rifleman shooting the service rifle. "Dad" Farr of Washington having made the remarkable run of seventy-one consecutive bulls-eyes with the service rifle in 1921, before the introduction of the "V" system. Lieutenant R. E. Vermette of the Infantry won the Farr Trophy with a possible score of 100 including 14 "V's". It will be noted that this performance topped the work of five of the men who made possibles shooting the special guns. Warrant Officer S. Kearns was runner-up for the Farr trophy with a possible including 12 "V's" while three other possible scores were registered with the issued gun.

Interspersed with the individual events were the team matches. The Infantry Match simulating field firing conditions was won by the Infantry in the face of a remarkable run by the Oregon National Guard Team who placed second. The Enlisted Men's Team Match went to the Marines. The C. M. T. C. Match was won by the 9th Corps Area. The R. O. T. C. Match by the 5th Corps Area. The Civilian Interclub Match went to Minneapolis and the Port Clinton Trophy Match to the Illinois Team. The Championship

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Safe, noiseless, smokeless and odorless. Here is the greatest air rifle in the world.

For your own Sonny Boy here is a sturdy and reliable companion that will take good care of him, teach him superb marksmanship, and build him into the outdoorsman you want him to be.

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If you will write today, we will send you, without any obligation, the literature which describes this remarkable rifle. As a sportsman you will be delighted to read about the workmanship and the rich inspiration behind it.

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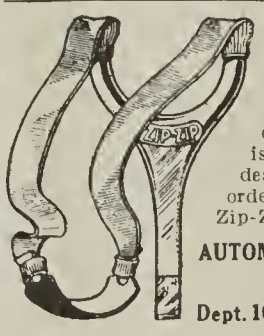

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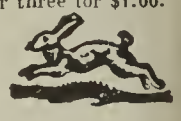

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Regimental Team Match for the Rumbold Trophy was fought out by the representatives of 42 regiments and separate organizations of the Army, National Guard, Marine Corps, and Navy. The team from the 2nd Regiment, U. S. Infantry took the match in a desperate battle with the Naval Training Station, West Coast. Both doughboys and gobs piled up totals of 550 but the soldiers outranked the sailors. The match for the A. E. F. Roumanian Trophy was won by the Infantry. The Herrick, long range team shooting classic of the Camp Perry program, also went to the Infantry with a new record score of 1789 —just nine points above the Marines. The Herrick calls for teams of eight firing members. 15 shots per man at 800, 900, and 1,000 yards.

Wednesday, the 19th, the Individual Palma was fired. This match together with the Palma Team Match represent the individual—and team respectively, championships of the world. It had been hoped to have teams from both England and Canada compete in the Palma Team and Individual matches this year. Realizing that the conditions calling for the service rifle of the competing nation automatically handicapped the British and Canadians to an almost impossible extent the N. R. A. of America changed the conditions to permit all competing teams to use the Springfield or a match rifle. Both Canadians and British declined however, on the ground that no great nation could play the sportsman and still use the tools of their competitors. So both the Palma Individual and Palma Team Matches were fired without foreign competition. The Canadians be it said in passing have promised definitely to send a Palma Team to this country for the 1924 meeting. Corporal J. R. Tucker, Marine, won the Individual Palma with the score of 224, dropping only one point in 45 shots divided evenly between 800, 900, and 1,000 yads. Captain J. T. Campbell of the Coast Artillery was runner-up with 223 and there were eight 222's.

The Small Bore contingent exceeded all expectations, so that in spite of the fact that the range had been moved up from under the apple trees on the extreme left of the range to a central location between the 200 and 600 yards firing points in the site selected by the men who have handled the small bore game at the National Matches for several years the accomodations proved inadequate to handle the large number of riflemen who had journeyed to Perry for the sole purpose of shooting the small bore and competing for a place on the Dewar Team. Tryouts for the Dewar Team were held on the

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You can depend on the smooth, sure action of a Savage. It functions *right*.

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.30-30. The choice of many seasoned hunters for deer and medium size game at moderate ranges.

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.250-3000. An all-around rifle. Terrific speed and accuracy make it *the* gun for mountain sheep, goats, and deer at extreme ranges.

.300. Delivers a crashing blow that will drop the great Alaskan brown bear in his tracks. Powerful enough for any American game.

And the Savage .22s—the *Sporter*—the new bolt-action repeating .22—the gilt-edge accuracy of the finest target rifle built into a sporting model. Or the slide-action, Model '14—every feature originally and distinctively Savage—sturdy and accurate.

Ask at your dealer's or write direct for our interesting catalog.

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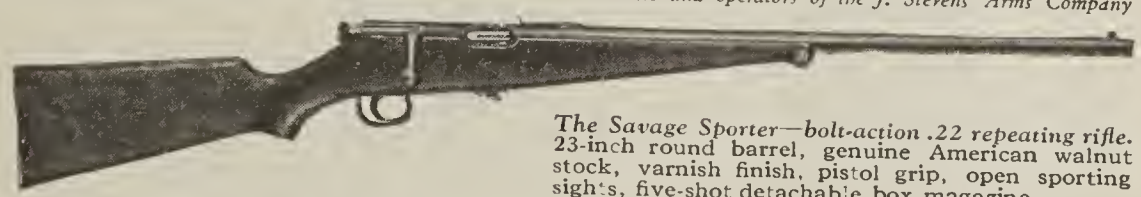

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The Perfect Waterproof Suit
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Keep dry in the worst rain. This one-piece Suit slips over your regular clothes. The Hood-Collar protects the neck and head.

NO BUTTONS OR HOOKS
Pull the string of the Hookless Fastener up or down to open or close. Cloth is made of a sheet of pure rubber vulcanized between two layers of cloth. Weight 3 lbs.

If your dealer does not stock the ***RUBBER-ALL*** yet, order direct from us. Send check or money order for $12.50. State **chest** and **height** measurements and we will ship at once, parcel post prepaid.
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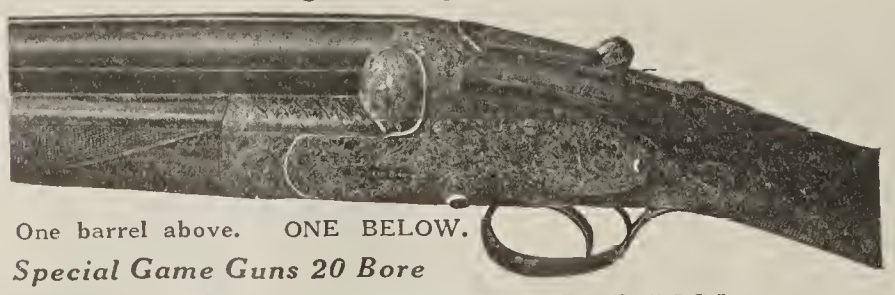
WESTLEY RICHARDS "OVUNDO" GAME, TRAP AND DUCK GUNS

The latest development of the Westley Richards Firm. All the latest improvements in gunmaking up to date.

Westley Richards Top-lever Fastening, cocking by the fall of the barrels. Simplest ejector.



One barrel above. ONE BELOW.
Special Game Guns 20 Bore

Westley Richards Hand Detachable Locks of fewest parts. The Hinged Cover Plate and Reliable One Trigger.

THE PERFECT GUN

You have not only simplicity but the highest efficiency. No gun lock ensures a smoother, more consistent and lasting trigger pull. When combined with the W. R. one trigger arrangement, you ensure the same perfection and added safety.

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15th and 16th. The Dewar Course of 20 shots at 50 yards and 20 shots at 100 yards, iron sights being fired by each competitor on both days. From this list the high twenty-five men were named as the team Squad and were required to fired the course daily until the following Sunday. On Sunday the 23rd the Dewar Team fired and another record was broken. The previous record had also been held by the American team but this year it was raised by over one hundred points.

The National Individual Match over a long course calling for 10 shots each in the offhand position at 200 yards, rapid fire sitting from standing at 200 yards, rapid fire prone from standing at 300 yards, 600 yards and 1,000 yards went to Lieutenant L. V. Jones of the 24th Infantry with a total score of 288 out of a possible 300. Lieutenant W. A. O'Mohundro of the 25th Infantry was a close second with 287, Lieutenant E. F. Nichols, Coast Artillery turned in 286 for third place and six men's cards showed 285.

The National Rifle Team Match failed to develop into the close race of recent years. At the first stage 200 yards standing the Marines and Infantry tied. At the second stage the Marines took the lead and widened the breach at every stage. The two most interesting races took place between the Cavalry, Infantry, Navy, and Coast Artillery for second place and between Oregon, District of Columbia, and New York for high National Guard Team honors. The Cavalry eventually topped the Infantry and climbed into second place with a score of 2,773 against the infantry's 2,766 and the Navy and C. A. C., 2,660, while Oregon nosed out the District of Columbia Guardsmen 2,714 to 2,698, New York scoring 2,694.

In view of the fact, painfully apparent at times this year, that there are no facilities in this country now available to handle the number of competitors who may be expected annually at the National Matches a movement has already been started to materially enlarge all range facilities at Camp Perry. Additional Service rifle targets will be installed, considerably more pistol targets will be added and the small bore range will be enlarged to the extent that will enable this ever increasing phase of the sport to capably and promptly take care of all the .22 fans who make the trip to Perry. Satisfactory progress has already been made on the plans and it is confidently expected that next year's Perry will not only be the greatest in the history of the game from the standpoint of the number of competitors, but from the efficient and rapid handling of competitors in the matches and during the School of Instruction as well.

TOURING WITH RAYMOND SPEARS

(*Continued from page* 625)

that in some great irrigation project watermelons are just coming right, or peaches, or new potatoes, or other delicacies of the highway.

Sociability is not in question. The problem is the information that makes for interest and ability on the highway. A few questions asked and answered save inconveniences and even perils. Garages of eastern towns have information on main routes perhaps fifty to 150 miles distant. In western towns, one finds drivers in the garages who know five hundred, or a thousand miles straightaway. But some of this garage information is cold. Constant change, chiefly improvement, is noted. The best route over the Rockies is probably by Cheyenne, Rawlins, Green River into Ogden, Utah, the Lincoln Highway route. The statement may be challenged by National Old Trails, over Raton Pass, by the Pike's Peak Route, by the Yellowstone Trail, or by Denver, Golden, Berthoud Pass, Rabbit Ear and through Routt Forest, into Spanish Fork Canyon.

Driving west with indefinite plans, the tourist may find in the Mohawk valley at one of the camp grounds, tourists who have come through on all of these routes. One is sure to meet tourists from all these trails clear to Chicago. At Omaha Park there are wayfarers who have been in Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico. At Cheyenne tourists drop in from all these routes, especially the Yellowstone country, the Green River crossing, and occasionally from Raton and other crossings south. Talking with a score of the transcontinental tourists one obtains information less than two weeks old, at Omaha. If the Missouri river bottoms are overflowed, as in the spring months, tourists may jump from Trinidad, on the Headwaters of the Arkansas, and going clear to Cheyenne, come east on the Lincoln Highway, escaping the rubber-gum muds of Kansas in May.

With map spread open, tourists will show the route, jump by jump, calling the worst places. "If Rabbit Ear's wet, put on chain!" is advice that may mean an accident saved. A red-ink mark on a map will serve to remind one of each questionable place. A notebook, a log book, a slip map (like the Southern California Auto Clubs Sante Fe-Old Trails set), with warning words will enable one always to foresee the main jeopardies and difficulties ahead.

A man must be himself able to take care of his outfit. That is the first thing in all touring. But throughout the west the custom is always to make sure and not leave the other fellow in

Warm Aviators' Clothing
To Use on Your Hunting Trip

The U. S. Government spent many millions of dollars to furnish its air force with clothing warm enough to protect its aviators from the intense cold of the atmosphere thousands of feet in the air.

With the close of the war these excellent garments were disposed of gradually for whatever they would bring, as another war (we hope) is far in the future.

No. 14. Aviators' Fur Lined Union Suit

This is of waterproofed canvas, with warm fur lining throughout. Probably cost the Government $200 each. Roomy enough for walking or sitting, allows free use of arms. Straps at wrists and ankles. Large pockets. Will keep you toasty warm in a duck blind. Sizes 40 and 44 only. Price, only $32.50.

No. 15. Aviators' "Leatherex" Outside Union Suit

Just as serviceable as No. 14, cloth lined to hips. Special form-fit legs to slip easily into high shoes or rubber boots. Don't suffer from cold rains or frigid weather when this outfit will absolutely protect you. Large pockets. Sizes 36 and 38 only. Price, only $22.50.

No. 16. Aviators' Leather Coat

Forty-two inches long (knee-length) with removable fleece lining. Large pockets. An ideal coat for hunting, motoring, etc., and one that will last you many, many years of hard service. Sizes 34 to 44. Price, only $27.50.

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The supply of these garments is limited, and when gone it will be impossible for us to renew our stock. Early orders will insure getting your correct size. Money back if you are not satisfied.

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These guns are designed to replace the heavier bores, and to give better results when using high velocity shells.

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32 or 38 Cal. COLT Police Positive 4, 5 or 6" Barrel . . $27.00

32.20 or 38 Cal. COLT Police Positive Special 4, 5 or 6" Barrel . . $28.50

32.20 Cal. or 38 Cal. COLT Army Special 4, 5 or 6" Double Action Revolver $30.00

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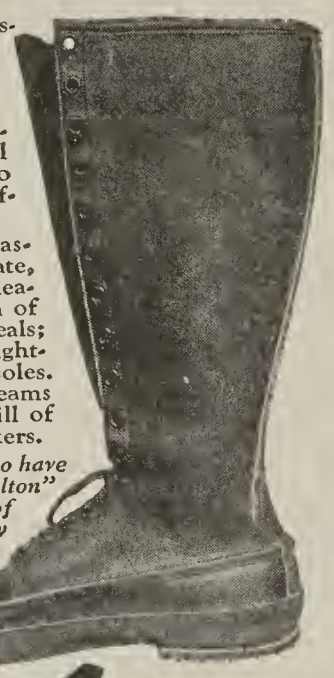
RUSSELL'S "Ike Walton"

Lightest of Sportsman's boots, yet offering remarkable resistance to wear. Molded to foot-shape so perfectly that you'll find comfort to the end of the stiffest day's trail.

Made to your measure from chocolate, chrome-tanned leathers a selection of waterproofed veals; Flexible wear-fighting Maple-pac soles. The Never-rip seams embody the skill of expert boot makers.

Ask sportsmen who have worn the "Ike Walton" what they think of them—then follow their advice.



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Choicest of *genuine* moccasins for camp and outing wear. Shaped to natural lines of the foot. Made in chocolate and gray elkskin with rubber soles or the flexible, sturdy Maple-pac soles.

Your dealer should be able to show Russell footwear. If he can't produce, write for catalog.

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Not a "Wring-Off!"

Don't throw away one-third of your profits on traps that catch by the leg only.

GIBBS' TWO-TRIGGER TRAPS

have TWO sets of jaws that grip both leg and body and make escape impossible. Never have to be set to drown—never injure the pelt — never have any spring breakage.

Sent direct if your dealer does not have them. 65c each in less than dozen lots, or $7.00 a dozen, in dozen lots and over in U. S. Prepaid.

Write for Free Folder.

W. A. GIBBS & SON
Dept. D-3, Chester, Pa.

trouble too big for him. People have imposed on the liberality and hospitality of the West overmuch. They have accepted altogether too much free help from local people. Men who drive past garages with their automobiles in bad condition are imposing on those who may be obliged to give help far out in the wilderness. The shiftless, neglectful tourists cannot expect to be helped along. But when a man who has done everything he could to keep himself out of trouble, finds himself in a mess—then he is justified in asking local help.

Some tourists take all the time. Some give all the time. Some try not to do either. The time comes, however, when one must lend a hand, or accept a hand of some kind, even though it may be half the other fellow's can of water. The courteous thing to do in the desert when one finds a stalled car is to stop and ask if anything can be done, if they have plenty of water, and if anybody wants to ride on to town. In the deserts, the railroad trains must stop on signal to give water to any one who asks for it. Certainly, an automobile can do no less than that.

Tourists are of the utmost help to one another. Strangers all, they are beholden to one another, rather than to local people. Their interests are not only at the wayside, but ahead and behind—perhaps all along the road for more than three thousand miles. Generally, the tourist is a far more satisfactory adviser than the local man, in matters relating to the trails. On short detours. local evidence or warning is satisfactory. But when it comes to a matter of choosing between two routes, as the Lincoln Highway or the Sante Fe trail, tourists' advice, and especially the concentrated and compiled advice of the Lincoln Highway Association (Detroit, Mich.), or the information bureau of the Southern California Auto Club (Los Angeles, Cal.) is worth far more.

When one has traveled the highways a few thousand miles, he learns to distinguish tourists, and classify them. The hotel tourists, people who drive from town to town, putting up in the taverns, are in a class by themselves. They save all the trouble and bother of camp making—and miss some of the finer hours of twilight in the lonely places by the trail. There are tourist campers of all grades, experts and utter incompetents. The looks of a load will often betray the kind of people who are with it.

Generally those who are on their first trips make their greenness obvious by sundry failures in fire making, or tents falling down, or loud lamentations because everything goes wrong. Old timers have a way of coming into camp, making a few motions and before one

knows it, they have everything in plumb comfort. Experienced tourists will literally come in, make camp, prepare and eat a meal, and go to bed before their nearest neighbors, a family of greenhorns, have sorted out their duffle preparatory to putting up a tent.

In the same measure, the advice of the old timer is to be taken against that of many others. The newcomer from the East, arriving in some town on the O-L-D Trail will assure the east bound westerner that the Trail is Awful, and growing worse, every mile. The fact of the matter is, the highways are growing better on the road toward the east. Compared to what the east-bound man, from The Coast has come over, the roads to the Missouri are good, across Iowa excellent, and splendid—regular boulevards beyond the Mississippi toward the Atlantic.

"Dangerous but passable" describes thousands of miles of western highways. The rough stone-surfaced highway of an eastern state would be of the highest improved type on long stretches of transcontinental trail beyond the Rockies. Thus when one inquires about the road, it depends entirely on what kind of tourist is answering, how one shall receive the information. A tourist is generally as good as he knows, as accurate as his experience and frame of mind.

Chance acquaintances on the highways often lead to lasting friendships. Over the most difficult highways one is apt to join other parties. The result is, one gives up some of his own ideas of daily journey distances, camp ground attractiveness, and even wished-for isolation for sake of additional safety in lonely stretches. The same kinds of people flock together — we vagabonds with automobiles, the work seekers with workers, the sight seers with travelers, the wealthy with the great. A common link is the automobile. One will meet a string of eight or ten Fords. Often three or four Studebakers, Buicks, Chevrolets, Dodges, will run along group and group.

The advantage of having several cars of the same make running together is obvious. Five or six drivers familiar with the same make of car can generally among them run down any mysterious difficulty due to ignition, or mechanical loosening up, or other annoyance. Also, in the case of a break, unless of a bulky piece, one or other of several cars of the same make is apt to have a spare part covering the trouble. The pride that owners have in their own make of cars is common in a group of several owners and drivers, having the same make of machine. Doubtless a habit of mind or a type of character is responsible for the selection of this or that make of car, and

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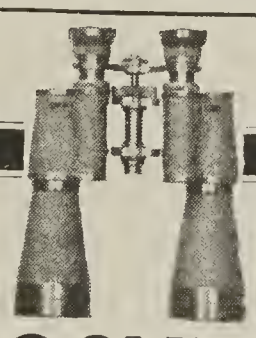

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among tourists the fact is remarked that other things being equal, the chance acquaintances thus made along the line of makes of cars driven are apt to be congenial.

One thing that proves difficult to overcome, however, is the fact that when several cars run together, if one or two are making time, running on long schedules, the others are sure to be more or less nagged, to make them keep up. An impatient woman may run a whole crowd off their tires, and spoil hundreds of miles of beautiful running merely because she insists on so many miles a day—toward home, or a daughter's baby, or just out of pure cussedness. A man of impatient, bullying, bossy type may quietly herd everybody into his own idea of touring. Far out in lonesome country, a tourist may put up with these vexing things merely for sake of having company. Some people like to have their schedules made, their miles urged, their camps picked for them. It is best, however, to go alone rather than give up any essential feature of one's own plans. The exception would be, of course, people so congenial and interesting that they are worth staying with, even at some sacrifice. This is one of the genuine touring problems, and worth thinking about, as the old timer, even, sometimes is bullied without knowing it, into doing what detracts from his own and family's pleasure.

The chance meetings of the camp grounds, perhaps continued day after day, or missed for a few days and renewed hundreds of miles distant, are often among the most interesting, the most valuable, and the most memorable of a tour's rewards. We do not always know the names, but the faces are not forgotten. Perhaps a wave of the hand and a smile in passing is recalled again and again when the very day and the year are lost to the recollection. If we sit around a camp fire, a stranger may speak; his remarks may echo for years in the mind; perhaps he never said a wise thing before, or more likely he is some great personage, a forwarder of the better ideals of life.

Certain it is that great people are abroad in their automobiles. One cannot ignore them. One would better keep watch, lest he miss a view of some great author, as the one who wrote Main Street, or some philosopher, or professor, or other great man. A stroll the length of a tourists' camp ground may take one past such figures as Caliph of Bagdad never dreamed of —kinder and greater people, on larger affairs than discovering at what a kingdom's subjects busy themselves.

Overdoing the sociability opportunities is easily done. The tourists who

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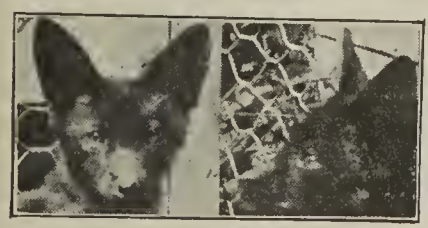

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make the most of their journeys are probably those who seek to find themselves, what things their minds most need. The great blessing of an automobile tour is not always that it leads to some crowded place, as cities and national sights; rather the most important camps of all are those made in solitude, on a by-road where no voice is heard but that of a bird in the day time, and perhaps a coyote at night.

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TOOTSIE, A PET DOE

(*Continued from page* 624)

Tootsie came up every morning for her cup of coffee and to be patted, but neither of the fawns permitted Harry to touch them, nor did the mother deer seem to like it. Every evening she came with her family and had a little meal in the orchard.

She raised new offspring each year, sometimes one, sometimes two, in all, she had thirteen fawns in her fourteen years of life. When the new family arrived, the mother would chase the yearlings out of the orchard, giving them to understand that they were no longer wanted. But, when the babies were four or five months old the larger deer might return and associate with them.

One frosty morning, she appeared with seven of her fawns in all stages of development and they held a reunion in the old orchard. Probably, many of her progeny had been killed by hunters, but she herself escaped, certainly, all the neighbors for miles around knew Harry Vandall's deer, and besides respecting her sex, they had a personal interest in her welfare.

She met her death, as most wild animals do, not through old age, but by accident. It seems that deer have learned to some extent what a fence is, and they are careful about jumping it, but chicken wire netting deceives them completely. Harry has often seen young deer leap at this netting, be thrown back, leap again and persist until injured or fatigued with the effort, then lamely place a shoulder against it and push, in an attempt to pass. So it seems that Tootsie, in spite of her worldly wisdom and gray hairs had not learned the lesson of chicken wire. She hurled herself high

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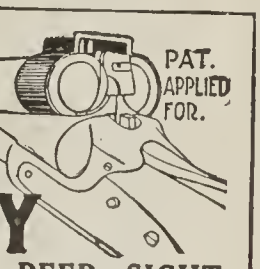

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gainst its mesh and fell violently to ıe ground, where she lay in pain, urt internally.

Harry carried her to his home and ıid her on his own bed, where she had ften slept before. After a while, she as able to rise, but seemed very weak nd sick. She refused all food and ıly drank a little tea and coffee. arry nursed her as best he could, ving her home remedies as indicated. ıe took his medicine trustingly, but ew steadily weaker.

She would not let him go from her ght. If he remained away more than few minutes she either called him ith a plaintive bleat, or made an ort to get up and find him. For o weeks she lingered, looking up at r master with pleading and affecnate eyes until the end.

When she died it was almost as ıch a loss to Mr. Vandall as if she d been a lifelong friend, and alough he felt he never could permit nself to become so fond of another imal, he has already begun to feed d care for the two little male fawns left behind.

EORGE THE TRAPPER

(*Continued from page* 621)

de by George and of great strength. climbed several hundred feet on the st side, following the Government aze" which was much too winding suit George's trapper's nature. He a woodsman's faculty for sensing best passages, never going up a if he could keep along the bench never dropping down very far if ıeant climbing up again later. We e across cougar tracks and dised the big, fawn-coloured fellow ıt fifty yards below us, feeding on e offal. He saw us too and snarled, ving his teeth and gums, but all time he edged away. We carried t-range revolvers only—for ours a trapping trip, not a big game —so we continued on our way out molesting him further.

ır first lunch consisted of bacon, ınd baking-powder bannocks. The r George mixed in true trapper ion in the mouth of his flour sack. dough he fried in a pan on the hot rs, after dipping it in bacon fat. orge was an American born, but a dian by adoption during all the een years he had been trapping e Shuswap. In the course of his ıt conversations he was wont to very often to the world-famous D. Rockefeller and his millions, ut malice or envy, and he insisted he would not exchange his stombeans and bannocks for all John ealth.

we plodded along during the

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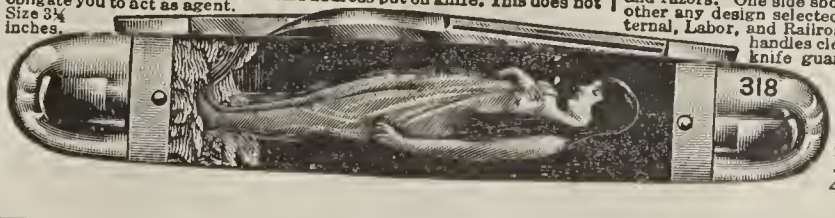

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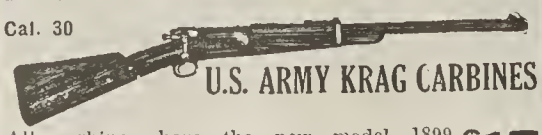

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afternoon we came across an occasional marten trap, laid chiefly for the odd chance, for the marten did not frequent these lower benches to any extent. The marten trap looks much like an ordinary rat-trap minus the teeth. It is set wide to view, in the forefront of the hollow of a tree, on the ground, with the bait behind it skewered to the ground by a small pointed stick. In his excitement after the meat, the marten steps about and gets into the trap. They are few in numbers but very easily caught. Skunk-musk, made from the contents of a skunk's bag mixed with bear-fat or lard makes an added attraction if smeared on the bark of the tree. The marten is an inquisitive little fellow and the skunk-musk, while it repels other animals seems to arouse his curiosity.

We found that most of the traps along this line had been sprung by rabbits, birds and the ever inquisitive squirrel, with an occasional ermine which George playfully referred to as "a plug of tobacco," for ermine or white weasel fetch the trapper only some fifty or seventy-five cents in the auction market, the price of a decent plug of tobacco. As we went along we rebaited the sprung traps, and George tore up a trapped rabbit, tying the flesh to one of his snow-shoes which left a blood scent all along the trap line, an additional lure to any curious or hungry fur that might happen along.

We camped that night in the open on top of six feet of snow, with a thin sheeting of cedar bark between us and it, with a sloping shelter overhead of more cedar bark resting on poles stuck into the snow. With a blazing fire opposite, against a tree, and the heat reflected around us from the cedar bark at our backs, we were soon fairly comfortable. My footwear was soaked through—rubbers, sacking protectors and four pairs of socks. These were changed for dry ones, hanging them up near the fire until they also were ready for use again.

George was most fastidious about his food. His hands had to be scrupulously clean before he touched any eatables; his pork and beans had to be done just so; his bannocks had to have the proper outside brown on them. He never tolerated snow water if there was running water within half a mile of camp; in fact his choice of a camping place always hinged on the proximity of running water. With his walking pole as a divining rod, he seemed to be able to poke running water from anywhere.

What a giant he was with his axe. With a few strokes he would fell the trees; green ones for our fire bottom and upright dead ones for dry wood on top. How careful he was with the

axe! He would not let me carry it; he would not let me use it.

"I have brought you out, and I'm going to bring you back on your two legs," he said. "I guess you can use an axe all right, but, I just want to do this myself and I don't want you to get peeved over it. Accidents are awkward things on a trip like this, and they're worse'n worse the farther we go."

Of course I didn't get "peeved." I never could have felled trees to his satisfaction anyway, so I took on the role of dishwasher and wood-carrier for the trip.

We had each a little tin saucer and a cup for our meals. The cup held the coffee and everything else was inextricably jumbled on the tin saucer. As George remarked, "it's all going the same way anyway. As soon mix it beforehand, as afterwards."

As we crouched in our tiny shelter, George told me of how he had run away from his home and had come west to be a cow-puncher in Wyoming; how he had been a cow-boy and a horse-breaker for nine years, then had tired of it, had felt the lure of the wilds of British Columbia, had pre-empted on the head of Sugar Lake and had capped and ranched there for the last eighteen years.

At last I dozed inside my sleeping-bag. George stretched himself out, with nothing extra to cover him but a second waistcoat made from an old woolen blanket. He would lie on his back, cover his face with his hat and sleep thus in defiance of the elements.

The chill of early morning awakened me, but later analysis convinced me that this was the most comfortable night of the entire trip.

When we struck camp it was still snowing softly and the snow-shoeing anything was worse than ever. Our shoes got clogged and we had to knock them with our poles continually. At times we would be lifting ten pounds of snow at each step. Convicts in a chain-gang, with weights at their legs had nothing on us. We could not have gone away from a blind tortoise on crutches.

We held down into the Valley and followed the course of the Shuswap River for a bit, crossing over it where the snow had collected on the boulders in the stream forming a natural bridge, which afforded good footing. The scene of this place was Star Creek and it was a perfect fairyland of snow, water and trees. Soon after, we came on a number of beaver dams, at one of which we watched a big fellow sport in the water before he detected us.

George had the trapping rights for a stretch of some twenty miles of this river and he talked about the beaver as he did about his cattle. He nursed

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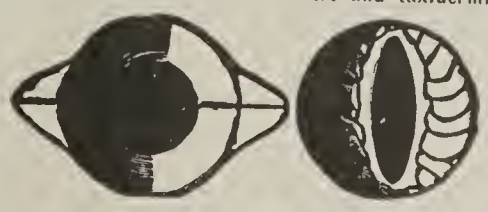

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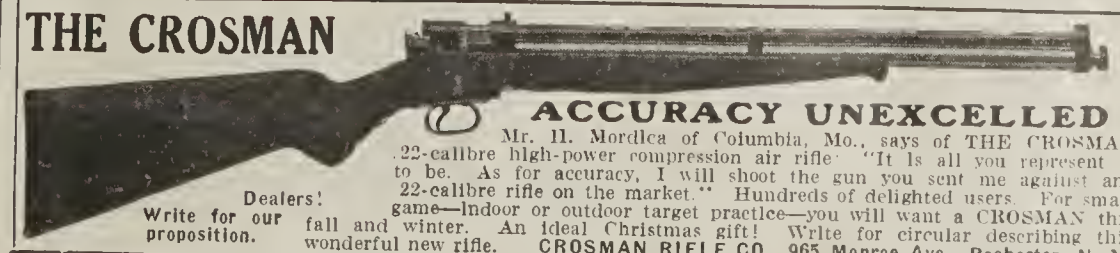

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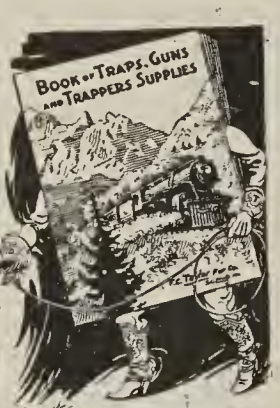

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the fur along as a real trapper should. He never over-trapped, and so did not frighten the animals away. He reckoned their stock value as just so much money in the bank. It was a close season for beaver, but George had some otter traps laid, and with these he caught several otter. The otter trap is unbaited and set on what is called an otter slide. The otter is a sportive fellow, and he and his family have the habit of sliding or toboganning over the banks into the streams. The trapper of course is wise to this and lays his traps accordingly.

Further on, George stopped me up at a very interesting tree. It was one used by bears to put their mark or "blaze" on. Each bear seems to read its indications and, before he leaves, adds his own autograph. There were scratches on this tree from tiny bear marks to great grizzly rips nine feet from the ground.

Early that afternoon we reached the welcome spot upon which was situated George's cabin, fourteen miles out from Sugar Lake, on the banks of the Shuswap River. It was the only cabin on his lines, for the marten trapper has to change his route so often that it does not pay him to build cabins over any particular line. We had almost to search to find this cabin of his; it had become snowed under, only a hole at the entrance indicating its situation. It was a cheerless place, bare even of necessities, but it contained a bunk, a sheet metal stove that warmed the place in five minutes, lots of pots and pans, candles and a trunk full of spare eatables, so, after all, it was a not unwelcome hole.

Before going to sleep, as we lay looking up at the rafters, George told me stories as usual. He told me how he had set out once from this same cabin after caribou. He had followed them for several days, but followed too far and the supply of food that he carried ran short. When it was too late he turned back, but the weather broke and what took him three days to do going, took him nine returning, with the result that it was only his good luck in striking a trap-line and eating the frozen and putrid bait out of the traps that he got through at all.

He told me of men who had to eat their dogs to get out of the winter forests, of men with frozen feet who crept for days on their hands and knees, of men who went hopelessly insane with the solitude of the winter in some far-off cabins; then, when we got drowsy and I started to get up to put out the candle at the other end of the room he told me to lie where I was and, taking his revolver from its holster, he fired at the tiny flame and

put it out as neatly as if he had blown it out.

With strange thoughts weaving through my mind, it was only natural that I should dream that night. I saw myself, immaculate in a dress suit, at a ball and asking a pretty lady to dance. She consented and we started out, but, try as I liked, I could make no headway, something kept obstructing me; one foot seemed to impede the other. I was in a helpless tangle but, for the life of me, could not fathom the trouble until the master of ceremonies touched me on the shoulder and suggested that I would be able to dance much better if I took off my snowshoes.

Coincidence it may have been, but every night we lay within the sound of running water, my sleep was disturbed by strange dreams.

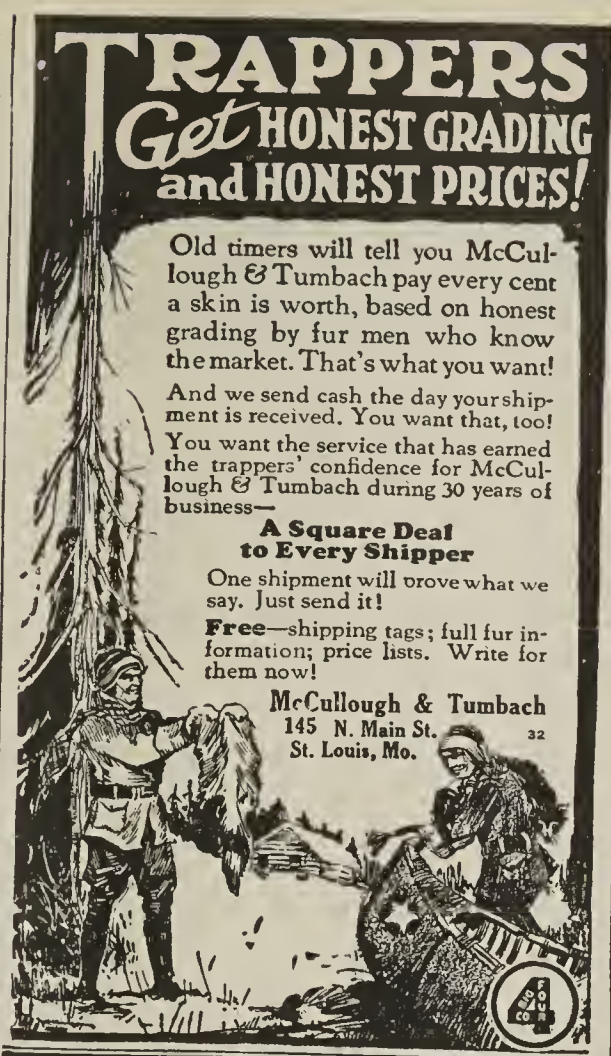
On making an early start from the cabin next morning, we discarded every unessential, in order to get our packs down to the absolute minimum, for the next few days were going to be days of continuous upward travelling and already I discovered what an extra half pound on one's back means in a day's trip.

No sooner did we get on to the trap line than we saw signs of that most hated of all the trapper's enemies—the wolverine. How George cursed that brute as its tracks showed up ahead of us, following the line with unerring instinct and visiting every trap on that particular day.

"Do you wonder at a trapper getting sore at a brute like that?" George said, "and there isn't a bounty on it, although a wolverine kills more deer and grouse than the coyote does. As for fur, he destroys it for the sake of destroying. Leave a skinned carcass around and he won't look at it, but he'll rip a marten fur to ribbons out of a trap, just for the fun of doing it."

"Don't you ever catch them?" I asked.

"Once in a blue-moon! But most times, the brutes won't be caught. I have several fall traps of wood set on his run, for the wolverine shies clear of anything made of metal. Do you know, the wolverine has forgotten more about trapping than most trappers know. We trappers are sure that when one of us dies his spirit becomes a wolverine and he has to follow the trades, sort of paying for what he did when he was a trapper himself, tormenting perdition in the heart of the live trapper as he goes. He gets freed of his sins when he gets caught, but it seems part o' his punishment that he has to try his darndest not to get caught and, knowin' most o' the tricks of the trapper beforehand, it takes a few one to get him."



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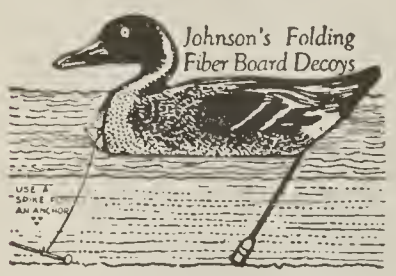

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I laughed. "So the better the trapper you are, George, the harder a time you will have later on."

"Sure thing! But it ain't much of a laughin' matter."

We found only the dark-brown paw of a marten in the next trap. Wolverine tracks told the rest of the tale. The loss of that marten alone meant a difference of some forty dollars to the trapper's day's work, so little wonder it angered George. And the worst of it was, it was hard to tell how far this trouble would continue. As George remarked, "When a wolverine gets on your lines, you've got to get him, or get off the line yourself."

George's first wolverine trap was unsprung. The second sent him raging again. "See that," he cried, "and say the wolverine is not the trapper's spirit! Would you believe a brute to have that much savee?"

It was a wooden trap with a heavy fall beam. George had been unable to find a large hollow tree, but he had found two trees growing practically together, so he had set his trap between, with the usual small upright stick in the centre, to the bottom of which the bait was attached, the heavy beam resting on the very edge of the small upright so that when the bait was pulled from the front, below, the upright would slip and down would come the heavy beam on the wolverine.

There had been a little open space at the back between the trees and in order to make only one entrance and that by the front, George had strongly blocked up the back with great pieces of cedar bark held securely by frozen snow. But now the cedar bark was strewn everywhere. The wolverine had examined the trap carefully, then he had gone to the back and pulled away the cedar bark, entering that way and eating the bait from the upright. Of course, every time he pulled at the bait he simply made the beam more secure in its place, for he was pulling in exactly the opposite direction from what George had intended he should. To make George more exasperated, he had leisurely walked out by the front way when he had gorged himself.

(To be continued)

IN DECEMBER

Fred C. Kelly is a well-known writer with a hobby. He has planned and built a small cabin in the Maine woods that just suits him. In an interesting article appearing next month, he tells how he secured compactness by careful planning. The article is well illustrated and may help some readers to secure just what they want in the lodge they intend to build.

ADVENTURES IN COMRADESHIP

(*Continued from page* 615)

I didn't matter much. Apportioning the love of a child, between parents, is a delicate adjustment. Please remember Florida. We were away an entire month. Then the farm. Come, come, Mother . . . what is it NOW?"

"What I wanted to say was—" and she hesitated, embarrassed—"there IS a change. Sonnyboy is losing his boyishness, his desire for the very things you were teaching him. He is becoming a sophisticated man almost over night. Every night this week he has wanted to remain up until eleven. He's dance mad! I may be just a silly, old-fashioned mother, but I would rather not see him wanting to pass his time with these bobbed-hair flappers. There is the girl with dark hair—much older than Son—they are always together. She is undesirable — an unpleasant type. Son takes her on boat trips and they dance, dance, dance. In the upper dance room, I think they serve intoxicating liquors . . . the youngsters do not drink . . . but it's a harmful influence. Someone has an automobile for two hours . . . they all go to 'Sconset. It isn't nice. It isn't my idea of the boy's vacation—at all!"

I rubbed my chin in the moonlight and squirmed and went through all the mental hazards of the conventional head of a household. As children go up, Fathers and Mothers gain unexpected perspectives of their responsibility. And the years pass with such terribly insidious certainty.

"Mother," I said, "Mother, times change; conditions change. This is a very old story. The young folks of this generation are no more frivolous than they were in your youth — and mine. They just SEEM so. Let the boy dance. Let him pass a few hours with the little frizz-haired brunette. It's just NOW—and life. Put your thumb down and you make it all the worse. Youth must be Youth. We can't ask Sonnyboy to sit in his room reading schoolbooks, while there is moonlight and romance all around him. It wouldn't be quite fair, now would it? Nor can we ask him to spend all his life fishing and hunting, and baiting hooks and frying bacon over a wood fire. This isn't that sort of country. Nantucket has passed as a place to fish. He might get a whale a thousand miles out, but what would we do with one if he harpooned it? And a day spent on one of those professional fishing schooners would make him sea-sick for all eternity. For this two weeks, allow ME to play my game of golf, and permit Son to have his fling at Society. We don't want to make a Maine Guide of him—or a Naturalist."

But this flippant talk did not ring true, even with me. I could sense what she was trying to tell me. She was indeed fearful that the comradeship which her own love and initiative had started, was on the wane. I was drifting back into my own selfish ways.

Golf is insidiously attractive. I had been playing more and more of late. Three times a week, at home, I had entered contests. And I was getting back my old form. I had seen less of Sonnyboy of late. And now came the two weeks at dear old Nantucket, with Mother earning a well-earned vacation of her own. The three of us were chums on this trip. Yes . . . I confess it . . . the lure of Golf returned. There had been exciting foursomes, morning and afternoon. I had seen Sonnyboy at breakfasts and dinners only. But what of it? Nantucket was Youth's stronghold.

"I didn't mean to tell you," Mother half whispered, "I found a package of cigarettes in Son's coat pocket yesterday. It has come to THAT."

It was not until months afterward that I found Sonnyboy had not smoked. The little silver-covered packet had been the property of the bobbed-hair brunette, and he had smuggled them into his pocket in a pinch, when her mother was on the trail. But he had preferred to assume guilt—rather than tell the—the truth. It had been true "sportsmanship."

But Mother was there opposite me, in the silver of the Nantucket moonlight. She seemed very young herself, and fair, to be the mother of that sturdy youth out on the dance floor, whose voice was just beginning to change, whose upper lip was feathered with suspicious down, and who had made the veteran Chip gasp, because of his adept hand at trout fishing in a Milford stream. She had been very, very right ONCE—was she right again?

This prelude to our ultimate day outside the jetties and our stormy seance for perch at Sacacha Pond, and our rediscoveries of the romance of the home of the ancient whalers, is given with no apology. It is merely a human part of this story we have to tell. To omit the jazz and the bobbed hair, even in an outdoor journal, would be to strip our aggregate adventure of its true moral. We must go the entire way or not at all. You must bear with me to this extent.

And this was Mother's way of putting it, out there in the moonlight:

"This thing you call 'sportsmanship' —love of the woods and the rivers and the lakes and the hills, and the open

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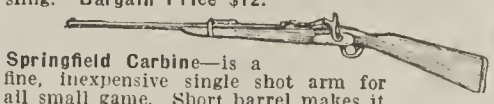

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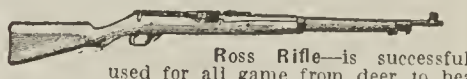

Ross Rifle—is successfully used for all game from deer to bear. Widely used for long distance wolf hunting. Specifications: Length, 48 inches; barrel length, 28 inches; weight, 8 lbs.; ammunition, British .303; magazine holds 5 cartridges, straight pull bolt action, leather sling. **Bargain Price $10.**

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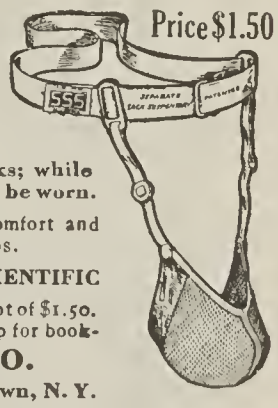

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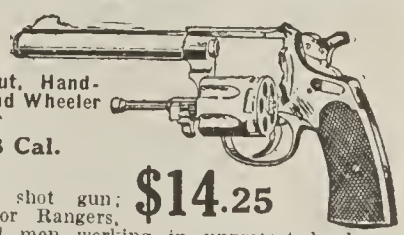

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The Ranch House and guest cabins are substantial and scrupulously clean. Good springs and mattresses on the beds. The food is the best and there is plenty of it. There is a well-broken, sure-footed horse for every guest. The guides are old-time Westerners. The ranch will be open from June 1st to November 15th. A limited number of men and women can be accommodated. References will be given and are expected from our prospective guests.

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spaces, can easily prove to be the saving grace of a hurried, be-flustered generation. The boy—or girl—who is taught to have an inherent love of such things will not want the tinsel, the sham happiness and the unstaple joy of modern society. Concentrate on Boydom, if you will. *Our* boy. He has reached the most significant period of his whole existence. Ideas for the future are being formed. Habits are in the making. I *don't want* Sonnyboy to like too much jazz, too much dancing, too many card parties and too much beach-petting. I *don't want* Sonnyboy to get the drug-store loafing habit and the motion-picture-every-night craze. I *don't want* Sonnyboy to learn life from Hollywood and the average movie plot. I *don't want* eleven-o'clock-every-night parties. As between Mother Nature and manufactured pleasure, I prefer to have him write me:—'tumbled into bed at half past seven to-night, mother, after five hours of trout fishing, and Father is snoring already. Gee! but sleep seems good after a day like this.'

"If true sportsmanship is all you claim it to be, then it is immeasurably better and cleaner and finer—for a boy—than the customary amusement of the youth of to-day. It can save a Nation of boys. It can put love of fine and pure things in their hearts and souls. If Youth must have its fling, then give Nature first chance. For Youth demands only an outlet for superfluous energy. There must be an exhaust valve. The rifle, the shotgun, the tent and the fishing pole are certainly preferable to saxophones and a mistaken notion of real fun. And FATHERS SHOULD BE THE FIRST TO REALIZE IT—more surely those fathers who like the open air. It isn't that I want to cut short or curtail the buoyancy of Youth—it's merely that I would give it the most spiritual expression, knowing that is best, in the end."

I could find no argument in rebuttal. I arranged Mother's shawl a bit higher around her throat, as the damp breeze came in from Coatue, and we strolled back into the bright lights of the jazz and the tripping feet of many dancers.

"Can't I stay up just a half hour longer?" asked Sonnyboy. His cheeks were flushed.

"Better not," I answered, "we are going fishin' in the mornin' and you want to feel fit."

A complete change came over his face.

"FISHING!" he exclaimed, "really, Father! Oh . . . that's DIFFERENT! I'd rather do THAT than anything else. Good night, everybody"—to the young folks in the alcove beyond, "thought you wanted to play Golf, Dad. What time do we start?"

Nantucket Island is not now known as a place to delight the heart of the veteran fisherman. Two choices alone are open to him: he may deliberately "go outside," which means quite a distance indeed, and do some "real fishing," or content himself with the innumerable fresh-water lakes which dot the remote place, from Tuckernuck to the last stepping-off, at Siaconset.

Strange things have happened to fishermen and fishing. The born Islander will tell you this. The tides of chance have stripped the place clean of any pretentious sport with rod and reel. It isn't as it was in the olden days.

But the two chapters with which we are now concerned bring out two valuable points:

First, that true sportsmen can find sport ANYWHERE, if they know how to search for it. (And this is a vitally important lesson to learn.)

Secondly, that old Nantucket is by no means barren of the thrills of angling. It is an accessible place and we would invite the attention of those who have never visited the Island to see the home of picturesque traditions. It is one of the cradles of a deathless sport. It is a shrine of true adventure. Americans have no right to neglect Nantucket. It deserves their support, their patronage.

It is an ocean voyage, one may say, of 54 nautical miles to the island of Nantucket. From the atmospheric wharves of New Bedford, across Buzzards Bay, to Woods Hole, on to Oak Bluffs, which is merely a tip of Martha's Vineyard, touching at the Cross Rip Lightship, and then casually through the mouth of the jetties, to Nantucket's harbor of romance, these are miles of pleasure to those who love blue sky and green waters.

Why have we never quite realized or appreciated the NOVELTY of this island. It is absolutely unique. There is nothing quite like it. A dot of land, far removed from our shores, as if tossed above the green billows by mere whim of many elements. Historically, it is a treasure trove. Every man who has ever baited a hook or made a feathered lure should bow tribute to Nantucket. It is the last outpost of the very birth of fishing. The hardy men who lived there, generations gone, braved their lives for fish which only a harpoon could catch. And much that was true and live and throbbing with interest when our forefathers were young, is still existant on this remote Nantucket Island.

The same roof towers loom above the green trees, where wives of Captains stood watching for their loved ones to return: the same little windows display immaculate models of four-masters, the same sturdy elms which shaded women in flowing gowns and men in tarpaulins, shower their friendly benediction, on warm afternoons. Tucked away in odd corners, there are shops and people and ideas which time has scarcely tarnished.

It is a sea-washed echo of the long, long ago, never quite real, despite the purr of motor cars and the chant of the summer tourist. The long arm of Civilization has almost as far a reach as to some South Sea Island. And the true Islander will NEVER change. He is impervious to it. It is a matter of Blood, and who shall change this tide in human veins in a hundred generations?

There are two wonderful golf courses on Nantucket, but my books of play were closed. Sonnyboy wanted me. It was not so much that he NEEDED me as that he had not wished to break in upon the sequestered habits of middle age.

And I want to make this clear—despite all that has gone before, Sonnyboy had not disappointed me. None of his dreams—nor mine—of the past year—had been disillusioned. I had been the drifter. I had lost contact. Once you wean a boy to the Outdoors, you have him for life, provided you do your share. And I had failed. I admit it. I had slipped a peg and it had required the serious talk of a little woman in a pink evening dress, under the spell of the Nantucket moon, to bring me back—to sanity.

There had been rumors of perch—and other catches—in the fresh water ponds of Nantucket.

And what a choice! Westward, there was Long Pond, and Sheep Pond, and Hummock Pond, and Cupaum and Washing and Reedy and Great Mioxes, and Weeweder and Miacomet and No-Bottom. If we motored eastward we had an equally enthralling list—Nobadeer, Mattaquitcham, Toupche, Tom Nevers, Gibbs, Squam, Sacacha. And then there was always sunlit Polpis Harbor, opened once a year to the salt water of the outer harbor.

And so we were to try our luck at perch in one of these lakes. The waterfront had given me previous hint of the possibilities of Adventure. The ponds did not stir any true Islander's pulse. It was the outer reaches which held any suggestions of romance. Perhaps the schooner Eleanora De Costa's sounding lead, sixty miles southwest of Highland Light had brought up a copper cent dated 1881. Perhaps returning fishing boats had startling stories to tell of unprecedented catches of Scup. Perhaps Henry Kelley, of the fishing schooner Liberty fought a 300-lb.

(*Continued on page 670*)

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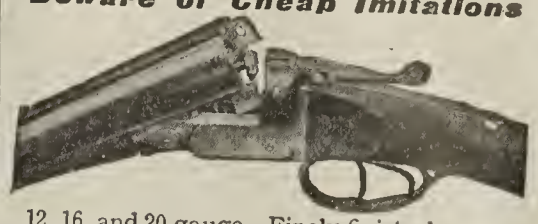

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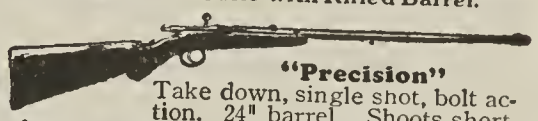

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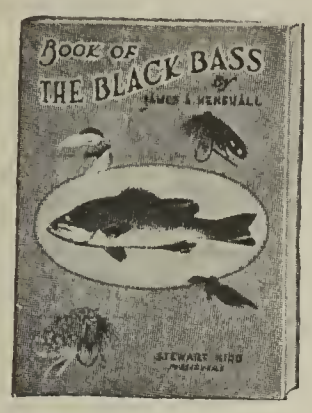

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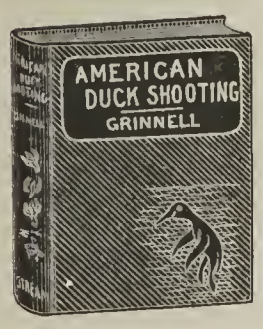

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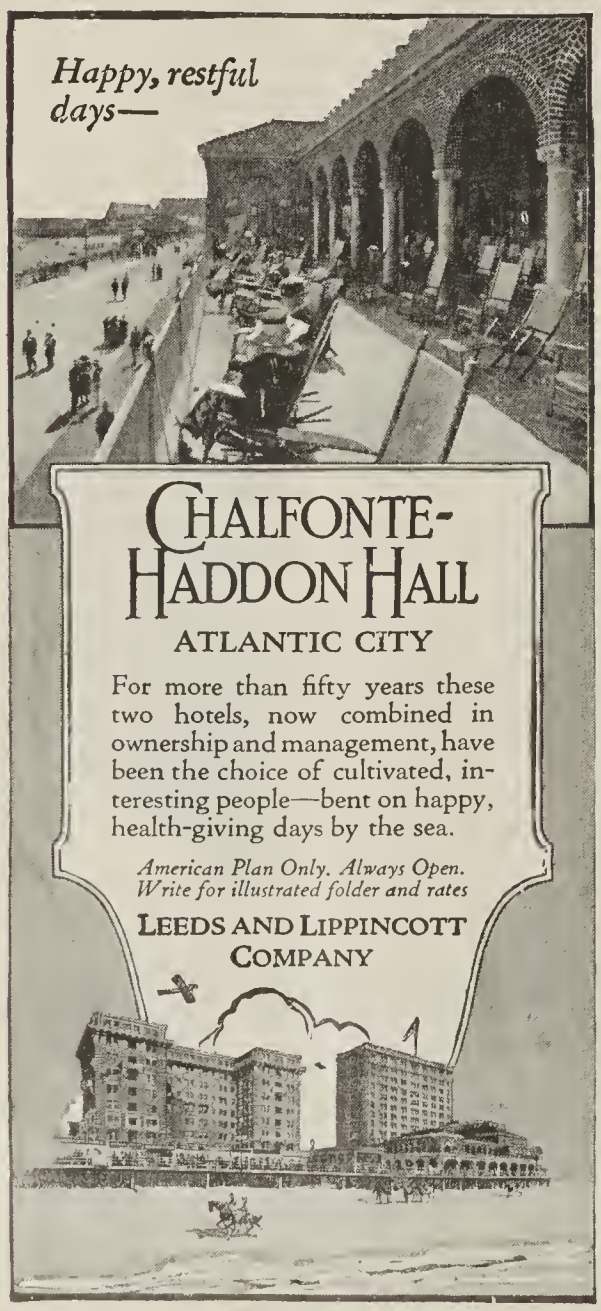

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ADVENTURES IN COMRADESHIP

(*Continued from page* 665)

swordfish to a finish ten miles from Nantucket South Shoals lightship. And perhaps, casually speaking, when Kelley put his iron into the fish it awakened the fish so thoroughly, that it charged, and shoved its sword through the dory's bottom, grazing Kelley's foot. Then the sword snapped in twain. Whereupon Captain Claude Wagner planted the Liberty close alongside, and Kelley's mates hoisted the dory on board. There were 72 swordfish as a haul, at the end of the cruise, with eight consecutive days of fog and mist—such is the fisherman's luck! Who said romance had disappeared from Nantucket?

We were up at six that brilliant, crisp morning, before the mist had drifted off to sea, and following a hasty breakfast, walked down to Steamboat Wharf. Sonnyboy trotted contentedly at my side, as if there had been no such thing in life or the Island, as slang, jazz, impertinent little girls and beach-petting parties. I could not but feel that Mother's apprehensions were just a trifle exaggerated.

There was new atmosphere for both of us out there in the grey and rambling confusion of many rocks and not a few ancient traditions—from Steamboat, on down through Old North Wharf, Straight Wharf, Old South and Commercial, we might well have been looking upon the Nantucket of one hundred years ago. Two giant sailing vessels had suddenly materialized, over night, and were snugly at anchor, pungent with the perfume of ocean romance. Clusters of smaller crafts huddled at their docks, the water chattering around them. And a fleet of fishing boats, manned by sturdy, bronzed men of the old régime, reeked with their catches of enormous flounders, mackerel and plaice. Nets—intricately large spider-webs of this commercial enterprise, had been outflung on the docks, and chaps with chins that looked as if they had been carved from teakwood, silently mended them, haloed by plumes of pipe smoke.

We were strangers to Pond fishing, and we sought advice. Query, directed at a vigorously-muscled net-doctor, brought more than was expected. It was like stirring up a quiet pool, for there came to the surface rich remnants of seadrift.

Fishin' in Sacacha, and the like? If we'd be content with nice, well-behaved perch—some uv 'em yaller—we might do well enough. Just go out in a rowboat with a hand-line. Nothin' better fer bait, when all was said and done, than some plain raw meat. Beef.

But how much more important was news from the wider horizons. Hadn't The Petrel folks found a lone bluefish in a trap, in the chord of the bay! Weighed almost five pounds.

"Ye just can't catch 'em hereabouts no more! All gone! Something peculiar has happened t' th' fishin'. But ye got t' take yer sou'wester off t' Captain Olaf Anderson. Th' sloop Dagny stayed out a week, it did, on Georges Bank, an' took 38,500 pounds uv flukes. Then, headin' fer port, they run inta swordfish an' got sixteen."

A few more patches in the net, executed by alert, accurate, if cracked fingers, and—

"Beats Hell how fishin' men hav' been softened up, in this here generation. Guess whut—th' fishin' steamer Helena of Gloucester has one uv them there radio stunts on board. Captain's son—him as has studied e-lectricity—installed it. At night, when they're out on th' grounds, they has concerts an' sich-like. Womanish, I'd call it!"

An inspector from the state board of health—funny how they squirm in everywheres, when you least expect 'em—has been on the Island, investigating the Quahaug Beds in the harbor and out in the sound! Even went so far as to take specimens from th' diggers—and bottles of water.

Th' Fish Commission, up at Woods Hole has a queer one. Walt Glidden fish store man, bought the derndest lobster you ever saw from a local fishin boat. Caught it in the ottertrawl. A BLUE lobster—bright blue all over mind you! From th' tip of its claws to the end of its tail! And Walt thought the Commission should get a squint at it.

It was all I could do to tear Sonnyboy away from this breezy group. The tang of the sea was in his nostrils and the proximity of those towering masts of the sailing vessels—the whole colorful panorama of Adventure—had captivated him. The wire baskets, glistening with fluke, cod, haddock, flounder were headliners, and it might be well to state, at this point, that on the following day we went out to see what WE could do in the deep-sea fishing line. It was an unforgetable experience. Even the memory of it caused me to shiver a little.

Fresh beef was purchased at a near by market, and having been assured that Cap'n Henry—on the fishing grounds—could supply us with all necessary hooks and lines, we boarded a grizzled shavetail flivver, driven by an old gentleman who matched it perfectly, and set forth on this perching expedition of ours.

The drive made up for everything ich subsequently happened. There no other ride just like it, short of al England.

Soon we had creaked out and out ng a very fine road, undulating, aying around easy corners, up little pes and down almost indistinguish-e hills, where the only vista was one interminable moorland, occasionally ashed with the weathered gray of y old cranberry-bog huts, or fishing tages, or areas of the strangest of nted pines, springing up bravely for ear or so, only to fade and die, from ne mysterious cause.

Past Monomoy, having turned to the from the main Siasconset road, and grant glimpses of North Pasture, awkemo Hills, Shimmo, toppling at edge of the harbor on its far east-rim, with the Brant Point beacons re ghosts across a sheet of silent ter. And now a panoramic view of village of Nantucket, poured, as if m a funnel, around the loop of har-—a quaintly beautiful stage-set of trees and old houses, and gold and ite steeples—never completely real, eyes which were unaccustomed to h sights. Past Quaise and within w of Polpis Harbor, as we bear to right and up a baby hill. The ors are soothing to the eye, with ir deep purple heather and their nberry bogs of lustrous green. The dside hedge is shrine for countless d roses, delicately pink. The bay-y is everywhere, fragrant in the y that old sea chests are fragrant: rsh - mallows, even buttercups und. Scotch heather and Irish om! Once we passed a cluster of ider, shimmering white birches inst their rugged background of sted and gnarled fir.

And at last the flivver takes a smart n away from the road and up a row dirt lane. Clustered on the hill a dozen of those inevitable grey ses . . . hens cackling, the grunt-of small pigs . . . tasselled coun-gentleman corn, whipped into ac-by a stiff wind which has recently e in from the ocean—a wind brew-mischief!

Cap'n Henry is plucking the feathers m three plump white leghorn pul-, freshly killed. To his right an en-ure holds several exceedingly inter-ng baby pigs, as sleek and as clean f just scrubbed under a pump. They e been fed on—Sonnyboy marvels his—remnants of perch and lobster birds, shot out over the moors. iously there is sport aplenty here nd game to spare.

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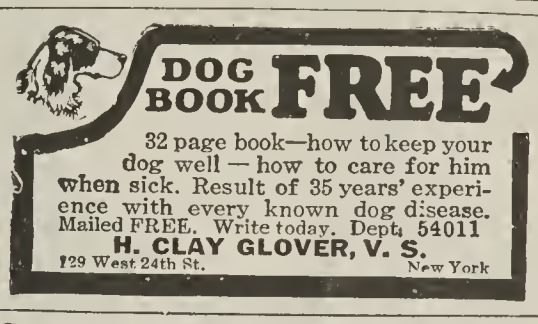

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the pond? Plenty of them. He squints up at the sky. It will be rather rough, but we can row a half mile across, under the lea of that sloping shore to the Eastward—where there's grass in the water—and try it. Why not? Yellow perch—what was it . . . a year ago? In the dead of night, he heard a great commotion down in the pond, near his house. For some inexplicable reason, thousands of good-sized perch had gotten into shallow water. All night long, the men worked with nets and they took WAGON-LOADS of fish to town when day was breaking! It was a sort of miracle of the moorlands.

We shoved out from shore in the face of sassy waves. This "Pond" deserved a better name. It was miles across and around, and very deep. I found it ugly business—attempting to row that clumsy flat-bottom, against wind and unruly water, to say nothing of the masses of cluttering grass—and the over-capacious oar-locks.

"Better not go too far out," Cap'n Henry called. He was standing on shore, bare-headed, the wind whipping his silvered locks and an expresison of something akin to doubt, to reluctance, on his gaunt, weathered face. Cap'n Henry had been nine times around the world on sailing vessels.

I was three-quarters of an hour rowing the comparatively short distance over to the protected curve on the other side of the first "bay"; back ached and hands smarted. I seemed to be making no progress whatsoever. It was on the tip of my tongue several times to say: "Let's try it some other day, Sonny." Only the lad's eager face and bright eyes kept me at the oars.

The wind was increasing in velocity all the while; the water choppier, the boat more difficult to manage.

We somehow managed to anchor in that rage and roll of pond, and to chop the beef into small bits of bait. Seven splendid perch were in the boat before we could count the minutes; when the odds became too great. Added lead would not make our lines remain on the bottom, and angry waves began to break over the sides of the ungainly craft. Above, sunshine had suddenly disappeared and the sky was sullen, cloud-filled, sinister!

"We must go in," I shouted to Sonnyboy, who was worried not at all, "it's too rough."

"Don't go back on MY account," I heard him respond, holding to his seat, as the boat gave a violent lurch.

I did some rapid mental calculation. Although the distance to the nearest land was less than three hundred feet, I knew intuitively that I could never make it—the two of us at the oars together, would be no match for all that had broken over us in those final te minutes of wind storm. There wa something of the tropic fury in it.

And I made up my mind to turn th boat about, and steering as best I coul with the oars, allow the boat to swee back to the point from whence we ha started, propelled by the gale. In som fashion or other I could make a lan ing—we would be literally driven int the shallows and the grass.

I remember I stood up to reach fo an oar which had gyrated from m hand. . . . I recall that the unman ageable boat swung around as if whale had been harpooned, and then— overboard I went, my head strikin the gunwales!

Many things must have happened An unseen drama was enacted unde the lash of the wind and water, o which I knew nothing— and there wer none to witness it on the beach—bu when my eyes opened, I was flat on m back on the sand and muck, scarcel a foot from the pond grass, and Sonny boy was holding my head in his lap.

He had somehow saved me.

A fine swimmer, he had struggle with me, risked his own life, until hi feet touched bottom, up under the shel ter of weedy shore to the eastward o Cap'n Henry's house.

"Father!" It was my name calle from a great distance. "it's all righ now. We made it . . . we made it!"

And now he was hugging me—both his strong young arms about me and I could see the tears spring from his eyes, although he was drenched, o course, from head to foot.

"WE" made it!

HE had made it.

I could think only of one thing a that wild moment—one vivid memory returning—a happy boy in a sport coat and a pair of his first long duck trousers, dancing with a bobbed-hair girl to jazz!

And Mother had been afraid!

(To be continued)

NESSMUK'S CAMP FIRE

(Continued from page 631)

as this will prevent the rotting of th wood. Bind with fishline and then varnish the section of the haft that comes in contact with the gunwale. It wil save both woods from being "chewed up" and prove another notch toward noiseless paddling. Drill a quarter-inch diameter hole through the side of the paddle grip about in the center. This will come in handy as an eye for a tent guy-rope when the paddle is used as a temporary tent pole. It will aid you when lashing the paddles in the canoe when shipping.

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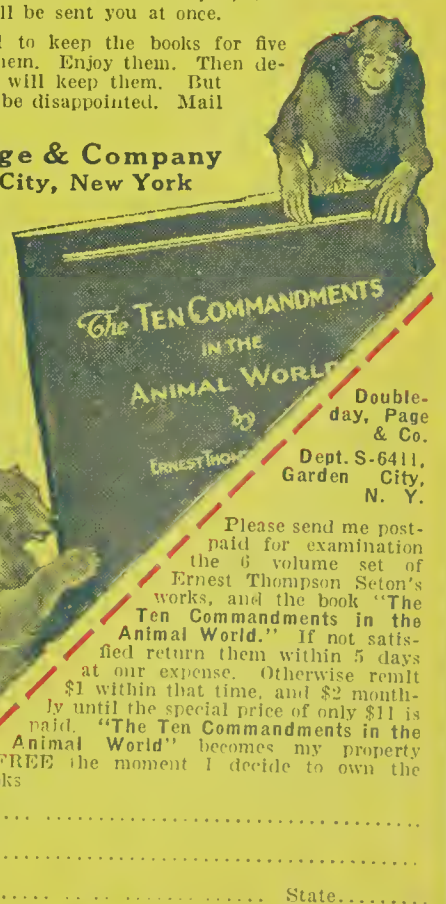

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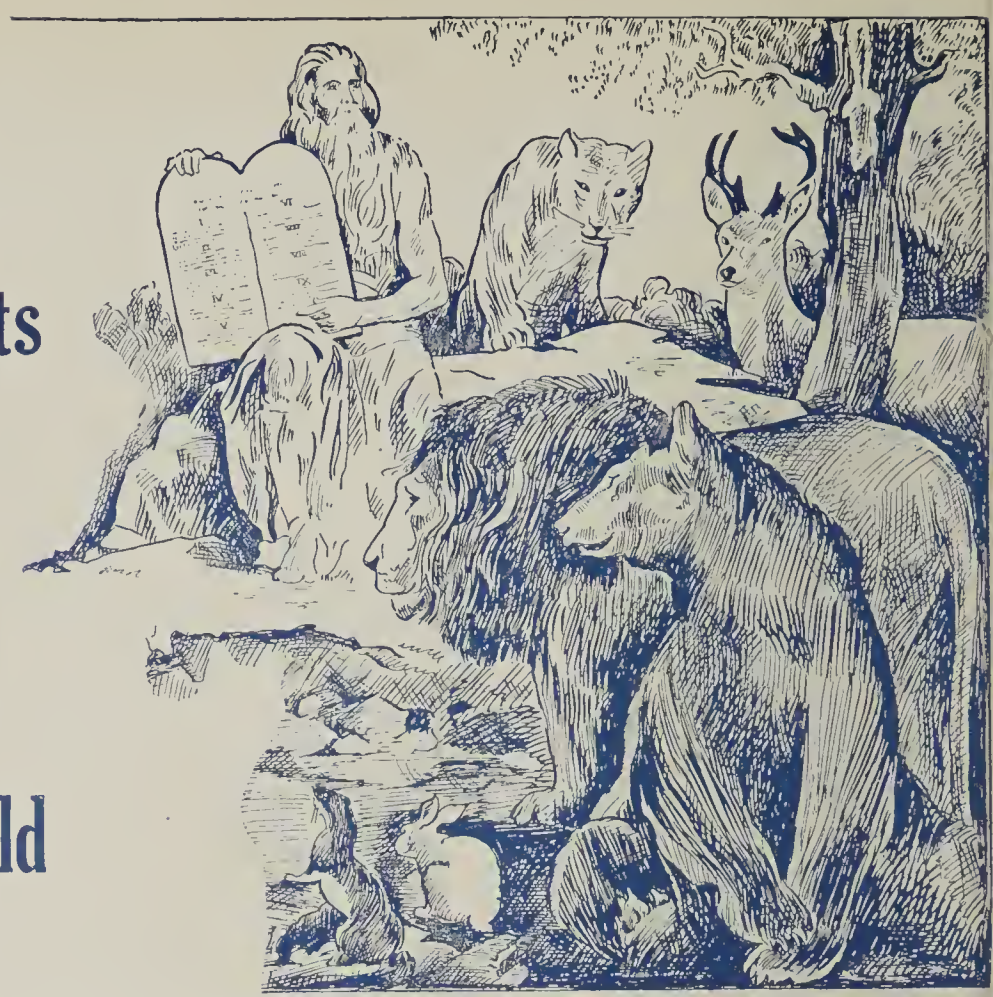

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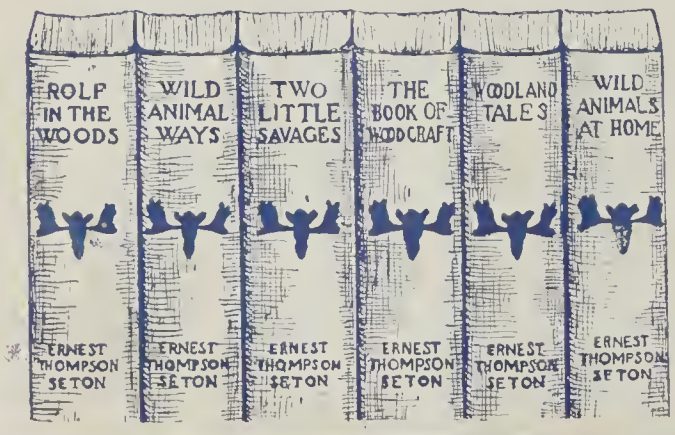

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Vol. XCIII DECEMBER, 1923 No. 12

The Lure of the Frozen Trail

Are Reindeer to Replace Dogs on the Arctic Tundra?

By NONA MARQUIS SNYDER

THERE is not a bit of doubt that the "Spell of the Yukon," famed in song and story, had set its seal upon me; marked me as a victim—willing and eager, it is true, but no less a victim. From the balmy September day when I came to St. Michael—that desolate, wind-swept little Isle of the Bering Sea—I would gaze longingly across the blue-and-gold bay, dotted with its queer craft, to the undulating line of the eastern horizon where the brown tundra of the mainland rose to a broken crest of amethyst hills against a sapphire sky, and dream of what might lay beyond. A veritable wonder-world, I was sure; and the "imperious mandate of the Wild" rose and tugged at the heart of my desire—to obey the urge of the wander-lust—to follow the Trail!

To you in the "Big Outside" with your railways, your automobiles, your launches, your ocean-steamers—all at your service three hundred sixty-five days of the year—let me relate a few of the difficulties that beset the traveler "North of Sixty-three." From the time of the going out of the ice in May or June, until the Frost-King lays his icy finger on all the water-ways in early October, there is no travel or activity in the interior; for the tundra, thawed out to a depth of several feet, is impassable as a highway, for man or beast. The little town of St. Michael is thoroughly board-walked, and few and far-between are the by-paths that meander fitfully around bogs and sink-holes on the treacherous tundra. Roads are unknown, as are vehicles—except trucks which are used to transport cargoes from wharf to ware-house on wooden runways. There is one horse on the Island; the property of the Alaska-

Yukon Navigation Company, and used by it to haul ice—which constitutes the water-supply during the frozen season—over a little tramway which connects the lake with the town. So, it is the part of wisdom to long not for the silent trails in the wild waste places, "in the Good Old Summer Time." But, when the last big steamer, that has been lying for days in the roadstead, discharging her cargo of winter supplies for the inhabitants, weighs anchor, and with a lingering farewell of her "siren," steams majestically out of the harbor, round Whale Island and out of sight (seven long months, mind you, before her reappearance!)—when the squat, white river-boats chug noisily through the canal into the harbor, are unloaded and lifted to their winter-quarters on the "ways" by the incoming tide—or, perhaps, anchored in the shallows to "freeze-in"—then begin preparations for a winter of activity of a different nature—the independent activity of isolation, where a community exists by reason of its own home-generated dynamic force. Fuel and ice are stored under shelter, perishable supplies put in "warm"-storage, houses freshly banked with earth, double or triple windows nailed in—skates, skis, snowshoes, guns, traps, put in order—parkas, mittens and mukluks made and repaired ready for use—sleds and harness overhauled—the prospector's outfit packed—all waiting for the "freeze-up" and the first snow-fall, which makes "Hitting the Trail" possible.

So contenting myself, perforce, with tentative explorations on the accessible portions of the Island—which consist of the big semi-circular sweep of beach with an Eskimo Village huddled at either end, and the

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buildings of Fort St. Michael and the half-deserted old town itself straggling irregularly between; the "Russian Gardens," looking forlornly seaward; the promontory on the northernmost point where the "Wireless" stretches its gaunt, naked fingers up into the frosty air, to pluck therefrom the wondering rumors of the World;—I, too, await the onslaught of the Arctic winter, which heralds the opening of the Trail. For me, the shortening Autumn days, crowded with new and interesting experiences—for St. Michael is rich in historical and legendary lore—passed rapidly. The first icy blast that swept down from the Polar Seas was followed by a heavy snowfall, and grim Winter's reign had begun. Everywhere appeared queer, fur-clad bipeds, and everywhere could be heard the soft tinkle of bells—the excited barking of dozens of "huskies" and "malamutes" being harnessed to their places in the teams ready to "break trail"—the disappointed howls of those left behind, tugging futilely at their chains—the shrill cries of the "musher," and the warning crack of his whip.

Then did the white-velvet hills on the eastern horizon—sparkling in the sunlight like a jeweler's window strewn with rare gems—beckon and call with all the allurements of the fabled Sirens; but, as always when the object desired is worth while, obstacles arose which seemed to effectually bar the way to accomplishment. I did not own dog-team or sled—the emaciated condition of the family exchequer absolutely prohibited such ownership, and I was mortally sure that I was incapable of managing either or both on the trail, had a complete outfit been presented me. After I had accepted invitations from several St. Michaelites to go "mushing" with them on little pleasure rides, I realized my limitations in that respect. However, I pinned my faith to the old maxim — "All things come to him who waits"—and forthwith adopted a policy of watchful waiting. When opportunity rang my doorbell, I resolved to have my hand on the latch in ready welcome. * * * According to tradition, and in due course of time, came opportunity. Not, however,

MRS. TOTPAN AND HER PRIZE-WINNING HAND-MADE HARNESS

heralded by the rhythmic patter of furry feet in the soft snow, the joyous waving of bushy tails, and the lifting of pointed sensitive ears, alert to catch the crisp command of the "musher"—that *I* had believed to be the one—and—only means of "hitting the trail" in Alaska. True, it *is* the generally

TRAIL BEAUTIES

accepted means of travel, and the one you *hear* about, *talk* about, *read* about—the one that is exploited far and wide in all Alaskan tales—and with all good reason—for Alaska surely owes a lasting debt of gratitude to these loyal and trusty followers of the Trail, and will continue to increase the indebtedness for many years to come. The Husky, however, is beginning to sense a rival in the field of his endeavor, and a powerful one, too, in that your Uncle Samuel's own Department of the Interior, through the medium of the Bureau of Agriculture, is its sponsor.

I now have the honor to introduce to you the Reindeer!—the sharer of trail honors with the Dog, but in other fields of usefulness leaving him hopelessly "at the post." This usefulness is summed up concisely in one of the stanzas of the "Herder's Song":

"Travel's not the only thing our noble deer can do,
They give us food—the best of it—and warmer clothing, too.
To do this work's about the best Alaskan boys can do,
With the Reindeer, the Pride of Alaska!"

The Eskimos, or natives of Alaska, outnumber the whites three to one. It is for their uplift and advancement as a race, along educational and economic lines, that the Government imported reindeer from Siberia, to the end that they may become commercially self-supporting and independent, and it is teaching them to care for their herds scientifically and to use them advantageously. That the Alaskan School Service realizes the importance of this branch of their work is apparent in their systematic and efficient method of handling it. But I digress. Opportunity is still at my door, bringing me the coveted invitation to join the traveling party of the Superintendent of Schools of Western Alaska, from St. Michael to Shaktoolik—a distance of over a hundred white miles—to the Reindeer Fair. To "hit the trail" with Reindeer! Was ever anything more romantic? Did I hesitate about accepting, or decide to "consider the matter and let you know later"? I did *not*. I closed the debate then, there, and conclusively, with an unconditional acceptance.

ON THE ICE TRAIL THE REINDEER IS A HARD WORKER WHO CAN FORAGE FOR HIMSELF

Shaktoolik, an Eskimo village on the northeastern coast, is the center of the reindeer industry of the western district, and is the seat of the Reindeer Fair, fostered and held annually by the Bureau of Education,

under the auspices of the District Superintendent. Here, the reindeer men—chief-herders and apprentices of the Government herds and many Laplanders who are owners of private herds—from Hooper Bay to the Koyuk and as far East as 156, meet in friendly rivalry as to field-sports (winners in all contests receiving ribbons and prizes) and in open convention, where promotions are made, misunderstandings settled, and ways and means of benefit to them and their work discussed. It is half round-up, half convention, with "another half" thrown in for good measure—a display of handicraft in articles made from the reindeer—all of which were judged and awarded prizes. You are wondering what such articles could be. By and by; I am already ahead of my story.

The St. Michael party that traveled by reindeer, consisted of Supt. Johnson; Mrs. Allen, of the local Government school force; Mrs. Petrie, Government district nurse; Miss Snyder, teacher in the local public school; and Mrs. Williams and myself, who trailed along in an unofficial capacity,—just "good-fellows." After a week of excited preparations we got our traveling outfits together, and, on a cold, shivery morning in early February, assembled at the "trysting-place"—a sheltered nook on the bay in the lee of a big river-boat. There, awaiting us, were the reindeer—each hooked to a lightly-packed traveling sled, watching our arrival in curious wonder, and each attended by an Eskimo driver, equally curious, but as solemn as the Sphinx! It was our first glimpse of a real, flesh-and-blood reindeer—most of us—and our gushes of admiration for the pretty animals were cut short by the peremptory command of the "Super" to "cut out the noise, and let's get started." The deer, being somewhat doubtful as to the nature of the queer, noisy bundles that were evidently designed as "cargo," were becoming nervous and anxious to be off; and no wonder! for we were fearfully and wonderfully made-up for the occasion.

Our most intimate articles of wearing apparel were those usually worn in this climate; over this layer were sateen bloomers and quilted vests; then khaki trousers and heavy flannel shirts; then fur trousers and sweaters; then, heavy german socks lined with swansdown were drawn over our ordinary cashmere hose and trouser-legs, and native mukluks made of reindeer or hair-seal, with straw in the bottom, were drawn over these and tied firmly at knee and ankle; then, a silk scarf draped around head and throat so as to leave as little of the face exposed as possible and over that a tight-fitting wool cap; then knitted mittens with wrists drawn well over sweater cuffs, and lastly, over all, the long, hooded fur-parka of the Eskimo women, and big fur mittens! Freeze to death? Hardly!

A PRIZE WINNER

NOT ONLY PICTURESQUE BUT ALSO HIGHLY UTILITARIAN

Now we are instructed to mount the pack, cross-saddle fashion, and get a good grip on the lash-rope; the driver gives the word, springs to his place on the runners behind, and away we go! Five swiftly-moving blurs across the whiteness, a little scared, altogether breathless, and hanging on for dear life—but GAME! And, gradually we relax to an easy posture, a full appreciation of the novelty of the situation, the thrill of adventure, and the Joy of Living!

From my brief intercourse with the native population I had concluded that the Eskimo, as a type, was stolid and taciturn—little given to sociability. If this is true, then Maska, my driver and personal attendant, proved the rule by being a notable exception. While, as a party, we arranged to keep together—that is, within visiting distance—yet I shall always feel specially favored in having "drawn" Maska, as my own; for, aside from being a careful driver, considerate of my comfort as any product of civilization could have been, and courteous according to his understanding, he was certainly a fluent and ready conversationalist; and as for *gossip*—nay, *scandal* even!—the proverbial New England spinster at the "Ladies Aid" has nothing on Maska!

I wish I had time, space and talent to go into the details of this "wonder-journey" and make it *real*, but I must sketch it briefly—hit the high places, as it were—and trust that your imagination is equal to "filling-in." Owing to the short days at this season, the "Super" decided to make the trip by easy stages and all by daylight; so we were five days on the Trail to Shaktoolik—(we made the return trip in three). We went prepared to "rough it"—camp out in any kind of weather we might encounter, eat hard-tack and beans when our commissary ran low, run alongside to keep warm, help ourselves over dangerous places, turn turtle on the rough ice, be buried in a snowslide, or perform cheerfully any stunt indigenous to the trail; but both weather and trail being reasonably good, we were denied any of the thrills of adventure.

The Superintendent visits every school and reindeer-camp in his District—five hundred

(*Contd on page* 716)

REINDEER, THE MOST IMPORTANT FACTOR IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ALASKAN NATIVE

ADVENTURES

SONNYBOY'S FISHING PARTNER, A PEACH OF A BOAT,

ECHOES OF LONG AGO,

Part IX.

In Saying "Goodbye" to Dear Old Nantucket, We Get a Taste of What the Whalers Must Have Experienced, Knock About a Bit on an Island Rich in Historic Traditions, and a Father Discovers With a Sudden Pang of Regret, That Boyhood Does Not Last Forever—That the Son of Today Is the Man of Tomorrow. Make the Most of Them, Then

By W. LIVINGSTON LARNED

IT must have been as much as ten years ago that an old fisherman said something to me while we were out angling off the keys, several miles below Miami; we had come upon a most amazing squid. There are many varieties of them and some grow to be 29 feet long, but this little marine novelty was in a class by itself. It was but eight inches, from tip to tip, bronze in color, beautifully speckled, a tail like multicolored taffeta and—*blue eyes!*

My companion was a seasoned fisherman and had at one time been connected with an aquarium, but it was his first sight of a blue-orbed squid. And he had prowled around their habitat, from Cape Cod to the Bermudas.

Then it was that he made a remark which I have never forgotten. Said he:

"Now you know 'em and now you don't. It's strange how anything as common as a squid can look so different when it's a little different."

Homely philosophy, and I will not be forgiven for a comparison which is wholly odius; but that squid episode came back to me, out of a clear sky, the morning after Sonnyboy had saved my life out on the moor, at the storm-swept fresh-water lake. I was sitting on the porch of the hotel, breakfast-digesting, when Sonnyboy walked past, en route to the beach. A very pretty young girl accompanied him. Both were laughing happily. He did not see me.

And all in a flash I was struck by the terrifying realization that I no longer had a "little boy." Up to this, although Mother had repeatedly warned me, I could see him only as a very immature youngster; a mechanism with much of the fundamental machinery missing. The passage of time is insidious. Sonnyboy had worn his first pair of full-length white ducks while on Nantucket—dancing.

As I saw him now, he was oddly, incongruously tall. In marking us up on the wall, at home, Mother had proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that Sonnyboy would be a "tall man"—and he was a shade taller than his father, even then!

And notwithstanding this, I could never see him as anything more than a "little boy." It is a failing fathers have. I realize that now!

A strange maturity was obvious in his stride, his manner, his bearing, his voice, as he strode down the path between the row of little stunted pine trees. "Now you know 'em and now you don't. It's strange how a thing can look so different when it's a little different."

That was the echo from many years ago!

This was Sonnyboy—and it *wasn't!* I saw the spectre of a grown-up, with a pretty girl on his arm. The boy and the man were strangely fused in one!

They were no sooner out of sight, Sonnyboy's deepening voice vibrant on the clear, crisp air, than something Mother had said not so long ago also blew up, like salt spray, in my mind:

"You won't have him many years longer. He's growing *fast.* These are precious hours. Make the most of them. Once a boy steps across the line

IN COMRADESHIP

into young manhood, you can never, never bring back the joy of the original proprietorship. It's one thing loving and having a little fellow—it's altogether something else to meet, on an almost equal footing, the *man*. You have put it off for such a long while that this son-and-father comradeship is now of short duration. When Sonnyboy is with *me*, these days, he can assert himself, in all the proud assurance of his approach to Twenty; when he is with you he is shy, reserved—he holds a great deal back, because you always recognize only the toddler in knee pants."

I think it was the heroism of our adventure on the moor lake that made me see through more intelligent eyes. He would never speak of it, least of all to his Mother, and I was only conscious of the fact that he had indeed half-carried me through that angry water to safety and the shore, at a moment when I could not help myself. Only a Man could have done this. Only a Man—a real man—would have refused to make hotel gossip of the incident.

* * * * * *

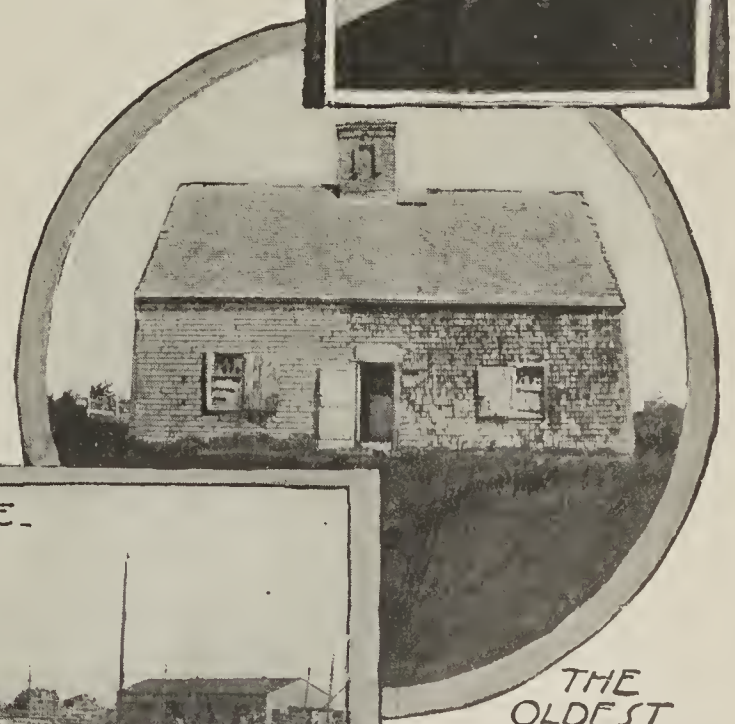
And therefore I was selfish in claiming his hours up to the date of leaving. To be with him was the best apology I could make for the neglected years. There were occasions, I know, when he would have much rather been with the pretty girl or watching the swift tennis matches at the club, or off on a raft lark with boy comrades at the gorgeous beach. But to do him credit, he refrained from showing disappointment. It was always, "Sure, Dad, I'll go," when my summons came.

We covered a great deal of ground—the two of us—rovers of all the Nantucket play-places. We spent added hours in the musty museum, dreaming over ivory snuff-boxes and caskets of jade and cruel, barberous war-hatchets, brought by whalers, long dead, to their home folks, after cruises into a mysterious land, far across the horizon. We sat in the little barn where the veteran of a thousand nasty squalls whittled weather-vanes from wood, and painted the pine jackets and hats of sailor boys with vivid blues and reds. We went horseback riding across the moors, and drove through waving fields of wildrose and purple heather. We fished for little fellows in the lakes, and we waded for quohogs at dusk along the rim of the harbor. We came laughingly back from hikes which took us as far as Maddaket and The Plains, and even Surfside, with sprays of bayberry aromatically tucked in our lapels.

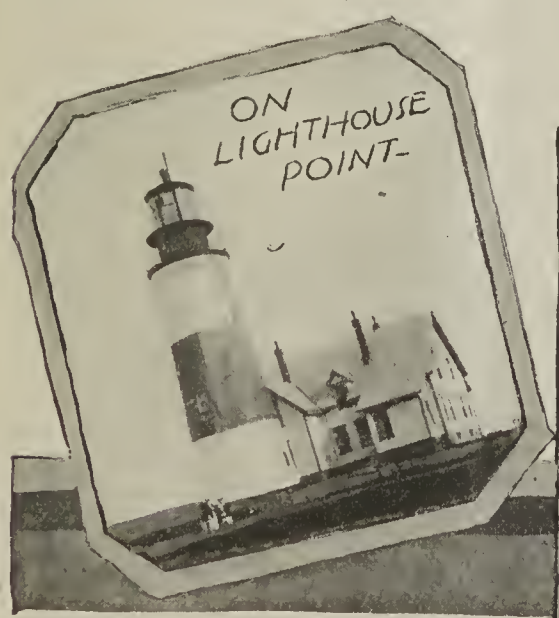
We climbed to the top gallery of the lighthouse at Sankatay Head, and looked yearningly out over the memorable enchantment of sea, heads together, hand in hand, both thinking the same thoughts of adventure, I suppose, and yearning, in the way that men always yearn, for places and ports and spiced isles of the Never-to-Be Land. We rummaged through old houses, bearing their scars of Indian desecration, or sat, an hour at a time, on the grassy slope by the gray windmill, looking off to the waters again, on which a new sort of sun-

(*Continued on page* 703)

"DOWN EAST"



THE OLDEST HOUSE,



Duck Shooting Along the Alamo

A Trip to the Tule-beds of Southern California

By JAMES L. DARRELL

Photos by the Author

IN October, November, and December, and on into January the duck tribes that breed in the far northern fastnesses begin their annual pilgrimage to the south along the Pacific Coast. Clouds of "sprigs," as the pin-tails are called here, mallards, canvas-back, red-heads, teal, blue-bills, spoon-bills, ruddies, and other ducks come in although the bulk of the red-heads have apparently shifted their flight lately from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast.

The first flight of sprigs comes in early enough to make them "ripe" for the opening day, October 1st, in Southern California. Quite a number of cinnamon teal breed in some parts of the country, and these local birds are found with the initial flight of the sprigs. Later on the mallards, canvas-backs, red-heads and northern teal and various ducks come down and the shooting gets to its top peak as the colder weather approaches.

Some of our extra good duck-shooting here we get in the Imperial Valley along the Alamo river, the shooting being both over wood decoys and live wild decoys, aided by English call ducks. Occasionally you come across a man who is a marvel at calling ducks without a "duck-caller," using his own vocal skill to draw the birds down, but such men are very rare and far between.

HOLD WELL AHEAD AND KEEP THE GUN MOVING

It was late in October this year before "Ceph" and I got to the marshes. Too late, in fact, to hope to make "limit" bags each of 25 birds a day, unless a storm in the north should happen to send down the ducks in unusual numbers. But we had made up our minds to take an "uncertainty" shoot; to test our luck under adverse conditions. We wanted to visit the old haunts where we had formerly had such fine shooting, even if we had sight of nothing more than a foraging hawk beating above the marshes, or a troop of noisy black-birds flying across the tule-beds.

"It takes practice to make a fine duck shot, and no experience with quail, snipe or ruffed grouse . . . will make up for lack of practice on the ducks themselves." Essentially narrative in tone, this article contains much practical information besides.

The alarm clock in our tent sputtered its rattle-snake warning at 3:30 A. M., and we tumbled out, lit a candle, and began to hustle into our clothes. A hasty breakfast of bacon and eggs, washed down with steaming hot coffee, and we were off to the landing where the steel duck-boats were hitched beside the tule-beds, that stood straight and ebony-hued in the darkness. What a world of stars were ablaze in the morning skies. It almost seems, in the hour just before day-break, that the stars grow larger and brighter, as if they were spreading and flowering to their final fall in the sea of dawn.

We trailed down to where the boats were tied, with guns, shells, and the cameras, and paddled out beyond a towering wall of tules into a broad sweep of open waters. It was a scant hour, perhaps, before sunrise as we started. There is a hush above the marshes at such a time broken only at intervals by the cackle of some wandering coot among the rushes, or the whispering sound of some passing gust of wind in the tops of the tules. It is the most beautiful hour of the entire twenty-four, because of the sense of mystery that hovers in the air, the impending metamorphosis from dusk to dawn being one of the most poignant of all of nature's myriad transformations. The sharp bow of our little duck-boat cut the water swiftly to the dip of the paddles, and we presently found ourselves across the main body of open water and entering a long and rather narrow passage-way of river current, bordered thickly with the closely-knit tules on both sides of us.

LIVE MALLARD DECOYS IN THEIR PEN

Here we found a "blind" from which we had shot in other seasons and the decoys which had been set out the evening previous, with here and there a dead limb sticking up among them. Our "blind" was a scientifically built structure, and one which corresponded closely and faithfully with the surrounding vegetation. The tules, heavy, dark-green rushes growing as thickly as the hair on a dog's back, made excellent "blinds" in themselves, but the built "blinds" were infinitely easier and safer to shoot from. Heavy wooden supports had been sunk firmly in the river mud, and a platform of planks, with a long seat in the back, made an ideally comfortable place to shoot from, and to rest between shots.

This hiding-place was built high, so that the tops of the tules just hid the shooter as he sat crouched on the seat of the "blind." Below the platform was a little run-way cut out of the tules, for your boat to slide into and be tied during the shooting. As a rule, we do not pick up our ducks here until the shoot is over, as the flight is often over in the morning in an hour's time, and if you go out to retrieve birds, other ducks are almost sure to come in to the decoys and you lose chances for shots. Generally speaking, the dead birds do not drift away any further than the edges of the thick-growing tules in the Alamo marshes, and are easily found after the flight is over and the shooting has ceased.

The stars paled, the east grew into a shield of dun and glimmering ivory, the coots left off their complaining, and the signs of approaching day grew more and more manifest. Finally a flock of sprigs came by, high overhead, but out of gun-shot, and we "perked up" and watched even more keenly for birds to follow in the dawning flight. In a little while four sprigs dropped in from back of the "blind" and started to light right among the wooden make-believes. We arose from our stooping position and

(*Continued on page* 723)

My Struggle for Compactness

The Story of a Little Cabin

By FRED C. KELLY

EVERY time I go camping I am impressed with how comfortable one may be without much cumbersome equipment. A good camper has only what he is likely to use. He finds that everything over and above his needs is not only unnecessary but a nuisance. Consequently I have often asked myself:

Why shouldn't a similar lack of unessentials be equally wise in a home? What is the advantage of having a bigger house than one needs?

A little while ago I had an occassion to make an experiment in household simplification. I had a farm on which I was unable to stay for more than an occassional week at a time. Consequently I didn't want a large house to bother with. Obviously, if it takes a week to open up a house and get it ready for a week's stay, not much is gained. I wanted a house barely large enough to provide every reasonable comfort for a small group of people, and yet small enough to require no care—one that could be opened for use and closed again in a few minutes. The result, while not the ultimate in home-building, is at least compact. A small family could live there indefinitely without feeling a lack of any modern convenience. Yet the house consists of only one main room with sleeping balcony and a small kitchen which is also the dining-room and the bath-room. The bathtub when not in use is concealed under a small trap-door in the kitchen floor.

This bathtub question is much more far-reaching than may appear at first thought. Anybody can build a simple little shack and live in it if he doesn't mind confining his ablutionary arrangements to a tin wash-basin. But the moment you decide on a bathtub and running water you have problems—where to get the water, where to dispose of it, how to pump it, how to heat it, where to put the tub, what kind of plumbing to have, and all the minor questions. I decided to have a bathtub partly because I felt that the experiment would be more interesting if the house not only was compact but contained all equipment within reason that a rational human could ask for. My friend DeWoody, who came out for the purpose of offering suggestions, was determined that I should have the bathtub under the floor directly in front of the fireplace in the living room. Then bath water could be heated in a large copper kettle hanging to the crane in the fireplace and one could be kept comfortable while seated in the tub by the warmth of the blazing logs. DeWoody pointed out that bathing under such circumstances would not be the cheerless routine chore that it too often is, performed in white-tiled isolation, but would be cozy and full of romance, besides having great social possibilities.

"If it takes a week to open up a house and get it ready for a week's stay, not much is gained," says Mr. Kelly. The means by which he gained compactness in a small woods cabin are here set down for the benefit of those who wish to do away with elaboration and keep to essentials in a woods home.

I reminded him that many persons might feel a certain diffidence about bathing if there is company present in the living room, and in an extreme case might even go without a bath rather then face the bantering comments of fashionable callers.

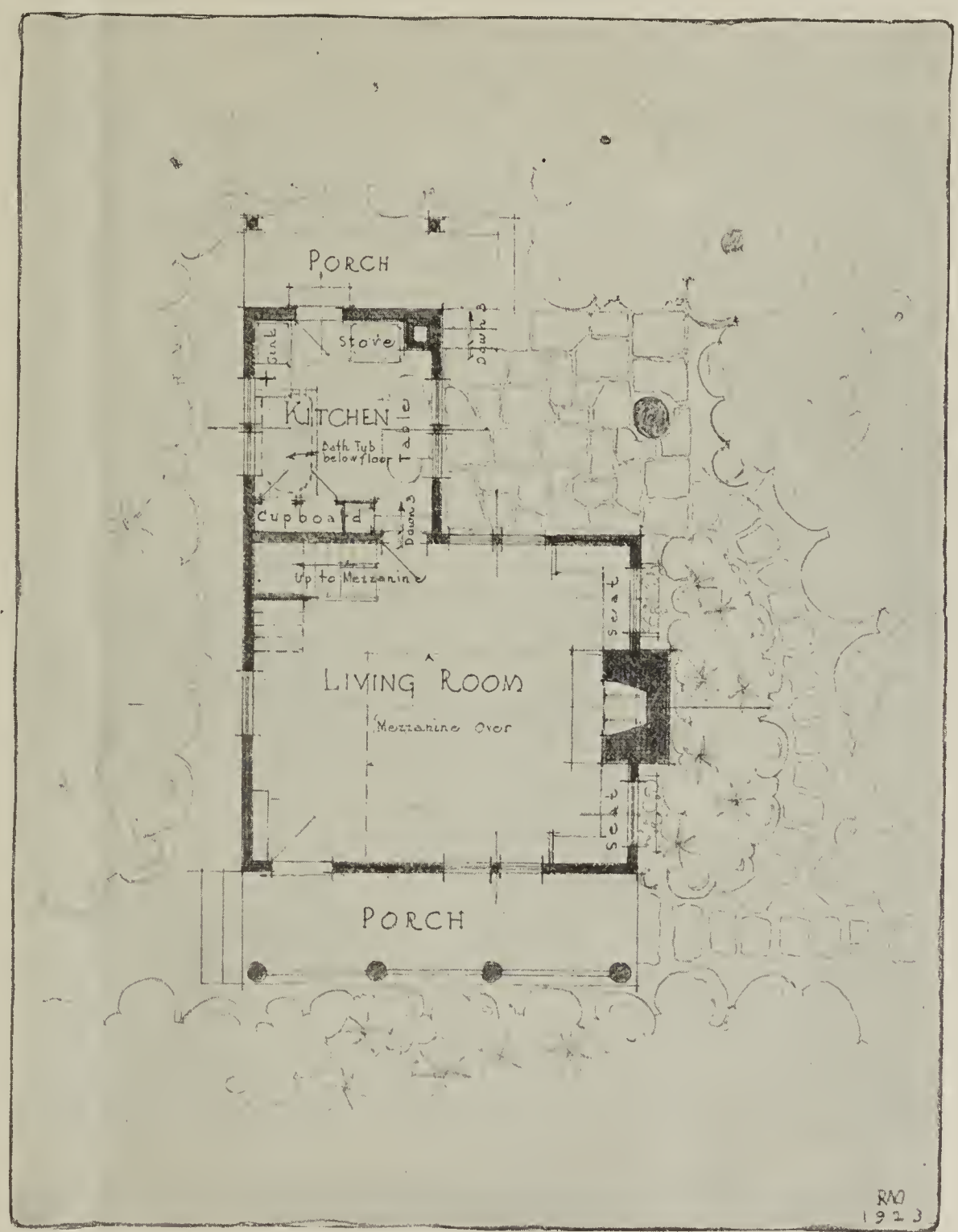
DeWoody admitted that he had never thought of all this. But, he insisted, surely there could be no valid objection to having a bathtub under a trap-door in the kitchen. When one is cooking it would be unhandy to take a bath at the same time, anyhow, and even to eat while bathing is more or less impractical. Hence the two purposes of the room would not conflict.

This plan we adopted. There was

an advantage in having the kitchen and bathroom plumbing all together. The spout from the force pump may be swung around and directed either into the kitchen sink or the bathtub. Whenever one feels strong enough to operate the pump a few minutes, however, there is running water, hot or cold, from tanks on a shelf overhead. Water is heated by a coil in a small wood stove in the corner. In cold weather we cook in this stove, but in summer a small two-burner oil stove is more desirable. This rests on a shelf *inside* the door of the kitchen cabinet and folds out of sight when not in use. A small oven that folds flat may be obtained from almost any dealer in camp equipment. The built-in kitchen cabinet is tin-lined against possible field-mice. It contains ample shelf room. A surprisingly small amount of shelf room is required, by the way, when cooking utensils are built according to the camp idea, in graduated sizes, one fitting into another. For a cellar, there is simply a cooling space beneath the kitchen cabinet, about three feet square by two and a half feet deep, into which we let down a dumb - waiter. The space is surrounded by hollow tile and we have never felt a need for any better refrigeration. A third space beneath the kitchen floor serves as a storage bin for either coal or wood. Other features of the kitchen are a fold-up table and a seat that may be dropped against the wall.

Inasmuch as the kitchen is only eight by ten, one may sit at breakfast and without leaving his chair reach to the wood stove, the oil stove, the sink, or the shelves in the kitchen cabinet. Any clever mathematician could spend a delightful afternoon or evening figuring out how many footsteps might be saved here in the course of a year. Being small and with light on three sides, the kitchen is both light and cool even on a hot or gloomy day. Three persons can eat in the kitchen with reasonable comfort. Four *might* manage it, but with more than that number there is a noticeable tendency to be crowded. It is best then to move into the main room.

I have discussed the kitchen first because, since it is also the bathroom, it seemed to be the key to the whole question of compactness. The original plan, however, was to have no kitchen and cook over the fireplace with the opposite end of the main room devoted to a kitchen cabinet that when closed, might masquerade as a bookcase. When a kitchen, bed-room and living room are all in one, though, there is always a chance that the place may eventually fail to look orderly and immaculate. With the kitchen separate, the main question was to simplify the heating arrangements — to make one fire do for both living room and sleeping quarters.



Drawn by Robert W. Dickerson, Architect.

One suggestion was to have an upstairs to the cabin and a fireplace on each level, one chimney for both. Another was that the upstairs should be heated by a coil in the fireplace downstairs. Either of these plans seemed to contain needless complications and the final solution was a sleeping balcony, large enough for three beds. A single fireplace would thus heat both the main room and sleeping quarters, and we should have no furnace problem. Many homes have been ruined by discussions about the care of the furnace. The balcony extends along one side as well as across one end of the cabin. A rustic rail with a bearskin or dark blanket thrown over it provides reasonable privacy for those disposed to crawl into bed. The beds have light steel running gear, with springs and frame all in one, and low head and foot rail. By the way, has anybody ever heard of a sensible reason other than custom for having the head of a bed higher than the foot? Besides the beds on the balcony, there are two bunks downstairs that serve as couches by day. And I keep an army cot or two stored away for unexpected visiting brothers.

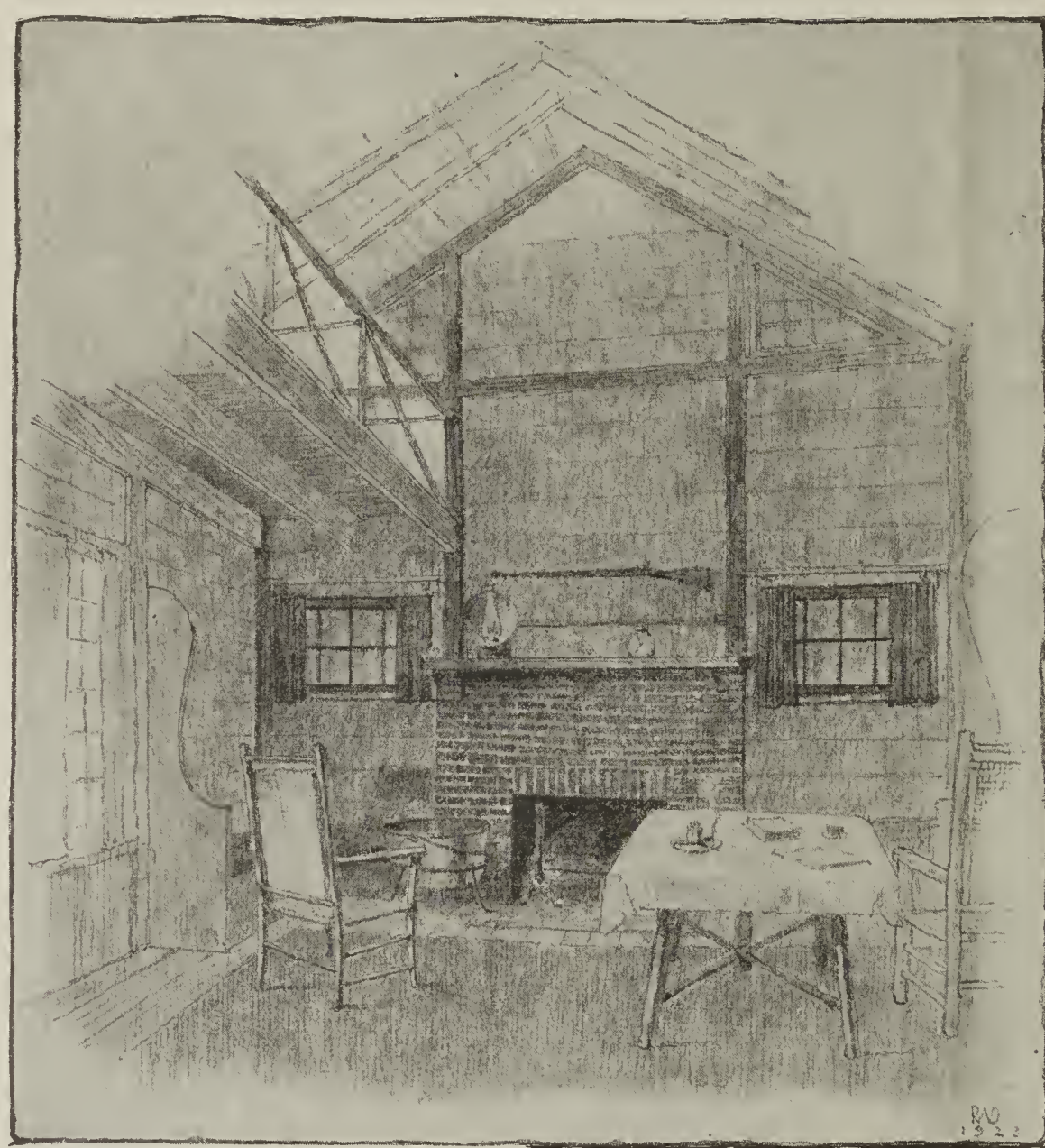
The main objection to having a sleeping balcony in the living room is that in winter when one wishes to ventilate the sleeping quarters, the whole place is cold at getting-up time and one is likely to stay in bed long after sunrise from sheer dread of stepping out into the chill air. This difficulty is overcome in a measure by getting up temporarily, closing the windows, and harassing the fire, after which one may scoot back into bed

until the room warms up a bit. But there are times when a snug little warm dressing room is essential and I provide for this by a room or rather a closet, about two and a half by five, just off the landing, half way up the stairs to the balcony. This room contains a wash basin with hot and cold running water and also a chemical toilet that looks like an ordinary flush toilet, but won't freeze. The place is so small that even a kerosene lamp will remove the larger chunks of chill on a wintry morning. Finding the overhead space for this little room required considerable wrinkling of brows. To have added a dormer window would have done the trick, but I had my heart set on an unbroken roof line. My carpenter, Al Dodd, and I finally hit on the scheme of having one step down from the stair-landing into the dressing room. This encroached on space in the kitchen but we took part of what would have been the upper half of the kitchen cabinet, followed the same dimensions above, and now nobody can tell where the kitchen cabinet leaves off and the room overhead begins.

Right here it may be well to mention that one can't be too careful about the name of his carpenter. My own belief is that the most satisfactory carpenters, taking them in the long run, are named Al. I don't know why this is, but my experience has been confirmed by others of whom I have made inquiry. Bill is also a good carpenter name, though the Bills are rarely as good at small neat work as the Als. Elmers are fairly good carpenters for rough outdoor work.

The space beneath the stairway is enclosed for storage and a clothes closet. At either side of the fireplace are window seats, hinged and tin-lined for storage of blankets. The bathtub, too, makes an excellent mouse-proof storage bin when the house is closed. One step on the stairway is hinged to make a lid over additional storage space for small articles. It is so hinged, however, that it drops back into place when not held open, thus obviating the danger of somebody stepping into a hole in the dark and upsetting his moral standards. I doubt if anything is more downright vexatious than putting one's foot unexpectedly on a stair step that isn't there.

Several times I narrowly escaped dormer windows, either to gain more overhead space or to provide upstairs ventilation. But the cabin sets on the crest of a hill running back into the woods and by dropping first the kitchen and then the little stone kitchen porch down the hillside, I succeeded in getting the needed overhead space, even with the straight roof line that seemed desirable in the interest of simplicity. Upstairs ventilation was difficult because while there was room for a window at one end, the chimney took up most of the space at the other end. But we contrived to work in little triangular windows alongside of the chimney, tucked closely under the eaves and these provide enough cross draft to keep the balcony comfortable even in hot weather.



Drawn by Robert W. Dickerson, Architect.

Now, if a building is going to be compact and simple, surely it ought to have the simplest kind of color scheme. In the kitchen I noticed so many blue enameled utensils on the shelves that blue became the logical color for the table, chair and curtains—the attractive shade of blue that one finds in the best enameled ware. The same blue is to be in the linoleum for the kitchen floor.

For the colors in the main part of the cabin, I appealed to my friend, Arthur S. Allen, who is a sort of color engineer. He showed me how to make scientific tests that colors are in harmony, and we picked on an almost neutral buff that would blend with the dull red brick in the fireplace. The heavy timbers were stained dark brown.

Inasmuch as the cabin is to all appearances just a rough shack with the exterior made of boards from an old barn, stained brown, my first notion was:

"No use employing a decorator for a job like this. Any old curtains will do here."

But when you're striving for the simple, logical thing, one can't always trust his own judgment. I might have gone to a store and permitted a blonde saleswoman to sell me a roll of cretonne and made my woodland cabin look like a cross between a blacksmith shop and a debutante's boudoir. My decorator earned her fee by the first remark she made:

"You want *burlap* curtains — brick-red burlap to go with the fireplace." That settled that. Burlap it is. Nothing else would have been so thoroughly in keeping with the informality of the place. In the autumn the curtains seem to melt right into the foliage. The furniture is all old hickory rustic stuff that looks as if it had been grown and built on the premises.

A simply arranged house would be useless unless one also eliminated needless complications from work within

the house. Oliver Herford told me of a great scheme for making one's bed. You make it *before you get up!* The sheets you smooth out nicely with your feet and then as you quietly withdraw yourself from under the coverlets gently lay back the upper strata of bed clothes for airing, all smooth, ready to be rolled into place with a single movement. Washing dishes also may be greatly simplified if one is only lazy enough to be forced into taking the short cuts. I have heard housewives deplore the job of washing a greasy frying-pan. My scheme is to wipe out all the grease *before washing* with pieces of newspaper, and promptly incinerate the paper in the kitchen stove—after which the washing is easy enough.

My building job was greatly simplified by the fact that my architect, Bob Dickerson, who should be a country building specialist, lives within half a mile of the little cabin. He became as enthusiastic over achieving compactness and simplicity as I was. And this leads me to remark that a good architect is nearly always helpful and keen over the problem in proportion to how much it is out of the ordinary. A routine building project seems to inspire only routine zest.

If a person feels the need of a house big enough to impress the neighbors, he might not like my cabin. But for anybody living in quiet surroundings—say, in a summer home—where there is no necessity for making people believe you're making more than you're making, such a house might do first rate. It's just a question of whether one is willing to sacrifice grandeur for a plan so simple that servants would be in the way.

George the Trapper

Continued from October

By ROBERT WATSON

ALL day long we kept climbing, at times it seemed as if we were going straight up, and no matter how high we climbed, the way lay still farther up. We were sheer on the breast-bone of a mountain and the foothold was precarious. Every half hour we had to drop our packs and take a breather. The snow came down heavily, and the moisture kept working in between our packs and our shoulders, adding to the general discomfort. George was trying hard to make an old camping ground of his, for he had a frail kind of a tent there, with a small stove made out of a four-gallon coal-oil can, with stove pipes of bent tin. But the prospect was not very bright for we had made only one and a quarter miles in four hours of climbing and were sinking from twelve to eighteen inches in our snow-shoes at every step. We stopped for the inevitable hot "something" and pork and beans, and, after a consultation, knowing what a miserable night we would have to spend on the face of this bluff otherwise, we decided that we would make that tent or die in the attempt. We were discussing the staying powers of pork and beans as against any other food.

"Staying power!" said George, "there is nothing else on earth like it. I tell you, it is the pig and the little white bean that are Canada's greatest pioneers, for without them no other kind of pioneer could ever have got anywhere."

"Gee!" he continued with a grin, when we got ready to go on again, "but that pound of beans feels a whole lot lighter in my stomach now than it did on my back a while ago!"

Finally it became impossible to go sheer up, so we had to take our climbing in benches, and one was almost afraid to look below, for there seemed no foothold at all and the danger of starting a snow-slide was very considerable.

"See that charred tree up there," said George at last. "We branch off there and the worst is over for the night."

"Marten likes the snowy heights where men seldom travel," said George. "It makes a kind of tramp's livin'; it gives about twenty times the trouble for what you get out of it, but you like it all the same." . . . Such is the philosophy of the North Woods trapper.

I struggled on. We reached the charred tree, but George kept going higher.

"Hullo!" I shouted, "thought you said we branched off at the charred tree."

He turned to me and grinned. "Sure!—that charred one up there ahead of us."

I looked up and as far as I could see there were occasional charred trees, so I knew that this was just one more way of George's to cheer me on and make the journey seem short. How he managed with his sixty pounds against my twenty-five was beyond me to make out. He seemed equal to any occasion.

"George," I cried, "there are charred trees right up to the timber line!"

"Sure," he answered, "and one of them is ours. Come on!" he encouraged. "Heaven, you know, is always just round the corner."

I was beginning to understand him. His miles were the longest miles I ever encountered; his hour's hikes were the longest hour's journeys I ever tackled. Big himself, with a big vision, his hours and his miles were big in unison.

At six o'clock that night we made the little tent, six feet by four when we got it up, but a comfortable little home it proved once the coal-oil can stove was alight with cedar chips and the funnel was belching its smoke away up there, between heaven and earth, five thousand feet above the level of the sea, in an eggcup-shaped snow gulch between the mountains, amid the eternal snows, every branch of every tree laden to breaking strain with the same ghostly pall that has proved the burial ground of so many valiant-hearted pioneers.

In the morning, we were loath to look out, so comfortable had we been under this little canvas. We were in no hurry that morning and took our time over a hearty meal of the usual pork and beans. It was our intention to make the summit in the afternoon, and anything else to travel on save pork and beans was to George what he termed "patent-leather grub," for which he had little use. "A man's grub for a man's work," he would say.

Our snow-shoes were beginning to warp and go slack with the hard trav-

SNOWBIRDS, 6,500 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL

eling, so George spent an hour "tuning the banjos."

When we broke camp, George decided to take the tent with us, as he knew the difficulties we might have on the summit without a covering and with nothing but smoky balsam for firewood. We cut the tent off by the snow-line, making it smaller than ever. George carried it while I took a few extra pounds in the form of the coal-oil can stove and three lengths of pipe. We climbed all afternoon in zig-zag fashion and gradually left the cedars and firs behind us. We got among the balsams into good marten trapping country, and some success was now beginning to show in the traps. Great snow-balls, some of them hundreds of pounds in weight, kept falling from the tops of the balsams as we passed, and we were in constant danger of being stunned or smothered by them, but we were lucky in getting through with a few narrow escapes.

"Marten like the snowy heights where men seldom travel," said George. "It makes it a kind of tramp's livin'; it gives about twenty times the trouble for what you get out of it, but you like it all the same. Some trappers think they can trap marten round their back doors. They get maybe two or three in a season that way, but if you want to do real trapping and get forty or fifty, believe me, you've got to go get them, and you can't take any pack horses, kitchen ranges, nigger cooks and camp-outfits with you, either."

The entire day was one of just hard plugging in fitful snow-storms, upward, treadmill fashion, all the way. That night we camped in the open to get away from the falling snow-balls. Our bed was of frozen balsam boughs on twelve feet of snow. Our little tent, in its reduced state, left hardly enough room to crawl under. We got the stove a-going, but the balsam made sorry fire and time and again we had to stick our heads outside in biting zero weather to gasp a breath of fresh air. The smoke got into our throats and our eyes until we were spluttering and weeping copiously. In the morning we cut what remained of our tent sheer in two, taking with us only a fly.

The oil-can stove we discarded also, for without a complete tent we would have to have a big blazing fire.

As we plodded along we found squirrels, birds and rabbits in the traps.

"I see there is always something to interfere with your capital, George."

"Sure! and it's the same with everything," he answered, philosophically. "If you grow wheat the weeds and the hail get it. If you handle groceries, the dust on the shelves play the deuce with them; grow fruit and the blight or coddling moth does the trick; cattle and the long winter or sour grass plays havoc. It's just a game of 'dog eat dog'."

Six thousand feet up and we seemed to be perched on an island above a sea of snow-clouds, for we could neither see across to the ranges on the other side of the valley nor yet could we see down into the valley. We seemed just to be perched up there precariously on a snow-slide that dipped sheer away to nothing.

We had to stop up for a breathing spell every twenty yards, but fortunately the air was rarified and exhilarating, with that intoxicating odor of the balsams that makes giants of ordinary folks. Sixty-five hundred feet up and we reached the summit of our trip. Just over the way we could see the timber line, where trees could no longer exist and only short grass or heather found sustenance. It was a fairyland we moved in, for there are no trees so beautiful as those giant balsams in their winter garb, every one reaching straight to the sky and shaped exactly like its neighbor, a great closed umbrella with the point upward, reminding one of his baby days and of the wooden trees that used to be sup-

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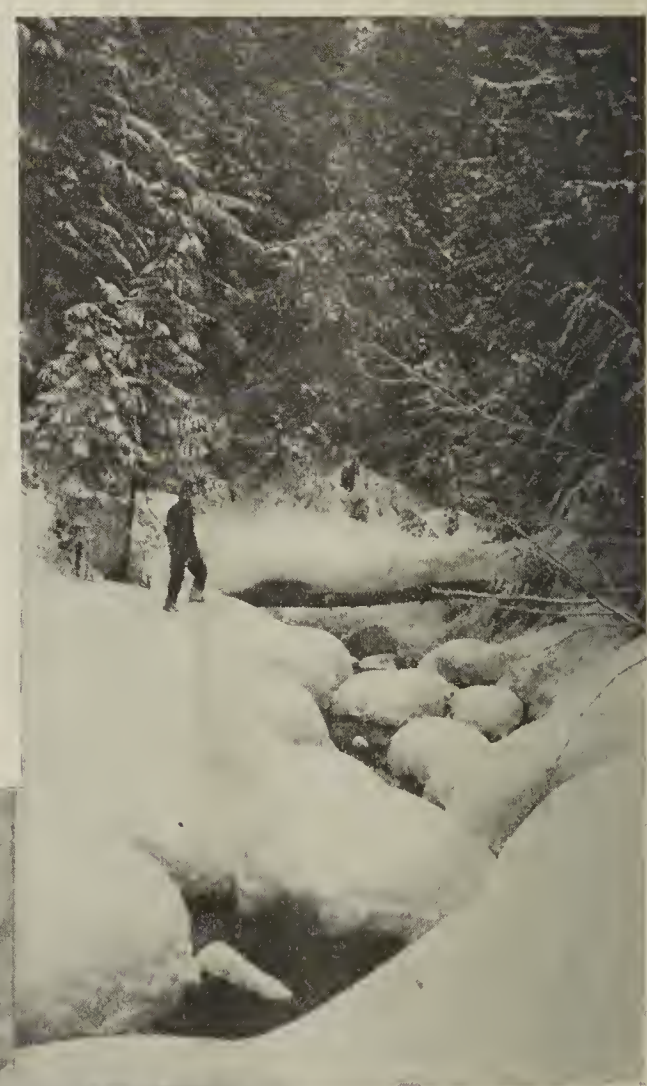

WINTER'S SNOWS TRANSFORM THE LANDSCAPE INTO FAIRY LAND

GEORGE THE TRAPPER IN HIS SHELTER TENT

Landing a Double Catch

A Trout and Bass Story

By LOUIS RHEAD

Two decades ago, the Beaverkill was seldom fished by other than native anglers. In its brawling riffles and shady pools, gamey bass and great brown trout swam side by side. Bill Keener, at that time, gained a reputation as an extraordinary fly-fisherman because of keen observation and persistent effort. . . . Reminiscent of those days is this tale by Louis Rhead, who was his companion on many of his days on the stream.

I WAS fly-fishing for bass and trout one evening in that grand, deep pool known as the "Fork" formed by the junction of the Beaverkill and Willowemoc streams. In one position, in the slow-moving deeps, there were large bass; the other, quick-running part, contained big rainbows and browns. Waist-deep, I had caught several small-sized bass when I observed across the stream my old friend Bill Keener with rod tip in the air, walking briskly towards me along the pebbly shore. When he came near I inquired, "What's your tramp stunt, Bill?" "Got two on," says he, "and they've raced abreast up and down this G. darned pool for twenty minutes like a pair of wild steers hitched to a plow; but I shall get 'em, if I have to walk here without food for a week—unless that left one which pulls hardest makes a break like a sun of a gun." Bill's a silent, taciturn sort of man; he doesn't holler out, "I've got one" upon landing a big fish—he treats fishing entirely personal to himself. Asks no questions, tells no lies, but he swears awful at times. I said nothing more, but waded across, taking a seat to watch him turn back on his silent beat, muttering, doubtless, those fearful oaths he coins so glibly, a habit, harmless indeed, to him very consoling under most tantalizing conditions.

I always use a net for a large fish. Bill doesn't. He scorns a net, wades a mile, holding the nose of a big fish above the surface in order to find a suitable place to slide it up the beach—and I never knew him to lose one. Experience of Bill's methods convinced me he knew exactly the right time, the right way to beach the brace of "tarters" he had then in tow at the end of his line. So, then, I sat, watched, smoked and waited. Darkness had set in; neither of us spoke. Complete silence reigned about us, except the casual "plop" of a fish, the rippling laughter of the waters at the head of the pool.

After Bill had made several more turns I could see in the water the white upturned belly of one fish, but the other was still game, swimming slowly some distance from shore in deep water. Those two fish were too old to be foolish—too wary for jimcracking with the master hand and firm wrist that held them fast with bulldog tenacity; no getaway for them; strength was gaining against cunning.

I was just thinking Bill was there for the night, so I started out, preparing to leave, when I saw him stop halfway down the pool. Walking towards him, I saw in the water both white bellies now upturned, just as quiet and peaceful as if laid in a coffin, side by side. Muttering to himself, Bill gently led them to a little shallow cover, as tenderly as a mother tucks her child in bed, till the pair barely touched the sandy shore. Then he stepped into the water, and with ponderous brogan gave a mighty kick which sent both fish flying up into the bushes. With a volley of choice epitaphs he placed his rod against some bushes, and we started for the fish that were kicking about in the grass. We each grabbed one, unhooked, and dispatched both to "Kingdom Come" in a jiffy and placed them on shore, side by side. One was a fine four-pound small-mouth bass that had taken the end fly and was the last to give up the fight. The other, a three-pound nine-ounce brown trout, took the upper fly after the bass. We then went home, carrying the gamy brace of "tarters" slung on a willow-withy, being too big for the creel.

I have caught many "doubles" on the fly, of bass, trout and ouananiche, but never have nor heard of others catching two different species of fish on one cast of flies.

Mr. Keener does not fish now so much as formerly. With advancing years, somewhat around 70, and a well-

(*Continued on page* 722)

Touring With Raymond Spears

From Coast to Coast with the Most Experienced Auto-Camper of the Day

The experienced outdoorsman has no fear of "wild animals," for he knows no need of it exists. However, those not used to the ways of the woods, contemplating a tour through wild country, are apt to be concerned about this question. This article contains much practical information about animals, snakes and insects to be met with on tour.

FEAR is one of the worst features of touring. Bugaboos, it seems, lie in wait along all the trails and lurk in ambush, waiting to hold up, devastate or destroy the daring adventurers. Literally, the things to be feared are chiefly frames of mind, carelessness and, of course, bad water, poorly-cooked or cared-for food, and the results of bad habits, worry and nervousness. What a pity it is that anyone should feel obliged to ask:

"Ought I to carry a side-arm for protection?"

In only one region in the United States is a tourist likely to be embarrassed by wild animals. The bears in the Yellowstone Park are a nuisance and do not hesitate to raid the camp provender of tourists, and as these bears are commonly large and saucy grizzlies they present a fearsome aspect to those who have been taught to expect to be eaten alive by even cub bears. Some day, perhaps, the park authorities will find themselves sponsors for an indignant grizzly whose paw wipes out a human life. Certainly, in the tourists' camps, there is no such frequent topic of national park conversation as the Yellowstone Park bears, the regulations that line the tourists up, thus and so, and the general comment that except for the animals all the rest of the Rocky Mountain is just as interesting as the park area.

No one need fear bears, wolves, cougars or other of the large wild animals. Wolves, if they attack humans at all, do so in the winter months, when driven by hunger. One may see coyotes, and very likely will, out in the prairies and open western lands. A lobo is a sight to hope for, but exceedingly unlikely. Tourists see bears, even away from the parks, as well as deer, elk, moose, antelope and other large game. A cougar would be a most memorable spectacle, worth visiting the Rockies just for the privilege.

Danger from large wild beasts on tours is utterly negligible. But the chance of being bitten by a skunk may be considered. One hears a good deal about hydrophobia skunks. The truth seems to be that when dogs go mad they sometimes bite coyotes. The coyotes, being thus maddened, range biting what they can, and the skunk being a slow, sluggish, self-sufficient brute, falls victim to the coyote. The skunk goes biting, in its madness, and it is altogether likely that the skunk has bitten humans. In fact, the literature on the subject indicates that horses bitten by skunks have gone mad, and humans bitten by the same species of animals have died of rabies. But I have yet to hear of any tourist being thus bitten, or thus afflicted. The chance of it is exceedingly remote. If one sleeps on the ground, however, it is essential that the bottoms of the tent sides be tucked under the canvas ground cloth; or better yet, sewed in all around and the front raised, so that no walking, creeping or crawling thing is apt to find ingress. Sleeping on a running-board bed, or on folding cots, the chance of being bitten by a skunk is even less.

Snakes are a different proposition. The tourist on a long trip is sure to see snakes along the highways. The car rolls over many a harmless serpent sunning in the highway. I saw a dead gopher snake, at least twelve feet long and perhaps two inches in diameter. I saw a hundred or more little field blacksnakes along an Iowa highway in a mile.

The snake that stands forth most conspicuously in my memory is a bright, sky-blue snake that flashed for a moment within the range of my vision in Missouri. The true-blue racer, no doubt — a family relative of the blacksnake, a constrictor, and a deadly enemy of rattlesnakes. The snake was

(*Continued on page* 734)

Adirondack Bears

By

FREDERICK K. POTTER

IT will be interesting to many lovers of the North Woods to know that bears are still fairly plentiful in certain sections of our Adirondacks. Bears, perhaps, are the shyest of all the forest's inhabitants and are rarely seen, even by hunters. They are much wilder than deer, and their senses of hearing and smelling are so wonderfully acute that I am convinced they often are aware of a hunter's presence when he least suspects a bear in the neighborhood.

For many years I have hunted and trapped through certain sections of the Adirondacks. Winter, summer, spring and fall I have been in the big woods, but on all my travels I have never seen a bear. True, I had frequently come across fresh signs, not more than an hour or so old, but luck had always favored the bear, and I had never seen one. Last fall, while deer hunting, I came across a place where bear signs were very plentiful. For a mile I followed a hogback through a swamp, and about every hundred yards or so I would find a tree blazed with teeth and claw marks of bear, with long black hairs clinging to the pitch oozing from the tree. This evidently was an old bear runway, for there were many indications of its having been traveled for years by these animals. I followed the hogback until it petered out on a mountain side high above a little wilderness pond on the edge of the burning. On one side of this pond were many ledges and huge boulders, upturned years before by some tremendous upheaval of the earth surface. Among these ledges and boulders I found more bear signs, and resolved to put out some bear traps early the following spring. Later, during the long winter, when going over my trap line, I would find myself looking for likely places for bear "sets" when the snow was gone. During the winter, with much lugging and hard snowshoeing, I had managed to bring in to my first camp three No. 5 Newhouse bear traps. These traps weigh about twenty-five pounds each, and had to be packed five miles from the railroad to camp, and another three miles to the locality I had picked for my sets.

The bear is one of the shyest of woodland creatures. His sense of smell and ever-present alertness make him a most elusive object of pursuit by the still hunter. Since this story was written bear trapping has been prohibited in New York State. Bruin now is given a place on the game list and is protected at all times of the year except from October 15th to November 15th.

The winter wore on, and as the sun grew warmer in early April, I took up my small traps, and my trips into the little cabin on Shingle Shanty Stream became less frequent. Later in April, when the snow had settled to about two feet, in the woods, I took two bear traps and snowshoed over to the little pond on the edge of the burning. The going was very poor, and with the two traps, gun and axe, I had all I could carry. There was a warmth to the sun and a balminess in the air that predicted coming spring. Ice on the ponds and streams was turning black, and the snow looked dirty—and was very soggy. The only time to travel at this time of the year is early and late, while the frost is still in the snow, so that the crust will hold you. By noon the sun is so warm the snow melts and snow-

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FOUNDERS OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY

Dr. WILLIAM BRUETTE, Editor

Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation

THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL WILL BE TO studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and a refined taste for natural objects.
August 14, 1873.

THE NATURE LOVER

ARE you one of those rare sportsmen who have a tendency to prowl over parts of nature's common things? And by prowling, I mean communion with nature. If so, then you are gifted with the spirit of a high calling. If you are a nature lover as well as a sportsman, then you are one man in a large number, in a thousand. You may be a man apart, but you have attained distinction.

Some men find unalloyed pleasure in tramping over the landscape without wetting a line or putting pressure to a trigger. There are other men who kill for sheer amusement, who delight savagely in seeing birds crumble to the yellow leaves or glistening surfaces of the ponds, in seeing deer go crashing to earth a bundle of horns and hide, in seeing fish brought fighting to the net or gaff. Their amusement is sportsmanship only because a legal bar forbids further slaughter.

And there are other men who follow the water trail for trout and salmon and bass and pike, and take enough for current supply as well as furnish the adventure that the blood calls for, who put in long and cold hours on the game trail in order to secure their moose or caribou or bear or deer not only for the trophy but for the supply of meat that body-hunger has long been craving. They fish and hunt, not only for amusement, but for a deeper purpose. They answer the call of the wild, the lure of the wood gods, the song of the red gods. To them a foray into the wilderness is food for soul and stomach, balm for the heart, medicine for the body, and relaxation from the trials and tribulations of the fleshpots. These men are sportsmen.

Of these latter men there may be one in many who putters over trivial things when he has secured what the law allows. He may abhor a game of cards and repulse horse-play, but he will sit for hours watching studiously some common event in the animal world. He delves into the book of nature, reads of a language few men understand, and finds much of interest, a lot he has read about, and a mass of incidents he alone has discovered. He is a poet, naturalist, nature lover, and he is unconscious of that important fact.

The swirl and leap of trout feeding out on the placid waters at twilight is a bit of art unpainted yet remembered in mind's bin of treasure. A wild flower nodding above muddy shallows may cause more riot in the soul than a painting of some dead master. The song of some bird hidden in the velvet shadows of the night shrubbery produces more real feeling than the deep-throated wailings of some stout prima donna.

And coming close to earth—there is the print of a deer's hoof, of a bird's claw, a leaf's lines. This is unwritten mystery, history, even an epic. He listens the soft, silken, persuasive whisper of boughs when day has fled and a last livid color stabs the western sky. He ponders an empty nest, an old mushroom-burdened stump in the clearing, a butterfly on fairy wings, a handfull of cold moss, a pebble, the dawn glow, trees, sounds, smells.

Men may playfully chide their companion of the hunt, but who dares match his secret lore of nature. Given a heart, a soul, a spirit deeply embedded in the sorcery and beauty of nature, there is no telling what far flights may be taken in the empyrean of imagination. Strong men have been known to weep over the inconstant beauty of a humble blossom, the fading of a fleeting bar of color, the gleam of pallid landscape that tantalizes and will not last. The men who finds nature is poetry, mystery, beauty of passing scenes, knows nature is older than man. Think not lightly of this man but rather highly. For he walks with the gods over the landscape as men walk with their brothers.

PUBLIC SHOOTING GROUNDS GAME REFUGE BILL

THE Public Shooting Ground-Game Refuge Bill was defeated in the last session of Congress by a very narrow margin. The Senate passed it by a vote of two to one, but the House of Representatives rejected the bill by a few votes. This defeat was accomplished by means of a time-honored legislative artifice, viz: by submitting the bill at a time when a great many of its supporters were absent.

The object of this measure is to provide for all time, public shooting grounds in the several states. These refuges are to serve as sanctuaries for our national wild life and shooting grounds for the sporting public at large. The Federal government is to have the same supervision over these refuges as it now holds over the Migratory Bird Treaty Act.

This most excellent bill will be brought before Congress again during the December session, and with the proper cooperation on the part of sportsmen, it should pass by a good majority.

The reasons for its not having passed at the last session are several. Some of the arguments set forth by the opposing members of the House of Representatives showed honest thought, but a great many more were perhaps born of ignorance of what the bill stood for, or of a selfish desire to promote commercial interests.

The objection has been raised that the acquisition of land by the Federal government would seriously interfere with the rights of the individual states. The answer to this is that the selection of all land for this purpose is to be referred in each case to the individual state in which the property is located. In connection with this, it might also

be stated that the Federal government is under no circumstances to charge any fees for the permission of hunting on such lands outside of the regular license fee for hunting on any public shooting ground.

Men of wealth already have their preserves, and it is high time that all citizens, regardless of wealth, be given an opportunity to enjoy a heritage to which they are in every respect as justly entitled as their more fortunate brother of greater resources, to say nothing of the immeasurable health and enjoyment to be derived from the sport which such sanctuaries provide.

Write today to your representative in Congress. Let him know exactly how you and your friends stand on this propostion. There are six million sportsmen in the United States—most of them voters. If they demand their rights, they will get them.

Those readers of FOREST AND STREAM wishing to know how the senators of the various states voted at the last session when the Public Shooting Ground-Game Refuge Bill was defeated, may write to us. We will be pleased to give them this information.

WHEN SNOW COMES

BEYOND the reek of factory smoke and the slush of city streets, beyond the last house and the last lamp-post, you come upon familiar haunts which, under the charitable blanket of snow, have reverted back to the glow and glamor of the wilderness. Snow covers a multitude of sins: the hideous signs strung along the summer road, ill-kept habitations, poor land, and fences that are the bane of the cross-country tramper.

With the disappearance of the rustic and sylvan, the wild comes out and the primitive is dominant. A new world holds forth in chaste white, while the sombre grays and browns and the deep greens of the evergreen trees give a touch of beauty to variant landscapes. As to other times of the year, trees are necessary and form an admirable addition to the wintry miles, while again they are a haven and refuge from attacks of old Boreas if you are caught abroad in the fury of a virile blizzard.

We are a nation of fire-worshippers and hothouse animals—we remain indoors and look out of a glass window—we catch a cold at the opening of a door and ache in every bone, and diurnally curse the inconstancies of the weather.

It is not a radical step from the easy chair before the open fire to the snowy trails of the open, thinly wooded country. The clean, clear, frosty air tingles the breathing of your soft body, and your eyes fill with water from the snow's shimmer and sheen in the sunlight, but deep down there grows a desire to know how things look beyond the bend in the road or around the shoulder of the white hill.

Beauty of landscape, beauty of trees and fantastic snowy forms begin to grip you with a peculiar feeling and before you have gone far the blood now warmed and racing with a mystic fervor sings a song which men have listened for centuries, a song never old, the lure of the snowy North. Unconsciously you answer with a renewed joy, and the lure of water afield has bitten deep. You have become one of many who are finding winter a lovely mood of the year.

A NOTE OF OPTIMISM

MOST writers on the future of the game supply are altogether pessimistic. For at least twenty years one of these writers predicted the extermination of American game within twenty years. The dead line of the prophets of gloom has been passed and we still have game.

Three-quarters of a century ago Frank Forrester, the best informed sportsman of his day, said that the bird and animal life of the country would be gone at the opening of the twentieth century. He based his prediction partly on his judgment of American character and partly on account of what he had seen in his day. Americans were spendthrifts, he argued, and could never be taught to conserve their natural resources, and he said that they had no respect for law and that game codes could never be enforced.

Forrester shot through eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, eastern New York and western Connecticut and Massachusetts. He had seen during his shooting experience the extermination from this area of wild turkeys and the eastern form of prairie chickens. The country was destitute of deer.

Forrester said that the territory was admirably adapted for deer, but that one would more likely meet with some Asiatic or African animal than with a wild deer in the woodlands of any part of this section because an elephant might, for example, escape from a circus, but deer were not carried with circuses and there was no way by which a specimen could be introduced.

It will be a real antidote to run over the coming season's reports of the state game commissions in whose territories Forrester's hunting grounds were found and note the tremendous amount of game that will be secured by sportsmen this year. Several thousands of deer are now killed annually in this area. There is not a single variety of game in the section that has been exterminated since Forrester's day, and of recent years the supply of all kinds of game has been steadily increasing. If this is true, there is certainly hope for the future.

The game would, however, have been exterminated long ago had it not been for the intelligent action taken by men who were interested in preserving sport. Anyone who studies the history of the movement will see that the result was accomplished through organizations of sportsmen. It is organized effort that counts. We look forward to the day when it will be a disgrace for any man who shoots and fishes not to belong to both local and national sportsmen's associations.

Within thirty miles of New York City it is possible to see ring-necked pheasants, woodcock, ruffed grouse, rabbits and several other kinds of small game, besides real live deer which are free and unenclosed by fences. It is possible to have a good day's sport with field dog and gun within forty or fifty miles of the metropolis. Conditions are yearly becoming more cheering.

JERKED VENISON

By STAG MURRAY

WITH the coming of the chill, crisp, days of fall, we who are possessed with the "call of the wild" are busy greasing our moccasins and filing our sears preparatory to "lightin' out" for the bush country in quest of sport, adventure and a trophy. Some of us are lucky, a few of us have noses for finding "runs," but all of us have, right down in our hearts, the desire to bring back a pretty head to mount up over the mantelpiece where we can sit and smoke in front of the fire during the long winter evenings and talk of the trail with evidence of having "been there."

How many of us, however, give a thought to what a treat it would be to our buddies who come around to the house occasionally for a pow-wow, if we were to tell them to come early, and then lay before them a good round meal of jerked venison that we had been keeping up our sleeve since the fall hunt? I'll wager they'd be tickled to death.

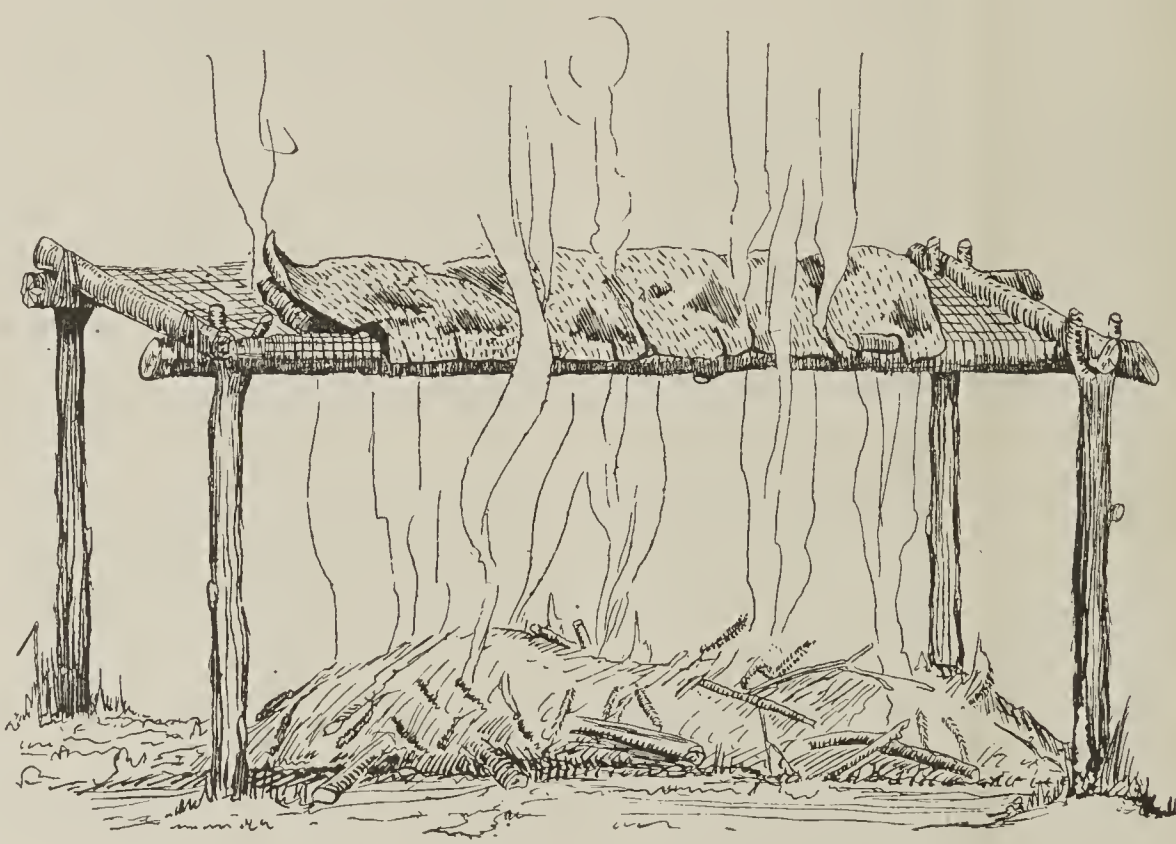
Old Frank Sibley, veteran woodsman of the Racquette River country gave me the idea last winter, when, one day as we were squatted about the lunch fire on our snow-shoes, he turned to me suddenly and in line with our conversation said, "One thing I can't figure out about these here city fellers is thet durn few of 'em wants to tote out more 'n a bucks head." I thought awhile, tilted one of my shoes nearer to the fire so that the lampwick lacing would soften up a bit and replied, "Sib, isn't it because they don't savez the way to jerk their meat?"

"Wal," he drawled, "guess thet's about it."

I had trailed moose in the Lake St. John country, and knew how the Montagnais dried and smoked bear, moose and caribou steak, so I was curious to have old Sib's recipe for jerking venison. Sib knew how. He hadn't spent his life in the Adirondack forest for nothing. He had a "rep" as a woodsman we all envied, so I ventured to query, "How do you do it, Sib?"

The question had the effect of spilling oil in the breach—it loosened his action. He reached into the pack-basket, drew out a frozen sandwich, stuck it on the end of a toasting fork he had cut in a nearby alder brake and held it near an opening at the base of the fire.

"My way," he began slowly, "is the old St. Regis way, and if it is done right, you'll get the sweetest, tastiest bit o' meat you could wish for. The first thing to do is cut the venison into chunks about 3″ x 2″ x 1″, then lay the hide out and scrape it well; putting on it a layer of salt amounting to a 1 pt. cup. On top of this you spread about ½ a cup of sugar and then sprinkle black pepper on that, but very sparingly. Next you lay out the venison to cover about one square foot of the hide and on top of this you repeat the dose of salt, sugar and pepper. Put layer upon layer until all your meat is neatly piled up and be sure that plenty of salt, etc., gets down between the chunks. Then wrap the meat up neatly in the hide, tie it well and bury it for three or four days in a damp cool pit about one foot deep and cover it well with moss and ferns.



While the meat is seasoning build a rack ten feet long, three feet high and three feet wide. On this stretch a strip of 1″ mesh wire. Underneath this and over the total length build a fire of dead hemlock bark, building on it until you have a great bed of hot embers ready at the same time you are to take the venison out of the pit.

"Unwrap the bundle and lay out all the venison on the wire mesh placing the pieces well apart. Cover all of it with birch, balsam or spruce bark to keep the heat in and leave it alone for about an hour and a half. Then turn the meat over, cover it again with the bark and let it remain so until the fire has died out or the venison has thoroughly dried. It is then ready to be eaten, or will keep in a perfect state of preservation for about one year."

That is Sib's recipe, and I have reason to know it is an excellent one. All that is necessary from the outside world is a small roll of 1″ mesh wire, ten feet long and the regular 3 ft. width it comes in. The St. Regis did not have wire, but used instead, a mesh made of deer thongs. As no flames should be permitted to break out, this mesh will not burn and a good woodsman could resort to such a "net" should no wire be available.

SAFETY PIN HANGER AND NOTES ON VARNISHING RODS

A HANDY little kink in connection with varnishing fishing rods is the safety pin hanger herewith illustrated. This is for use in drying freshly varnished joints. Stretch a length of picture wire across a corner of the room and suspend each joint by a safety pin attached to the top. When dry enough to handle, you can slide them back and forth at will on the "loop" of the pins.

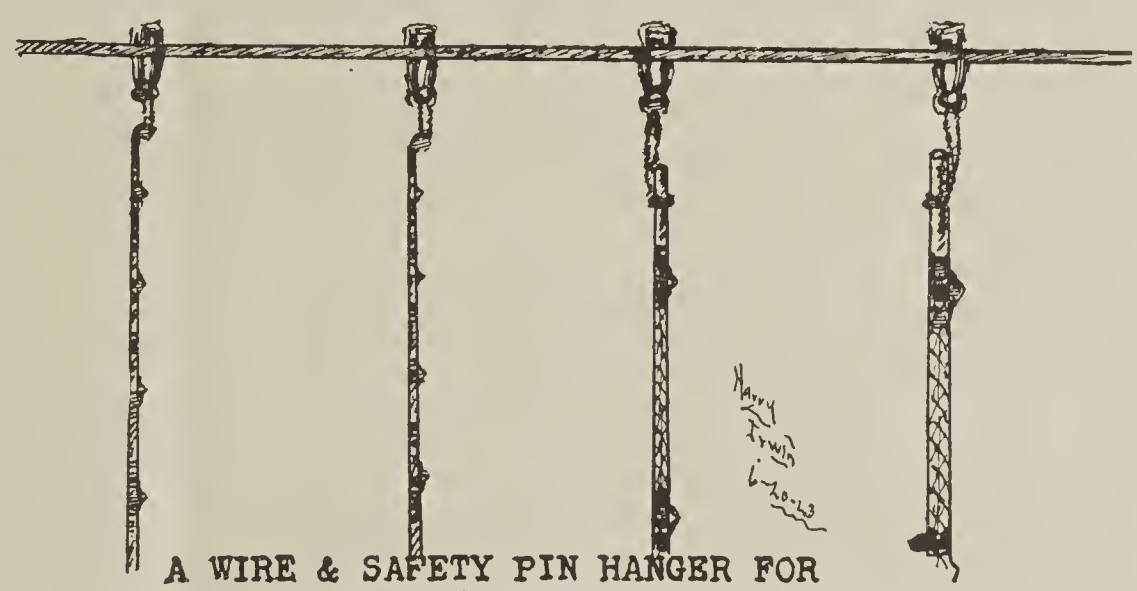
Varnishing should always be done in a warm room (about 70%) free from dust. If the weather is very damp, it is better to wait, as dampness and cold will sometimes cause the varnish to "crawl" and ruin your job.

The ordinary color preservative bought in stores is usually made of collodian or amyl-acetate. It forms a coating which encloses the silk but does not penetrate the windings and thus grip the wood. When exposed to air and sunlight on the stream, windings so treated will often come loose and allow the guide to slip from the joint.

It is better to use the thinnest and whitest shellac obtainable, if one desires the color to retain nearly its original hue. The best and most permanent method, however, is to use a much lighter colored silk than you desire to have on the finished windings. Then coat evenly with the lightest spar varnish. When the first coat is dry, rub with fine powdered pumice or rotten stone, wipe carefully and varnish. If you desire a crimson winding, use a bright pink silk to start with. Apply at least three thin coats of varnish, putting it on rapidly and allowing it to flow evenly. The varnishing room must be dust free and must have an even temperature.

Rods should be varnished at the close of each season, especially if they have been subjected to hard use. Take plenty of time for the work and start early in the winter, then it is a pleasant task indeed.

HARRY IRWIN.



A WIRE & SAFETY PIN HANGER FOR FRESH VARNISHED ROD JOINTS.

BROKEN AGATE GUIDES

FOR years one may go a-casting with a good 5½-foot steel rod as I have done, then all at once some of the luggage got mixed up with the rod and when it was unpacked two agate guides were found among the missing. Furthermore, the ring of the guides next to the tip was broken.

The big question was a quick repair, and the sporting goods man said O. K. in three or four days, as he might have to send it to the factory. Now, some people have either lots of money or lots of rods, but this was my only one and I wanted it repaired and at once, and here is how it was done in twenty minutes:

A jeweler supplied me with a piece of 14-gauge German silver wire, and four turns were made around the end of a rattail file. Then two rings were cut off and dressed up to be the exact size of the agate guides.

A soldering iron and some half-and-half completed the job in a jiffy. And maybe this will help some other poor fisherman who forgets to properly protect his rod.

F. K. SINGER,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

RETRIEVING DUCKS

A HANDY little device for retrieving ducks that have fallen in lakes or ponds, where the shooter has no boat or dog, is a simple arrangement of fish line or chalk line that may be carried in the pocket.

Make a sliding knot or "noose" on each end of a piece of line about five or six feet long. In the center of this, attach the main line, which should be about one hundred feet long. This may then be rolled up and put into a pocket of your game coat. When you have killed a duck near shore, cut a straight stick about a yard long and slide one loop over each end and pull them tight. Then uncoil the line on the ground in front of you and throw the sticw beyond the duck, but as near to it as possible. By walking either up or down the shore, you can pull the loop over the bird, and thus drag it in.

Those marsh hunters who are also bait casters can use a short rod with an ordinary plug, to advantage. A steel rod is best for the purpose, as it consists of short joints, which go into the pocket readily. A regular bait-casting reel and line is used. Attach the plug and cast oevr the floating bird. Move up or down the shore until the line is over the bird. Then reel in until the plug touches the duck. The gang hooks will become entangled in the feathers and the bird may be retrieved by gentle reeling.

It is best to use a heavy floating plug. Unscrew the standard hooks found on the plug and substitute large gangs, as they get a better grip on the bird.

MARSH HUNTER.

CUTEREBRA CUNICULI, A RABBIT BOT FLY GREATLY ENLARGED. ACTUAL SIZE, 1 INCH

Rabbit Bots

Parasitic Insects Attacking Rabbits and Other Small Animals

By A. B. CHAMPLAIN

WORMY rabbits and squirrels have long been known to hunters, but the story of these bots is a mystery to most of them. Most hunters are familiar with dark-colored, fleshy grub that is often found beneath the skin of a rabbit, or they may have found several of these large worms or grubs in the game bag, that had emerged from the carcasses of their game.

These grubs are the larvæ or young stages of bot-flies; insects that are seldom observed, and practically unknown to anyone excepting an entomologist.

In trailing this insect, first look for rabbit signs—a "squat" or a runway through the tall grass or along the fence.

During the summertime the flies frequent the open sunny places, or hide themselves in the grass and weeds, in situations where they are most likely to find their victims. These flies resemble a large bumble-bee, and are probably mistaken for bees by most persons. They fly quietly along about a foot above the gound, zigzagging here and there in restless manner, avoiding an object in their path, some moving shadow in the way; apparently looking for a sleeping rabbit, a nest or feeding ground.

CUTEREBRA BUCCATA FAB. ADULT BOT FLIES TWICE ENLARGED

It alights upon a stone to rest a bit —let us examine it critically. It is about an inch long, with two large smoky-brown wings; the head is black; the thorax above and the first segment of the abdomen are covered with dark yellowish hair; the abdomen is bluish-black, shining; like all insects it has six legs; it is one of our larger two-winged flies, belonging to the Order Diptera, and in technical terms it is called *Cuterebra cuniculi* (Fig. 1). *Cuterebra,* the generic name, means "skin borer."

If we were able to catch a specimen we would find that it could neither bite nor sting; it is likely that it cannot even eat, the mouth parts are so poorly developed; its sole function in life is to mate and lay eggs.

Were it possible to follow a female of one of the bot-flies we would find it equal to our hound for trailing rabbits, and we might possibly learn just how the eggs are laid. This matter has never been fully solved, however, but it is supposed that the eggs are fastened to the plants upon which the rabbits feed, are swallowed with the food, and the small larvæ or bots upon hatching from the eggs are able to gain access to the location where they are commonly found. The probable method is through the stomach and tissue to a point beneath the skin.

The full-grown worm or larvæ is a thick, gray or dark-colored, fleshy creature about one inch long (Fig. 2A). It is usually found beneath the skin on the back, belly or shoulder, where it forms a large tumor or cyst. Each cyst is open to the outside through a hole in the skin; the tracheal openings of the respiratory system being located at the anal extremity of the grub and are inserted through this hole for the purpose of breathing.

The body of the grub is provided with rows of spines in place of legs to assist in locomotion, and it lives in and feeds upon the pus and matter caused by its irritating presence in the tumor, and possibly somewhat on the blood of its host.

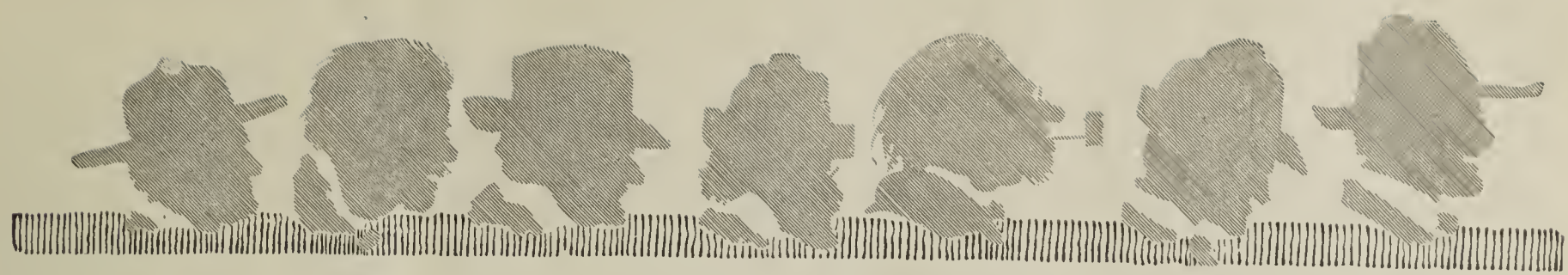
These bots or larvæ become full grown about the time of the first frosts, when we are thinking about hunting rabbits. During the fall time they emerge from the wounds in their hosts and fall to the ground where they bury themselves in the earth. When they have reached the depth that is satisfactory to them, pupation takes place, and here they remain throughout the winter in this quiescent state (Fig. 2B).

The pupæ in general resemble the larvæ or grubs, but the skin on the outside becomes hard and brittle. However, within there is a great change taking place; the larvæ inside has assumed quite another shape. The pupal shell or "mummy," as we shall arbitrarily call it on account of its dried-up appearance, becomes lined inside with a silken membrane, and resting upon this smooth interior we find a perfect fly forming.

If we were lucky enough to observe this mummy the following spring or early summer, we would find it cracking along the top; later a cap or lid would become apparent; then, at the

(*Continued on page* 716)

(A) LARVA OF CUTEREBRA
(B) PUPAE OF CUTEREBRA



Forest and Stream Letters

FIVE DUCKS

Dear Forest and Stream:

THERE are so many predatory animals and birds about my country place at Stamford, Conn., that it is practically impossible to raise any chickens or ducks unless they are given so much attention that it is hardly worth while. I buy a few half grown ducks for decorative purposes on the stream near the house every year. This year I bought a half dozen runners which were not quite big enough to escape enemies and five of them disappeared within the next forty-eight hours, leaving one which recovered from its fright and appeared from some hiding place two or three days later.

One of my neighbors in a spirit of sympathy for the little orphan sent over a young muscovy duck to keep the little runner company. Meantime I had purchased two nearly full-grown hybrids between the runner and Pekin ducks. A few days later these were joined by a wild mallard, a young male of the year, which dropped in for company.

It has been interesting to note the difference in habits of these three kinds of ducks. The domesticated ducks were quite tame when I went to the river to feed them, but the wild duck immediately flew and gave a note of warning which the other ducks recognized as such and they all became wary and would not feed in my presence for awhile. Meantime the wild duck showed less and less tendency to fly away and in a few days it became practically as tame as the others, all of which will now come to a call and feed without fear in my presence.

The smartest duck of the entire lot is the muscovy. It spends more time catching insects than the others do and it is the only one which disappears completely under water when diving for corn. None of the other ducks go completely under water except for a short dip when exercising, but the little muscovy deliberately goes under for feeding purposes. The wild mallard hunts for small frogs on the bank, but none of the others do this, although the two hybrids will sometimes take away a frog which the mallard has in its bill.

When I throw oatmeal into the water it floats, and hundreds of minnows splash about on the surface after the oatmeal, among the ducks. These minnows could be very easily caught, but I have not seen any one of the three kinds of ducks make an attempt at catching a minnow, although they will all eat minnows if I catch these in a net and feed them to the ducks later.

When the ducks are resting on the point of an island the mallard invariably takes position nearer to the water than any of the other ducks do. The mallard at first would not eat pieces of bread or boiled potato or any unfamiliar food of this sort, but now it joins the other ducks in taking everything that is offered.

When the mallard became sufficiently tame to join the other ducks at feeding time it always remained a little farther away than the others and kept the right foot up against its breast apparently ready for a spring. I usually called the ducks by simply saying, "Come ducks," but when I changed the call to a "quack" like that which I use when duck shooting they came more quickly, and if the ducks were some distance away, the wild duck would spring from the water and fly to the feeding place, getting there ahead of the others. After I used the "quack" for calling, the mallard no longer remained on the outer circle when the ducks came to feed but mingled with them without regard to position and used both feet alike instead of keeping one foot set at hair trigger.

When the ducks are puddling, the muscovy and the runner keep each other company by preference, while the mallard remains with the two hybrids. When they were resting on the island the runner at first always took position near the muscovy in a chummy sort of way and is still inclined to do so. One day, however, when a red-shouldered hawk hovered over the ducks that were somewhat scattered in the water and apparently had marked the muscovy for its prey, the mallard left the large hybrid ducks, hurried to the side of the small muscovy and assumed an attitude of defense for both.

Incidentally I may remark that the red-shouldered hawk is not so innocent as I would like to believe it to be. It has been caught in the act of catching young fowl and quail too frequently to maintain the reputation given it by ornithologists.

Robert T. Morris,
New York City.

MORE ABOUT FOX-HUNTING METHODS

Dear Forest and Stream:

IN answer to the criticism of B. T. Jones in your October issue, of Reynard of the River Swamp, I would like to explain that I have lived in this Province all my life and have never heard of any other system of hunting the Fox being used here, so do not think I merit the harsh treatment that he would have wished upon me. His is Alabama, Tennessee and Mississippi; mine, Ontario, Canada; so I say, when in Rome, do as the Romans do. G. H.

GOLDFISH FOR BAIT

Dear Forest and Stream:

I HAVE been interested this last spring and summer in using Louis Rhead's new lures for trout and bass and have had with them marked success. My letter, however, is not written simply to compliment Mr. Rhead, and, as a matter of fact neither he nor Dr. Hentshell may desire compliments from such as I if they happen to peruse this communication. "Murder must out" notwithstanding!

Several years ago a friend, an honest fisherman, a man above reproach (until the guilty day he telephoned me) used the wire to urge me to join him the same afternoon on a pond which was well known to be filled with bass and which, until this day, had been posted. This glorious day he had been given permission to fish it and to bring a friend. He insisted I bring live bait knowing I had but to motor a mile or two to secure it. This I gladly agreed to do and set the time I would meet him live bait and all. My consternation is surely realized by you when I tell you the live bait dealer had no bait; insisted it was no use trying to get live bait for earlier in the day he had, and had failed.

Time was growing short; it was mid afternoon, I had some ten miles to motor to meet my friend and then an added ten miles or so to the pond. I was excited; there was not a moment to waste; I could see that pond with bass rising like "rain drops all over the water." The idea of any artificial lure was not entertained. My friend had said, "bring live bait," and I had said I would. There you are; tragic, for I live in a city; the place I went for live bait was one of the city reservoirs; to join my friend I must needs drive through the center of the city to get to the country and the pond on the other side. Just where to get live bait on this itinerary was fast "stumping" me. In desperation I rumpled my hair and felt in my pockets in the latter of which I felt inspiration: it was two dollars with which I bought two dollars worth of gold fish and we took a thousand dollars worth of bass before the sun had set!

H. Merriman Steele,
New Haven, Conn.

LARGE BROWN TROUT

Dear Forest and Stream:

I HAPPENED to be looking over your April, 1923 issue of Forest and Stream and noted on page 181 you say the largest brown trout captured in American waters by rod & reel weighed 10 lbs.

Now, not in any way to start an argument, but as a matter of advice and information, would say I saw a brown trout taken in 1903, that weighed 14½ lbs. It was caught by Colonel A. B. Hilton of New York City, in Lake Giles, on the property of the Blooming Grove Hunting and Fishing Club, of Glen Eyre, Penna. Mr. Hilton had the fish mounted and presented to the club, where it hung over the fireplace in the Club House. Some years ago a fire consumed this building and I imagine this fish was burned at the time. However, if you should write the Blooming Grove Hunting & Fishing Club at Glen Eyre, Pa., I think they would be able to give you the size, etc., of this fish. It was caught by rod and reel on copper wire, trolling with an Archer spinner. The name of the guide with Col. Hilton at the time he caught the fish was Barney Reading.

H. A. Pryor,
Mound, Minn.

FLYING FISHERMAN

Dear Forest and Stream:

THE flying fish of the region of Santa Ana Catalina Island have often been extolled, and now comes the flying fishermen. To fly across the channel from the Pacific Marine Airways at Wilmington, California to Catalina in twenty minutes, stop for lunch at the Island capital of Avalon, and to be sighting fish from the seaplane a short time after, was the experience of a party of four in a seaplane trip over the twenty-five miles of ocean intervening between Wilmington and Avalon. One of these was a woman.

From an altitude of 500 feet, near the San Clemente Islands a school of albacore was sighted. The pilot of the seaplane descended and hovered over the school which was plainly discernible because of the clearness of the water that day. The party had brought along the proper tackle for taking the game fish, and two lines were at once cast. Then the seaplane scooted over the water, trolling the bait. In a few minutes, two strikes were made by the albacore, and in twenty minutes these were landed.

After taking as many as they wished of this school, the party sought another ground and here a big shark and more albacore were taken. The party then returned to Avalon and from there to the Airways station from whence they had started. The trip was made in a short time, they had had all the fun of a day's deep-sea fishing, and nobody was seasick.

The feat leaves one wondering what Isaac Walton would think of such a performance and also whether we shall fish by wireless next.

Delphia Phillips,
Balboa, Cal.

THE PASSENGER PIGEON QUESTION

Dear Forest and Stream:

THE writer is an old sportsman and remembers well when the wild pigeons were plentiful. There were two years when they roosted at or near South Haven, Mich., about forty miles west of here. The next roost was at Pentwater, Michigan.

The two years that they roosted at South Haven as near as the writer can remember was between 1871 and 76.

If possible for you to do so, kindly give me the correct years.

When they roosted at Pentwater this roost was 12 miles east of this place and it was claimed that it was three miles wide and twelve miles long. Every tree had from 50 to 200 nests in it. Every little crotch had a nest.

The law then was that you could not shoot within a mile of their nests. I remember one flock in particular that was so large I did not shoot at them as I was interested in the size of the flock which was fully a mile and a half long and a mile wide. I was simply amazed at the number of birds and believe there were over a million in this one flock.

The females would leave the nests at daylight, probably flying a hundred or more miles to their feeding grounds, returning about noon, then the males started for their feeding grounds returning before dark.

This was the first year that the breech loaders came into use, there were six shooters in my party who all had breech loaders with the exception of myself, I used a double barrel muzzle loader and killed something like 300 birds with a boy to pick up for me, killing more birds than my entire party with breech loaders, as their shells were not properly loaded for penetration.

There were about 30 netters there all catching pigeons. And I believe

that every girl and woman in that locality was picking the long feathers out of the birds and men packing them in barrels with ice, loading them for New York City.

There was a freight train of forty cars about ready to start which they called the pigeon train. How many more cars were loaded with these birds we do not know, probably another trainload at least.

Should you have the records of the two years when they nested near South Haven, I should be very glad to have you advise me. Also have you any information as to their sudden disappearance? P. APPELDOORN.

PET COYOTE

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

THIS female Coyote was captured in a trap on the desert at Camp Kearny, California, by a group of disabled soldiers.

Through kind treatment and attention, the Coyote became very docile and later was given to a rancher near San Diego, who made a pet of her.

Coyotes, while wary of man and exceedingly crafty in evading him in their native state, may often be tamed if captured when quite young. Puppies, especially, are amenable to kind treatment, and while they will not become as loyal and affectionate as dogs, nevertheless they will prove interesting and intelligent pets.

BURL RAY TUTTLE,
Soldiers' Home Annex Hospital,
Sawtelle, California.

COMMON FISH SUPPLY SPORT

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

IT is not given to all of us to fish wherever we wish.

For those who stay at home or are denied the pleasure of the bass or "muskie," I am telling of an old friend who gets a lot of fun with that bony old denizen, the Carp.

Near his home is a typical southern river with a low dam. Below this dam, and especially where two currents merge, the carp loves to feed and play. That most perfect fisherman, the boy of 10 to 14, comes down and with his cane-pole and "doughball" takes his toll.

I noted and shared his anguish when he lost the biggest one of all, and when his small pal also hooked and, sad to say, lost another of perhaps four pounds weight; it was too much for them.

Presently an elderly gentleman came along, very calmly put together a light bamboo casting-rod about six feet in length, on which he mounted a beautiful old reel, a counterpart of one I had seen on the upper water of Licking River in Kentucky. His line would not have stood an eight-pound test.

After carefully adjusting a "perfect doughball" on a moderate-sized hook he stepped carefully out into the edge of the pool and made a cast of perhaps thirty-five feet at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the current; the "bait," together with the half-ounce sinker, settled into the water just above the convergence of the two currents.

In less than thirty seconds I noted the line moving slowly up stream and he struck.

The next five minutes were as exciting as some I have experienced with a twenty-pound "muskie."

That carp had the range of a pool of perhaps a half acre in area, and he was all over it. The old gentleman, playing him skilfully away from "snags" and rocks, and, finally, swimming him carefully alongside, reached down and "gilled" him just beneath the surface of the water.

It is hard to say who enjoyed it the most. The old gentleman, who gave the carp the longest odds and won, the two boys who carried the monster (it must have weighed at least eight pounds) home, or I, the interested spectator, who has fished pretty much over the world.

It seems, to most of us, that "far fields are greener," and I wonder if sometimes we don't miss a good deal of pleasure simply because it is not called to our attention.

Perhaps this will be the means whereby someone who cannot enjoy Wisconsin lakes may get the thrill of a heavy fish on a slender line nearer home. A. E. WILLAHAN,
Shreveport, La.

GAME PLENTIFUL

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

I AM informed by a well-known local guide and sportsman that all wild game birds in this locality are more plentiful this season than for years past. On my farm, ¼ mile from R. R. station, deer were seen during August browsing on grass in my orchard not more than 500 feet from the house. Another crossed the road within 75 feet from my horse in a trip to the station. WILLIAM MCLAUGHLIN,
Martindale, Columbia Co., N. Y.

ONE OF MANY

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

WE arrived in the village just at dusk—the oil lamps were lighted and sent their notes of cheer out into the gloom of the coming night.

It would be difficult to find anything especially attractive in an odoriferous oil lamp with soot-begrimed chimney, and yet, to the old-timer, trudging home after a long day of sport, there is nothing more cheering. Its rays, feeble by comparison with modern lighting, have a certain ruddy thinge that is lacking in the present-day light. Seen through a blinding snowstorm, or late on a cold November night, it is suggestive of home and cheer—warmth and comfort, with door fastened for the night, a blazing wood fire on the hearth—a smoking dinner all ready to serve, and, afterward, apples, cider and chestnuts, and then—a *smoke*. How does that strike you, old-timer—a bit all right—what?

It was a cold November night—the moon shone with a cold brilliance that made the fields gleam with that peculiar soft whiteness that is refracted only from frost-rimmed stubble. Far away, a hound bayed the moon, while the contented stamp of horses came occasionally from the barn where they munched their oats complacently.

Such pictures have become history in the seaboard states—they are of the past—they remain fixed in the memory like landmarks as they are, and those whose good fortune it was to have lived at that time, even with its inconveniences, have nothing to regret—save that they are no more.

Early retiring was the order then, and up under the eaves, with plenty of blankets and a soft bed, sweet dreams and slumber were a nightly occurrence.

The gray dawn crept through the windows — the air was nipping and one's breath was plainly visible. A deep

breath—a sudden bound, and one was out of bed donning his clothing hastily; there was no lingering over one's toilet then, he kept his circulation active by exercise. The ice film in the pitcher was broken with the heel of a shoe, and one's face tingled for a goodly half hour after ablution. Downstairs hastily to a breakfast of home-cured bacon and eggs, baking-powder biscuits and coffee, and then the guns and out.

Such a day! Hoarfrost on the corn stalks, fence rails and the blackened pumpkin vines; in the east, the first pink tints of dawn—old Bill hooked to the buckboard, the guns stowed safetly on the floor, while on grain sacks lay Nero and Nell, two Irish setters—veterans of their craft. A four-mile drive, occupied with reminiscences of previous trips, and then old Bill stowed snugly in a neighbor's barn, and Nero and Nell working off their wire edges in a nearby field.

I can see it all in retrospect, and in the bleak winter nights I live it over and over again, and I thank an allwise Providence that I was permitted to know that phase of American history in its making.

Half-way across the field, Nell picks up a scent—works it into the next, where she points staunchly and is backed by Nero some paces to the right rear. A sudden "whir-r-r" and a bevy of quail rise and scatter in all directions. My friend makes a double while I make a kill with my first and a clean "muff" with my second. We work up the scattered birds, securing six, and then move on into the next field along a wood lot, where we scatter another bevy, securing eight more birds. The sun is several hours high by this time and is beating warmly on our backs as we move over to the wood lot to eat a "*snack*."

Luncheon finished, the dogs rested, a smoke, then we give the wood lot a look-in, with the result that three grouse and two woodcock are added to our bag. So the afternoon passes—the shadows lengthen—a bluejay screeches back in the woods, as a couple of belated crows fly over to their roosting.

As we drive homeward the sun sinks behind the hills—its afterglow lighting the windows of home like huge embers; old Bill quickens his pace, and finally we drive between a double row of venerable walnut trees to the barn, where he is fed and left to dream such dreams as beguile the equine people. Nero and Nell are brought into the house, where their eyes and noses are washed and the sand and briers removed from between their toes. We allow them to dose in the warm firelight before locking them up for the night. A friendly game—then the clock is wound, doors locked, lights out, and then to bed, while outside the hoarfrost claims dominion.

Men speak of wealth in sordid terms,
And reckon their power in cent-percent,
But Nature's bourne is where one earns
Both health and wealth, and calm content.

G. W. Beatty (Hackamore).

CURIOUS FISHING EXPERIENCES

Dear Forest and Stream:

ONE afternoon I was fishing for pickerel off the mouth of the Robbins stream at Belgrade and had substituted a large fly for the ordinary bait. I had been casting for some time without any result when at length, about forty feet from the boat and close to a small patch of pads, I saw the wake and then roll of a fair pickerel. At my second cast over the spot I hooked the fish, and upon finally netting him was amazed to find in his belly an ugly rip through which his intestines protruded to a length of about three inches; and yet, in spite of such a wound this fish rose as freely and fought as gamely as any pickerel of its size I ever handled. The wound must have been a very fresh one, as in all other respects he was a splendidly conditioned two-pound fish.

I have long known that trout were exceedingly voracious at times, but three seasons ago I had this fact impressed on me stronger than ever in a rather remarkable manner. While fly fishing off the mouth of a trout stream in Maine a trout rose to my tail fly and missed. Three times this was repeated, but on the fourth rise the fish got foul-hooked on the outside of the upper jaw; upon finally boating the trout, great was my surprise to see protruding from his mouth the tail of a five-inch chub which he had evidently been trying to swallow. This had apparently kept the fish from closing his mouth and accounted for its being foul-hooked; but what was even further proof of this fish's gluttony was the fact that on being dressed its stomach was found to be tightly packed with small smelt in various stages of digestion. It would be most interesting to know just what should cause a trout in such a stuffed condition to rise so persistently to an artificial fly; surely hunger could not have been the reason, but if not that, what?

I have frequently been told by brother anglers that the remora or shark pilot is unable to attach itself to any of the ordinary scaled fishes, but required for his anchorage the rougher skin worn by sharks, sawfish, etc. I was therefore much interested on two different occasions to capture redfish with one of these curious creatures securely fastened to its side. In both cases the redfish were of about twenty pounds weight, while one remora was thirteen, the other fifteen inches in length; when these redfish were beached their passengers came ashore with them. At Clearwater, Florida, a remora took up his residence on the bottom of my skiff, where he stayed in apparent contentment for more than a week; during this time he would frequently come out to feed on scraps of bait dropped over the side, but on securing these would at once return to the skiff's bottom.

While it is hardly correct to speak of the pelican as a game-fish, still on several occasions I have caught these big birds when trolling with a spoon for real fish. On only one of these times was the bird able to rise into the air after being hooked, and then as soon as any pressure was put on him he would apparently be thrown so off his balance that he would come down to the water much in the fashion of a side-slipping aeroplane. Their method of "striking" was a straight downward plunge from a height of twenty or thirty feet with beak wide open, and with the exception of the side-slipping bird the hook was always lodged in one or other of the mandibles; the "side-slipper" was hooked through the skin covering the wing joint close to the body, which must have accounted for his peculiar movements while trying to stay in the air. These birds were invariably simply alive with lice, which made the unhooking of them a very unpleasant job, but fortunately this was always accomplished with no apparent harm to the bird.

With the above freak catches I am tempted to include the following method of securing mullet for bait, which I learned from the captain of a small schooner that used to ply between Tampa and Ft. Myers. During November and December on this coast the mullet may be seen on almost any day in immense schools; and yet by night the number found traveling is vastly greater. Rowing over to a channel after dark with a lighted lantern in the bottom of my skiff I anchor and settle down to wait and listen. Usually in a very short time the mullet can be heard splashing around the boat's sides; I then raise the lantern and with a small stick tap lightly on the seat. Immediately the fish start jumping, and some of the nearer ones, either attracted or blinded by the light, will be found to leap into or over the skiff. To the angler trying this for the first time, the sight is a most remarkable one, as in the circle of light cast by the lantern it is often possible to see scores of these

beautiful fish in the air at one time, not to mention the hundreds visible darting through the clear water. On the whole, I consider the experience well worth the little trouble involved.

POLLOCK AND SPORTSMANSHIP

Dear Forest and Stream:

ALTHOUGH the pollock is a member of the cod family, and as such is often overlooked, if not actually sneered at by sportsmen, I have frequently enjoyed fine sport when angling for these fish with comparatively light tackle. Sometimes it has been fly-fishing, sometimes trolling from a launch; but always I have found that a sea pollock of from five to fifteen pounds on a light rod could be depended on to create lots of excitement and thrills.

My first trials at this game consisted in fly-fishing for small harbor pollock weighing from one to two pounds and proved very successful. This led me to experiment farther off shore to see if the larger fish could be persuaded to rise. After two or three unsuccessful trips I finally hooked and landed a pollock that tipped the scales to an even eight pounds. This fish put up a furious battle for nearly twenty minutes, and many others that I have taken since on the same kind of tackle have displayed similar strength and activity.

Another method of taking pollock that furnishes splendid sport is trolling from a launch with a light trolling rod. I have captured many fine specimens in this fashion, and I have always found that the strike and subsequent play of the fish was something to be long remembered. The launch should be running at about a three-mile gait and the engine must be stopped at once when a pollock strikes, the boat being allowed to drift while the fish is being played.

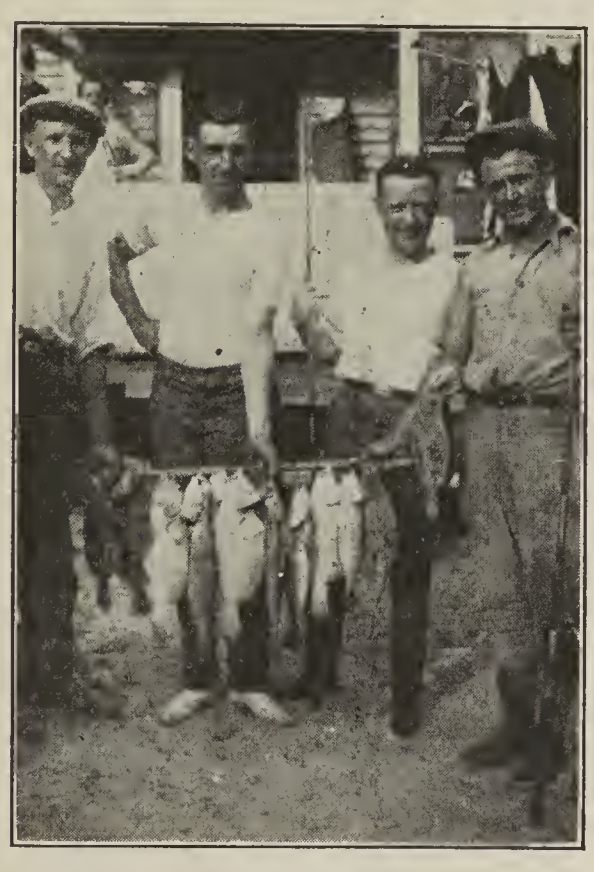
In regard to the tackle to use for this form of sport the angler can, to a great extent, follow his own inclination. Personally, for the fly-fishing I prefer a nine-foot split bamboo about six ounces in weight, although I have frequently used a steel fly rod of the same length with good results. For reel and line I use a quadruple multiplier bait-casting reel holding eighty yards of No. 6 Cuttyhunk, lightly greased with "3-in-1." Parmachenee Belle and Scarlet Ibis seem to be the most taking flies, and they should be mounted on hooks ranging from No. 2 to No. 00.

For trolling I always use a light six-foot rod, a double multiplying reel and a hundred and fifty yards of No. 9 Cuttyhunk line, and I try to keep my rig not less than one hundred feet astern of the launch. A No. 5 spoon makes a most excellent lure, but an even better one is a light cedar squid covered with eelskin and with a scrap of red flannel attached to give extra color.

Whenever the pollock are schooling on the surface large flocks of gulls and terns will be seen wheeling and circling over each school; and it is under these flocks of birds that the angler is likely to secure some royal sport. Any time from May to October these fish may be found on the surface, and I feel sure that it will well repay any sportsman visiting on the New England coast at that season to give the above methods a "try-out."

I hope that brother sportsmen and anglers will send in their experiences to good old Forest and Stream, for we can all learn from each other

W. G. Freedley,
Germantown, Pa.



A GOOD DAY'S SPORT ON JAMAICA BAY. PHOTO SENT IN BY ONE OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS

WHEN I WAS A TENDERFOOT

Dear Forest and Stream:

I WENT to Texas in the spring of '72 and in May I bought a pony and struck out for the cattle range. I caught up with two men who were wanting to hire some cattle man who was going to drive herd to Colorado. I traveled with them, and in a day or two we met a man who stopped and asked if any of us wanted to hire. He was gathering a herd to drive to Colorado and hired all three of us. For a month we herded on the range while the experienced hands scoured the country for such cattle as the owner wanted to drive.

We started about the first of July with 400 head and in a few days reached Fort Concho where we heard some interesting news about the Indians capturing two herds and killing one man a few days before. We stopped at Concho for about a week and four other herds arrived. Then the first herds, accompanied by an escort of sixty soldiers, crossed the Staked Plains to the Pecos River where the soldiers turned back.

We drove up the Pecos, then through New Mexico, crossed the Ratone Mountains into Colorado and on to within 75 miles of Denver. Some of the boys stayed with the cattle and four of us started back to Texas with the mess wagon and some of the saddle horses some time in November. Two other Texas men joined us. Nothing of interest happened until we got to Ft. Lyons, where one of the boys (Jim) was not ready to start when we did, and the other two got a bottle of liquor and we camped pretty early on the Arkansas River.

I drove the wagon and after turning out the mules got into the wagon to unload such things as we needed for the night. The valley was not very wide, and I saw humps of some buffalo over the bluff. Ben, an old hunter and Texas ranger, and I got out Winchesters and started for them. When we got to the top of the bluff we were within easy range of about 20 buffalo. I shot a small one but did not kill it, so Ben fired and killed one. We did not skin it but took some of the meat to camp. While getting supper Harry and Ben were feeling rather funny and thought it would be fun to make Jim believe that the buffalo meat was beef. Although Jim got to camp in time for supper the expected fun did not materialize.

The drinks he had at the fort warmed his fighting blood. When they said the meat was beef he knew it was buffalo, although he had never seen any before, and when they snickered and made some funny remarks he rose and started towards Harry with a butcher knife he was eating with in his hand. Harry jumped up and drew his revolver. I threw my arms around him from behind and held on until they were both disarmed. Well! I have never forgotten my first buffalo hunt, although I have had many more successful ones. The wind turned to the north that night and in the morning there were countless thousands of buffaloes all along the valley, under the bluffs, to get out of the wind, and there were thousands in sight most of the time for several days.

We followed the Arkansas River to Wichita and the Chisolm Trail to Texas. When we reached the Brazos River we

saw a great many more turkeys than usual, and about dusk they commenced to fly up in the trees until almost every tree for miles had more or less turkeys in it. Early in the evening it was clear moonlight, but near bedtime it got hazy. We started to go to bed, when Ben said to me: "This is a good night for turkey hunting. They can't see you so well as if it was clear and we can see them better. On a clear night their plummage glitters and a turkey looks very small, but a night like this you can see its full size. Let us go turkey hunting."

I was quite willing. Most of us carried Winchester .44 rim-fire carbines in those days for protection from Comanches, etc. They were poor hunting guns in the daytime and much worse at night. Of course, we could not see the sights, and I was told to hold very low, as we were sure to overshoot if we did not. We soon separated and I fired at a good many without hitting any. Every time a gun fired there was a roar caused by hundreds of turkeys flying, and still there were lots of them all along the river. I came to a big cottonwood that had more than usual on it. I fired; several flew. I kept firing, and they kept flying until only two were left. Then, although I had been holding low, I held still lower and down came my turkey. I fired at the remaining one and down he came. Then I heard a laugh close by and Ben was laughing at me for doing so much shooting, but he only had two turkeys.

We started for camp together and fired turn about. Ben killed three more, but one of his fell in the river. I killed three more, and an eagle that I did not get, as it flew across the river before it fell, but we both heard it strike the ground. I don't think we were away from camp two hours and we got back with nine turkeys.

JAMES S. PATON

WOODCHUCK AND CHIPMUNK

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

WHAT watchful sentinels these little soldiers are on duty as outposts of the wilderness in the heart of civilization! Not an enemy can appear without warning being given, for at the very moment of trying to save his own life, each sentry sends the alarm broadcast, to be taken up by every other in turn at the onset of danger. Neither chipmunk nor woodchuck is common in the deep woods; both are more often found in the settled parts of the country — by roadsides, under fences, out in the open — seldom far from the presence of man and his works.

Against the larger of the two the farmer wages incessant warfare, but the intruder stays in the fields, builds still higher entrenchments, and makes his dugouts inaccessible, as if to mock all attempts to exterminate him.

As for the chipmunk, he has the vices of the red and gray squirrels, though in lesser degree, while he honestly tries to make amends for his grain stealing by the persistence with which he destroys noxious insects. Popular sentiment is usually with the little striped chap, too, so he lives and thrives by the open trail.

We may not care especially for the woodchuck; in fact, there are times when we heap maledictions on him and all his works, if some favorite horse wrenches a tendon by breaking into one of his burrows. But for all that we watch eagerly for the first woodchuck of spring, knowing that he will not emerge from his hibernation until the season's summons is unmistakable. Then on sunny afternoons you may hear his shrill, rapid staccato whistle echoing from every open hillside. As for the laughable superstition in regard to his appearance on Candlemas Day (Ground-hog Day), can you imagine a woodchuck—sun-lover that he is—facing the cold blasts of a New England winter long before the frost is out of the ground?*

It is an odd thing, this winter sleep of some animals, more nearly approaching a state of coma than true sleep. The pulse and respiration are almost imperceptible; there is no motion; for the time being the sleeper is as truly "dead to the world" as though life were actually extinct.

We have no means of knowing how many helpless marmots become victims of skunk, mink or weasel in winter. Certainly scent alone is not of much help in locating the hibernating animal, for at this time the scent is "cold." If chance leads them to make the discovery they will accept the find gladly—perhaps even exulting in the thought that the chuck's chisel teeth are powerless. In summer the tables might be turned, for a woodchuck at bay has all the tenacious courage of a bulldog with which to back up those very effective weapons. Maybe your dog has learned that fact at the expense of a very sore nose. Quite possibly the foxes had like experiences before they got the idea of using team work so as to take advantage of the chuck's curiosity. Possibly "curiosity killed a cat"; certainly it has been the death of more than one woodchuck. He is seated at the door of his burrow in a "monarch of all I survey" attitude when he sees a fox coming toward him. "No time to look," he thinks, and vanishes in a flurry of dust. The fox comes up, passes on. Chucky, who has been listening intently, scrambles out to see what his enemy is doing. He forgets to look anywhere else, when he has a sudden vision of legs, fur and teeth almost upon him. With a startled whistle of alarm he turns to dive for safety, but even as he turns the open jaws close on his neck; one shake and all is over. Back comes the first fox and the pair go off together to celebrate another victory of mind over matter. This is the game they usually play on those wild fellows who love the woods, preferring the seclusion of some sunny glade to the rich abundance of clover fields.

These hermits are usually trimmer than the field chucks, seldom attaining the latter's fleshy proportions. I have often thought that the constant scrambling over brush, stones and logs may have had something to do with this difference in development. If the clover-fed rodent had to work harder for a living very likely he would not so closely resemble a bag of jelly when his short legs carry him to safety.

After a woodchuck has escaped his foes for two years, he stands a good chance of defying the hunters for several seasons more and thereby attaining both size and fame. The biggest woodchuck I ever shot was one which had won a local reputation by his skill in estimating the ranges of small-caliber rifles. He was killed in September and weighed eleven and one-quarter pounds.

As for the chipmunk, or "chippy," as he is often known to the country boys, he is also a harbinger of the seasons. Although he hibernates, it is not with the deep, unbroken slumber which characterizes the woodchuck's surrender to Jack Frost. In southern Vermont I have seen them gathering stores in December, and I remember watching a pair at play once Washington's birthday. There had been a thaw and their spirits mounted with the mercury. If they were mistaken as to the time of year they had small cause for worry; the underground home was well equipped to stand a siege. By the time the stored provisions were gone it would be an easy matter to obtain other food.

In proportion to his size, the chipmunk has cheek pouches of greater carrying capacity than those of any other of our squirrels. He may often be seen in the fall traveling from oak tree to stone wall, a big acorn in each cheek-pouch and another in his teeth, looking as if he had returned from an

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* As a matter of fact, an occasional woodchuck does wake early from winter sleep and venture abroad to leave footmarks in the February snow. Possibly at times an individual that lives in the edge of the woods has not accumulated sufficient fat the preceding year to last till spring. Such a one must have a hard time of it trying to find something to eat in the wintry landscape.—EDITORS.

unpleasant interview with bumblebees, or as if he had the mumps. He invariably fills the pouches to their limit when he is laying up his stores, which, by the way, are used most freely in earliest spring. However, the pouches are not used solely for food carrying. When his home is being constructed, most of the dirt excavated is taken some distance away — sometimes more than fifty feet—and there deposited in small heaps, resembling ant-hills. In fact, they are often taken for the work of these busy little insects. If any dirt is left near his burrow he packs the loose stuff solidly with his feet until the home entrances are as inconspicuous as possible.

What a labyrinth "chippy" makes of his den! He always has several doors, but there are also blind alleys leading nowhere, and after the main tunnel has twisted between some roots it drops for several feet, then runs parallel with the surface and again turns upward to end in a cozy room lined with fine grass. Other passages frequently radiate from this, the center of his home. Even while secure from most of his enemies he must still fear the implacable weasel and the deadly grip of the blacksnake.

Above ground he is seldom far away from some convenient shelter. Here he is forever watchful, as vigilance with him is the price not of liberty, but of life itself. Still, many fall victims to prowling cats and dogs, or to the hawk's swift rushes. Should one of these fail in his first onset he will probably go away hungry, for once the alarm has been sounded, every chipmunk in hearing has made an instant rush for safety. Soon not one is in sight, but the danger quickly passes, and the bravest chippy reappears, cautiously poking his nose out of the ground some ten feet from the spot where he vanished. The coast is clear, other little striped backs bob up, and the cheerful chirrups again sound their messages of good-will to the brotherhood of camp and trail.

LEOREN D. INGALLS.

WILD FOWL MIGRATION

THE Mallard always has, and perhaps always will hold, the place of first esteem in the hearts of wild fowlers. A remarkable fact in regard to this species and one that merits the attention of everyone interested in the future of this splendid bird is that its breeding range is infinitely greater in area than that of its winter home. This means that unless adequate areas are set aside as sanctuaries in our southern states, the Mallard before long will be unable to find sufficient places in which to spend the winter. Added to this is another fact of serious importance, viz, that a large part of the Mallard's winter home is in Mexico where the bird receives little if any protection. Both of these factors bode ill for the future of this splendid game bird, and they serve as two of the best reasons in the world for passing the Public Shooting Ground Game Refuge Bill at the next session of Congress in December.

Roughly speaking, the breeding range of the Mallard extends over the whole of the middle and western portions of Canada and all of Alaska. In the United States it breeds approximately over the entire area north of a line drawn from southern portion of New Jersey to northern California, but excluding the states of New York, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine. Its winter home, on the other hand, is restricted to the comparatievly small areas occupied by the tier of Atlantic states from New Jersey to Florida and by the Gulf states, with the exceptions of the northern sections of Georgia, Alabama and Texas. It also includes Arkansas, Missouri and the southern parts of New Mexico and Arizona, and as previously noted, the greater portion of Mexico. The whole of the Pacific coast area serves as both a winter and summer home.

The area of this winter home may sound quite extensive, but if a map is consulted it will be found to be only about half as large as the breeding area.

The Canvasback breed in a large portion of the northwestern sections of the United States and Canada, especially Saskatchewan and Alberta. Its winter home comprises a large portion of the Atlantic seaboard states south of New Jersey and most of the Gulf states, the Pacific coastal area and the southern half of Mexico. This makes it imperative that the Canvasback receive adequate protection in its northwestern range in order that good shooting may be enjoyed upon its migrations to our southwestern states.

The Black Duck breeds approximately throughout the northeastern part of the United States and the eastern half of Canada, and is yearly extending its range westward. Its winter range includes most of the eastern half of North and South Carolina, the southern half of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana and the northern half of Florida. A narrow strip along the coast of the middle Atlantic states serves both as a winter and summer home for the Black Duck. From a study of these areas it will readily be seen that the winter home of this duck, too, is very much more restricted compared with its breeding grounds, and that the acquisition of areas as provided for in the Game Refuge Bill would materially tend to relieve this condition of affairs.

The breeding range of the pintail occupies the entire northwestern part of the United States and as far east as Michigan and the whole of the western half of Canada, including Alaska. The winter range occupies, roughly, the southwestern corner of the United States and most of Mexico and Central America and Cuba. The Pacific coastal area serves as both a winter and summer home.

On their southward journey, these ducks take the Mississippi and Missouri Valley route and are generally the first of our ducks to wend their way to their breeding grounds. Just what route they take on their southern journey has not been definitely established, but it is at least certain that they do not travel over the same area as on their northward journey. It is entirely probable that a great many of them come down along the Pacific coast.

The Blue-winged teal is about the only one of our duck the area of whose winter range equals that of its breeding grounds. The latter occupies almost all of the northern half of the United States as well as large areas of Saskatchewan and Alberta. The winter home extends to the extreme southern strip of the United States, spreading out over Mexico, Cuba, the West Indies, Central America and into South America.

The Canada Goose winters over almost the entire northern part of the United States and over all of Canada and Alaska, while its winter range is restricted to the eastern half of the Atlantic states south of Maryland and to almost the whole of the Gulf states, and as far north as Missouri and as far west as the Pacific coast, where it occupies almost the entire seaboard area. South of the United States its range extends over the northern half of Mexico.

While in the case of the Canada Goose, too, the summer range is out of

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Trout Lines and Their Care

Winter Is the Time to Overhaul Your Tackle

By R. L. MONTAGU

THE line that is used today for fly-fishing is known to the trade, and described in the catalogs as an oil-dressed line"; sometimes the the term "vacuum" is added to this description. The term "enameled line" means a totally different type of line, a type, in fact, that has been discarded for years by those who know what is the best. The "oil-dressed" line should be made of pure silk entirely, and the composition of the dressing medium should consist of pure boiled linseed oil and nothing else. A final coating, or finish, of a varnish like dope, while producing a good-looking line for trade purposes, spoils the line and greatly reduces its life.

A man who makes his living by dressing lines cannot be blamed if he does not rush into print and tell the world just how to get the best results. Therefore, what little is known about line dressing is the result of investigations by amateur line dressers.

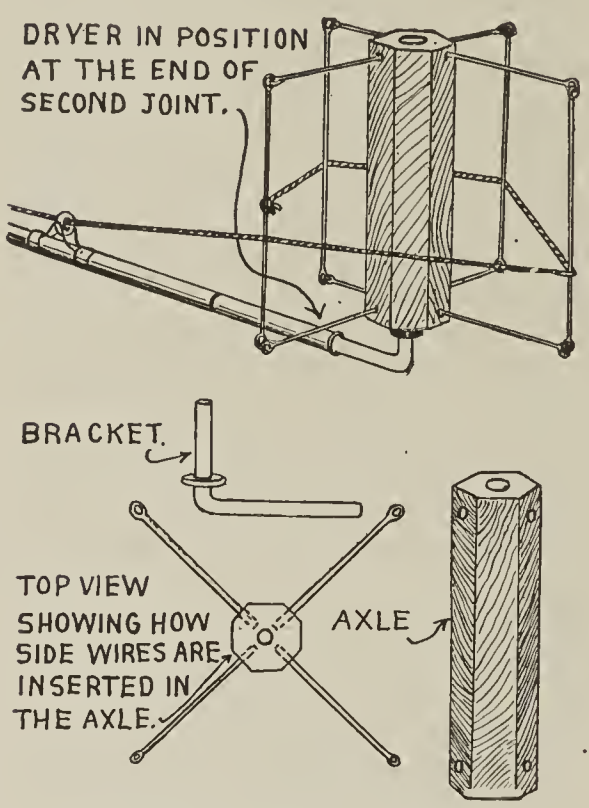
In my early days lines made of a mixture of hair and silk were still in use. Enameled lines were rapidly displacing them, but the old silk and hair undressed line was still to be met with occasionally at the river side.

The chief fault of the enameled line was that it had a hard surface or crust; when this surface became cracked, moisture would penetrate and in time the line would become quite rotten at this spot.

Mr. Halford gives to Mr. Deller, of Eaton & Deller, the credit for the original experiments that finally led to the use of pure boiled linseed oil as a dressing medium for silk lines.

It is hardly necessary to repeat the advice given by Mr. H. P. Wells, in his book, *"Fly Rods & Fly Tackle"* (N. Y. 1885), against the use of an undressed silk line for fly casting; we have arrived at a stage where nothing but a dressed silk line is considered with relation to fly-fishing.

Now as to the advantages of a tapered line. If most of our fly-fishing will be on comparatively small streams, where a long cast will be an exceptional occurence, I do not advise the extra expense of a tapered line; but, if we are fortunate enough to be so placed that we have fair-sized streams or rivers at our command, where casts of good length are common then, especially if we fish with the dry fly, I strongly advise the use of a tapered line. The double taper,



A FOLDING POCKET DRYER

i. e., a line that tapers at both ends from the middle is an advantage because, when the taper is worn off one end, the line can be reversed on the reel, and we shall have practically a new line once more, provided always that we have taken good care of the line in the meantime.

IT is important to get a line that fits the rod properly. When the line is of sufficient weight to properly develop the casting abilities of the rod, we shall find that the rod and line work so sweetly together that the effort of casting is reduced to a minimum; in fact the rod almost seems to cast the line itself with very little assistance from the angler.

If the line is too heavy for the rod, we shall notice a slight drag when we are making the forward stroke of the cast and the rod will feel, in the hands of the experienced, as though there was a slight want of backbone in its middle section; i. e., it feels as though it was bending a little too much. This is actually what is happening, and if the use of a line that is too heavy is persisted in, the rod will lose a lot of its natural resiliency and become in time that which Mr. La Branche terms a "weeping" rod.

Mr. J. J. Hardy believes that if such a rod is given a long rest it will eventually regain, to a great extent, its lost powers.

On the other hand, if we equip the rod with a line that is not of sufficient weight we shall do just as much damage to the rod as if the line was too heavy.

Some may doubt the foregoing statement, but let us stop and consider just exactly what happens when we use a light line.

In order to cast a line that is too light for the rod, considerably more force will be put into the casting stroke than if we were using a line that suited the rod. Now this extra energy has to be absorbed by something; the line being lighter and offering less frictional resistance to the surrounding air, does *not* absorb this surplus energy; therefore it is obvious that it is taken up by the rod; that is to say, the rod is subjected to a greater strain when using too light a line than when casting with a line of the proper weight. This extra strain will in time produce a crankiness in the rod that will eventually ruin it.

What has already been said might lead the novice to think that the selection of the correct weight of line is a very complex proceeding. Such is not really the case; if the novice when ordering a new rod will tell his rod maker to furnish a line to fit the rod he will in the great majority of cases obtain the right line. As he grows older his own experience will enable him to be his own judge in this matter.

THE theory of the oil dressing of lines consists of thoroughly impregnating the line with pure boiled linseed oil—but no dryers or size is to be put in the oil. A number of soakings or impregnations take place, with drying periods between, and the surface is obtained by final polishings.

It is a lengthy process and somewhat costly; the professional line dressers, I believe, use heat to hasten the drying process, and sometimes introduce something besides pure oil in the dressing moisture.

My experience with professional lines in the past has been that lines of certain years might be called vintage years; these lines were excellent; but a line purchased the following year from the same manufacturer might be a very different thing. Of late years, however, I am told that these difficulties have been successfully overcome.

The amateur dresser of lines is a benefactor to mankind; he dresses a few lines as a hobby, and his final

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ADVENTURES IN COMRADESHIP

(*Continued from page* 679)

shine beamed with quiet benediction. We rather loved Mill Hill, with its memories of 1746, because there was always both the land and the sea visible from its haven, and the wind was forever stirring, restlessly—as if eager to fill the sails of brave ships which had long since gone down to Davy's locker. And from this vantage point we could mark the numerous little winding roads, the clumps of weathered houses, the distant moors—the mirror of Miacomet or of Cupaum.

I mention all this with reverence, not because it will stir the pulse of the reader who is eager to reach for his rifle or his fishing tackle, or is insistent upon a "sports story" being wholly sport, but because it bears heavily upon the purpose of this narrative. These were indeed as much "adventures in comradeship" as the night we fought the hammock fire in the Everglades of Florida—a few months later.

A Father was playing with all that was left of his "little boy."

We sat on the steps of a sedate old church, whose white columns reached up into elm trees as old as time, and blinked as a strange pageant passed in review—a costumed memorial to the long-gone days that had caused those towers to be built on the tops of houses —Nantucket's own—the real "islanders," young and old, bred of the stock which first consecrated it, had reached into ancient sea-chests and brought out precious gowns, high hats, faded bonnets—the habiliments of an almost forgotten era, and, for a brief moment or two, allowed impudent eyes to gaze upon them.

"It seems almost as if we weren't *we* at all, doesn't it?" Sonnyboy observed. And I agreed with him. The streets and trees and houses were in a perpetual, stationery mood of Nantucket's youth—but here were living characters in their midst — and the magic scene was complete!

A crochety old town - crier hobbled over the cobbles, ringing his discolored bell and reading from a yellow scroll. His short, tight trousers, his quaint vest, his astonishing waistcoat, his drab high hat, his *sideburns*—his *voice!* Reincarnation was staged for us!

And on the porch of the old house, yonder, where the clambering roses had reached the ebb-tide of their luxuriant bloom and were turning pale at the thought of September and cold winds upon the moor, men and women of past sixty were rocking in chairs that any antique shop would have bartered its soul to possess—thin-visaged yet immortally proud faces, as colorless as granite, smiled sadly out from the shadows of poke bonnets. Grandfathers and great-great grandfathers, wearing an echo of inherited captaincies of brigantines and four-masters, found responsive solace in those same smiles beneath those same modest Quaker bonnets.

THE OLD TOWN CRIER WITH HIS BELL AND YELLOW SCROLL

Wisps of femininity in voluminous skirts, flounce - covered, chattered in many a flowered garden, like so many fluffy birds: younger men, in the stiff, shiny black hats of their period; shirts of flagrant checque, and pantaloons of white, wide-flaring at the shoetops, laughed their path down Main Street — the most wonderful "Main Street" of them all.

With Sonnyboy I hovered around the docks, new and old, enamored of boats —just boats. Once we descended into the cabin of a real sailing vessel of the former régime, and something in the dead odor, something in the stains of time on the timber, something in the silence and the loneliness of it, made us feel as if we were transgressing.

Those hours were happy ones for Mother.

In her great unselfishness, she gave Sonnyboy *all* to me. For had she not possessed the body and the spirit of him since his very birth? It was at *her* knee his child tears had been squandered; it was in her arms that he had sobbed his tiny tragedies. Mothers make the greater sacrifice as a boy steps into Tomorrow—but they are strangely strong in bearing it. They are proud of the *man* that has come to take the boy's place. And this pride allows them to conceal their heartache as they tenderly put away the baby booties, the remnants of toys, the suit that can never be worn again — the Youth which is so soon consumed by its own fast-burning fires.

* * * * * *

Came a man to the hotel whose talks were a lesson and whose consecration to Nature constituted a religion. He would sit in a nook of the porch and tell Sonnyboy of what the lads out in Chicago were doing to safeguard their feathered friends. He was a bird-sanctuary enthusiast.

"We love birds out our way," he said one evening, "and why not? On our

(*Continued on page* 706)

GRANDMOTHERS IN QUAKER BONNETS, GRANDFATHERS WITH SIDEBURNS

The Interesting Story

It is a far cry from the Saxon ered rifle of today—and from the modern PREST-O-LITE

DO you recall Robin Hood and his merrie men in Lincoln Green? Remember the deer poaching in Sherwood Forest? Their weapon was the historic Saxon Long Bow—but even this was so much superior to the shorter bow of their enemies that it carried the day in the battle of Crécy. Here was the first dim light of progress in firearms.

Came then the flint lock and the blunderbus as the second important stage in the story of firearms. For while the swiftly flying arrow of Robin Hood could be avoided, the blunderbus shot lead—invisible, swift, sure.

And the sportsman of today looks back on these with mild and amused toleration. Childlike, indeed, they seem in comparison to the modern high powered rifle, with its steel jacketed bullet, shooting with an accuracy over distances not dreamed of in those days.

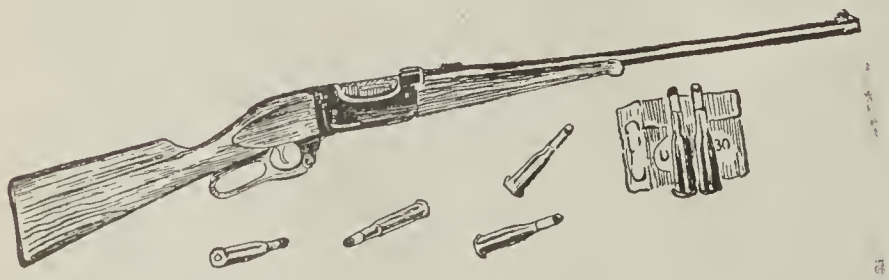
The early fires were those of the Aborigines who coaxed their flame with the ancient bow-drill. And the needs of fire in those days were many. Tedious and tiring was the task which produced the flame that frightened wild animals from the camp and cooked the food of those primitive people.

"Camp like a

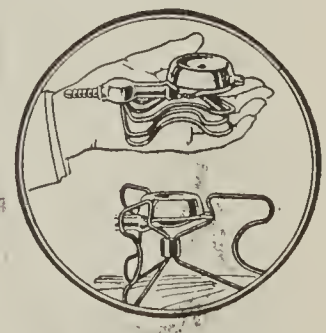
Prest-O-

and PREST-O-

For permanent camp or wayside stop, Prest-O-Stove and Prest-O-Lite Gas give instant service. No delaying, lingering or waiting. On or off at the turn of a cock. In tent—or outdoors, always dependable, unaffected by wind. No sparks, no smoke, no smell, no oil to leak, no danger of forest fires.



This is the Stove



THE PREST-O-LIT

Small Tank Sales Depart

New York Office:

Pacific Coast Office: 599 E

In Canada: PREST-O-LITE COMPA

# of Fire and Firearms

Long Bow to the high pow-
the Aborigine Bow Drill to
cooking and lighting outfit.

Aeons it seemed before the next crude improvement came! From the compact tinder box with its flint and steel, there was fanned a flame which served its time and purpose well. And in its wake came the first old fashioned sulphur match—crackling and hissing—a flame from a stick twice as long as the modern match we know today.

Fortunate, indeed, is the outdoorsman of today for whom science has marched far away from these. In the passing parade he gazes back upon each period and its attendant fire-making. Even the smelly wood fire with its dangers of forest fire... this, too, has gone. Today cooking heat is furnished to the sportsman, and his family, in a safe copper tank, which works with a turn of a key. Here in a safe portable tank—measuring only 6 x 20 inches—are twenty-five meals for four people. And when the tank is empty there is a net-work of 22,000 distributors ready to exchange a refilled gas tank for the empty one with no cost save for the gas. The PREST-O-LITE TANK comes with a pocket stove which almost folds into the palm of the hand... The last word in cooking and lighting for the outdoors.

King" with

ite Gas

CKET STOVE

At night, plenty of light from the same little tank for playing cards, reading, cleaning guns, mending tackle—you can cook and have light at the same time if you wish. See one of the 22,000 P-O-L Distributors before you start on a trip, or write us for a camp folder. Sporting Goods Dealers: Write for attractive proposition.

This is the Tank

E COMPANY, INC.
ent, Indianapolis, Ind.

Last 42nd Street
th Street, San Francisco
Y OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you

ITHACA GUNS For Christmas

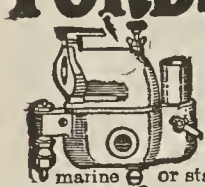
SHELDON, 11 year old son of the Ithaca Gun Man, had a 16 gauge 26" Ithaca for Christmas. Here's the first rabbit Sheldon shot at. An Ithaca Gun for Christmas will make your wife, kiddie, sister or sweetheart as healthy and happy as Sheldon's Ithaca made him.

Catalogue Free
Double guns for game $37.50 up.
Single barrel trap guns $90 up.

ITHACA GUN CO.
Ithaca, N. Y.
Box 25

FORDS run 34 Miles

on Gallon of Gasoline



Low Gear Seldom Used with Air Friction Carburetor

We guarantee all other cars nearly double present mileage, power and flexibility, make hills on high formerly difficult on low. Models for any car, truck, tractor, marine or stationary engine. Makes old cars better than new. See wonderful mileage guarantees for other cars.

Ford.....34 mi.	Reo.....24 mi.	Chevrolet...32 mi.
Buick 4....30 mi.	Chalmers...23 mi.	Maxwl(25) 30 mi.
Buick 6....24 mi.	Olds. 6.....23 mi.	Nash 6.....23 mi.
Hudson....20 mi.	Paige 6....20 mi.	Lincoln 8...17 mi.
Hupp.....25 mi.	Oakland 6...24 mi.	StdbkrLt 6 .23 mi.
Dodge.....28 mi.	Overl'd 4...32 mi.	Cole 8.....17 mi.

If your car is not mentioned here send name and model for particulars and our guarantee on it. AGENTS WANTED

SENT ON 30 DAY'S FREE TRIAL

You can drive any car in heaviest traffic without shifting gears. Starts off on high in any weather without priming or heating—no jerking or choking. No more foul spark plugs or carbon in cylinders. No leaking of gas into crank case. Try it 30 days on our guarantee of money back if not entirely satisfied. **No strings to our guarantee.** YOU ARE THE JUDGE. Anyone who can handle a wrench can attach it. No boring of new holes or changing of operating mechanism. Write today.

AIR-FRICTION CARBURETOR CO.
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OLD-COUNTRY TOBACCOS

"CORDANGAN" PIPE MIXTURE

A mixture of Irish home-grown, American and Oriental tobaccos. From Cork. 4-oz. air-tight tins.

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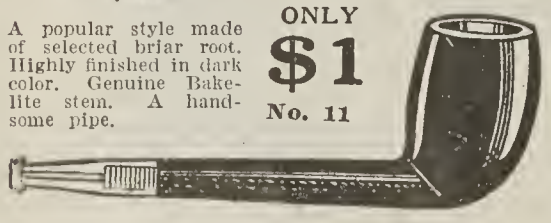
The Well-Known "RUNGE" Briar Root Pipe

ONLY **$1** No. 11

A popular style made of selected briar root. Highly finished in dark color. Genuine Bakelite stem. A handsome pipe.



Sweet Colleen, Irish Roll, Golden Bar, South African BOER, Dundalk Twist, John Cotton, Hudson Bay, Honey Dew Smoking Tobaccos. Send for Price List.

"G. B. D." French Briar Pipes.....$2.50
"B. B. B." High Class Pipes.....$3.50

A. RUNGE & CO., Dept. B
18 S. Delaware Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.
PARCEL POST ANYWHERE

ADVENTURES IN COMRADESHIP

(*Continued from page* 703)

landside we are almost wholly surrounded by a vast sanctuary—woodlands dedicated to the safety of birds. There are 26,000 acres of it—mark that! It is a mighty park, requiring three days in a motor car to completely cover its winding roads.

"Wild ducks that just a few years ago would never venture near where man held forth now rest at ease on the peaceful river. They seem to know that harm will not befall them. The children — particularly the boys — are building thousands of bird-houses, and these are turned over to the forest preserve. Each is a snug home for some family of wrens or martins.

"The boys are permitted to be in attendance when their own bird bungalows are hung. I have seen an entire school turn out to pay respects when such an occasion was scheduled. And as there is bird-house making in perhaps some 325 elementary schools, you may judge the magnitude of the work.

"They range from small homes hollowed out of the limb of a tree to three-storied and gabled mansions for the martens. The most fastidious bird family should be able to discover suitable lodging for the season out of the vast majority of quarters fashioned by loving hands. Every house, of course, is built with a certain bird in mind, under instructions from the manual-training department of the schools."

"But where do they get their food?" queried the interested Sonnyboy.

"The preserve foresters are planting mulberry trees and cherry," was the reply. "Oh, that has been provided for. We have a deep affection for birds out our way."

After that, our friend was always referred to by Sonnyboy as the "Bird Man."

* * * * * *

With but a short while remaining to us, Sonnyboy was for fishing and sailing.

He never came within sniffing distance of Steamboat Landing and the fretwork of boats of all kinds in the harbor that he did not long for deep-sea angling of which he had seen and heard so much while museum spell-bound. I imagine the whaling traditions were largely responsible for this, plus what he always saw when the fishing schooners came in with their impressive hauls.

I was not so enthusiastic on this score, for the most casual investigation convinced me that there was little to be had outside if one did not go a long, long ways and suffer the attendant privations.

It was rough for the next twenty-four hours, and when it did calm down we went after perch again at the scene of our former adventure. Conditions were more propitious. We caught thirty-seven beauties between us, with the laurels approximately even. I would say to any fisherman, visiting Nantucket, that there is more real fun to the square inch angling over the islands "Ponds" than in any attempt to negotiate deep water. The harbor, even out to its head, holds few inducements.

But there's a certain indefinable thrill in the atmosphere of a Sacacha, or a Polpis or a Shawkemo. These ponds are very much more than their names might imply, and the surrounding slopes of moorland, the intermittant cranberry-bog sheds, the flowery, heathery points, and the sensation of being in some foreign place is not the least of the satisfaction. Besides which —the perch are prime!

There was one intermission.

Sonnyboy had his first fling at golf.

I took him out to the course the next morning and turned him over to the stern administration of a competent Pro. He wanted to learn the game, and I was just as eager that it should be included in his list of sports. But I was shrewd enough not to attempt to give him those earlier lessons. A Pro. in time save nine years of inferior playing. The first thousand strokes are the hardest.

Sonnyboy came out from under it like a Trojan.

"That lad has it *in* him," was the Pro.'s only comment. And Mother's problem of a Christmas gift was straightway settled—a bag and clubs!

The *Ella May* had appealed to both of us for more than a week. She was a smartly arranged fishing schooner, with a deep-sea record, and the two times we had been present when she unshipped her cargoes of plaice and flounders and mackerel, at Steamboat Wharf, the romance of it won us over.

Cap'n Ned may have had much to do with it.

He was short and chubby and moon-faced, and wore strange vests of pea-green, from the pockets of which abnormally large watch-chains dangled. It was Sonnyboy who called my attention to the fact that a shark's tooth—or a suspicious object which resembled it—was used as a charm.

Sonnyboy had expressed a desire to "go out where it was really deep and get some of those *big* fish."

I had my secret misgivings, as I have intimated. It would mean at least one night on the boat. These were 48-hour expeditions, operated with professional skill, and the *Ella May* did no kid job.

Mother did her best to discourage the adventure.

(*Continued on page* 708)

The last word in DEP
Johnson Outbo

mas on the th of May

What Hiram P. Maxim says—

ATTEAN CAMPS
JACKMAN, MAINE September 8, 1923

Johnson Motor Co., South Bend, Ind.

Gentlemen:

You probably will be glad to know that my Johnson Motor has made a big hit at these camps. I have it now installed upon a 20-foot White Canoe with special square stern. The combination makes a motor canoe that enables me to do things that are impossible with the ordinary canoe.

There are several other makes of motors here, but my Johnson is the only one which runs every day, whenever it is called upon, and always brings us back.

You would do well to follow up the splendid reputation this motor has built up in this part of the country. Any number of people, including guides, have said it is the motor they want. The other motors here are all out of business for one reason or another, and my Johnson is the only one running as the season closes. She seems as good as new. I am very much pleased with it, indeed. *Very truly,*

HIRAM PERCY MAXIM

eople think Christmas, as we know ways has been the Christmas we delight in. Yet they used to cel- e Christmas on the 20th of May, oth of April and the 6th of Jan- depending on whether they were tal, Greek or Roman Christians.

wasn't until the time of Julian I, p of Rome from 337 to 352 A. D., Christmas was celebrated on the

turning in large phosphor-bronze bearings.

2. The Johnson Float Feed Carburetor—not merely a stock carburetor, but Johnson designed for the Johnson Motor. Gives perfect gas mixture for easy starting and at all speeds and temperatures.

3. The Johnson Quick-Action Magneto—designed by Johnson—is so completely protected from weather and damage that it *stays* right. (No batteries to carry.)

4. Flexibility of speed and handling that you never dreamed of, resulting from a combination of the Johnson Carburetor, the Johnson Magneto and Johnson's exclusive patented universal-steering-and-reversing and tilting features.

5. All this *Guaranteed* Dependability, Flexibility and Power ingeniously condensed into the delightfully light weight of 35 pounds

There's no Christmas gift half so practical for the lover of the water, the fisherman, the sailor, the hunter, as a Johnson Outboard Motor. Its broad usefulness makes it an ideal possession; it drives any row boat through the water swiftly and quietly; it is the only practical outboard motor for canoes; it is used as auxiliary power on hundreds of small sailing craft [even up to 35 feet]; weeds mean nothing to it; it slides over submerged obstructions without injury to itself or to the boat; it fits into a convenient carrying case that will slide under a Pullman berth. And above all—its owners say it has the happy faculty of starting when they want it to and running until they want it to stop.

Think of all that usefulness condensed into a package that a ten-year-old boy can carry and handle—weighing only 35 pounds, complete!

Go to your Dealer and order your Johnson Motor for Christmas delivery; or, if you prefer, order now for spring delivery so you'll be sure to have your Johnson *when you want it.* If there's no Johnson Dealer near you, write direct to us and we will see that you are supplied.

THE JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY, 852 *Sample Street,* South Bend, Indiana

Johnson
"WATER-BUG"

THE LIGHTEST, LIVELIEST BOAT MOTOR ON THE WATER

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

ITHACA GUNS For Christmas

SHELDON, 11 year old son of the Ithaca Gun Man, had a 16 gauge 26" Ithaca for Christmas. Here's the first rabbit Sheldon shot at. An Ithaca Gun for Christmas will make your wife, kiddie, sister or sweetheart as healthy and happy as Sheldon's Ithaca made him.

Catalogue Free
Double guns for game $37.50 up.
Single barrel trap guns $90 up.

ITHACA GUN CO.
Ithaca, N. Y.
Box 25

GUN BOOK FREE

A big 40-page, fully illustrated book, giving complete ballistics and technical information on all principal American and imported firearms.

Also a list of hunting supplies, ammunition and repair parts

Sent FREE on Request

Get your copy while supply lasts

16 Guage
Automatic Shot Gun With Matted Rib

A wonderful gun—the ideal of every sportsman. We now have a supply available at reasonable prices. Write us at once for particulars.

We keep a complete line of imported and domestic high grade firearms, telescopic sights, freshly loaded ammunition, repair parts and hunting supplies

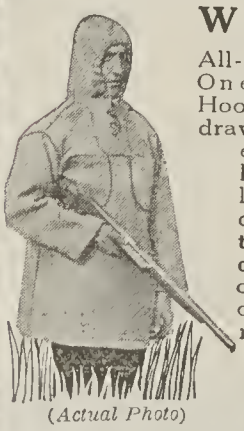
Our prices are reasonable—our service the best.

This house is marksmen's headquarters

P. VON FRANTZIUS
608 Diversey Parkway Dept. F-11, CHICAGO

Duckshooters & Outdoor Men KEEP WARM

GET A WEATHERJACKET
Warm, Comfortable and Cold-Proof



(Actual Photo)

WONDERFUL Weather Protection. All-wool knitted cloth. One-piece garment. Hood equipped with drawstring. Two pockets. Gray drab. Heavily made. Allows perfect freedom. Thoroughly tested by U. S. Govt. on North Sea. Give chest measurement only. Sent postpaid receipt.

$5.90

Money Back if Not Satisfied

WEATHERJACKET DISTRIBUTING CO.
323 L Street S. W. Washington, D. C.

A (*Continued from page* 706)

C 'You'll both be dreadfully seasick," predicted. "I'm afraid to have you (Co t."

landside nyboy hung on wistfully.
rounded b upshot of it was that I had a lands dedi ith Cap'n Ned during a net- There are g hour on the wharf, and he that! It to take us with him—the next three days g at four!
cover its wi would be no charge; wear our "Wild du hes; he was only too glad to ago would in" us.
man held fo Cap'n Ned was a "Character." peaceful riv s not a year away from Alas- that harm w k. He teemed with what he children — pa d "atrocities" of that land. building thou es were at once thrilling and these are tu al.
preserve. E aptain's sympathies were all some family o native Alaskans, as against "The boys -boiled professional represen- tendance whe the canners. And a war was lows are hun
school turn oy heard the most interesting such an occa scussions and I was pleased as there is b fact, because again he could haps some 32 es of true sportsmanship as mo opposed to the other kind. And every Father knows that where his children are concerned, advice, suggestion and fact, all seem more convincing when they come from the "outside."

Cap'n Ned was an educated man. The things he said were pointedly illuminating.

"The independent fishermen," he declared, and heatedly, "have a one-sided battle. Organized fishing industries are making it mighty hard fer 'em. And who wants to see the salmon supply entirely depleted? Well—let me tell you—it's comin' to that—*fast!*

"What was the White Bill brought up for? To regulate trap-fishing by the canners. And th' traps do th' mean work. Congress is goin' to hear the truth about that bill! Th' present reservation system of conserving salmon is about as effective as stopping a waterfall with a fine tooth comb."

Cap'n Ned pulled a scrap of paper from his pocket. The wallet and time had yellowed it.

"Here's a chunk o' truth," he grumbled; "it's a copy of a real *man's* letter from a native—written to Mister Sutherland, delegate from Alaska. It's gospel:

"'Whereas, We see by the papers that the cannerymen of Seattle, asking for a fish reserve in southwestern Alaska, are trying to make believe that this is the way to save the fish of Alaska, we wish to state the following in opposition:

"'The Kate Camp of the Alaska Native Brotherhood represents almost 400 natives. When our country was sold by Russia to the United States our rights were not considered. But we could still live by hunting and fishing,

Stevens single barrel gun, Model 107. Compressed forged steel barrel, full choke, automatic ejector. Made in 12, 16, 20, 28, and .410-gauge. Model 105 without ejector at a lower price.

A Stevens certainly does shoot

IF you have the skill your Stevens will back you up. For a Stevens is always *accurate.*

Hold a Stevens barrel to the light and sight through it. Smooth, isn't it? Not a flaw—*accurate.*

It's the Stevens slow, painstaking process of boring and rifling. Slow and sure.

And a Stevens stays accurate

Many a man in his fifties today is firing the same Stevens rifle or shotgun he bought as a boy. As good as new, too.

And the lasting accuracy and good looks and the price of a Stevens certainly make an unusual combination.

Just look at the low price of the rifle shown below.

Single shot .22 rifles, $5 and upwards.

Ask at your dealer's or write direct for our interesting catalog.

J. STEVENS ARMS COMPANY
Dept. 445 Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Owned and Operated by the Savage Arms Corporation

Retail price — including tax, $16.25. Stevens "Visible Loading". An accurate .22 Cal. Repeater. You know when it is loaded, and you know when it is empty.

Stevens

59th year — largest manufacturer of shotguns in the world

and found plenty of fish in every creek.

"'Then the white men found out about our fish and they built canneries. First they threw away all "humpback" salmon by the hundreds of thousands, which we saw with our own eyes because the same cannerymen that now want to save the salmon did not want to can anything but red salmon.

"'Then these same cannerymen found out about fish traps, some having leads half a mile long, and they placed these traps all around our fish streams, and they caught all the fish because the trap works day and night, and does not sleep like we do, and soon there were no fish in the creeks, and now when we ask the cannerymen what we will do for a living they tell us that it is not their business.'

"I've just come from there and I *know*," Cap'n Ned remonstrated angrily. "These letters—lots of 'em—don't come from selfish folks; they come from natives who see what is happening. Human selfishness will even do away with the salmon — for present greed! Overfishing! Th' fellers I mixed with caught th' fish *fair*—with seines and nets. This here trap method is a *modern idea!*"

Sonnyboy was gradually learning the unsportsmanlike phases of "sportsmanship." He had witnessed the degradation of the southern fishermen and the slaughter of sailfish, for example; he had heard stories of the hard-hearted trout angler; he had seen the great forest fires, and he had caught echoes of what was happening to winter deer. These accidental lessons were fine for a growing boy, whose tendencies were already in the direction of sport, afield and on fertile waters. Cap'n Ned was simply another text-book of the gentle art of "playing fair."

"Mister Sutherland is a just man. He's doing th' best he can. He says, says he: 'Th' purpose of th' executive order, which turned half of the fishing territory into a fisheries reserve, with the 16-year-old law suspended in favor of special regulations by the Bureau of Fisheries, was to apply restrictive measures to all alike. Yep—th' purpose of creating th' reservation was commendable enough, but th' administration of th' order has proved that th' restrictive measures have been applied to the native fishermen, while th' canners have been granted special dispensations.

"'Th' Bureau of Fisheries has turned over to th' manufacturing interests — th' packers — full control of th' fisheries, by designating great water areas in which these fellers are given exclusive rights and in which th' independent fishermen can't fish except by permission of th' canners to whom th' fishing grounds belong. Under a system such as this, there is no longer

Christmas on the 20th of May

MOST people think Christmas, as we know it, always has been the Christmas we now delight in. Yet they used to celebrate Christmas on the 20th of May, the 20th of April and the 6th of January, depending on whether they were Oriental, Greek or Roman Christians.

It wasn't until the time of Julian I, who was Bishop of Rome from 337 to 352 A. D., that the feast of Christmas was celebrated on the 25th of December. Julian won everybody over to December 25th as the accepted day of the Nativity.

The Druids later added the old yule log and the mistletoe—the Germanic tribes the Christmas tree and the Kris Kringle—the patron saint of the Spirit of the Gift.

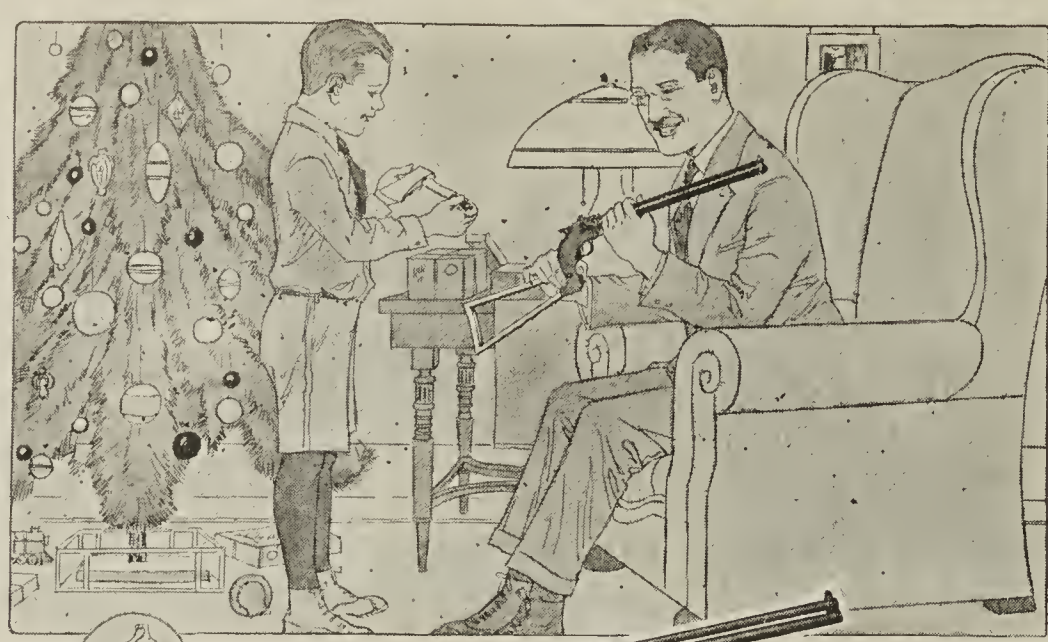
One of the most important things for the proper celebration of Christmas is a supply of good candy. Thousands of candy lovers everywhere make up their own supply of Christmas candy with Karo, the Great American Syrup.

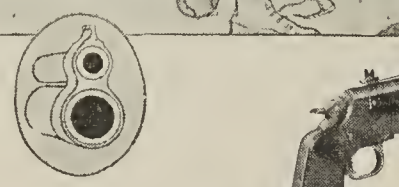
You can make the most delicious fudge, caramels, taffy and glaced nuts and fruits, and any number of other good things with Karo.

You cannot get more wholesome candies anywhere, at *any* price. And the cost is comparatively small.

FREE Beautifully Illustrated Corn Products Cook Book. Full of dandy recipes for Candy-making. Write Corn Products Refining Company, Dept. F, 17 Battery Place, N. Y. City.

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

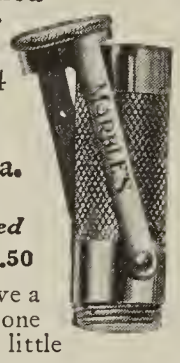




Every Man and Boy Wants this Equipment

Any man or boy will be tickled to own Marble's Game Getter Gun. It's both rifle and shotgun—upper barrel .22 cal., rifled; lower barrel .44 cal. and .410 ga., smooth bore, for shot, or round ball. A reliable .22 for birds, rabbits, etc.—the smooth bored barrel almost equals a 28 ga. shotgun.

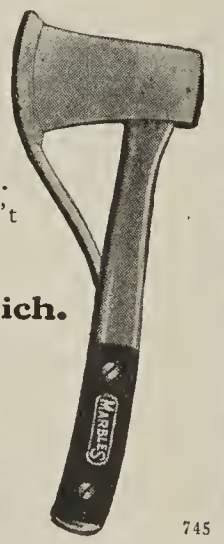
Prices: Tax and Fine Leather Holster Included
12 in. barrel **$25.50**; 15 in. **$27.00**; 18 in. **$28.50**



Waterproof Matchbox. Carry one and always have a light—keeps matches bone dry, even under water. Seamless brass, nickled—size little over ¾" inside diameter List price **60c.**

Woodcraft Knife. All-purpose knife for every use—4½ in. blade finest steel, checkered at back to give firm grip. Thousands of Boy Scouts and outdoor sportsmen own these knives. List price, including fine leather sheath—No. 49, Leather handle, **$2.25.** No. 50, Staghorn Handle, **$3.00.** Add 10% war tax.

Safety Pocket Axe. Handiest tool made—guard folds into handle. Easily carried in pocket or belt—every outdoor man and boy wants it. No. 2, 11 in. steel handle, **$3.25.** No. 5, selected hickory handle, **$2.00.**



Most dealers sell Marble's Outing Equipment—if your dealer can't supply you, order direct. Ask for interesting catalog.

Marble Arms & Mfg. Co.
526 Delta Avenue **Gladstone, Mich.**

MARBLE'S Outing Equipment

FOR EVERY HOUR IN THE OPEN

745

competition in fishery nor th' marketing of th' fish.'

"That's a real man talkin'," concluded Cap'n Ned, and the vote was unanimous that he was right.

* * * * * *

But for all Cap'n Ned's hospitality, our experience on the *Ella May* was a reign of unadulterated horror. We were off and away while darkness still brooded over the Island—on a boat which appeared to grow smaller with every mile we headed for the broad expanse of the open sea. There was reek of a hundred catches and smells which our weak, unaccustomed stomachs could not endure. The mere whiffs of a breakfast cooking in the tight little galley sent Sonnyboy to the rail and me to a damp bunk below.

Oh, there's a vast difference between "amateur fishing" under ideal conditions, and the life out on an ocean which is friend of no man, when in an angry temper. A quarrelsome wind began to blow at dawn and kept at it until the hour of returning. It simply substantiated my life-long contention that a landlubber's limit is a peaceful trout stream—such as we had found in the Pennsylvania hills out of Milford—the shifting greenery of leaves . . . the hot-house of a friendly forest . . . the drifting butterflies and the water insects . . . the fighting trout!

They caught fish! The facts are hazy, but I dimly remember seeing nets swung aboard and of scuppers running with silver.

But Sonnyboy was lost to consciousness of it and I was little better. When we returned, Mother said: "I told you so."

Very often Mothers are RIGHT!

* * * * * *

Our return home brought me a sensation of imminent disappointment. . . . Fate was gripping me by the shoulder.

"Your play days with Sonnyboy are reaching a close," she had said, "this in his college début. He's off and away. You can have him a little while this winter on your Florida vacation—the doctor thinks it will be good for that trouble in his throat. Make the most of him, Father. Your 'little boy' has grown up. There will not be so many play hours . . . after NOW."

"But you must admit I . . . I have changed," I said.

We were sitting on a lounge by the crackling grate fire. It was January! Her hand tightened over mine.

"All Fathers seem to have to learn the lesson," she murmured.

And two weeks later, we packed our fishing tackle and our Winchesters, and headed southward, to the realm of a new Enchantment. I wanted Sonnyboy to catch some Tamiami black bass.

(To be continued)

Deafness

Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable.

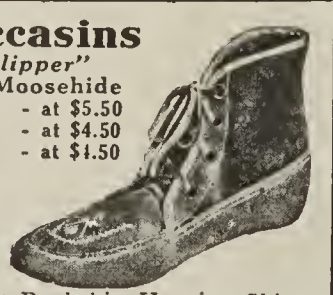
Write *today* for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
244 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.

Indian Moccasins

"Both Lace or Slipper"
Made of Genuine Moosehide

Men's lace - - - - - at $5.50
Ladies' or Boys' lace - - at $4.50
Slippers, Men's - - - - at $4.50
Ladies' or Boys' Slippers at $3.75



Sent prepaid on receipt of price. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

We make the finest Buckskin Hunting Shirts in America. Carry in stock the largest assortment of Snow Shoes in the country. Also handmade Genuine Buckskin and Horsehide Gloves and Mittens. Our Wisconsin Cruising Shoes have no superior as a hunting shoe. Send for Free Catalog to-day.

Metz & Schloerb, Box C Oshkosh, Wis.

TROUT LINES AND THEIR CARE

(*Continued from page* 702)

product is an example of what genius (which has been described as an infinite capacity of taking pains) can produce.

As far as I know the methods pursued by the amateurs differ somewhat. Mr. Martin E. Mosely puts his lines, during their impregnation with oil, under the receiver of an air-pump in order to reduce the surface pressure and thus causes the oil to penetrate to the heart of the line. A full description of Mr. Mosely's method can be found on pages 30-37 of "*The Dry-Fly Man's Handbook*," which was the last work from the pen of the late Frederick M. Halford.

After the first dressing, Mr. Mosely tells me that he allows the line to dry for two months before he gives it another bath in the oil, and subsequent dressings are at intervals of about a month so as at insure the complete oxidization of the oil before another application is made. Ten or more dressings are applied, so it will be seen that the process is a lengthy one; but the results, as judged by a line which I have lately received from Mr. Mosley's skillful hands, is all that the most fastidious could wish for.

There is another method of dressing lines that is used by Mr. W. D. Coggeshall, one of our countrymen, but a sometime resident of London and a past President of the Fly-Fisher's Club. He was elected to this office during the late war. This club, which numbers amongst its members leaders in every walk of life, chose this method of showing their great appreciation of the very valuable assistance rendered by Mr. Coggeshall's country to theirs in its hour of trial.

Mr. Coggeshall does not use an air-pump in his line dressing; instead he heats the oil; to use his exact words which appeared in the *Fishing Gazette* (London), some time turing November, 1919, he tells us to: "Heat oil so hot that it will just burn your finger; put line in oil, keeping heat up until air-bubbles seem to rise: take line off fire and allow it to cool in oil; take out line and remove surplus oil and hang it up to dry. Better to *stretch* line first, though. To get a perfect surface, apply cold oil when line is stretched and dried. Be sure that *every* coat is *thoroughly* dry before second coat is applied. Rub down, smooth and polish with soft rag and talc powder."

Mr. Coggeshall's lines are, I believe, the despair of professional line dressers, who have been after him for years to get the secret from him but without success. He considers Mr. Mosely's

Savage Repeating Shotgun—accurate and hard-hitting, hammerless, solid breech design; Savage high-pressure steel barrel.

Model '99 High-power rifle—note the hammerless, solid breech. Nothing can get in to jam that powerful action. Built for .22 hi-power; .250-3000; .30-30; .300; .303.

Light to carry—quick to handle

But steady and true to hold

A Savage takes a lot of rough handling. Through brush, over rocks—and no chance for twigs to jam the works when you've got to shoot straight and fast. That swift, sure action is always there.

And you can pack a Savage magazine full of soft points without fear of denting a single nose. For the Savage rotary magazine supports the cartridge *at the base*—no battering from recoil.

There's a Savage for every kind of American game

.22 Hi-power. The amazing little *Imp*—smallest of all high-power rifles. Ideal for small and medium game—from woodchucks to wolves. Accurate at long and uncertain ranges.

.30-30. A standard and ever-dependable rifle for deer and similar game at moderate ranges. Used by many seasoned hunters.

.303. The hard-hitting, old .303—famous for 20 years. Ideal for deer, caribou and black bear. Unsurpassed for timbered country.

.250-3000. An all-around rifle. Terrific speed and low trajectory make it *the* gun for mountain sheep, goats and other game at extreme ranges. Excellent for deer.

.300. Delivers a smashing blow. Big enough for the biggest game. Splendid for moose and elk.

And the Savage .22s—the *Sporter*—the new bolt-action repeating .22—the gilt-edge accuracy of the finest target rifle built into a sporting model. Or the slide-action, Model '14—every feature originally and distinctively Savage—sturdy and accurate.

Ask at your dealer's or write direct for our interesting catalog.

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION
Dept. 134, Utica, N. Y.
Owners and operators of the J. Stevens Arms Company

SAVAGE

Savage manufactures ammunition for every Savage high-power rifle. Savage ammunition is advised for use with Savage high-power rifles. Savage is now also manufacturing other well-known cartridges. Look for the Savage Red Box.

NOW IS THE TIME
To Order An
Individual Sportsman's Axe
WITH ANY INITIAL PERMANENTLY ETCHED IN GOLD

Sent postpaid for $1.50. C.O.D. for 10c extra.

Extra fine leather sheath, 50c, or both axe & sheath for $1.75

No. 3
For that Christmas gift for the man, boy, woman or girl, who enjoys life in the outdoors.

Ask for circular.
MURKIN SUPPLY CO.,
Dept. I Warren, Pa.

Anglers $5.98 Complete
Fly Tying Outfit

Including Instruction Books, full set of Tools, and Working Materials. Hooks, Gut, large assortment of Body Materials and Feathers. Everything complete, HIGH GRADE, and plenty to make a hundred trout flies (state size you want), and still have tools, books, etc., for future use. It's easy to make flies with this outfit. Have some fishin' fun these winter evenings. Make flies just as you like 'em, and have 'em ready for next spring. Complete outfit, via prepaid insured post. Pay $5.98 on delivery. Look 'em over, and if not pleased, send 'em back, and your money will be refunded. If you prefer you can send remittance with your order under same "money back" guarantee. SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOG of Fly Tying & Rod Making materials and Quality Tackle.

J. A. WILLMARTH, Roosevelt, New York

In writing to Advertisers mention Forest and Stream. It will identify you.

Lefever

NEW LEFEVER NITRO-SPECIAL ONLY $29.00

O. K.'ed and purchased in quantities by the U. S. Navy. Well finished, considering the price. Built to shoot right and stand as much use as the most expensive gun. Most durable lock ever put in a gun — first lock fired over 77,000 times.

Every gun proof-tested with an extreme load. A standardized gun built only in 20-ga. 28 in., 16-ga. 28 in., and 12-ga. 28 and 30 in. with 14 in. stock and about 2⅞ in. drop. A Lefever won the world's championship at the Olympic games in London. Lefever has stood for service and durability for over 50 yrs. *Write for Catalogue*

Lefever Arms Co., Ithaca, N.Y.

CLEAN YOUR GUN—RIGHT!

Powder residue, metallic fouling and rust in gun or rifle barrels take the joy out of any man's shooting. But most men now know that they can be eliminated with

HOPPE'S NITRO POWDER SOLVENT NO. 9

Used for years by gun and rifle experts to keep their guns clean, long lived and straight shooting. Use it before, on and after every hunting trip. Your sports store has it.

Send 10c. for a liberal sample and booklet on gun cleaning.

FRANK A. HOPPE, Inc., 2311 N. 8th Street Philadelphia, Pa.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. EST'D 1858

DIAMONDS WATCHES

Genuine Diamonds Guaranteed

CASH OR CREDIT

"SYLVIA" Diamond Ring Blue white, perfect cut Diamond. The ring is 18-k Solid White Gold. Special at $100

TERMS: $10 Down, $2.50 a Week

Loftis Carved "Perfection" Diamond Ring Blue white, perfect cut Diamond. $75

"No. 1 Special" Diamond Ring Brilliant Diamond, blue white, perfect cut. Ring is 18-k White Gold, carved, pierced $50

TERMS: $5.00 Down, $1.25 a Week

The Loftis Carved "Perfection" Ring. is 14-k Solid Green Gold, Diamond set in White Gold prongs. Bridal Blossom design. Special at $75. Terms: $7.50 with order or on delivery, then $2.00 a Week. Also at $50, $100, $125, $150, up to $2,500. Wedding Rings to match.

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry
FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS
SEND FOR CATALOG

Rectangular Wrist Watch Solid 18-k White Gold, 17 Jewels, $35. 14-k, 15 Jewels, $29. Only $3.50 with order, then $1.00 a week until paid.

Over 2,000 illustrations of Diamond-set Jewelry, Watches, Wrist Watches, Pearls, Mesh Bags, Silverware, etc. — gifts by which you will always be remembered. There is something appropriate for everyone. Select as many articles as you wish and have all charged in one account. Sent prepaid for your Free Examination. Catalog explains everything.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

17 JEWEL ELGIN No. 15—Green Gold, engraved, assorted patterns, guaranteed 25 yrs. 12 Size, gilt Dial $32 Terms: $3.25 Down, then $1.00 a Week.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. EST'D 1858 — THE NATIONAL JEWELERS DEPT. G-160 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill. Stores in Leading Cities

lines equal to his own, and he advised me in a letter, that Eaton & Deller sold as good a line as could be procured anywhere.

THE general run of purchasable lines is today much better than it was a few years ago. If you buy a line today and take care of it the chances are in your favor; but a few years back lines were not always what we hoped for.

In this connection, however, I feel that I must give the history of a "Corona" line (Hardy Bros.) that I purchased in 1916. This line has had fairly hard use, but I have always removed it from the reel at the end of every day's use, and allowed it to get *thoroughly* dry before rewinding it; and at the end of the season the line has been coiled up in a large loose coil and kept in a dry, cool place until the following spring. After about five seasons' use, as the outer surface was showing signs of wear, I obtained some of the special oil from Naylor Bros., 407 Oxford Street, London, Eng., and put on a dressing with my fingers. After allowing the line to dry for about 6 weeks, I polished it with talc powder. This line today is in better condition than it was when I purchased it over six years ago.

Leaving a wet line on a reel will destroy it in a short time; in fact, if a dry-line is left on a reel for an indefinite period it will become sticky, and if left on long enough, when taken off the outside dressing may be as sticky as molasses.

A line that is just slightly tacky can be cured in the following manner: get a collar-box and put the line inside, but coiled in a large loose coil; then put plenty of talc powder in the box; put the top on and shake it up well. Keep it there several days, giving it occasional shakings meanwhile. Now take the line out and wash the talc powder off and then polish the line with a fine linen rag. The best kind of linen for this purpose is obtained by boiling the size, etc., out of a piece of Imperial Tracing cloth which can be purchased from any dealer in drawing materials. This linen cloth is very fine woven and peculiarly free from any suspicion of lint.

Now, if the surface of the line is at all worn, a top dressing of oil, applied in the manner already described, will complete the job, and the line will be as good as ever.

When the outer surface of the line resembles molasses it may still be possible to repair the damage.

The decomposed dressing has first to be removed with a rag and coal oil; the line must now be thoroughly washed to remove all traces of the coal oil and then when dry it is placed in a bowl of pure boiled linseed oil.

It can be left in to soak or heat can be applied; but we must remember that we are taking heroic measures to cure a practically ruined line, and also experimenting at the same time; so if the results are not quite what we expect, the person to blame is not me, but the man who allowed the line to get into this horrible condition. After the line is thoroughly soaked with the oil, take it out, stretch it, wipe off the surplus oil and let the line get dry. Now if the line appears to be well covered with the dry oil, put on a top dressing with the fingers and proceed as already described, but if the line does not seem to be properly filled with the oil, give it another bath and let it dry before you finish it.

Of course, the line could be sent back to the maker to be redressed but some of us like to do these things for ourselves.

A FIRST-CLASS double-tapered line may cost as much as $12, but if it is taken care of and occasional top dressings applied it will last for many years; in fact it improves with age. Its final end is frequently brought about by the wearing out of the tapered portions.

The usual method of attaching the leader to the line is by means of the well-known knot. After awhile we have to snip off half an inch or more from the end, and as time goes on the taper gradually becomes shorter, until at last there ceases to be any taper left worth mentioning.

If instead of using the knot we unravel about one-quarter of an inch of the end of the line and then bending this around, form a small loop, to be held in place by a fine silk binding, we shall indefinitely prolong the life of the tapered portion of the line. Care must be taken to make this loop with its silk binding as small as possible, because if too much silk binding is put on, it will make a heavy spot on the line.

This is not noticeable when making longish casts, but it *is* a detriment when we have to make a short cast. Therefore keep the loop and binding as small as is consistent with strength, and to do this use very fine binding silk, giving the binding a coat of celluloid varnish.

Another advantage that the loop method of attaching the leader has over the comomnly used knot is that there is no loose end of line present to catch the fly when casting.

On a line that I used this summer and with which several good fish of 3 lbs. were caught, I find the total length of loop and silk binding is only 7/16 of an inch.

NOW we come to the color of the line. Has one color any advantage over another? Everybody must answer this question to suit himself, but the following hints may throw a little light on the subject.

If we take several lines with the same surface finish but colored differently, and hold these lines up against the light it will not be an easy matter to say which is which; and *that*, we must remember, is the point from which the fish views the line.

Now, if we cast a dark colored line into the water, the normal background formed by the depth of water and the bottom of the river blends with the dark color of the line and makes it almost imposible for us to trace the line along the surface of the water. And if we make a long cast with a small dry-fly and use a dark colored line we sometimes fail to pick up or spot the fly immediately; but if we use a light colored line, one that contrasts with the dark background, the fly can be spotted much quicker, because all we have to do is to run our sight along the line and at the other side of the gap, that represents the invisible (to us) leader, the little fly is seen gayly sailing along. The foregoing is *my* reason for always trying to get as light colored line as possible.

In dry-fly fishing the reel or "casting" line should float. Mr. Coggeshall does not advise the use of any grease at all for this purpose. A very highly polished line will float without any further assistance, at least they tell me it will; personally I prefer something else to insure my line floating. Various substances are advocated; my preference is for what is sold as being pure red deer fat, e.i., the snow-white, lard-like substance obtained from the red deer of Scotland, *not* as some people imagine a red-colored fat from a deer. I like this best because it does melt easily, and one rubbing down in the morning is sufficient to keep my line floating all day long; some of the other greases that are advocated seem to me to be rather thin and lacking in body.

Some authorities state that deer fat will injure the line, but up to the present I have not come across a line that has had its dressing spoiled by deer fat.

A final bit of advice: besides always taking great care to dry your line after a day's fishing, it is frequently advisable to wash the line before you dry it; it is surprising to see the amount of dirt that can collect itself on a warm, dry day.

If the line is dusty and it is not washed, the next morning's rubbing down with grease tends to drive this dust, which is really very fine grit, into the outside finish of the line and thereby do anything but improve it.

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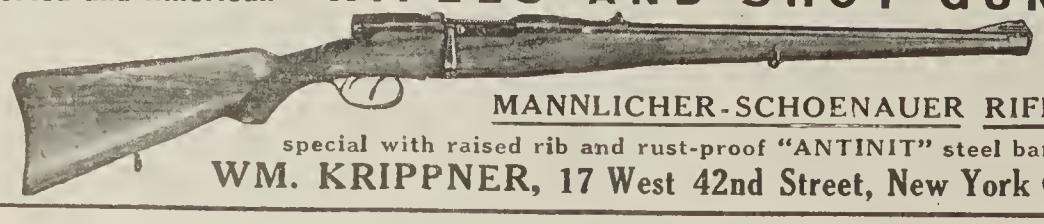

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FOREST AND STREAM LETTERS

(*Continued from page* 701)

all proportion to the winter range; this is not a very important factor as regards the future status of the bird, inasmuch as there are not sufficient numbers of them to occasion crowded conditions in their winter home.

It is an excellent commentary on our federal and various state governments, our sporting public and conservationists that the majority of our wild fowl have increased noticeably within the past five years, but much still remains to be accomplished as regards the restriction of seasons, bag limits and various local regulations that can best be learned from the careful and scientific study of the areas occupied by the various species during the breeding period as well as during the winter and by the routes and areas covered during the migratory seasons.

A FOX HUNTER IN THE CATSKILLS

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

RIP VAN WINKLE chose one of the Catskill Mountains on which to sleep for twenty years, if we are to believe the story about Rip—and I can well understand Rip's love for those mountains.

My home is near the little town of Altamount—south and west of Albany, N. Y. We live almost in the shadow of one of the Catskill Mountains, which is a wonderful game refuge, and never a night but that several red foxes roam over our mountain; so it was really a matter of following the line of least resistance for me, born with the call of the wild within me, to become a fox hunter, and perhaps a description of one of our fox hunts will best tell your readers how we use Reynard for sport in this particular part of the Empire State. On the morning of December 15th, in the year of our Lord 1922—the day of the week being Friday—I got up at 4:30, finished the chores, ate breakfast, and with my dog and gun was off for the mountains at 7 o'clock. Three inches of snow had fallen during the night, so it was an ideal morning for trailing, and pretty soon we picked up a trail made only a few hours before, and away went our dogs, and it wasn't long before their tune changed and we knew their fox was up and doing, but for some unknown reason this fox only ran an hour before holing in the rocks. It took about a half hour for the dogs to get another going, and this one ran too near one of our boys named Smith, who fired at it at about 40 yards and rolled the fox over before he had run three-quarters of a mile. Just about

this time we heard another hound coming our way, and as we listened the dog came nearer and nearer, and you who know the northern fox-hunting game know how a fellow's circulation picks up, how the perspiration starts even on a cold winter's morning, and how a fox hunter anxiously watches every field to catch the first glimpse of an oncoming fox. We didn't have to wait long with that hound driving along and getting nearer every minute before we saw a graceful red form slipping silently through a field, and luck this time was with Mr. Sturgis, Jr., who killed that big dog-fox at about 45 yards.

Business back home made it necessary for me to start toward home, but the others went on hoping to get another fox up. I had gone about a mile toward home when I heard the dogs coming my way with a fox ahead, and to me their music was the sweetest music ever. On they came, running like the wind—trailing very close, perhaps a quarter of a mile behind their freshly started fox. I had to run about thirty yards to get out of sight behind an old stone fence, and I was hardly hidden and in position to use a gun quickly when I saw the fox coming my way. On he came to the brow of the hill which I was on, then he stopped forty-one yards from me, and quick as a flash turned his tail toward me and looked back toward the dogs. I could barely see him because of a raise of ground between us, and the feeling came over me that his next move would be to the right or left, which would take him out of my sight; so I fired the right barrel of my old Ithaca, giving him a booster from behind, and it surely is hard to stop a tough old fox when you have to fire at the end he carried his brush on, but he dropped and lay with his feet up while I ran about 20 feet toward him, then he jumped up and ran down the hill as fast as he could with one hind leg out of commission, and, of course, I poked the other barrel of my Ithaca at him at a distance of about forty-five yards; another tail end shot, of course, and he fell rolling over and over, then he got and scrambled along a lot faster than I could, so I slipped two more shells in the Ithaca and took a third shot at him with his tail toward me as before, and as before he went down and for the last time. By this time the dogs came along, and what a fuss they made over that tough old fox! When I skinned him I found four B-B shot in his hams, two more a little farther in front—one on each side of his neck and two on the very top of one shoulder—one through the ear and one had cut the skin between his ears, twelve B-B shot in all—and I'll bet a

(*Continued on page* 736)

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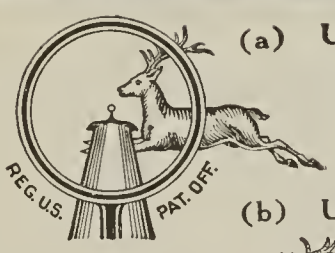

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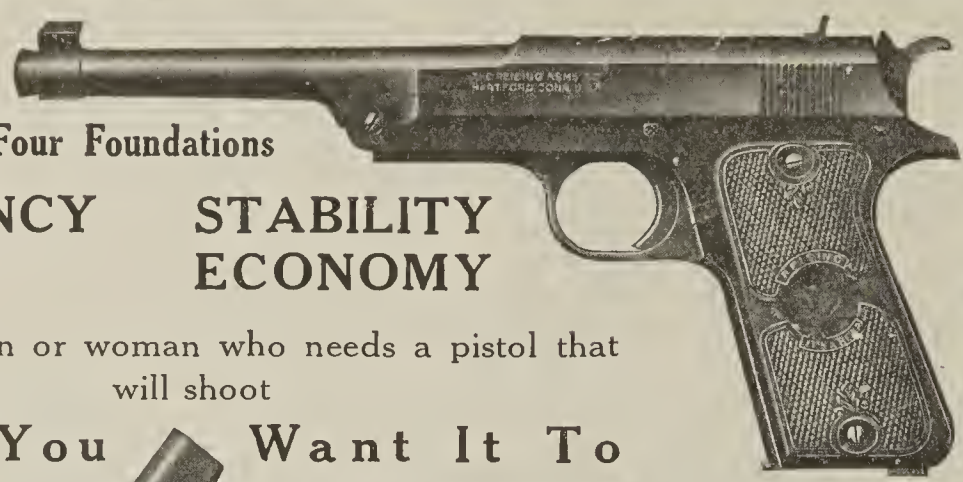

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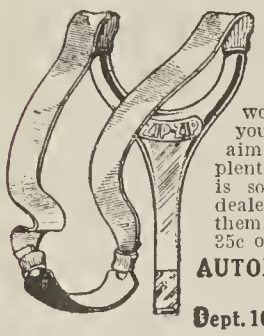

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENT
See Pages 732-733

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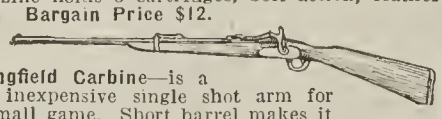

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RABBIT BOTS

(*Continued from page* 694)

proper moment, the perfect bot-fly—now fully matured—would push open the door and step out into the wide world, ready to fly to its mate and start on a hunting trip for rabbits.

The genus *Cuterebra* contains a number of species or different kind of bot-flies—the larvæ, grubs, warbles or bots, whichever you prefer to call them, are to be found on rabbits, squirrels, gophers, chipmunks, rats and many other kinds of rodents.

The life history of each is probably very similar to the one which we have had under discussion. *Cuterebra buccata* (Fig. 3) is known as a parasite of squirrels, rabbits and other small animals.

THE LURE OF THE FROZEN TRAIL

(*Continued from page* 677)

miles long by two hundred wide—at least once every winter, traveling by reindeer whenever possible, as food must be carried for dog-teams, while the reindeer paws the snow from the Arctic moss and rustles for himself. His trail equipment is a masterpiece in the way of completeness, compactness, and comfort. It even threatens one with luxury—which would be unpardonable on the trail—yet it contains no unnecessary articles. Silk tents to be erected without ridge-pole, which is often unavailable; small traveler's stoves—one for wood and an emergency one for alcohol; case of fitted cooking utensils and dishes; folding typewriter and file for documents in waterproof cases; and unbreakable, unwetable, but alas! *not* unfreezeable, grub-box—all designed to occupy the least possible space in traveling.

We were all anxious to camp out whenever practicable. That first night, however, the Eskimos in charge of the equipment-sleds were delayed en route, to repair some harness or sled, and we stopped at the home of "Sinrock Mary"—the "Reindeer Queen" of Western Alaska—to wait for them. As night fell and the wind rose, the "Super" accepted her offer of hospitality for the night, which consisted of space to stretch our sleeping-bags on the floor of her cabin. In the room adjoining—

but, that night at "Sinrock Mary's" deserves a chapter all to itself, so many interesting things occurred—and I cannot even begin it here. Also, I would like to tell you how we were initiated into the mysteries of the sleeping-bag—with the "Super" as master of ceremonies—but I *will* say at the risk of losing my reputation for truth and veracity, that, the ordeal once over, we slept soundly and well "to a man," and awoke refreshed and ready for the hot breakfast that was waiting for us in "Queen Mary's" warm kitchen. And once more we fared forth.

We experienced the joys of camping-out in a mild blizzard the next night. On the evening of the third day, we reached Unalakleet—a native village, primarily, but now containing a fair sprinkling of Whites, including a settlement of Laplanders. While here, we were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Van Ness—in charge of the Government school—Southerners, with all that the name implies in the way of gracious hospitality. Here, the center of attraction, the name on every tongue, was "Scotty Allen" of Nome, famous as "King of the Arctic Trail," and his equally famous 11-dog-team who stopped over the night en route to Juneau.

Half the population of the village, it seemed, were preparing to attend the Reindeer Fair; and it was here I lost Maska as special escort, although he traveled with us before in the capacity of "commissary sergeant" and "chef" for our party. The Laplander delegates, who are especially proud of their reindeer, sled-deer, particularly, offered us special convoy for the remainder of the journey. They drove double mostly, and in that way one sled and driver managed a pack and two passengers. A string of fur-clad Eskimos, swinging rhythmically across the tundra with their reindeer, is far from being a prosaic or unpicturesque sight; but the spectacular sensation of the trip was occasioned by the Lapps appearing on the scene amid a musical jingle of bells and flashes of bright color; for their deer were in gala attire, arrayed as "lilies of the field" in elaborately decorated harness, head and bell-bands, while the quaint, old-world costumes of the drivers completed a picture quaintly rare. Their deer—every inch aristocrats—elicited our enthusiastic praise and admiration, the snow-white deer of the "Super's" team being the special objects of interest, all of which was received with pleased and smiling appreciation by their proud owners.

We camped that night in a fragrant spruce-grown ravine where the snows of many weeks had packed to a depth of several feet. Its crusted surface

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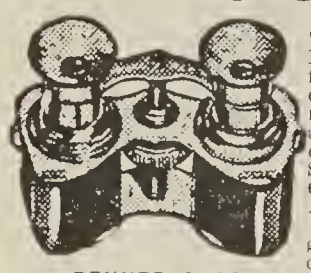

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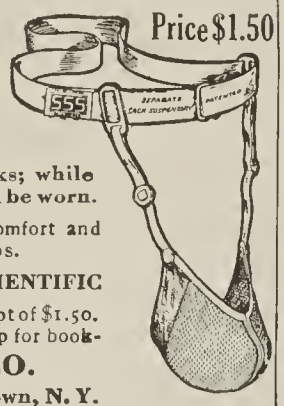

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made a clean, smooth floor for our tent, which was up in a jiffy, and warm and ready for occupancy by the time we had unlimbered and "peeled off" the outer one of our many layers of clothing. Doesn't sleeping on a ten-foot snowdrift, up near the Arctic Circle where the Northern Lights hold nightly carnival, appeal to your sense of physical comfort and luxury? No? Well! "every one to his taste"—you know the rest. *I* wouldn't have exchanged beds, or locations, or consciences either, for that matter, with *anyone*. Just imagine! A thick crust of pure, white snow—with just "give" enough to be easy—then a heavy carpet of tiny spruce boughs, then reindeer robes, soft and furry and warm, and on these, stretched out in a solemn and funeral regularity, side by side, like a row of sarcophagi in a mausoleum—seven sleeping-bags whose mummy-like tenants lay wrapped in the arms of Morpheus and the stillness of the Arctic night. Only one of Maska's incomparable camp-breakfasts, enlivened by his droll comments, could have induced us to vacate.

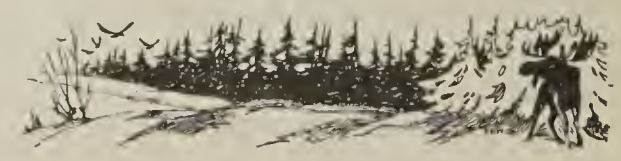
Our caravan numbered now about twenty sleds; and, as the leader took the trail and we fell in behind according to our proximity and state of preparedness, winding through the wooded space and over the open tundra, and finally down onto the ice-trail of Norton Sound, singing, laughing, joking—even racing one another on the level stretches—it is registered on my memory—A Perfect Day!

In the early dusk we passed the herd, feeding on the mossy tundra, entered a strip of woodland, and were soon at Shaktoolik, aglow with the soft, welcoming radiance of lamp-light. A hot, savory supper was prepared for us in the Government dwelling by the schoolhouse, which our trail appetites accorded a visible appreciation. I have already given you a general idea of the Fair, its character and purpose. That reminds me—I promised to enumerate a few of the reindeer exhibits that were entered for prizes: The hide is tanned and dressed, with the fur and without. By the latter method the fawn-skin produces a quality like the soft, smooth kid used for gloves, also a chamois-like grade, which is used for jackets and vests. All these were on display, as were pillow-covers, table-runners and banners, dyed different colors and all work done by hand with thread made of reindeer sinew. All manner of outer garments were made of the tanned fur, and of the coarser leather and sinew were belts, gun-cases, whips and harness.

The Fair lasted four days, and was characterized throughout by strict attention to the matter in hand, a desire to gain useful information, orderly and courteous conduct, a thorough enjoyment of the sports, and the spirit of friendliness and good cheer. About two reindeer were butchered each day for food, and certain staple rations were furnished by the commissary, each group or party bringing its own food supplies in other respects.

On the fifth day began the "home run," which was made in much less time as the weather was warmer, and the days, which were lengthening rapidly, much longer. Along the way, our numbers dwindled rapidly; the Eskimos turning off the trail to return to their herds, and the Lapps all stopping at Unalakleet—their destination. Even the jolly St. Mike party divided blankets and beans here—part of them deciding to remain over a day—so we were reduced to three sleds and four deer to the four of us for the last sixty miles. By that time, however, the "Super" declared we all ought to be independent of drivers and personal attendants, and that every true follower of the trail should be able to drive a deer and balance a loaded sled, so as to prevent turning turtle on the rough ice or the "nigger-heads" of the tundra. Suiting the action to the word, he selected *me* as a victim, and threw me the driving-rope with the curt injunction to "paddle my own canoe"—which same I surprised him (and, incidentally myself) by doing, very skilfully and efficiently, even unto the gates of St. Michael!

As I re-read this, I am filled with regret that I have been unable to picture for you any of the beautiful bits of scenery that were being constantly revealed to us along the trail. As it stands, it seems a mere experience without a background; and we certainly had "background to burn"—the solemn grandeur of the vast silent stretches, the grim majesty of the mountains, rising, rank above rank, hoary sentinels guarding the treasure-chest of a continent—silvery glaciers, forcing their icy way through crevices in the cliffs—and over all and around all, the wonderful coloring of Earth, and Sea, and Sky! But how inadequate! I need a brush, a palette of dazzling colors, and the "temperament artistic," instead of a much-worn "Conklin" filled with thawed-out ink, and a very indifferent command of English. However, I have done my best; and, as I said in the beginning, *you* are supposed to have *some* imagination.



GEORGE THE TRAPPER

(*Continued from page* 686)

plied with every toy Noah's ark worthy of the name.

There on the ridge we came across fresh caribou tracks, but did not catch a glimpse of the animals themselves.

"Which way is she going, George?" I asked that night, as I stood shivering with soaking feet, and wet clothes from carrying a wet pack all day, ready to help George to carry the logs as he cut them down for our fire. It was a big-sized tree he was felling. He came over and placed a stick upright in the snow, about thirty feet from the base of the tree.

"See that?" he said.

"Yes."

"Wal—I'm goin' to drop this tree right on top of that stick."

And in four strokes more he did it, burying the upright stick far into the snow.

He grinned. "That reminds me of the raw chappie I once heard about," he said. "He was chopping down a tree. 'Which way is she goin', Charlie,' cried his pal. ''Ow the 'ell do I know,' shouted the raw chappie. 'Do you think I'm a bloomin' prophet?'"

This night was similar to several others we spent on the summit—dry logs on top of green ones on sixteen feet of snow; balsam smoke and, despite green logs for a fire bottom, the fire six feet below us in the morning and heat nowhere. And with so much snow about us, we could not better it.

Then for one night we camped on real earth. We found it under a giant balsam, whose twelve feet in circumference of branches reached the earth and had kept the snow from piling under. But our poor luck seemed to follow us, for the temperature dropped to fifteen degrees below zero. That night I seemed to have absorbed more wet than on any previous day of our traveling. Standing at the smoky fire, in that bitter cold weather, I had to take off and dry, one by one, every garment I wore, right to my skin, before I could venture to sleep in safety.

"Do you wonder now," said George, "that a trapper is a crank on woolen goods and that when he asks in a store for woolen clothes he wants to get them? A trapper's very life depends on the kind of material he wears, not on the cut of it, and there is nothing on God's green earth that can turn water and keep the heat like straight, honest wool."

As if to recompense us for all our climbing, the sun came out bright and dazzling on our last day on the summit and the beauty of our surroundings was indescribable. Below us stretched

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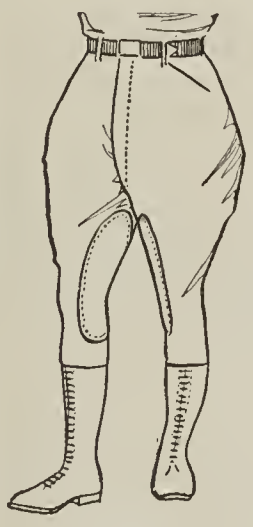

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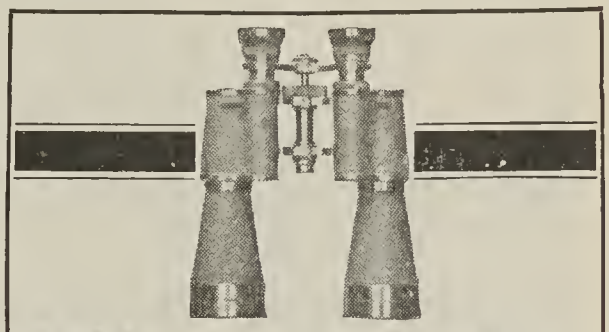

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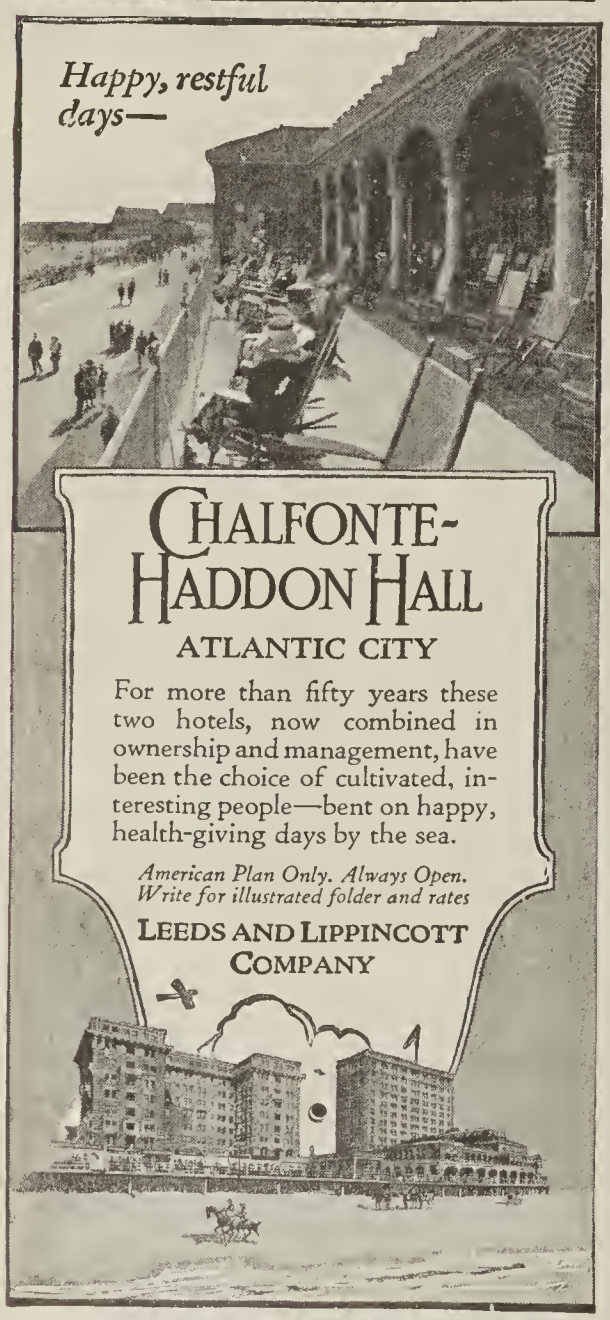

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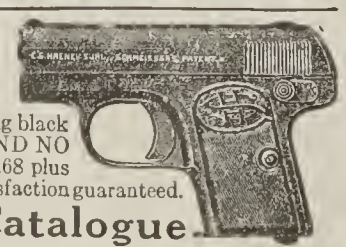

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the Shuswap Valley, partly hidden by floating clouds; across from us were great ice-bound, dazzling white peaks, some of them nine thousand feet high and without a name at that. Far up the valley we could see the source of the Shuswap River, Green Lake, with fairy coves on one side and the snow on its frozen surface looking like a giant billiard table with a white cover over it.

On the morning of our eighth day out from the ranch, we started early for the head of the valley. Sitting on the heels of our snow-shoes, we toboganned in a most exhilarating way straight down over the snowy surface that covered probably the most densely bushed country in British Columbia, for, in the summer time, when the snow is gone, the route over which we traveled is quite impassable owing to the heavy underbrush; but at this time it was smooth and unobstructed except for the great trees that reared everywhere around us. As we careened down this slope, we made great use of our walking poles. They made splendid brakes when our speed became too great. At times we had to stop up and make a detour round some huge mountain of a boulder that must have been thrown up out of the bowels of the earth at some prehistoric period, or across the top of a precipice with several hundred feet of a drop. We slid four thousand feet in the course of two hours, then our journey downward became more gradual.

George took his bearings from the compass when we started and so good was his judgment that we landed out in the valley within fifty yards of his objective, a damp, uninviting place on the river.

Two great trees had fallen together toward the river. It was at the foot of these that we were compelled to camp. Six feet of snow had collected on top of them and in the slight thaw was now threatening to slide over and smother the hole we were making camp in. With the axe, George had to cut out snow eight feet high, seven feet long and four feet wide, to get ground-level for our beds. The snow kept melting and sliding over the fallen cedars into our fire. If we moved, we disturbed icicles which seemed fairly to chuckle with delight as they slipped in at our necks and down our bare backs.

Being near running water, I dreamed again. This time I was walking down a busy city street, dressed up, but without my boots and socks. I could see my footwear in the roadway, being trodden on by pedestrians and squeezed into the mud by passing vehicles, but try as I liked I could not get at them. Wet socks were evidently becoming an obsession with me. Later I dreamed that the snow from the cedars had slipped over and had joined the snow on the other side of us and that we were imprisoned. I woke with a shout and, half asleep, still thought it was true. In muffled excitement I shouted the danger to George, but all the sympathy I got from him was, "Running water; nightmare; everything's O.K. Go to sleep!"

It was at this, most miserable of camps, that I spent my first and only resting-up day. George went out for a short trip on a branch line on the other side of the valley. How the time dragged! Sitting six hours in a winter camp, not able to move a yard without snow-shoes on, nothing but snow around, with no book to read and no inclination to write anything, is the surest and swiftest way that I can suggest to a straight jacket and a lunatic asylum.

How welcome his cheery salutation sounded on his return that evening! This short line he had visited was a new one and his success demonstrated how the marten trapper must change his lines continually to be successful. It is in this country, from the Gold Range and the Selkirks, north to Tjon Cache, that the highest grade marten in the world are trapped.

George, who was ever making calculations, demonstrated to me at this point how costly food becomes when it is carried a long way. He reckoned that a hardened packer will carry on his back some sixty pounds steadily on such a trail as we were moving over. A packer's wages is at least five dollars a day, and, on even a twelve days' trip, sixty pounds of food at sixty dollars for packer's wages would already raise the value one dollar per pound freightage alone, without consideration of the original cost of the goods. It was a simple way of making one understand why eggs cost a dollar a piece in Dawson during the Klondike rush.

At the commencement of my trip, one of my friends, recalling a previous occasion upon which I had gone into the mountains, deer-hunting, and had got lost in the hills, in the snow, for two days, without either food or water, presented me with a tin of emergency rations of some malted milk food. I had carried this with me until I suggested to George that we sample it.

"I'm game to try anything once," he remarked. And we set-to.

"Well, what do you think of the lunch, George?" I asked, after we had tried one or two pellets.

"Guess it would be all right," he answered drily, "if a man had a sack of potatoes along with it."

On our tenth day out, we were still

twenty-four miles from George's ranch, which might mean three or six days according to the state of the traveling. Along the river, I had the fortune to see what very few folks ever have seen, even trappers, for George had only seen it twice in eighteen years, that was a marten running free in the snow. George was about a hundred yards ahead of me. The skunk-musk which he carried on his back must have aroused this marten's curiosity and caused him to follow down to investigate. He had not noticed me behind until I was within twenty yards of him. Then he doubled excitedly and scurried up the hill, looking round and stopping up every few yards.

On the morning of our eleventh day, coming down the valley, we had to ford the river right at the start of our day's trip, for the ice and snow had given way and the water was running free. Fortunately we found a shallow part that did not come over our ankles. We set several traps on the way, but the bluejays pestered us. They have a very keen scent and are a constant trouble to the trapper. They will smell his meat bait wrapped up in his pack and, as he goes along, will flute a strange note of anticipation. They get into the traps almost before they are properly set. The flute note of anticipation changes to an excited "chat-chat-chat" as they draw near to the trap.

At the beaver dams, I saw a mink come out of its hole by the side of the river and go slowly down the water edge as if on some definite errand. I stood still and watched. It made its way to a furry object that was lying partly submerged in the water. An otter had got caught in one of George's traps and the mink had been feeding for the last day or so on the dead animal's tongue and throat. Evidently Mister Mink is an epicure and likes the dainty pieces, for the otter's fur and body were unharmed.

The going began to get very bad again, on account of a continuing thaw. To avoid getting soaked through from the great blobs of snow which kept falling from the trees, we had to take to the benches on the side of the hills again, where the trees were not so dense. Eight inches of the snow on top of the benches was soft, while the bottom had gone completely from under, so that we slipped, slithered and floundered at every step, sliding downward three or four feet at every stride. But we were determined to reach George's fourteen mile cabin that night come what may. We were dog-tired when several miles from it, but we kept on, step by step, resting up now and again, then on a few hundred yards more. The dark was set-

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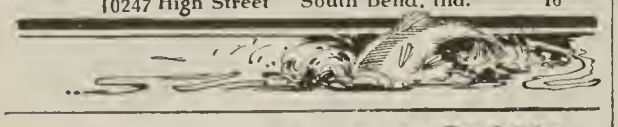

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ting in when we reached it. What a miserable cheerless cabin I had thought it on my way out, but what a palace it seemed now! It meant a change of food, a bunk to lie in, a warm, covered shelter and dry clothes. It was now the epitome of all that pleasure and comfort stood for. It is thus that our mental vision is influenced by what we go through. It is all a matter of degree, and, after all, there is no real perspective.

With fourteen miles ahead of us still, which we hoped to make in a day although we had taken two to it on our journey out, we rose at daybreak. George discarded his pack at the cabin and carried mine, leaving me with only a few pounds of food to bring along. A frost had come up during the night and the surface crust made good travelling, better than any we had experienced on the trip. In three hours we had covered a distance that took us seven hours to do on our outward trek, and so we kept on all day. We came across fresh tracks of a grizzly, who must have got up a week or two too soon. He was following hard on our old trail, seeking good footway, and sinking every few steps. His tracks were twelve inches across. We did not sight him, and we were just as well pleased, for we carried nothing but short-range revolvers and a grizzly just awakened and in soft going was likely to be none too good-humored. When we reached the ranch we discovered that another valiant trapper had come across the big fellow and had dropped him with one shot through the brain. The bear was a beautiful silver-tip, measuring eight feet four inches.

George still refused to commit himself as to our ability to reach the ranch that night.

"It doesn't do for a man to feel sure in the bush or in the mountains," he said. "If he does, old Mother Nature will knock the cock-sureness out of him before he goes very far and make him feel like ten cents worth of dog meat half eaten."

But the going kept good until we reached the marshes, a few miles north of Sugar Lake, and then we knew we would make it even if the dark came down. But a mile from home we ran into the unexpected. All the ice and snow bridges over the Shuswap had given way and fifty yards of icy water lay between us and home. There was nothing for it. We had to get over. George, with his usual grit, stripped off, took both packs and went into the water, going through the icy slither waist deep to the other side. He would not hear of two getting wet, when one would do. He came over again, got me on his back and forded the third time. He was chilled to the bone. I got off my sweater and rubbed him until the circulation began to glow in his lower limbs. I went ahead, breaking the trail to the ranch, where they were excitedly awaiting us, for we were a day late. We completed that last fourteen miles in seven hours, which was close on George's record for the distance.

Having finished one hundred miles on snowshoes, I felt I was entitled to spend the next day lounging round the ranch, but on the day after, I set out for home, with George's catch, thirteen hundred dollars worth of fur, on my back, to express for him to the market when I reached civilization. The ice on Sugar Lake was breaking up and it was impossible for any conveyance to travel through, so I had to tackle the next twenty miles over broken ice and broken roads on foot. Sixteen miles more I did behind a buckboard, then sixteen in an automobile, and the twinkling lights of the cheery little town of Vernon told me that the adventure was behind me and the cushion comforts of home were within hail.

But—anyone who says the marten trapper makes easy money, all I have to say to him is, let him have a go at it.

LANDING A DOUBLE CATCH

(*Continued from page* 687)

rounded form does not invite heavy wading in a swift river, so he is content to stay home and listen to the wonders performed by other anglers who, after quite a number of visits to his hotel, gradually come to know his peculiar yet ever-kindly nature, that prefers others praise his skill. You see at a glance his Milesian ancestry, and though born in the Catskills, as his father was before him, he is the fiercest "Home Ruler" for the "Old Sod" I ever met or heard of. His sly, caustic comments are enough to make a pig laugh when some fellow fancies he has a superior style and dilates of his great skill in angling. Sometime ago a little affair happened that will show Bill Keener's make-up. I had a young friend as guest for three days—not much of a fly fisherman, yet we managed to get a nice little basket of trout for him to take back home. The night before my friend was to leave, in some way or other a rat got in his creel and stole every fish therein. We told Bill about it, and he launched forth his indignation with a volley of words not present in the dictionaries. He walked away without a word, donned his fishing togs, and we saw him no more till just fifteen minutes before

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the 4 P. M. train left for New York City. My friend and I saw him jogging along on the rail tracks, and with that gentle, sweet smile, beckoned us to join him in the ice cooler. From his creel he took out six of the nicest 12-inch trout I had seen for many a long day. "There," says he to my friend, "put them in your bag, and the gol darn rats can go to where they don't use coal." Admiration for a worthy deed—coupled with thanks for it were superfluous. It was his nature—"to right a wrong"—when an impudent rat should have the gall to rob a guest. To my mind such actions, without words, proclaim the true, the courteous and gentle angler.

DUCK SHOOTING ALONG THE ALAMO

(*Continued from page* 681)

turned loose four shots at them. Three sprigs dropped, two to a "double" from "Ceph's" 16-gauge, and one to my twelve-gauge, the last bird eluding my second barrel and darting away to safety. Then a single came past, not looking as though he intended stopping, and as he came to my side I took the shot and nailed him clean with the right-hand barrel. All of these birds drifted to the tules, and lay in plain sight along the edges.

Then a pair of green-wing teal flashed by like feathered arrows, and four shots from our guns only accounted for one bird. Then three canvas-backs, a part of the advance guard from the north, put in an appearance and began to circle warily above the decoys, but always out of range. Magnificent birds they were, the kings of the duck tribes, and our eyes were glued to the rushes in front of us that constituted the outside of the "blind," and we scarcely drew a long breath as we thought of the possibility of their coming rushing in on top of us. Nearer and nearer they came, and just as we were silently congratulating ourselves that they would swing into range, a shot, and a second report from a "blind" not far away turned their course and made them start to climb up out of danger. We watched their flight to the north, commenting audibly on the luck that had made some fellow-sportsman fire just at that psychological moment.

After that there was a lull, an interval of non-activity on our part. And still we hugged our "blind" and talked, if at all, in whispers. Guns boomed in various directions from time to time some distance from us, but it was evident that the flight was irregular and comparatively light. And then a sudden breeze sprang up and for about an hour we had quite a bit of shooting. Ducks came in singly, in pairs, and in small flocks, and we had close and pretty shooting while the flight lasted. The birds were all sprigs, and except for "travellers,"—birds flying south and going high up, and not counting on stopping, the shooting was not difficult. The sprigs would sometimes circle once or twice above the decoys, and stoop so as to afford easy shots, or they would come in with a sudden dip without circling. The crippled ones did not dive instantly on hitting the water, as wounded mallards so often do, and we got them handily with a second shot.

And still we made a number of misses. There is a deceptiveness in duck-shooting which is sometimes hard to account for. You will see a duck coming, and have plenty of time to gauge his speed, and plan as to your lead ahead of him if he is coming past. As he gets in range, you rise, swing your gun on his line of flight, take your lead ahead, press the trigger, keeping your gun moving all the time, and down comes your duck, evidently smothered by the center of the charge. You smile complacently and say to yourself, "they're gone when they give me a shot like that!" And then another duck of the same species heaves in sight, flying perhaps a trifle higher than the first one, but a straight side-shot, just as duck number one. You rise at exactly the right moment, swing ahead the proper distance as you judge, press the trigger, miss, swing ahead again, fire your second barrel, and "brer!" duck whizzes by without a single feather ruffled.

You are surprised, not to say disgusted. But the fault was yours, not your gun's. The second duck was going a little faster than the first, and you held a trifle less ahead of him than you did on the first bird, so that the charge from your choke-bored gun just missed his tail feathers when you first fired. On the second shot, although you swung far enough ahead for a straight side-shot, the duck was turning and rising, and your charge went under him and a scant inch or so ahead of him. Sometimes you may hold too far ahead as you think, and are about to shoot the second barrel just as your bird drops dead. Many shooters experience no difficulty in shooting ducks which have alighted in the decoys and start to rise as the shooter gets up, but they shoot above birds that are about to settle by the decoys. It takes practice to make a fine duck-shot, and no experience with quail, snipe, ruffed grouse, woodcock, bay-snipe, China pheasants or other birds will make up for lack of practice on the ducks themselves. Sometimes you must shoot under and ahead of a bird; sometimes over and ahead, sometimes straight ahead, but the variety of speed and gyrations of the ducks will test the best marksmanship.

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like shooting at rifle bullets. It is no disgrace to miss them clean. To make a "double" on a pair of teal passing in a high gale, is, in my opinion, the "top-notch" of wing-shooting.

Along about nine o'clock the flight began to "peter out." We got a stray shot occasionally, but these were all at single birds, and flying high. In this river-marsh duck-shooting it is a first principle to drop your birds in the open water. A duck that drops in the tules a few feet from the edges is almost certain to be lost, as these rushes are about fifteen feet high and too dense to penetrate with anything short of a Cuban machete. The old shooters are past masters in the art of shooting ducks so that they will fall in open water, and they are perfect stoics in the line of restraining their eagerness to fire, when the ducks would fall in the thick cover if killed.

Going in from the "blind" we came across an old shooting pal of ours who had a bunch of sprigs in his boat, and we paddled back to the landing after taking a few pictures of the marsh and its surroundings. We saw a fine array of live wild mallard decoys at this camp, but the flight of mallards had not yet commenced to come in from the north. We were, each of us, away under the limit of twenty-five birds apiece, but we had all thoroughly enjoyed the shoot and promised one another to "remember the Alamo" when the later flights had begun to darken Southern California skies, and bring the birds down from the north. All highways are posted here by the signing system of the Automobile Club of Southern California, and we got our licenses to shoot at their El Centro branch office. The early flight of sprigs was uncommonly good this year, and we expect fine shooting later when the mallards, canvas-backs and later flights of sprigs come south. We get few black ducks here—the dusky mallards—but about all of the others come into our lakes and marshes during the shooting season from October 1st until January 15th.

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ADIRONDACK BEARS

(*Continued from page* 689)

shoeing is almost impossible. For this reason, I left my cabin long before daylight, and had the first trap set by seven o'clock. This first set was made in a big hollow hemlock log, which lay on a side hill next to the stump from which it had fallen years before. During the winter I had had a "fisher" trap set away back inside of this log, and there were still some remains of a porcupine which I had used for bait. I threw in a honeycomb which I had brought with me for bait and set the trap in the opening, putting a log in front of the trap over which the bear would have to step. I also put a small bent birch stick under the pan of the trap to keep it from being sprung by small animals. In setting these traps, I use clamps to compress the springs. This is really the only safe way. I have set bear traps by cutting poles and using them as levers, but this old method is both dangerous and unsatisfactory, especially when one man is trapping alone.

The second trap I carried over to the hogback, a mile west of the pond. Here I built a log pen about 2 x 4 x 6, roofed over with split balsam logs. This took the rest of the morning to build. I had killed a hedgehog on the way over from the first trap, and I pegged this down in the back end of the pen, putting another honeycomb on a slab of bark just inside the opening. The trap was placed in front of the entrance, fixing it the same as I had the first one. The pen was covered with spruce boughs which I let hang over the entrance, protecting the trap from snow. On the way back to camp, about a mile from the pond and not very far from the ledges, I came across the carcass of a deer laying on top of the snow. It had evidently been winter killed, and had been dead only a few days. There were many fox tracks around, and they had started working on the carcass. It was still frozen solid, so I took the axe and cut it in two, hanging both halves high in two spruce trees. This would be the location for my third and last "set," and I was fortunate in finding the bait so handy. It was now late in the afternoon so I started for the cabin, after blazing a tree so I could locate the place when I came back again to set my last trap.

A week later I returned to my cabin to set the last trap. It was snowing hard when I left camp with my pack, but the snowshoeing was somewhat better than before, and I made good time. I followed my old snowshoe tracks around to the first set. Here I found a large coon caught in the bear trap. Somehow he had managed to spring

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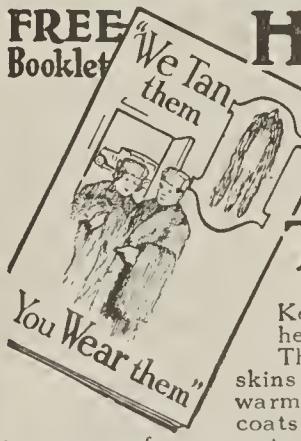

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the trap which had caught him high up on his body. The pelage was very poor and yellow, as they always are the end of April, so I did not remove the skin, but threw the whole animal back into the hollow log. After resetting the trap, I looked around in front of the "set" and found some very fresh bear signs within twenty feet of the trap. Evidently a bear had come to the set, but had been frightened away by the sight of the sprung trap with the coon in it.

I went on to the ledges, where I intended to make my third set, in high hopes, for I knew that the bear, having once located the bait, would be back. At this time of the year, after they come out from their winter's hibernation, they are ravenously hungry. When I came to the ledges and the tree I had blazed, I had a big surprise—the carcass of the deer was nowhere to be seen, but claw marks on both trees and tracks in the old snow showed where a large bear had anticipated me and had taken the bait before I had had a chance to set the trap. This was disconcerting, for I knew the bear would come back looking for more food—but I had no prospects of getting any more bait. After finding a suitable place, which was a small opening between the upturned rocks, I blocked up the back end and covered over the top with some old logs and brush. I set the trap in the front, and put my last honeycomb on a piece of bark away in the back. This honeycomb I scorched over a small fire, and it gave forth a very sweet and pungent odor, which old trappers told me would carry for a long distance.

By the time I had finished with this trap it was late in the afternoon, and was clouding over, forecasting an early darkness in the woods. The wind had come up and was blowing a gale, driving before it large wet snowflakes. I thought it would be wiser to strike for my second camp, which was two miles nearer than the Shingle Shanty Stream cabin. In order to reach this camp, I had either to shore it around two small ponds, or else cross on the ice. When I got to the shore of the larger pond, it was quite dark, and the storm was growing worse every minute. I decided to chance the ice, as the weather had been cold and I felt sure it would hold. Half-way across, I regretted I had not kept to the shore, but I kept on, going as fast as I could against the driving storm. Suddenly, when about a hundred feet from shore, without warning, the ice gave way, and I found myself floundering in the icy water with my snowshoes and a pack on. At first I thought I was in for a hard time, for I could not feel bottom, and the rotten ice kept breaking off as I tried to climb out. Finally I let my feet sink down until the water was up to my arm pits, and they hit bottom. It was a wonderful relief. Taking off my gloves, I got out my hunting knife, and reaching down, cut the straps on my snowshoes, and with these placed on the ice in front of me to spread the weight, I climbed out and got to shore. My snowshoe harness was cut, so I had to plow through the snow to camp, which was about a half mile up the shore. By the time I got to camp and had a fire going in the fireplace, I was pretty much chilled through. Contrary to Mr. Volstead's ruling, I kept a "wee drappy" under a loose board in the floor, so I pried up the board and got it out, and after taking a hot toddy, things looked different.

There was no grub in this camp, as I had not stayed there since the fall hunting, Camp No. 1 being warmer and more centrally located for winter trapping. However, there was a good supply of wood on hand and lots of warm blankets and a little kerosene in the lamp, so I was really in fine shape for the night.

During the night, the storm blew itself out, and early next morning, after repairing the harness on my snowshoes, I made my way over to the other camp. Here I had three meals in one, and at noon went out to the railroad.

The weather held cold until the second week in May, when there was a warm rain, taking off all of the remaining snow, and suddenly transforming the woods from a late winter to a much delayed spring. It was May 18th before I again made a pilgrimage to my cabin on Shingle Shanty. Leaving camp at seven o'clock, I started for the "set" in the hollow log. When I came to the stream, I had to get out the old boat which had been turned upside down over two logs all winter. The ice had gone out of the stream and the ponds, and it was very clear and warm. I had with me an old 32 carbine Winchester which I always keep in camp; and in my pack had my kodak, axe, trap clamps and lunch. It was such a perfect spring morning that I did not hurry, walking slowly to enjoy it all. The trees were just leafing out, and the hillsides were of a beautiful shade of light green. On the ground countless spring flowers were peeping out from under old logs and roots and in places the witch-hopple were blooming, their white blossoms looking like an early fall of light snow on their green leaves. Over and around it all hung the wonderful sweet fragrance of a new forest world, springing to life after the long, cold winter.

As I neared my first trap in the hollow log, I thought I heard some animal bellowing—a long way off. Then, as I stood listening, wondering what it was,

the morning train on the M. & M. Railroad, ten miles away, sounded its whistle for a station. The sound of the whistle on the clear, thin air was faint and far off, but I thought it was the same sound I had first heard, so I started on. I finally came out into a small lumber clearing, where some of the old buildings were still standing. This had always been a good place for porcupines as they lived under the floor of the old barn, and I had previously killed three there. I went quietly over to the old barn and stood looking in the door. I could hear a "porcy" grating his teeth under the floor, but could not see him, so I stood waiting. Quite suddenly a big fat porcy climbed up out of his hole between two logs, and started to waddle toward the door. Just then I heard the bawling sound which I had thought was the train. This time I was much nearer to it, and the sound increased in volume and ended in a roar, followed by a throaty growl. I knew what it was now, for many times I had heard old trappers telling how a bear will bawl and roar when caught in a trap.

The porcy was still waddling toward me, and as I wanted him for bait for the other trap I shot him and ran to the top of the hill on the edge of the clearing, from where I could look down to my bear trap. I stopped to listen, standing on the limbs of a fallen beech, about six feet from the ground. Down through the woods about two hundred yards, I saw my bear. He was standing facing me, both front feet up on a big log, his head swaying from side to side. Not knowing how badly he was caught, I fired for his head. As I did so, the branch I was standing on broke, and I fell into the beech top from which I had a considerable job extricating myself. The bear was not in sight when I climbed out from the tree top, but before I had gone many paces, I saw him behind a big log, fighting furiously with the trap. He would stand up full height on his hind legs, take the trap in his teeth, and with his free front paw, would pull and shake the trap until I wondered at the strength of it and the chain. I had a beech drag fastened to this trap which weighed over forty pounds, but the bear had dragged it almost three hundred yards until he got hung up on the big log. This drag was really too heavy, and I have since found that a hardwood drag, eight feet long, just big enough for the ring on the chain to slide over, and not weighing over twenty-five pounds, is plenty big enough. The trap must be fastened about three feet from the end of the drag to prevent the bear picking it up and carrying the whole thing away.

I saw the bear was well caught, high up on his right front paw, so I got out my camera and made a number of close-up exposures. When the bear tired of fighting the trap, he would stand or sit down, always facing away from me, and never looking at me. I went up very close to him, but contrary to most stories told of bears' actions when cornered, this bear was not especially ugly, nor did he show any desire to fight. When I poked him with my gun barrel, he would growl and snap his jaws at me, but he never even offered to come at me or to even turn toward me. I have often killed coons in traps, that showed much more fight.

After I had dressed him out and opened the trap with the clamps, I measured him up and found he was a fine specimen, though very gaunt and thin from his long winter fasting. The bear measured 60 inches from tip to tip, and weighed in the neighborhood of two hundred pounds, even at that time of the year when he was so poor. The pelage was good, long and quite black, though of a coarse quality. After much lifting and hauling, I finally got him up on a big stump, and slid him off onto the top of the pack basket. This way I got the weight distributed between my shoulders and neck, and taking one hind paw and one front paw in each hand, was able to balance him and carry him down the hill, through the swamp to the stream. Here I left him to get in the boat later in the afternoon after I had visited my other traps.

The trip to the "set" on the hogback and then to the "set" in the ledge was uneventful. Both traps were undisturbed. I put the porcupine up in a tree not far from the set in the ledge, intending to leave him there until my next trip in, when I would put him in whichever pen seemed most favorable. Late that afternoon I got the boat in front of my cabin on the stream and paddled up to where I had left the bear. After bringing him back to the camp, I had to shoulder him over a mile carry to the lake where I put him in my guide boat; crossing the lake and arriving at the little railroad station at 10:30. Here I left the bear to be shipped for me to a taxidermist, for I intended to have him mounted whole for a collection, and I wanted the taxidermist to have first hand measurements.

Ten days later I arranged to get away for a few days, with the idea of getting a little early fishing, and also of taking up the two remaining bear traps. When I got to the pond on the edge of the burning, I went up to the ledge to look at my "set" there. I found the trap uncovered and the honey gone and a big bear track in the soft

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wet muck in front of the trap. The trap had rusted badly, and the pan had not gone down as it should when the bear stepped on it, so I sprang the trap, scraped off the rust with my knife, and oiled it from a small can of coon oil I carried in my pack. I had intended to reset the trap in the same place, using the porcupine I had left hung in a tree. When I went to look for this porcy, I found a bear had climbed the tree and taken the porcy, leaving neither quill nor hair to show where it had gone. This changed my plans, so I left the trap unset and started over along the hogback to the last trap set there. Here I found many new signs. About every three hundred yards or so I found trees with fresh claw and teeth marks on them, with the pitch still oozing from the torn bark. My trap was set right in the middle of his hogback, and the fresh trail was headed right along this ridge. As I drew nearer the trap, I had a feeling I would find another bear in it, and from all signs, it would be a lot larger than the first one I had trapped. The teeth marks on the trees were higher than my face, and I stand nearly six feet high. I regretted I had not brought along the 32 carbine, for I had only a Colt 22 automatic. I came to the pen and peered in, but the trap was gone. Gone also was the honey; but trap drag and bait were gone as if by magic, for not a stick or a leaf seemed to be disturbed. I looked around in every direction, but could not find where the drag had torn up the ground. Finally, looking off down into the swamp, I caught sight of the broken top of a spruce tree, showing up white against the green background of the other trees. That was something out of the ordinary, as we had had no storms since I set the trap, so I went down to investigate. There I found the story of my bear written very plainly on the ground and in the tree. The trap and drag lay just one side of the tree, and the jaws of the trap were sprung. Alongside of the trap lay the top of the tree about ten feet long and three inches in diameter at the big end. The bear had climbed the tree with the trap and drag and had jumped out when about twelve feet up, trying to free himself from the trap. The trap had caught around the slim trunk of the tree and the weight of the bear had released his claw and also broken off the top of the tree. The tree was clawed the whole length and the ground under it was all torn up. I had arrived about two days too late. This is not an unusual means for a bear to free himself from a trap. I have heard of two or three other incidents very much the same as this one. However, a bear can only climb a tree when he is caught by a hind paw instead of a front paw, and also only when the drag is such that he can pick it up and carry it. As subsequent events proved, this bear was caught by one claw on the left hind paw. The drag had been too light, and I realized this when I set the trap, but as there were no other hardwood trees available, I took the chance of using the small hardwood drag instead of cutting a soft wood, as a bear will tear a soft wood drag to pieces in a short while.

After cutting the trap free from the drag, I left it on a stump on the ridge and went back to the set on the ledge, where the trap was without any bait. Going along the edge of the pond, I came to a clump of hemlock trees. Here was a good place to eat my lunch, so I sat down, with my back against a big tree, and proceeded to get out my lunch from the pack. After I finished lunch, I sat smoking my pipe, wondering how and where I was going to get bait for my last "set." Luck was with me, for while I sat smoking quietly under the big hemlock, I heard the grating of a hedgehog's teeth. I sat perfectly still, and pretty soon a piece of bark came sailing down from over my head. Getting up, I saw two big porcupines up in the hemlock tree, feeding on the bark and new branches. They had evidently been feeding in the hemlock grove all winter, for almost every tree was girdled. I was in luck, and very shortly was pushing on to my last trap with two fat and very smelly porcupines in my pack basket.

I had decided that if I caught this big bear, it would have to be in an open set, for I knew I could never get him to go into a pen again after his last experience. So I moved the trap up under the two little spruces where the bear had taken the deer carcass and also the porcy. With some rawhide I had in my pack, I carefully tied a porcupine high up in each spruce, about ten feet from the ground, and set the trap in the opening between the two trees. Knowing the habits of the bear—that they will not break sticks or make any unnecessary noises, I piled a lot of dry tree tops and branches around the two trees, leaving only one opening where the bear could approach the trap without breaking twigs and making a lot of noise. After the trap was set and covered with moss and a few leaves, the last thing I did was to take my hunting knife and rip open both porcupines so the fresh blood sprinkled down all over the trap and ground.

A few days later, Bud and I took the one o'clock morning train from Utica for the North woods. We had breakfast at the little cabin on the stream at six o'clock, and were up to the

second camp on Mud Pond by eight. Here I took my boat which I kept in the camp, and we paddled up through the two ponds, past the spot I had fallen through the ice in April. We landed and left the boat on the edge of a beaver meadow, and started across the burning to the little pond where the bear trap was set in the ledge. Bud had been with me on many previous trips into the woods and had been tried in almost every kind of hardship, but she had never been on a trip so ripe with possibilities as this one. She was full of enthusiasm until the black flies started in on their job. I had blazed a trail, or rather a snowshoe trail, through the burning the previous winter, when fallen trees, logs, rocks and brush were kindly covered by a thick blanket of snow. Now, however, it was very much different, and every step ahead meant climbing up and over or else crawling down and under some obstruction. Bud stood the first mile well, but as we neared the trap, she lagged behind. I was growing expectant, as I was almost sure I had heard a faint roar when we had first left the boat, and unconsciously I quickened the pace. Bud trudged along behind, fighting flies which grew thicker as the day grew warmer.

The trap had been set at the head of a gully through which a small mountain stream trickled. As we came to the mouth of the gully, I was just climbing over a big birch top and looking up the little valley, I could see where I had set the trap, and imagined I could see the ground all torn up. I called back to Bud to hurry, and we went on as fast as we could. Drawing nearer, I could see that the bushes were all smashed down, the ground torn up for a radius of a hundred feet, and the two spruce trees were trimmed of their lower branches and bark. I could not see the bear any place, and a sickening feeling came over me that he had again freed himself. I could not wait to get up close to look the ground over, and I am afraid I went ahead and left Bud behind alone, scrambling over rocks and logs. I pushed on ahead on the run, and rounding a big boulder, came suddenly on the largest black bear I have ever seen. He was laying in the brook, with his back to me, apparently very cool and comfortable. I called to Bud and she arrived in a few wild leaps, and quickly took out the camera. The bear was up on all fours now, fighting fiercely at the trap. I made two exposures with the kodak in one hand and gun in the other, and was about to take a third, when things began to happen. I was looking in the finder when Bud yelled, "shoot him!" and the big bear pulled the drag free and tore up the side hill like a whirlwind, mowing down all brush and briers in his way. Half way up the hill the drag snubbed a log, and I got a shot in behind the shoulder with the little carbine. It might have been a mosquito bite for all the attention the bear paid. I wanted Bud to do the shooting so she could have "her" bear rug in our den before the fireplace, but when I turned to hand her the gun, she stood with her back to me, both hands over her ears. I heard her say something about chloroforming animals in traps, but the bear was very busy on the hillside and it took four more shots in the head to finish him.

I never saw the flies as thick as they were around that bear the next two hours. There were literally millions. Black flies, punkies, "sceeters," and above all, plain ordinary blue bottle flies. Bud made smudges, one on either side of me while I skinned out the trophy. It was a big male, in prime pelage, with glossy black soft hair almost three inches long, much bigger and in better fur than the first bear. He was so heavy I could hardly turn him over, and finally had to skin him right where he fell. He measured just 74 inches from tip to tip—an unusually fine specimen.

We got back to the boat on the pond at noon. The hide and head were heavy, and it had turned extremely hot for so early in June, so by the time we got to the cabin at four o'clock, we were both ready for something to eat and a rest. Bud got lunch while I worked on the hide and skull.

Hours of effort - walking through brush with the trophy had given me a tremendous appetite, and I surely did justice to that meal. Food always tastes one hundred per cent. better out doors than in, anyway.

After a good warm supper, we closed the camp, shouldered our packs and crossed the carry to the lake where we had left the guide boat when we came in early that morning. The moon was just up and full, and we drifted around on the lake in the wonderful peaceful stillness of it all. It was hard to realize that we were only a short three hundred miles from New York City, and less than a hundred miles from the city of Utica. Not a ripple disturbed the placid surface of the water, and the only sound was the far-off hooting of a great owl and the sleepy call of a loon.

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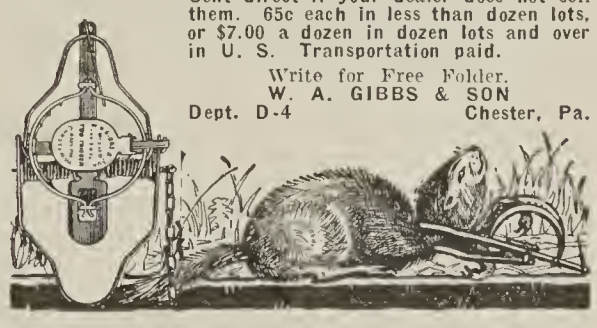

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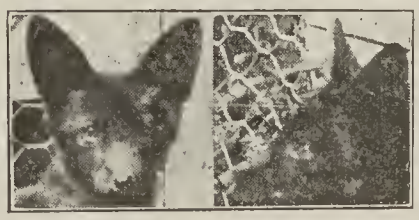

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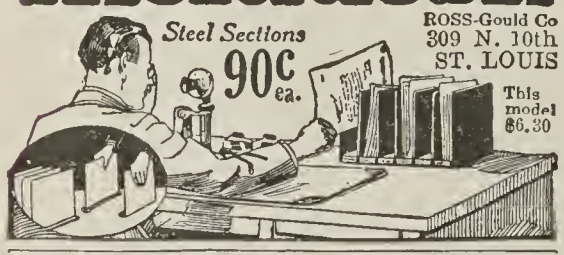

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(Continued on page 733)

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(Continued from page 732)

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TOURING WITH RAYMOND SPEARS

(*Continued from page* 688)

timid and surprised. It darted across the road and flung itself in a jump from a culvert-bank approach, vanishing in a tangle of briers and vines beside the road. This was a harmless snake, but around its type have grown up the stories of the blue racer that comes rolling down a hill, and at the proper speed, momentum and place, straightens out, with its arrow-head tail first, and poinards its victim through and through. Having seen the blue racer in flight, I could well believe almost anything of its speed and the astonishing effect it has even on one in the driving seat of an automobile.

Personally, having seen no rattlesnakes during thousands of miles of desert, western, mountain and southern state traveling, I am obliged to speak of them from hearsay. If one takes the ordinary precautions in making camp described elsewhere in this series, with snakes specifically in mind, among other things, they are relegated to the realms of bugaboo dangers. Yet if one is careless, and does camp near rocky heaps, in tangles of brush, at the ruins of old homesteads — especially anywhere near an abandoned sod house—the prospects of meeting up with rattlesnakes is excellent if the questionable practices are long continued. This applies to southern and western states. In sparsely settled regions, snakes are a real peril.

It should be noted, however, that in the great western farm and homestead districts the natives and residents feel themselves bound to kill every rattlesnake they see. This feeling has resulted in the extermination of these snakes in large areas. The reptiles in the Bad Lands, in the brush-grown washes, coulees, aroyos and in shelter of heaps of broken stone, near food, as prairie-bird nests, and gophers, prairie dogs and other small life, are often numerous and ugly. They wander off across the levels of prairie, amid the sage and curly grass. In some localities it is always sensible to look under the bed before getting up, and one naturally hangs his boots on the top frame or drops his shoes on the car seat, rather than on the ground, lest when he shakes them out in the morning he find a snake in them—not necessarily a poisonous snake. At that, when putting on a shoe or boot, one couldn't be sure, on feeling some foreign, squirming thing in his shoe or boot, whether it was a rattler, a grass snake, a toad or what.

Snakes are found in all automobile touring country. There is a stretch of several miles in the Mohawk Valley, in New York, where rattlesnakes are found. Also, in the Catskills, and in Pennsylvania, and through all the southern states, and all the western states, at least in places.

The sensible thing is to camp in open spaces, and to eat lunch where there is no snake cover. I should much like to see rattlesnakes, but I do not go looking for them, prowling around where they are apt to be found. I recommend this to all tourists, even as regards regions where snakes are always harmless.

The question of Gila Monsters, scorpions and centipedes is important. They are found in the southwest, and there are times when the only live thing in sight on a desert is one lizardlike thing darting across the cream-colored alkali ahead of the car, with tiny puffs of dust where the strange claws gain purchase for another enormous leap—five yards even. They say that the scorpion curls its tail up over its back, and that with this tail it stings its victim. The poison is exceedingly painful. The wounded place swells up, a limb expands to twice its natural size. Many days may elaspse before one recovers from the physical and mental agony, though the number of deaths from scorpion bites is few. Most of the creatures in the desert are harmless lizards, which look like scorpions, except that they drag the tail.

Gila Monsters are said to have poison bites. In the claws of the hundred-legged worm, centipede, is poison that surely is disquieting and painful. They dwell in the southwest. People of a region do not much concern themselves with these various poison creatures. They practically ignore them, since they don't go around their home places. Houses are built on blocks, and wide spaces are cleared around them, to do away with hiding places for reptiles and vermin things. All the field workers and wilderness wanderers of the open spaces accept snakes, insects and reptile creatures as part of the possibilities—but they will go into an old cabin, drive out the snakes, scorpions and what not and take possession.

Along streams, where one fishes for a mess of bass or catfish or redfish, the moccasions are a deadly and treacherous lurker. They strike without warning. To illustrate the danger of these cottonmouth snakes, the story is told of a negro who was poisoned by a snake bite. Another negro inherited his boots, and in due course he died of a big leg swelling. A third negro then took the boots, which were nice and new. He, too, died. By that time there was a suspicion that amounted at least to a superstition. A close examination was then made, and the poison fangs of a cottonmouth where found

imbedded in the leather where they scratched the toe of the ones who wore the boots. The story is probably as unreliable as most of the stories and beliefs regarding negroes, but it does emphasize the tourist's need of being watchful as regards streamside reptiles where there are water or calico moccasins.

Too much emphasis is laid on such perils as one may meet, even in a statement as moderate as the one I am making now. In the category of annoyances there are mosquitoes, gallinippers, hornets, ants, flies and bees. Many a tourist party has had its pleasures greatly diminished by the insects which are more or less difficult to avoid.

Mosquitoes are found in marshes, in woods, in places sheltered from the winds, in areas of sloughs and in the neighborhood of water. They are carriers of malaria germs, and precautions should be taken to keep away from them. This isn't easy to do, if one is taking advantage of fishing opportunities, or lake and streamside camp grounds.

Mosquito dope is often more important than anything else, in the medicinal line. Oil of citronella pennyroyal, or oil of tar, are among the standard mosquito repellants. Mixed either in tallow, or in some animal oil or grease, rubbing on the mixture, will keep the insects away at night. Their buzzing, however, is exceedingly annoying to tired nerves. Mosquito bar, so-called cheese-cloth or bobbinette, will serve to make a tent inside the shelter-tent and keep the intruders at a distance.

Flies are an astonishment to many tourists. They are a terrific annoyance to cattle, hog and other grazing or raising country. Driving along, one notices nothing to arouse suspicion, and pulling out beside the road in the shade of some lone tree, lunch is brought out for eating. In five minutes everything is swarming with flies, and there comes up the wind a veritable line of these insects, visible for long distances.

After such experiences one learns to seek a windy hilltop, an eating place with a lee of barren sand and alkali, or at least a vast expanse of country without cattle, horses, sheep or hogs. Of course, in some countries there are no hills and no vacant spaces. It often pays to build a good smudge fire up wind from the car and the luncheon table. This spreads smoke which is somewhat annoying to humans, but it generally is completely efficacious in driving away or keeping at a distance the much more annoying and sometimes deadly dangerous flies.

In season, winged ants are difficult to evade. The silken handkerchiefs worn around the necks of cowboys speak for the ants' ability to annoy

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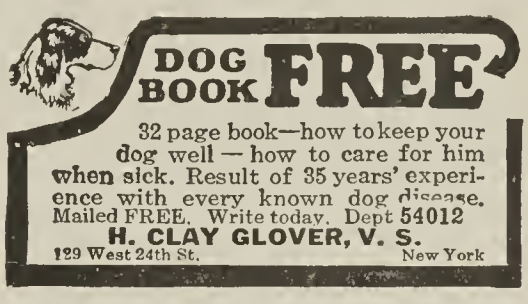

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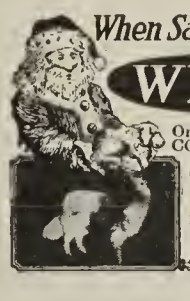

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If you are interested in Woods Cabins and have missed "My Struggle for Compactness," turn back to page 682 and read it. You'll find it helpful as well as interesting.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

of Forest and Stream, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1st, 1923.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared T. H. Mearns, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the FOREST AND STREAM and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 221 W. 57th St., N. Y. City.

Editor, William A. Bruette, 221 W. 57th St., N. Y. City.

Managing Editor, William A. Bruette, 221 W. 57th St., N. Y. City.

Business Manager, T. H. Mearns, 221 W. 57th St., N. Y. City.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 221 W. 57th St., New York, N. Y.; William A. Bruette, 221 W. 57th St., New York, N. Y.; George Bird Grinnell, 238 E. 15th St., New York, N. Y.; E. L. Parker, Pittsburgh, Pa.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

T. H. MEARNS, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1923.

[Seal] WALTER L. BISHOP.
(My commission expires March 30, 1925.)

and exasperate. Insect repellants serve against them. Ant hills are always to be avoided. During a night the carriers from such a hill may perform such a feat of conveyance from one's stores and food supplies as to amaze humans not otherwise harmed. But some ants are savage, meat-hungry and dangerous. The tales of horror about men tied on ant hills in Indian days have minor echoes in the experiences of parties of tourists who carelessly fell among these remorseless and hungry assailants.

Fleas, and even less mentionable insects, are to be avoided by keeping away from some kinds of abandoned buildings and enclosures. The tourist who avoids the questionable places, and that means such localities as women generally rebel against, is not apt to have trouble with "wild animals," in the broadest sense of the term. Common sense dictates the exercise of constant thoughtfulness and watchfulness, as regards camping and eating places. Those who are at all familiar with camping in one region have something to learn in other regions, but discussion of the places in view will generally disclose to all what is present. Some camp grounds are in such poor condition that it is better to take a chance at the roadside somewhere beyond than amid the refuse of the unclean who have gone before.

Sickness is more to be feared than anything else. Colds are the commonest menace. Dust, "bad air" and chills from winds are the commonest of nostril, throat and lung troubles on the road. Letting a cold in the head go may serve, if one is heading for high altitudes or deserts, but coming down into low and wet country, it may lead to disaster. There are a number of simple remedies worth having, as mentholated vaseline, formamints, cathartics, digestive aids, rhinitis and sundry home remedies of fame due to effectiveness. But in case of fever and headache, one may well head for a good drugstore in the first large city; and learning the name of the best doctor in town, go to him.

We spent a week in Omaha with a boy whose throat had somehow become affected. We drove eighty miles to get him there, over a muddy Iowa highway and in recurring showers of rain. Many a tourist hates to acknowledge the advisibility of making a stop because somebody is "a little sick," but the problem may be serious. A physician can generally tell in a day or two about this. If it isn't serious, well and good; if it is, then the sooner all know the better off every one is, including the patient.

That is to say, the "wild-beast" danger is practically wholly that of insect attacks and of disease. And neither of these jeopardies is worth worrying about, except to the extent of not being reckless and not neglecting ordinary precautions.

A first-aid kit, a few simple remedies, and the moment there is justification for suspicion of sickness, consultation with a doctor—with these things in mind, tourists can look ahead to going anywhere on automobile highways without being afraid.

As to protection from bandits, hold-ups and such, I might remark that so many tourist parties have so little worth taking that they are about the poorest prospects for thieves there are. Still, a car might well be watched always, and the load guarded against sneak thieves and the casual depredations of children.

FOREST AND STREAM LETTERS

(*Continued from page* 715)

cigar no other gun in that party would have stopped that fox as did mine. Maybe I'm a little chesty about this old gun I have shot for eighteen years, but old man Sturgis said: "If Gus can't get 'em with that old Ithaca there is no use of our trying."

Now, wasn't that a real fox hunt? Three foxes in one day!

AUGUSTUS WILLIAMSON,
Altamont, New York.

LIKES LETTERS

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:

I HAVE been a constant reader of your valuable paper for many years. I like your policy of running articles containing useful information, written in an entertaining manner. We learn through the experiences of others, and no sportsman is so seasoned that he knows all he needs to.

I look forward eagerly to reading the FOREST AND STREAM letters section each month. It contains real stuff, and the advice given by many old-timers is of incalculable value. Many of these men are glad to write in a friendly letter what they could not put into a regular article because they lack "style and finish."

In the October number I found an article, entitled "The Art of Wing Shooting," to be one of the most helpful things I have ever read. By applying one of the principles brought out in regard to undershooting, I have been able to correct a fault of ten years' standing.

Keep up the good work and let's have plenty of letters.

JAMES SANDS.

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